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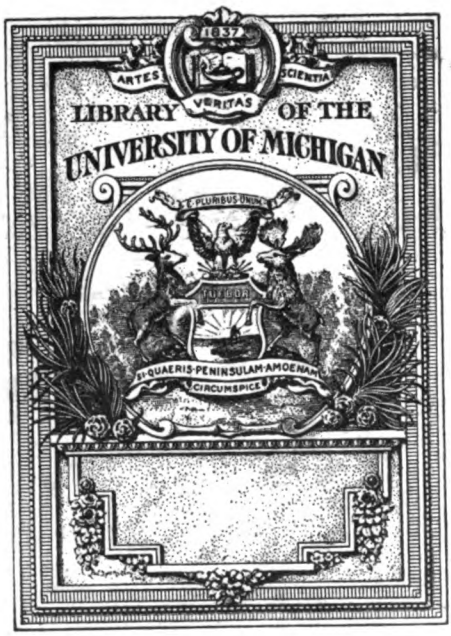
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THE

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An Illustrated Monthly

Edited by

GEORGE NEWNES

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"SHE STARED AT THE GLITTERING MASS AS IF FASCINATED."

(*See page* 6.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Chase of the Golden Plate.

By JACQUES FUTRELLE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

Part II.—THE GIRL AND THE PLATE

LOW-BENT over the steering-wheel, the Burglar sent the motor-car scuttling breathlessly along the flat road away from Seven Oaks. At the first shot he crouched down in the seat, dragging the Girl with him; at the second he winced a little and clenched his teeth tightly. The car's headlights cut a dazzling pathway through the shadows, and trees flitted by as a solid wall. The shouts of pursuers were left behind, and still the Girl clung to his arm.

"Don't do that!" he commanded, abruptly. "You'll make me smash into something."

"Why, Dick, they shot at us!" she protested, indignantly.

"Yes, I had some such impression myself," he acquiesced, grimly.

"Why, they might have killed us!" the Girl went on.

"It is just barely possible that they had some such absurd idea when they shot," replied the Burglar. "Suppose you never got caught in a pickle like this before?"

"I certainly never did," replied the Girl, emphatically.

The whir and grind of their car drowned other sounds—sounds from behind—but from time to time the Burglar looked back, and from time to time he let out a new notch in the speed regulator. Already the pace was terrific, and the Girl bounced up and down beside him at each trivial irregularity in the road, while she clung frantically to the seat.

"Is it necessary to go so awfully fast?" she gasped at last.

The wind was beating on her face, her mask blew this way and that, the beribboned sombrero clung frantically to a fast-falling strand of ruddy hair. She clutched at the hat and saved it, but her hair tumbled down about her shoulders, a mass of gold, and floated out behind.

The Burglar took another quick look behind; then his foot went out against the speed regulator, and the car fairly leapt with suddenly-increased impetus. The regulator was in the last notch now, and the car was one that had raced at Brooklands.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the Girl. "Can't you go a little slower?"

"Look behind!" directed the Burglar, tersely.

She glanced back and gave a little cry. Two giant eyes stared at her from a few hundred yards away as another car swooped along in pursuit, and behind this ominously glittering pair was still another.

"They're chasing us, aren't they?"

"They are," replied the Burglar, grimly; "but if these tyres hold they haven't got a chance. A breakdown would——" He didn't finish the sentence. There was a sinister note in his voice, but the Girl was still looking back and did not heed it. To her excited imagination it seemed that the giant eyes behind were creeping up, and again she clutched the Burglar's arm.

"Don't do that, I say," he commanded.

"But, Dick, they mustn't catch us—they mustn't."

"They won't."

For a time the Girl silently watched him bending over the wheel, and a singular feeling of security came to her. Then the car swept round a bend in the road, careening perilously, and the glaring eyes were lost.

"I never knew you handled a car so well," she said, admiringly.

"I do lots of things people don't know I do," he replied. "Are those lights still there?"

"No, thank goodness!"

The Burglar touched a lever with his left hand, and the whir of the machine became less pronounced. After a moment it began to slow down. The Girl noticed it, and looked at him with new apprehension.

They ran on for a few hundred feet; then the Burglar set the brake, and after a deal of jolting the car stopped. He leaped out and ran round behind. As the Girl watched him uneasily there came a sudden crash, and the car trembled a little.

"What is it?" she asked, quickly.

"I smashed that tail lamp," he answered. "They can see it, and it's too easy for them to follow."

He stamped on the shattered fragments in the road, then came to the side to climb in again, extending his left hand to the Girl.

"Quick! give me your hand," he requested.

She did so wonderingly, and he pulled himself into the seat beside her with a perceptible effort. The car shivered, then started on again, slowly at first, but gathering speed each moment. The Girl was staring at her companion curiously, anxiously.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, at last.

He did not answer at the moment, not until the car had regained its former speed and was hurtling headlong through the night.

"My right arm's out of business," he explained briefly then. "I got that second bullet in the shoulder."

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" she exclaimed; "and you didn't say anything about it. You need assistance."

A sudden rush of sympathy caused her to lay her hands again on his left arm. He shook them off roughly, with something like anger in his manner.

"Don't do that!" he commanded for the third time. "You'll make me smash the car."

Startled a good deal, and shocked by the violence of his tone, she recoiled dumbly, and the car swept on. As before, the Burglar looked back from time to time, but the lights did not reappear. For a long time the Girl was silent, and finally he glanced at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "I didn't mean to say it just that way, but—but it's true."

"It's really of no consequence," she replied, coldly "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Thank you," he replied.

"Perhaps it might be as well for you to stop the car and let me get out," she went on, after a moment.

The Burglar either didn't hear or wouldn't heed. The dim lights of a small village rose up before them, then faded away again; a dog barked lonesomely beside the road. The streaming lights of their car revealed a tangle of cross roads just ahead, offering a definite method of shaking off pursuit. Their car swerved widely, and the Burglar's attention was centred on the road ahead.

"Does your arm pain you?" asked the Girl at last, timidly.

"No," he replied, shortly. "It's a sort of numbness. I'm afraid I'm losing blood, though."

"Hadn't we better go back to the village and see a doctor?"

"Not *this* evening," he responded, promptly, in a tone which she did not understand. "I'll stop somewhere soon and bind it up."

At last, when the village was well behind, the car came to a dark little road which wandered off aimlessly through a wood, and the Burglar slowed down to turn into it. Once in the shelter of the overhanging branches they proceeded slowly for a hundred yards or more, finally coming to a standstill.

"We must do it here," he declared.

He leaped from the car, stumbled, and fell. In an instant the Girl was beside him. The reflected light from the car showed her dimly that he was trying to rise, showed her the pallor of his face where the chin below the mask was visible.

"I'm afraid it's pretty bad," he said, weakly. Then he fainted.

The Girl, stooping, raised his head to her lap and pressed her lips to his, feverishly, time after time.

"Dick! Dick!" she sobbed, and tears fell upon the Burglar's sinister mask.

II.

WHEN the Burglar awoke to consciousness he was as near Heaven as any mere man ever dares expect to be. He was comfortable—quite comfortable—wrapped in a delicious, languorous lassitude which forbade him opening his eyes to realization.

Gradually the need of action—just what action and to what purpose did not occur to him—impressed itself on his mind. He raised one hand to his face and touched the mask, which had been pushed back on his forehead. Then he recalled the masked ball, the shot,

the chase, the hiding in the wood. He opened his eyes with a start.

"Dick, are you awake?" asked the Girl, softly.

He knew the voice, and was content.

"Yes," he answered, languidly.

He closed his eyes again, and some strange, subtle perfume seemed to envelop him. He waited. Warm lips were pressed against his own, thrilling him strangely, and the Girl rested a soft cheek against his.

"We have been very foolish, Dick," she said, sweetly chiding, after a moment "It was all my fault for letting you expose yourself to danger; but I didn't dream of such a thing as this happening. I shall never forgive myself, because——"

"But——" he began, protestingly.

"Not another word about it now," she hurried on. "We must go very soon. How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, or will be in a minute," he responded, and he made as if to rise. "Where is the car?"

"Just here. I extinguished the lights and managed to stop the engine, for fear those horrid people who were after us might notice."

"Good girl!"

"When you jumped out and fainted I jumped out too. I'm afraid I was not very clever, but I managed to bind your arm. I took my handkerchief and pressed it against the wound after ripping your coat; then I bound it there. It stopped the flow of blood; but Dick, dear, you must have medical attention as soon as possible."

"THE GIRL, STOOPING, RAISED HIS HEAD."

The Burglar moved his shoulder a little and winced. He started to get on his feet, then dropped back weakly.

"Say, girlie," he requested, "see if you can find the bag in the car there and hand it out. Let's take a look."

There was a rustle of skirts in the darkness, and after a moment a faint muffled clank as of one heavy metal striking dully against another.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Girl. "It's heavy enough. What's in it?"

"What's in it?" repeated the Burglar, and he chuckled. "A fortune nearly. It's worth being punctured for. Let me see."

In the darkness he took the bag from her hands and fumbled with it a moment. She heard the metallic sound again, and then several heavy objects were poured out on the ground.

"A good fourteen pounds of pure gold," commented the Burglar. "By George! I have only one match, but we'll see what it's like."

The match was struck, sputtered for a moment, then flamed up, and the Girl, standing, looked down upon the Burglar on his knees beside a heap of gold plate. She stared at the glittering mass as if fascinated, and her eyes opened wide.

"Why, Dick, what is that?" she asked.

"It's Randolph's plate," responded the Burglar, complacently. "I don't know how much it's worth but it must be several thousands on dead weight."

"But how came it in your possession?" the Girl insisted

"I acquired it by the simple act of—of dropping it into a bag and bringing it with me. That and you in the same evening——" He stretched out a hand toward her, but she was not there. He chuckled a little as he turned and picked up eleven plates, one by one, and replaced them in the bag.

"Nine—ten—eleven," he counted. "What luck did *you* have?"

"Dick Herbert, explain to me, please, what you are doing with that gold plate." There was an imperative command in the voice.

The Burglar paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'm taking it to have it cleaned," he responded, lightly.

"Cleaned? Taking it this way at this time of the night?"

"Certainly," and he laughed pleasantly.

"You mean you—you—you stole it?" The words came with an effort.

"Well, I'd hardly call it that," remarked the Burglar. "That's a harsh word. Still, it's in my possession; it wasn't given to me, and I didn't buy it. You may draw your own conclusions."

The bag lay beside him, and his left hand caressed it idly, lovingly. For a long time there was silence.

"What luck did *you* have?" he asked again.

There was a startled gasp, a gurgle, and accusing indignation in the girl's low, tense voice.

"You—you *stole* it!"

"Well, if you prefer it that way—yes."

The Burglar was staring steadily into the darkness toward that point whence came the voice, but the night was so dense that not a trace of the Girl was visible. He laughed again.

"It seems to me I was lucky I decided to take it at just this time and under these circumstances," he went on, tauntingly—"lucky for you, I mean. If I hadn't been there you would have been caught."

Again came the startled gasp.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Burglar, sharply, after another silence. "Why don't you say something?"

He was still peering unseeingly into the darkness. The bag of gold plate moved slightly under his hand. He opened his fingers to close them more tightly. It was a mistake. The bag was drawn away; his hand grasped—air.

"Stop that game, now!" he commanded, angrily. "Where are you?"

He struggled to his feet. His answer was the crackling of a twig to his right. He started in that direction, and brought up with a bump against the car. He turned, still groping blindly, and embraced a tree with undignified fervour. To his left he heard another slight noise, and ran that way. Again he struck an obstacle. Then he began to say things, expressive things, burning things, from the depths of an impassioned soul. The treasure had gone—disappeared into the shadows. The Girl was gone. He called; there was no answer. He drew his revolver fiercely, as if to fire it, then reconsidered and flung it down angrily.

"And I thought *I* had nerve," he declared. It was a compliment.

III.

EXTRAVAGANTLY brilliant the sun popped up out of the east—not an unusual occurrence—and stared unblinkingly down upon a country road. There were the usual twittering birds and dew-spangled trees and nodding wild flowers; also a dust that was shoe-top deep. The dawny air stirred lazily, and rustling leaves sent long, sinuous shadows scampering backwards and forwards.

Looking upon it all without enthusiasm or poetic exaltation was a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She sat on a stone beside the yellow roadway, a picture of weariness. A rough sack, laden heavily, yet economically as to space, wallowed in the dust beside her. Her hair was tawny gold and rebellious, vagrant strands drooping listlessly about her face. A beribboned sombrero lay in her lap, supplementing a certain air of dilapidated bravado, due in part to a short skirt, heavy gloves and boots, a belt with a knife and revolver.

"Oh," she sighed, "I'm so tired and hungry, and I *know* I shall never get anywhere at all."

But despite the expressed conviction, she arose and plodded off through the dust with the bag swinging over one shoulder. At last—there is an at last to everything—a small house appeared from behind a clump of trees. The Girl looked with incredulous eyes. It was really a house. Really! A tiny curl of smoke hovered over the chimney.

"Well, thank goodness, I'm somewhere, anyhow," she declared, with her first show of enthusiasm. "I can get a cup of coffee or something."

She covered the next fifty yards with a new spring in her leaden heels and with a new and firmer grip on the precious bag. Then—she stopped.

"Gracious!" and perplexed lines suddenly wrinkled her brow. "If I should go in there with a pistol and a knife they'd think I was a brigand or—or a thief, and I suppose I am," she added, as she stopped and rested the bag on the ground. "At least, I have stolen goods in my possession. Now, what shall I say if they ask questions? What am I? They wouldn't believe me if I told them really Short skirt, boots, and gloves. I know. I'm a bicyclist. My machine broke down, and——"

Whereupon she gingerly removed the revolver from her belt and flung it into the underbrush not at all in the direction she had intended—and the knife followed to keep it company. Having relieved herself of these sinister things, she straightened her hat, pushed back the rebellious hair, tugged at her skirt, and walked bravely up to the little house.

An Angel lived there—an Angel in a dizzily beflowered wrapper and a crabbed exterior. She listened to a rapidly-constructed and wholly inconsistent story of a bicycle accident, which ended with a plea for a cup of coffee, and silently proceeded to prepare it. After the pot was bubbling cheerfully, and eggs had been put on, and biscuits thrust into an oven to be warmed, the Angel sat down at the table opposite the Girl.

"What have you got in the bag?" the Angel asked.

"Some—some—just some—stuff," stammered the Girl, and her face suddenly flushed crimson

"What kind of stuff?"

The Girl looked into the frankly inquisitive eyes, and was overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. Tears started, and one pearly drop ran down her perfect nose and splashed into the coffee. That was the last straw. She leaned forward suddenly with her head on her arms and wept.

"Please—please don't ask questions!" she pleaded. "I'm a poor, foolish, helpless, misguided, disillusioned woman."

"Yes'm," said the Angel. She took up the eggs; then came over and put a kindly arm about the Girl's shoulders. "There—there," she said, soothingly. "Don't take on like that. Drink some coffee and eat a bit, and you'll feel better."

"I have had no sleep at all and no food since yesterday, and I've walked miles and miles and miles," the Girl rushed on, feverishly. "It's all because—because——" She stopped suddenly.

"Eat something," commanded the Angel.

The Girl obeyed. The coffee was weak and muddy and delightful; the biscuits were yellow and lumpy and exquisitely delicious; the eggs were eggs. The Angel sat opposite and watched the Girl as she ate.

She finished the breakfast in silence, and leaned back with some measure of returning content in her soul.

"In a hurry?" asked the Angel.

"No; I have no place to go to. What is the nearest village or town!"

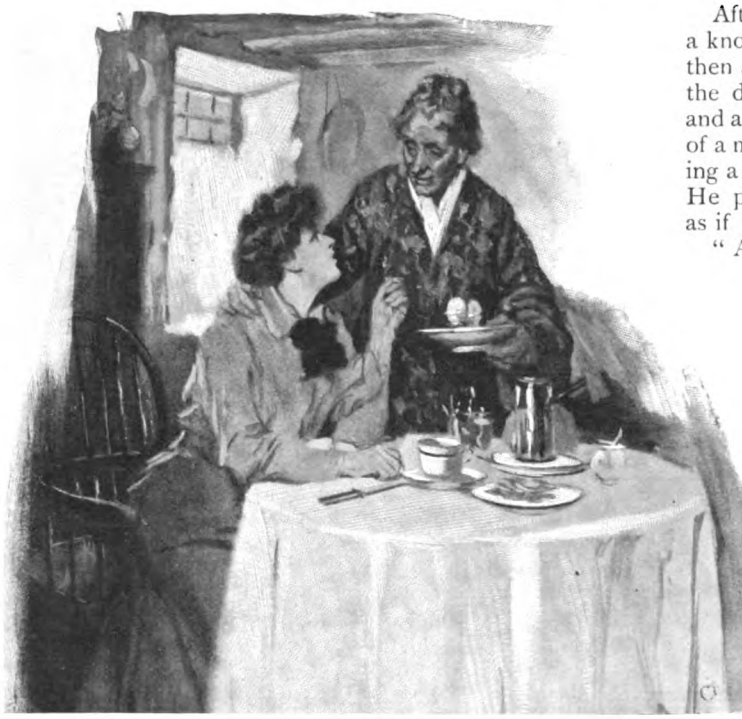
"Watertown; but you'd better stay and rest awhile. You look all washed out."

"Oh, thank you so much," said the Girl, gratefully. "But it would be so much trouble for——"

The Angel picked up the bag, shook it inquiringly, then started toward the short stairs leading up.

"Please—please!" exclaimed the Girl, suddenly. "I—I—let me have that, please."

The Angel relinquished the bag without a word. The Girl took it tremblingly; then, suddenly dropping it, clasped the Angel in her arms and placed upon her unresponsive lips a kiss for which a mere man would have endangered his immortal soul. The Angel



"SHE CAME OVER AND PUT A KINDLY ARM ABOUT THE GIRL'S SHOULDERS."

wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and went on up the stairs, with the Girl following.

For a time the Girl lay, with wet eyes, on a clean little bed, thinking. Humiliation, exhaustion, man's perfidy, disillusionment, and the kindness of an utter stranger all occupied her until she fell asleep.

When she awoke the room was quite dark. She sat up, a little bewildered at first, then she remembered. After a moment she heard the voice of the Angel below. It rippled on querulously; then she heard the gruff voice of a man:—

"Diamond rings?"

The Girl sat up in bed and listened intently. Involuntarily her hands were clasped together. Her rings were still there. The Angel's voice went on for a moment again.

"Something in a bag?" inquired the man.

Again the Angel spoke.

Terror seized upon the Girl; imagination ran riot, and she rose from the bed trembling. She groped about the dark little room noiselessly. Every shadow lent her new fears. Then from below came the sound of heavy footsteps. She listened fearfully. They came on toward the stairs, then paused. A match was struck, and the step sounded on the stairs.

After a moment there was a knock at the door, a pause, then another knock. Finally the door was pushed open, and a huge figure—the figure of a man—appeared, sheltering a candle with one hand. He peered about the room as if perplexed.

"Ain't nobody up here," he called gruffly down the stairs.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and the Angel entered, her face distorted by the flickering candlelight.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed.

"Went away without even saying thank you," grumbled the man. He crossed the room and closed a window. "You ain't got no better sense than a chicken," he told the Angel. "Take in anybody that comes."

IV.

If Willie's little brother hadn't had a pain in his tummy this story might have gone by other and devious ways to a different conclusion. But fortunately he had one, so it happened that at precisely 8.47 o'clock of a warm evening Willie was racing madly along a side street of Watertown, bound to a chemist's shop, when he came face to face with a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She was carrying a bag that clanked a little at each step.

"Oh, little boy!" she called, "could you tell me, please, where a lady unattended might get a night's lodging somewhere near here?"

"Eh?" gurgled Willie, suspiciously.

Wearily the Girl repeated it all, and at its end Willie giggled It was the most exasperating incident of a long series of exasperating incidents, and the Girl's grip on the bag tightened a little. Willie never knew how nearly he came to being hammered to death with fourteen pounds of solid gold.

"Can't you think of an hotel or boarding-house near by?" the Girl insisted.

"Dunno," replied Willie. "I'm going to the chemist's for a pair o' gorrick."

The Girl bit her lip, and that act probably saved Willie from the dire consequences of his unconscious levity, for after a moment the Girl laughed aloud.

"Where is the shop?" she asked.

"Round the corner. I'm going."

"I'll go, too, if you don't mind," the Girl said, and she turned and walked beside him. Perhaps the shopman would be able to illuminate the situation.

When she entered the chemist's shop she walked with a lighter step, and there was the trace of a smile about her pretty mouth. A shopman, the only attendant, came forward.

"I want a pair o' gorrick," Willie announced.

The Girl smiled, and the shopman, paying no attention to the boy, went towards her.

"Better attend to him first," she suggested. "It seems urgent."

The shopman turned to Willie.

"Paregoric?" he inquired. "How much?"

"About a quart, I reckin," replied the boy. "Is that enough?"

"Quite enough," commented the shopman. He disappeared behind the prescription screen, and returned after a moment with a small phial. The boy took it, handed over a coin, and went out whistling.

"Now, madam?" inquired the shopman, suavely.

"I only want some information," she replied. "I was out on my bicycle"—she gulped a little—"when it broke down, and I'll have to stay here overnight, I'm afraid. Can you direct me to a quiet hotel or boarding-house where I might stay?"

"Certainly," replied the shopman, briskly. "The Stratford, just a little way up this street. Explain the circumstances, and it will be all right, I'm sure."

The Girl smiled at him again and cheerfully went her way, leaving him to dream strange dreams. That small boy had been a leaven to her drooping spirits. She found the Stratford without difficulty, and told the usual bicycle lie with a natural growth of detail and a burning sense of shame. She entered her name as Elizabeth Carlton, and was shown to a modest little room. For an hour or more she considered the situation in all its hideous details, planning her desolate future—women like to plan desolate futures; then her eye chanced to fall upon an afternoon paper, which, with glaring headlines, announced the theft of the Randolph gold plate. She read it. It told, with startling detail, things that had and had not happened in connection therewith.

This comprehended in all its horror, she promptly arose and hid the bag between the mattress and the springs. Soon after she extinguished the light and retired, with little shivers running up and down all over her. She snuggled her head down under the quilt. She didn't sleep much—she was still thinking—but when she arose next morning her mind was made up.

First she placed the eleven gold plates in a heavy cardboard box, then she bound it securely with brown paper and twine, and addressed it to Steven Randolph, Seven Oaks, near Merton. She had sent packages before, and knew how to proceed; therefore, when the necessity of writing a name in the upper left-hand corner appeared—the sender—she wrote in a bold, desperate hand, "John Smith, Watertown."

When this was all done to her satisfaction she tucked the package under one arm, tried to look as if it was not heavy, and sauntered downstairs with outward self-possession and inward apprehension. She faced the clerk cordially, while a singularly distracting smile curled her lips.

"My bill, please?" she asked.

"Ten shillings, madam," he responded, gallantly.

"I don't happen to have any money with me," she explained, charmingly. "Of course, I had expected to go back on my bicycle, but, since it is broken, perhaps you would be willing to take this until I return to the city and can post a cheque?"

She drew a diamond ring from an aristocratic finger and offered it to the clerk. He blushed furiously, and she reproved him for it with a cold stare.

"It's quite irregular," he explained, "but of course, under the circumstances, it will be all right. It is not necessary for us to keep the ring at all if you will give us your address."

"I prefer that you keep it," she insisted, firmly, "for, besides, I shall have to ask you to let me have enough to take me back to the city—ten shillings. Of course, it will be all right!"

It was half an hour before the clerk fully awoke. He had given the Girl four real half-crowns, and held her ring clasped firmly in one hand. She was gone. She might just as well have taken the hotel along with her so far as any objection from that clerk would have been concerned.

For several streets she walked on. Finally

"SHE PROMPTLY AROSE AND HID THE BAG BETWEEN THE MATTRESS AND THE SPRINGS."

her eye was attracted by a "To let" sign on a small house—it was No. 410, High Street She walked in through a gate cut in the solid wall of stone and strolled up to the house. Here she wandered about for a time, incidentally tearing off the "To let" sign, then came down the path toward the street again. Just inside the stone fence she left her package, after scribbling the name of the street on it with a pencil. Two half-crowns lay on the top. She hurried out and along the street to a small grocery and post-office. "Will you please telephone to the carrier company to send a van to No. 410, High Street, for a package?" she asked sweetly of a heavy-voiced grocer.

"Certainly, ma'am," he responded, with alacrity.

She paused until he had done as she requested, then dropped into a confectioner's for a cup of coffee. She lingered there for a long time, and then went out to spend the

greater part of the day wandering up and down High Street. At last a van drove up, the driver went in, and returned after a little while with the package.

"And, thank goodness, that's off my hands," sighed the Girl. "Now I'm going home."

Late that Saturday evening Miss Dollie Meredith returned to the home of the Greytons, and was clasped to the motherly bosom of Mrs. Greyton, where she wept unreservedly.

V.

It was late Sunday afternoon. Hutchinson Hatch did not run lightly up the steps of the Greyton home and toss his cigar away as he rang the bell. He did go up the steps, but it was reluctantly, dragging one foot after the other, this being an indication rather of his mental condition than of physical weariness. He did not throw away his cigar as he rang the bell, because he wasn't smoking; but he did ring the bell. The maid whom he had seen on his previous visit opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Greyton in?" he asked, with a nod of recognition.

"No, sir."

"Did Mr. Meredith arrive from Birmingham?"

"Yes, sir; last midnight."

"Ah! Is *he* in?"

"No, sir."

The reporter's disappointment showed clearly in his face.

"I don't suppose you've heard anything further from Miss Meredith?" he ventured, hopelessly.

"She's upstairs, sir."

Anyone who has ever stepped on a tack knows just how Hatch felt. He didn't stand on the order of being invited in; he went in. Being in, he extracted a plain visiting-card from his pocket-book with twitching fingers, and handed it to the waiting maid.

"When did she return?" he asked.

"Last night, about nine, sir."

"Where has she been?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Kindly hand her my card, and explain to her that it is imperative that I should see her for a few minutes," the reporter went on. "Impress upon her the absolute necessity of this. By the way, I suppose you know where I come from, eh?"

"Police head-quarters; yes, sir."

Hatch tried to look like a detective, but a gleam of intelligence in his face almost betrayed him.

"You might intimate as much to Miss Meredith," he instructed the maid, calmly.

After a minute or so the maid reappeared to state that Miss Meredith would see him.

Hatch received the message gravely, and beckoned mysteriously as he sought for a coin in his pocket.

"Have you any idea where Miss Meredith was?"

"No, sir. She didn't even tell Mrs. Greyton or her father."

"What was her appearance?"

"She seemed very tired, sir, and hungry. She still wore the masked ball costume."

The coin changed hands, and Hatch was left alone again. There was a long wait, then a rustle of skirts, a light step, and Miss Dollie Meredith entered.

"I presume, Miss Meredith," said Hatch, solemnly, "that the maid informed you of my identity?"

"Yes," replied Dollie, weakly. "She said you were a detective."

"Ah!" exclaimed the reporter, meaningly; "then we understand each other. Now, Miss Meredith, will you tell me, please, just where you have been?"

"No!"

The answer was so prompt and so emphatic that Hatch was a little disconcerted. He cleared his throat and started over again.

"Will you inform me, then, in the interests of justice, where you were on the evening of the Randolph ball?" An ominous threat lay behind the words, Hatch hoped she believed.

"I will not."

"Why did you disappear?"

"I will not tell you."

Hatch paused to readjust himself. He was going at things backwards. When next he spoke his tone had lost the official ring—he talked like a human being.

"May I ask if you happen to know Richard Herbert?"

The pallor of the girl's face was relieved by a delicious sweep of colour.

"I will not tell you," she answered.

"And if I say that Mr. Herbert happens to be a friend of mine?"

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Two distracting blue eyes were staring him out of countenance; two scarlet lips were drawn tightly together in reproof of a man who boasted such a friendship; two cheeks flamed with indignation that he should have mentioned the name. Hatch floundered for

a moment, then cleared his throat and took a fresh start.

"Will you deny that you saw Richard Herbert on the evening of the masked ball?'

"WILL YOU DENY THAT YOU SAW RICHARD HERBERT ON THE EVENING OF THE MASKED BALL?"

"I will not."

"Will you admit that you saw him?"

"I will not."

"Do you know that he was wounded?"

"Certainly."

Now, Hatch had always held a vague theory that the easiest way to make a secret known was to entrust it to a woman. At this point he revised his methods.

"Miss Meredith," he said, soothingly, after a pause, "will you admit or deny that you ever heard of the Randolph robbery?"

"I will not," she began. Then, "Certainly I know of it."

"You know that a man and a woman are accused of and sought for the theft?"

"Yes, I know that."

"You will admit that you know the man was in Burglar's garb, and that the woman was dressed in a Western costume?"

"The newspapers say that, yes," she replied, sweetly.

"You know, too, that Richard Herbert went to that ball in Burglar's garb, and that you went there dressed as a Western Girl?"

The reporter's tone was strictly professional now.

Dollie stared into the stern face of her interrogator, and her courage oozed away. The colour left her face and she wept violently.

"I beg your pardon," Hatch expostulated. "I beg your pardon. "I didn't mean it just that way, but——"

He stopped helplessly, and stared at this wonderful woman with the red hair. Of all things in the world, tears were quite the most disconcerting.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated, awkwardly.

Dollie looked up with tear-stained, pleading eyes, then arose and placed both her hands on Hatch's arm. It was a pitiful, helpless sort of a gesture. Hatch shuddered with sheer delight.

"I don't know how you found out about it," she said, tremulously, "but if you've come to arrest me, I'm ready to go with you."

"Arrest you!" gasped the reporter.

"Certainly. I'll go and be locked up. That's what they do, isn't it?" she questioned, innocently.

The reporter stared.

"I wouldn't arrest you for a million!" he stammered, in dire confusion. "It wasn't quite that. It was——"

And five minutes later Hutchinson Hatch found himself wandering aimlessly up and down the street.

VI.

DICK HERBERT lay stretched lazily on a couch in his room, with hands pressed to his eyes. He had just read the Sunday news-

papers announcing the mysterious return of the Randolph plate, and naturally he had a headache. Somewhere in a remote recess of his brain mental pyrotechnics were at play; a sort of intellectual pin-wheel spouted senseless ideas and suggestions of senseless ideas.

After a while from below he heard the tinkle of a bell, and Blair entered with light tread.

"Who is it, Blair?"

"Mr. Hatch, sir."

"Let him come up."

Dick arose, snapped on the electric lights, and stood blinkingly in the sudden glare. When Hatch entered they faced each other silently for a moment. There was that in the reporter's eyes that interested Dick immeasurably; there was that in Dick's eyes that Hatch was trying vainly to fathom. Dick relieved a certain vague tension by extending his left hand. Hatch shook it cordially.

"Well?" Dick inquired.

Hatch dropped into a chair and twirled his hat.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"The return of the gold plate? Yes," and Dick passed a hand across his fevered brow. "It makes me dizzy."

"Heard anything from Miss Meredith?"

"No. Why?"

"She returned to the Greytons last night."

"Returned to the——" and Dick started up suddenly. "Well, there's no reason why she shouldn't have," he added. "Do you happen to know where she was?"

The reporter shook his head.

"I don't know anything," he said, wearily, "except——" He paused.

Dick paced backwards and forwards across the room several times, with one hand pressed to his forehead. Suddenly he turned on his visitor.

"Except what?" he demanded.

"Except that Miss Meredith, by action and word, has convinced me that she either had a hand in the disappearance of the Randolph plate or else knows who was the cause of its disappearance."

Dick glared at him savagely.

"You know she didn't take the plate?" he demanded.

"Certainly," replied the reporter. "That's what makes it all the more astonishing. I talked to her this afternoon, and when I finished she seemed to think I had come to arrest her, and she wanted to go to jail. I nearly fainted."

Dick glared incredulously, then resumed his nervous pacing.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Did she mention my name?"

"I mentioned it. She wouldn't admit even that she knew you."

There was a pause.

"I don't blame her," Dick remarked, enigmatically. "She must think me a cad."

Another pause.

"Well, what about it all?" Dick went on, finally. "The plate has been returned, therefore the matter is at an end."

"Now look here, Dick," said Hatch. "I want to say something, and don't go crazy, please, until I finish. I know an awful lot about this affair—things the police never will know. I haven't printed anything much, for obvious reasons."

Dick looked at him apprehensively.

"Go on," he urged.

"I could print things I know," the reporter resumed, "swear out a warrant for you in connection with the gold plate affair, and have you arrested and convicted on your own statements, supplemented by those of Miss Meredith. Yet remember, please, neither your name nor hers has been mentioned as yet."

Dick took it calmly; only stared.

"Do you believe that I stole the plate?" he asked.

"Certainly I do not," replied Hatch, "but I can prove that you did; prove it to the satisfaction of any jury in the world, and no denial of yours would have any effect."

"Well?" asked Dick, after a moment.

"Further, I can, on information in my possession, swear out a warrant for Miss Meredith, prove she was in the car, and convict her as your accomplice. Now that's a silly state of affairs, isn't it?"

"But, man, you can't believe that she had anything to do with it. She's a—a—she's not that kind."

"I could take oath that she didn't have anything to do with it, but all the same I can prove that she did," replied Hatch. "Now what I am getting at is this. If the police should happen to find out what I know they would arrest both of you."

"Well, you are decent about it, old man, and I appreciate it," said Dick, warmly. "But what can we do?"

"It behoves us—Miss Meredith and you and myself—to get the true facts in the case all together before you are arrested," said the reporter, judicially. "Suppose now, just suppose, that we three get together and tell

each other the truth for a change, the whole truth, and see what will happen?"

"If I should tell you the truth," said Dick, dispassionately, "it would bring everlasting disgrace on Miss Meredith, and I should be a beast for doing it; if she told you the truth she would unquestionably send me to prison for theft."

"But here——" Hatch expostulated.

"Just a minute," and Dick disappeared into another room, leaving the reporter to reflect on what he knew. He returned in a little while dressed for the street. "Now, Hatch," he said, "I'm going to try to get to Miss Meredith, but I don't believe she'll see me. If she will I may be able to explain several things that will clear up this affair in *your* mind, at any rate. If I don't see her—— By the way, did her father arrive from Birmingham?"

"Yes."

"Good!" exclaimed Dick. "I'll see him too—make a clean breast of it, and when it's all over I'll let you know what happened."

Hatch went to his office, and threatened to kick the office-boy into the waste-basket. At just about that moment Mr. Meredith, in the Greyton home, was reading a card on which appeared the name, "Mr. Richard Hamilton Herbert." Having read it, he snorted his indignation and went into the reception-room. Dick arose to greet him, and offered a hand which was promptly declined.

"I should like to ask you, Mr. Meredith," Dick began, with a certain steely coldness in his manner, "just why you object to my attentions to your daughter Dorothy?"

"You know well enough!" raged the old man.

"It is because of the trouble I had at Oxford with your son Harry. Well and good; but is that all? Is that to stand for ever?"

"You proved then that you were not a gentleman," declared the old man, savagely. "You're a puppy, sir!"

"If you didn't happen to be the father of the girl I'm in love with, I might forget myself," Dick replied, almost cheerfully. "Where is your son now? Is there no way I can place myself right in your eyes?"

"No!" Mr. Meredith thundered. "An apology would only be a confession of your dishonour."

Dick was nearly choking, but managed to keep his voice down.

"Does your daughter know anything of that affair?"

"Certainly not."

"Where is your son?"

"None of your business, sir."

"I don't suppose there's any doubt in your mind of my affection for your daughter?"

"I suppose you do admire her," snapped the old man. "You can't help that, I suppose. No one can," he added, naively.

"And I suppose you know that she loves me, in spite of your objections?" went on the young man.

"Bah! Bah!"

"And that you are breaking her heart by your stupid objection to me?"

"You—you——" sputtered Mr. Meredith.

Dick was still calm.

"May I see Miss Meredith now for a few minutes?" he went on.

"She won't see you, sir!" stormed the irate parent. "She told me last night that she would never consent to see you again."

Dick stepped out into the hall and beckoned to the maid.

"Please take my card to Miss Meredith," he directed.

The maid accepted the white square with a little uplifting of her brows, and went up the stairs. Miss Meredith received it languidly, read it, then sat up indignantly.

"Dick Herbert!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "How dare he come here? It's the most audacious thing I ever heard of. Certainly I will not see him again under any circumstances." She arose and glared defiantly at the demure maid. "Tell Mr. Herbert," she said, emphatically, "tell him—that I'll come down directly."

VII.

MR. MEREDITH had stamped out of the room angrily, and Dick Herbert was alone when Dollie, in regal indignation, swept in. The general slant of her ruddy head radiated defiance, and a most depressing chilliness lay in her blue eyes. Her lips formed a scarlet line, and there was a how-dare-you-sir tilt to nose and chin. Dick started up quickly at her appearance.

"Dollie!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Mr. Herbert," she responded, coldly. She sat down primly on the extreme edge of a chair. "What is it, please?"

Dick was a singularly audacious sort of person, but her manner froze him into sudden austerity. He regarded her steadily for a moment.

"I have come to explain why——"

Miss Dollie Meredith sniffed.

"I have come to explain," he went on, "why I did not meet you at the Randolph masked ball, as we had planned."

"Why you did *not* meet me?" inquired Dollie, coldly, with a little surprised movement of her arched brows. "Why you did *not* meet me?" she repeated.

"I shall have to ask you to believe that under all the circumstances it was absolutely impossible," Dick continued, preferring not to notice the singular emphasis of her words. "Something occurred early that evening which—which left me no choice in the matter. I can readily understand your indignation and humiliation at my failure to appear, and I had no way of reaching you that evening or since. News of your return last night only reached me an hour ago. I knew you had disappeared."

Dollie's blue eyes were opened to the widest, and her lips parted a little in astonishment. For a moment she sat thus, staring at the young man, then she sank back into her chair with a little gasp.

"May I inquire," she asked, after she recovered her breath, "the cause of this—this levity?"

"Dollie, dear, I am perfectly serious," Dick assured her, earnestly. "I am trying to make it plain to you, that's all."

"Why you did *not* meet me?" Dolly repeated again. "Why you did *not* meet me? And that's—that's what's the matter with everything."

Whatever surprise or other emotion Dick might have felt was admirably repressed.

"I thought perhaps there was some mistake somewhere," he said, at last. "Now, Dollie, listen to me. No; wait a minute, please. I did not go to the Randolph ball. You did. You eloped from that ball, as you and I had planned, in a motor-car, but not with me. You went with some other man—the man who really stole the gold plate."

Dollie opened her mouth to exclaim, then shut it suddenly.

"Now, just a moment, please," pleaded Dick. "You spoke to some other man under the impression that you were speaking to me. For a reason which does not appear now he fell in with your plans. Therefore you ran away with him—in the car which carried the gold plate. What happened after that I cannot even surmise. I only know that you are the mysterious woman who disappeared with the Burglar."

Dollie gasped and nearly choked with her emotions. A flame of scarlet leaped into her face and the glare of the blue eyes was pitiless.

"Mr. Herbert," she said, deliberately, at last, "I don't know whether you think I am a fool or only a child. I know that no rational human being can accept that as true. I know I left Seven Oaks with you in the car; I know you are the man who stole the gold plate; I know how you received the shot in your right shoulder; and how you afterwards fainted from loss of blood. I know how I bound up your wound, and—and—I know a lot of things else."

The sudden rush of words left her breathless for an instant. Dick listened quietly. He started to say something—to expostulate; but she got a fresh start and hurried on.

"I recognised you in that silly disguise by the cleft in your chin. I called you 'Dick,' and you answered me. I asked if you had received the little casket and you answered 'Yes.' I left the ball-room as you directed, and climbed into the car. I know that horrid ride we had, and how I took the gold plate in the bag and walked—walked through the night until I was exhausted. I know it all—how I lied and connived, and told silly stories; but I did it all to save you from yourself, and now you dare face me with a denial."

Dollie suddenly burst into tears. Dick did not attempt to deny now. There was no anger in his face, only a deeply troubled expression.

"Did your father ever happen to tell you *why* he objects to my attentions to you?" he asked.

"No; but I know now," and there was a new burst of tears. "It's because—because you are a—a—you take things."

"You will not believe what I tell you?"

"How can I, when I helped you run away with the horrid plate?"

"If I pledge you my word of honour that I told you the truth?"

"I can't believe it, I can't," wailed Dollie, desolately. "No one could believe it. I never suspected, never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing even when you lay wounded out there in the dark woods. If I had I should certainly have never—have never—kissed you."

Dick wheeled suddenly.

"Kissed me!" he exclaimed.

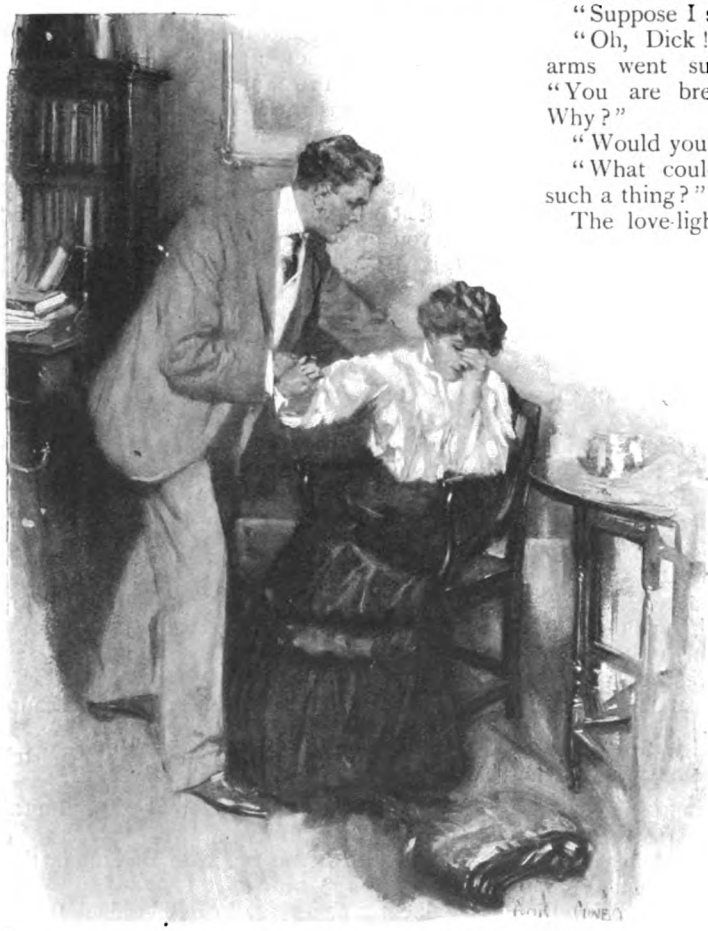
"Yes, you horrid thing," sobbed Dollie. "If there had previously been the slightest doubt in my mind as to your identity, that would have convinced me that it was you, because — because — just because! And,

besides, if it wasn't you I kissed, you ought to have told me."

Dollie leaned forward suddenly on the arm of the chair, with her face hidden in her hands. Dick crossed the room softly towards her and laid a hand caressingly about her shoulders. She shook it off angrily.

"How dare you, sir?" she blazed.

"Dollie, don't you love me?" he pleaded.



"'DOLLIE, DON'T YOU LOVE ME?' HE PLEADED."

"No!" was the prompt reply.

"But you did love me—once?"

"Why—yes, but I—I——"

"And couldn't you ever love me again?"

"I—I don't ever want to again."

"But couldn't you?"

"If you had only told me the truth instead of making such a silly denial," she blubbered. "I don't know why you took the plate, unless—unless it is because you—you couldn't help it. But you didn't tell me the truth."

Dick stared down at the ruddy head moodily for a moment. Then his manner changed, and he dropped on his knees beside her.

"Suppose," he whispered, "suppose I should confess that I did take it?"

Dollie looked up suddenly with a new horror in her face.

"Oh, you *did* do it, then?" she demanded. This was worse than ever.

"Suppose I should confess that I did?"

"Oh, Dick!" she sobbed. And her arms went suddenly around his neck. "You are breaking my heart. Why? Why?"

"Would you be satisfied?" he insisted.

"What could have caused you to do such a thing?"

The love-light glimmered again in her blue eyes; the red lips trembled.

"Suppose it had been just a freak of mine, and I had intended to—to return the plate as has been done?" he went on.

Dollie stared deeply into the eyes upturned to hers.

"Silly boy," she said. Then she kissed him. "But you must never, never do it again."

"I never will," he promised, solemnly.

Five minutes later Dick was leaving the house, when he met Mr. Meredith in the hall.

"I'm going to marry your daughter," he said, quite calmly.

Mr. Meredith raved at him as he went down the steps.

VIII.

ALONE in her room, with the key turned in her lock, Miss Dollie Meredith had a perfectly delightful time. She wept and laughed, and sobbed and shuddered; she was pensive and doleful, and happy and melancholy; she dreamed dreams of the future, past, and present; she sang foolish little ecstatic songs—just a few words of each—and cried

copiously. Her father had sent her to her room with a stern reprimand, and she smiled joyously as she remembered it.

"After all, it wasn't anything," she assured herself. "It was silly for him to—to take the plate, of course; but it's back now, and he told me the truth, and he intended to return it, anyway." In her present mood she would have justified anything. "And he's not a thief or anything. I don't suppose father will ever give his consent, so after all we'll have to elope, and that will be—perfectly delightful."

After a while Dollie snuggled down in the sheets, and lay quite still in the dark until sleep overtook her. Silence reigned in the house. It was about two o'clock in the morning when she sat up suddenly in bed with startled eyes. She had heard something—or, rather, in her sleep she had had the impression of hearing something. She listened intently as she peered about.

Finally she *did* hear something—something tap sharply on the window once. Then came silence again. A little frightened chill ran all the way down to Dollie's curling pink toes. There was a pause, and then again came the sharp click on the window, whereupon Dollie pattered out of bed in her bare feet and ran to the window, which was open a few inches.

With the greatest caution she peered out. Vaguely skulking in the shadows below she made out the figure of a man. As she looked it seemed to draw up into a knot, then straighten out quickly. Involuntarily she dodged. There came another sharp click at the window. The man below was tossing pebbles against the pane with the obvious purpose of attracting her attention.

"Dick, is that you?" she called, cautiously.

"'Sh-h-h-h!" came the answer. "Here's a note for you. Open the window so that I may throw it in."

"Is it really and truly you?" Dollie insisted.

"Yes," came the hurried, whispered answer. "Quick, someone is coming."

Dollie threw the sash up and stepped back. A whirling white object came through and fell noiselessly on the carpet. Dollie seized upon it eagerly and ran to the window again. Below she saw the retreating figure of a man. Other footsteps materialized in a bulky policeman who strolled by, seeking perhaps a quiet spot in which to sleep.

With little shivers of excitement Dollie closed the window and pulled down the blinds, after which she lighted the gas. She opened the note eagerly, and sat down upon the floor to read it. Now, a large part of this note was extraneous verbiage of a purely emotional nature—its vital importance was an outline of a new plan of elopement, to take place on Wednesday in time for them to catch an American-bound steamer at half-past two in the afternoon.

Dollie read and re-read the crumpled sheet many times, and when, finally, its wording had been indelibly fixed in her mind she wasted an unbelievable number of kisses on it. Of course, it was sheer extravagance, but—girls are wonderful creatures.

"He's the dearest thing in the world," she declared, at last.

She burned the note reluctantly, and carefully disposed of the ashes by throwing them out of the window, after which she returned to her bed. On the following morning, Monday, Mr. Meredith, her father, glared at his daughter sternly as she demurely entered the breakfast-room. He was seeking to read that which no man has ever been able to read—a woman's face. Dollie smiled upon him charmingly.

After breakfast father and daughter had a little talk in the sunny corner of the library.

"I have planned for you and I to return to Birmingham next Thursday," he informed her.

"Oh, isn't that delightful?" beamed Dollie.

"In view of everything and your broken promise to me—the promise not to see Herbert again—I think it wisest," he continued.

"Perhaps it is," she mused.

"Why did you see him?" he demanded.

"I consented to see him only to bid him good-bye," replied Dollie, demurely, "and to make perfectly clear to him my position in this matter."

Oh, woman! Perfidious, insincere, loyal, charming woman! All the tangled skeins of life are the work of your dainty fingers! All the sins and sorrows are your doing!

Mr. Meredith rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You may take it as my wish—my order, even," he said, as he cleared his throat, for giving orders to Dollie was a dangerous experiment, "that you must not attempt to communicate in any way with Mr. Herbert again—by letter or otherwise."

"Yes, papa."

"You really do not love him, my dear," he ventured, after a pause. "It was only a girlish infatuation."

"I told him yesterday just what I thought of him," she replied, truthfully enough.

"BELOW SHE SAW THE RETREATING FIGURE OF A MAN."

but the police don't know it," commented the reporter, grimly.

"The police!" and Dick smiled.

"Did you see her?" Hatch asked.

"Yes; I saw her and her father, too."

Hatch swore inwardly. He saw the one door by which he had hoped to solve the riddle closing on him.

"Was Miss Meredith the girl in the car?" he asked, bluntly.

"Really, I can't answer that."

"Are you the man who stole the gold plate?"

"I can't answer that either," replied Dick, smilingly. "Now look here, Hatch; you're a good fellow — I like you. It is your business to find out things, but in this particular affair I'm going to make it my business to keep you from finding out things. I'll risk the police side of it." He went over and shook hands with the reporter cordially. "Believe me, if I told you the absolute truth—all of it — you couldn't print it unless — unless I was arrested, and I don't intend that that shall happen."

Hatch went away.

That night the Randolph gold plate was stolen for the second time. Thirty six hours later Detective Mallory arrested Richard Herbert with the stolen plate in his possession. Dick burst out laughing when the detective walked into his room.

And thus the interview ended.

It was about noon that day when Hutchinson Hatch called on Dick Herbert.

"Well, what did you find out?" he inquired.

"Really, old man," said Dick, kindly, "I have decided that there is nothing I can say to you about the matter. It's a private affair, after all."

"Yes, I know that, and you know that,

(*To be concluded.*)

Kaiser Wilhelm II.

By J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

The following article is published with the Emperor's sanction, and expresses, to a great extent in His Majesty's own words, his views on men and things. It is accompanied by a portrait graciously selected and signed by His Majesty himself for publication in THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

WILHELM II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, is in the forty-ninth year of his age, and he has borne the sceptre of sovereignty for nearly twenty years. He has been denounced as a firebrand, the disturber of peace, and as a general intriguer, and yet he has not drawn the sword since he has been on the throne. Meanwhile all the States of Federal Germany under his imperial leadership have increased in wealth, the standard of life of every class has been raised, and the workpeople toil under better conditions and earn higher wages than when he came to the throne.

On the very afternoon of the day when he succeeded his illustrious father—on the 18th of June, 1888—a message was cabled to an American paper to the effect that the young Emperor "would die in his boots," so strong was the idea amongst some foreign publicists at that time that his thirst for war and his ambition for martial laurels would soon cover Europe with a sea of blood and carnage. What is still wanted to make the world acquainted with Wilhelm II. is that more attention should be paid to his character and aims.

To my personal knowledge the Kaiser is not only drawn towards England by natural inclination, but he pays great regard to what is said and written about him in Great Britain. He estimates British opinion and criticism of himself next to the good opinion of his own subjects; and I may illustrate this by stating that one day, when told that people in England held a high opinion of him, he drew himself up and said proudly, in my hearing, "I hope they have; for I have a very high opinion of England, and of the English people."

When he went down to Highcliffe Castle he took a whole pile of English newspapers and magazines with him to digest at ease, that he might see what British publicists wrote about him while he was at Windsor.

The Kaiser must be studied alike from his private and his public side. In his public capacity he poses as Emperor and is serious—his expression appearing almost fierce; when he throws off the robe of majesty he is urbane in manner, humorous, frank, and communicative to those he converses with, and absolutely the reverse of haughty.

He is a man who has high ideals for his personal guidance. He is fond of studding his speeches to his subjects with terse, epigrammatic phrases, which he expects his audience will carry away with them; and he likes also to collect maxims for his own contemplation. The subjoined are taken from a series framed and hanging within sight of his writing-table at his shooting-box at Rominten:—

"Be strong in pain; desire not that which is unattainable or worthless; be content with the day as it comes; look for the good in all things; and take pleasure in Nature and in men as they are.

"For a thousand bitter hours console thyself with a single one that is beautiful; ever give heartily and of thy best, even when repaid with ingratitude. He who is able to learn so to act is a happy, free, and proud man, and his life will always be beautiful.

"The man who is distrustful commits an injustice against others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every man good so long as he does not prove to be the contrary.

"Everything in the world must be as it is; and, be it as it may, it is always good in the sight of the Creator."

His Majesty has recently experienced a feeling of what may be called irritation after reading in the Press that he has been influenced by a secret group referred to as a "camarilla." "This is a detestable word," he is reported to have said. "So far as I am concerned, no 'camarilla' has existed in my entourage that has had or could have had an influence over me calculated to further private aims. I cannot conceive where people have got this idea from. I form my opinion independently. My independence is unassailable, and I would not abandon my independence of judgment and action. I indignantly repudiate the idea that I have suffered myself to be influenced in matters of policy affecting the business and interests of the empire or of my kingdom by persons whom I have treated as private friends, and whose society I have frequented for reasons wholly alien to politics. The word 'camarilla' is odious and nauseous to me. I am influenced neither by groups of people nor by individuals; and I have not been cognizant of the existence of such groups during the whole time I have been on the throne, nor do I know of anybody to whom I have sacrificed my independence of action or judgment for any pretext whatsoever."

Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, a relative of the family, who knew the Kaiser as a boy and was fond of him, having a high opinion of him, declared that he was sure he would become an eminent man, that he would give the world cause to talk of him, and that he would do much good in his time. Prince Wilhelm was the "darling grandchild" of Queen Victoria, who saw him for the first time at Coburg, when she wrote these words in her diary, he being one year and a half old. She discovered in his face—"a very dear face," as she called it—"Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth"—that is to say, his father's eyes and his mother's mouth. He was to her in those days "such a little love," and she maintained her deep affection for him till her death. At the age of four he came over for the first time to Windsor with his parents in order to be present at the wedding of his uncle, now King Edward VII., with our gracious Queen Alexandra. During the nuptial ceremony in St. George's Chapel he was confided to the supervision of two of his other uncles—Arthur and Leopold—who were clad in Scotch tartans and were charged to keep him quiet. But whenever they attempted to exercise their authority, which was pretty often, young Wilhelm bit their legs! Is it possible that he recollected the incident when he was at Windsor in November last? He told us English it was like coming home when he went to Windsor, for it recalled reminiscences of the past, and he is fond of recalling the many happy days of childhood spent there and at Balmoral. "I have often shot grandmamma's stags," he has said, in his homely way; "they are different from ours, and the browsing is different, but I have had very good sport amongst them."

On the authority of the Kaiser's tutor, Professor Hintzpeter, who had him for eleven years under his supervision—including those anxious experimental years of public school life at the Cassel Gymnasium—he was not easy to manage, and there was much originality in his character. Somewhat timid in bearing, reserved, and not prone to yield to others, there was an individuality about him even during his young years which brought him at times in conflict with those placed above him—with his parents as well. His was an unusually complicated nature, which made him in many respects different from the average type of boy. Notwithstanding this, however, his mind and body developed successfully under the careful supervision of his parents, tutor, and masters; and it redounds to his own special credit that he was not only able to pass his school examination on leaving the gymnasium with sufficient distinction, but that he excelled also in swimming, rowing, shooting, riding, and in all outdoor sports. Before a few years were over he was well acquainted with his military duties, as became a scion of the Hohenzollerns, and earned as a brilliant cavalry officer the approval of so world-renowned and exacting an authority as his uncle, Prince Freidrich Karl.

His Majesty's allusions to Windsor and Queen Victoria remind me of his determination during his revered grandmother's last illness to go over to Osborne to attend at her bedside and take a final farewell of her. The Duke of Connaught was at Berlin, and was summoned home, but in the last telegram he was particularly requested not to let "Willie" come over. The Queen's daughters were afraid of disturbing her last moments by having so exalted a guest in the sick house; and the Kaiserin did not wish her husband

THE KAISER IN FULL UNIFORM OF ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET IN THE GERMAN NAVY.

This Photograph was graciously selected and signed by His Majesty for publication in THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

From a Photo. by] [*T. H. Voigt, Homburg.*

to leave home just before his birthday. But His Majesty asked to see the telegram for himself, and its contents did not hold him back. He ordered forthwith a special train, and told his uncle, the Duke, that they would travel together. We all know how he comforted his relatives at Osborne, and how the British nation appreciated his share in their mourning in those dark and gloomy days.

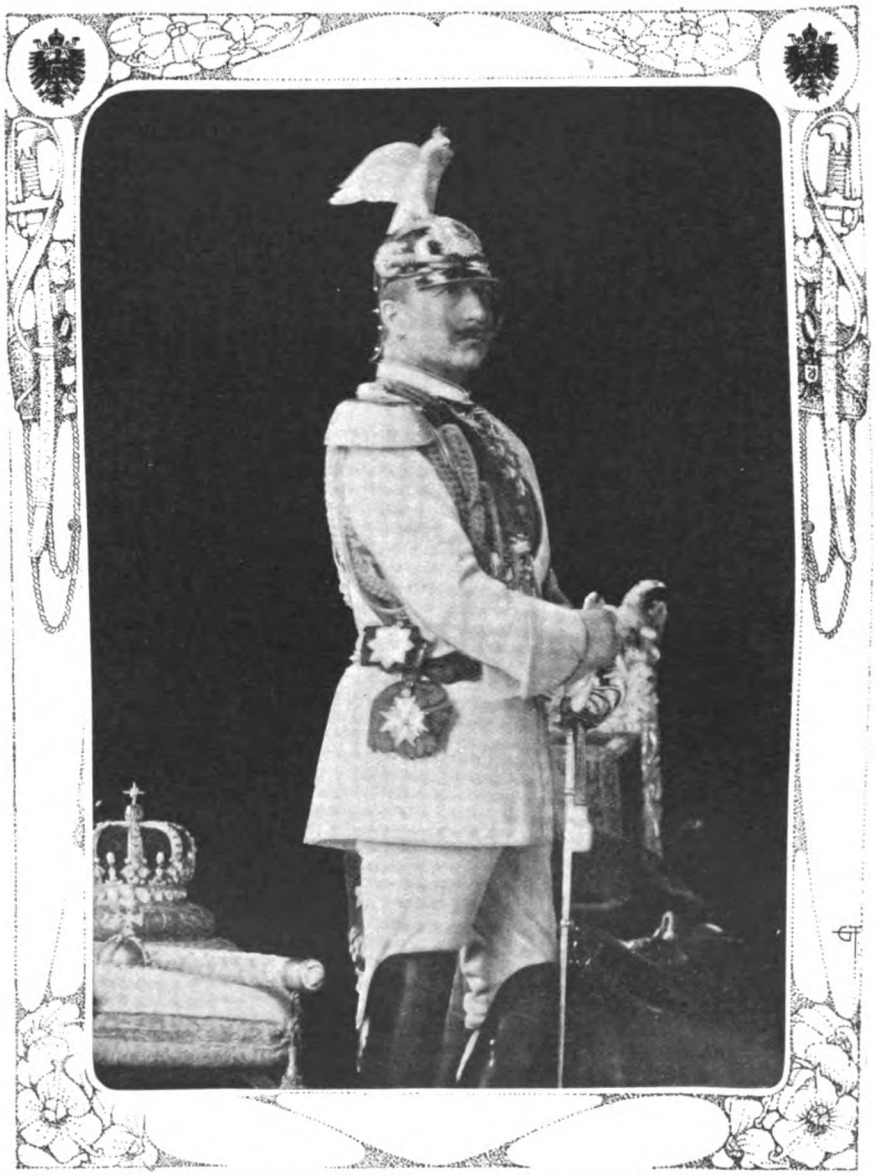
No doubt we may seek in his development as a man a continuation of some of the peculiarities of his youth. His motives not being always easy to follow, Kaiser Wilhelm often complains that he is misunderstood. He has repeatedly dilated upon this grievance in public; and subjoined is what he has said in private: "I can't help it, but people don't understand me. I don't want to be a mere puppet on the throne. When I succeeded my father, and for years afterwards, the older people, who had been accustomed to look up to Bismarck as the oracle of wisdom, continued to refer to him as 'the ruler.' Bismarck stood behind my grandfather; and it was generally assumed that whatever Bismarck advised my grandfather endorsed. I could not accept such a position. It was impossible for me. It was absolutely necessary, in the interest of the empire, that people should feel that they had a Kaiser who was not the Chancellor's puppet, to be pulled to the right or left at his will or fancy. It was absolutely necessary that they should learn that I was Kaiser. I wished them to understand that I intended to 'govern' and not merely to 'reign.'"

Kaiser Wilhelm is a real authority on naval matters, and follows everything published in connection with his own and foreign navies. One who knows him, and is capable of forming an opinion, has told me that he knows more about the world's navies than any German in the service. This is how he has spoken of the British Navy:—

"We shall always follow the lessons of the British Navy, and look up to the British Navy as our model; but we can never—even if we would—be strong enough to be a menace to Britain. We have no wish to challenge Britain's naval supremacy; but we want to have a fleet strong enough to protect ourselves if attacked; to adequately represent the name and power of Germany in foreign waters; and to protect German commerce in all parts of the world. My great aim is to maintain the peace of the world, not to challenge the supremacy of Britain on the seas or to make an enemy of Britain. It would be folly for us Germans to try to attain to the height of Britain's naval power. I cannot comprehend how people can thus misunderstand my aims and intentions."

From the beginning of the eighties difficulties of various kinds caused friction between London and Berlin. During the last years of the first Emperor they were engendered by incidents connected with the inauguration of Germany's colonial policy; but a time of fierce antagonism between the two peoples commenced when Kaiser Wilhelm dispatched his notorious telegram to President Kruger, lasting throughout the next few years, and reaching its height during the Boer War. The dispatch of this unfortunate missive was one of those impulsive acts which His Majesty most decidedly regretted on reflection. It caused an interchange of letters between Queen Victoria and himself which can leave no possible doubt as to this interpretation; for, although we are not acquainted with the exact text of this private correspondence, we know that His Majesty convinced the Queen that he had no intention whatever to cast a slur upon the British nation, as had been assumed in Britain, and I may state here that I was justified in asserting this in January, 1896, in a London morning paper, for His Majesty had, to my knowledge, written concerning this correspondence: "I have replied to grandmamma's letter in a sense that I think will please her."

Still the feeling of distrust did not abate, and it was frequently affirmed in England that but for the German Emperor the Transvaal War would probably never have broken out, and that His Majesty proposed an alliance after the outbreak of the war directed against England, which was foiled by M. Delcassé's refusal to participate in it. Against the repetition of these myths I can submit the following. The agitation against his person in England has always caused the Kaiser considerable pain, for he attaches greater weight to criticism from England than from any other country. On one occasion, when feeling was particularly embittered against him, he was discussing the whole question with some warmth with a private gentleman, whose name I know, and he made use of the following remark: "I cannot comprehend the ill-feeling against me in England. I have acted loyally to England. An offer was made to Germany simultaneously from two powerful sides to take advantage of the situation and to interfere in British policy, and I refused point-blank. I instantly telegraphed the nature of the offer to my uncle." This is the



THE KAISER IN THE UNIFORM OF THE CUIRASSIERS OF THE GUARD.
From a Photo. by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.

form in which these words have been related to me, and I believe they represent the substance, at all events, of what the Kaiser said. Moreover, I may state that during the Boer War his officers were strictly prohibited from discussing the war with other people in any of its political bearings. Most important in this connection are the words used frequently by the late Empress Frederick during the last months of her life: "My great comfort amidst the pain I have to endure is the consciousness that my son is entirely on the side of my native country in this war." And a few years before, in 1891, when the Kaiser paid his last State visit to England, accompanied by the Kaiserin, he said at the Mansion House: "Following the example of my grandfather and of my never-to-be-forgotten father, I shall always, as far as lies in my power, maintain the historic friendship between these two nations, which, as your Lordship (the Lord Mayor) remarked, have so often stood together to protect freedom and justice."

THE KAISER IN THE COSTUME OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.
From a Photo. by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.

The Kaiser's attitude towards Art has been cited as a proof of his claim to mental superiority. He makes no such claim; but as an amateur he no doubt worries from time to time the painters and sculptors who enjoy his patronage. He has his own ideas on the subject; but when he appears in public as the patron of art he feels that he is under an obligation, *qua* Kaiser, to show that he is interested in art and that he must speak "as Kaiser." But there is nothing of the "Sic volo, sic jubeo" intended thereby. All he desires is to let people know what he likes; and it is true that he personally desires to see the Old Masters taken as patterns; on the other hand, he has no wish to offer opposition to individual painters. The Kaiser's opposition to the extreme secessionists is based on his view — "I can't see anything artistic in these things." He is not alone — right or wrong — in his criticism of this school; and if he is sometimes abrupt in his manner towards the extremists, it is on the ground "I can't comprehend your way of representing Nature." Perhaps, if he were to summon some of the leading German painters of this school to come to explain their methods to him, they and their colleagues would regard his summons as a gracious act. Under the system introduced by Bismarck Germans had become accustomed to look up to that statesman in everything as the universal critic. Wilhelm II. thought when he came to the throne that he was the "Landesherr" — the Sovereign of the country.

"The people," said His Majesty, "shall know me, and shall know what their Sovereign thinks and what their Sovereign is. I have no personal feelings when I step forward as Landesherr; I merely give my opinion as Sovereign of the land. When people bring their works to me they want to know my verdict as Sovereign. When singers and actors perform before me they shall feel that they are in the presence of their Kaiser. It is no Divine judgment that the people want to know; but they assume that their Sovereign's opinion should be of value, and when they yearn for the Kaiser's opinion they want to know that it is a 'massgebende Meinung'— an authoritative opinion — just as that of Bismarck was held to be 'massgebend'— authoritative — in all things." This patriarchal way of looking at things is alien to

modern views; but the interest Wilhelm II. has shown in the development of the artistic education of the nation has contributed to progress, if not always on the lines approved of and selected by himself.

Kaiser Wilhelm early took an interest in painting, and devoted his own activity in this respect to sea subjects and battleships. We can read something of his views on art in a book published by Professor Saltzmann, the naval painter, who always accompanies him on his sea voyages. He tells us how Prince Wilhelm applied himself with intelligence and industry to learn to paint, and how, naturally, other duties interfered with this work. In 1886 the Prince sent a picture, representing the *Prinz Adalbert* engaged in artillery practice off the coast of Japan, to the annual Art Exhibition at Berlin. The picture was accepted, but withdrawn at the instance of Kaiser Wilhelm the Great, who thought it undesirable for a prince of the Royal family to exhibit publicly. The Professor tells us also that the Kaiser often talks when out walking about modern art and modern artists, and has shown by the purchase of pictures has been much encouraged by His Majesty in order to make the navy popular.

As regards literature, Wilhelm II. appears to be most interested in philosophy and history. He is known to have been much taken by Stewart Chamberlain's works. We find him taking great pleasure in the society of learned men; but he has little time for light literature and apparently little inclination also for it. Still, it is said that he takes pleasure in Ludwig Ganghofer's novels—a South German, who takes his models mostly from South Germany. "Der hohe Schein" is one of them that is said to have delighted him very much, and he spent over an hour last year in conversation about it when he was at Munich. His Majesty follows current events very closely in the newspapers, copious cuttings from which are laid before him every day. And he is well up in naval literature. In his study you will always find he has his Brassey's "Naval Annual" with him as well as his German books; he had even taken his "Brassey" with him to Wilhelmshöhe last summer.

The musical predilections of the Kaiser

From a] THE KAISER AND HIS LOADERS SHOOTING FROM A STAND. *[Photograph.*

of this school that he is by no means its opponent. It should be noted that the German Emperor looks upon art and the drama as important factors in the education of the people. "Art should help to educate the people; and it should give the lower orders a possibility, after their hard moil and toil, to pull themse'ves together again by contemplating the ideal." Naval painting centre around Wagner and Italian opera; His Majesty does not care much for the modern school of French music, but he loves "Tannhäuser" and the "Meistersinger."

It is very remarkable that, although the English as a nation are not linguists themselves, their language is widespread on the Continent of Europe, and the reigning families speak it in general like their own.

The Kaiser invariably speaks English when in the company of Britishers; but also with some of his fellow-Sovereigns. With the Czar, for example, he always converses in English when they are together. As for his English tastes in matters of everyday life, one has only to look at the upholstery of his private rooms in the Berlin Castle; and, as in many private German families, Pears' soap and Bryant and May's matches are to be found in the Imperial residences.

If I had space I could fill sheets with anecdotes illustrative of Kaiser Wilhelm's bonhomie and sense of humour. When in a mood for it, he is extremely fascinating and entertaining, both in men's and ladies' society. There is hardly a personage of rank in English society who has been in his company who could not endorse this. Always an early riser himself, he is very fond of paying matutinal calls. His business with the Chancellor is almost always transacted in the early morning; and very often he looks up an Ambassador on his way home—the British and Austrian and the last Italian Ambassador having frequently been honoured in this way. At times their Excellencies are found in bed. A capital story is told of one of these visits. The Ambassador was in bed, not being an early riser, but a night worker. Being advised of His Majesty's presence in the Embassy he began to take measures for dressing himself. But the Kaiser gave him no time, in a few bounds he was in his Excellency's bedroom, the Ambassador attired only in pyjamas! The Kaiser, after his conference, called out to his aide-de-camp below to look up to the landing. "I will show you something you have never seen before—an Ambassador in pyjamas!"

The Kaiser is particularly fond of making jokes on unfavourable popular conceptions of himself, a habit which shows that he is well posted in popular gossip, and also that the reputation he has of not provoking criticism is quite erroneous. An exalted personage of our Court will remember the Emperor's saying to him whilst they were in the midst of a conversation on commonplace matters, "How can you be seen talking in public to such a dangerous character as I am?"

At Wilhelmshöhe, when King Edward called on the Kaiser on August 14th last, His Majesty was very much distressed that his uncle had been delayed by a fog at sea; and, as chance would have it, he was the victim himself, on November 11th, of a similar misfortune. Before leaving Berlin, he said at the station, "I hear there is a fog in the Channel. I hope we shall get to England all right." When he was regretting the delay of the King's arrival at Wilhelmshöhe he remarked:—

"Why didn't the King start sooner? He could have remained on board his yacht off Flushing for the night and have left by train early this morning for Wilhelmshöhe! When I go over to England I always start several hours sooner than I need start, in case there should be any delay owing to fog or bad weather." "Your Majesty is so very practical!" was the reply ventured. "Well," added His Majesty, "you English are supposed to understand something about the sea. We all think you do!"

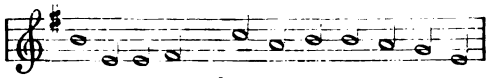
THE KAISER AND THE CZAR ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
From a Photograph.

An impulsive nature such as that of Kaiser Wilhelm cannot be devoid of faults. "Humanum est errare!" He is a man of strong, independent character, who thinks for himself, and is essentially human in all he does. He should be judged as a man. As Tennyson says:—

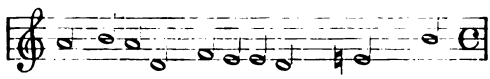
He is all fault who hath no fault at all.

MUSICAL JOKES.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A., Author of "The History of Music."

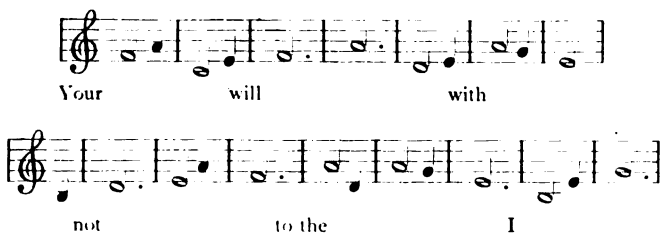


wrote a musical wit to a friend of his, and in these terms conveyed an invitation to dinner. What is the explanation of it? "One, sharp. Beef and cabbage." His friend, who was not behindhand at a joke, though by no means so witty as his host, replied:—



which reads off by the same hieroglyphic: "Not a bad feed. Naturally (natural E) I will be in time."

The first-mentioned gentleman, who might have been termed the Swift of music, when asked to write a melody on the fan of a leading beauty of his day, had the impudence to indite the following:—

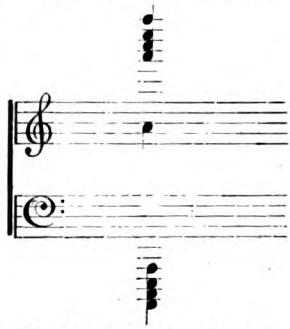


which passed for a time for a graceful compliment and a tuneful piece of homage (although the melody suffers in the latter part owing to the exigencies of the sense) on the part of a favourite composer, till one day a friend of the lady's, more officious than polite, pointed out to her that the apparently innocent melody was, in reality, a stupendous musical joke, aimed at the lady's vanity, which read off note for note as follows: "Your face will fade with age. Be not deaf to the adage, I beg."

A story is current with regard to Count Marpurg's band in Austro-Hungary, though the object of the trick in this case was not to play a joke so much as to perpetrate a piece of treachery. The conductorship of this celebrated band was being competed for by two rival musicians, Imre Nágy and Franz Ploteny, each of whom was to conduct for one day before the count and his guests. Imre, who was the inferior musician, went through his task with creditable skill. But when Ploteny mounted the rostrum to conduct a piece of his own composition, the result was only a tremendous discord, every instrument being out of tune. The whole audience were convulsed with laughter, not only at the oddness of the sound, but at the vexation of the unfortunate composer; and without further delay the count gave the post to his rival. It was discovered afterwards that Imre had bribed most of the musicians to tune their instruments wrongly; and on this fact becoming known the count dismissed him and his accomplices, and appointed Ploteny conductor of his band.

A musical joke of a different nature, and less offensive to the canons of politeness, was played by the composer Haydn on Mozart. When Mozart was in his salad days, the spoilt favourite of empresses and kings, and a very wonderful performer on the pianoforte, he openly boasted that no composer in Europe could write a piece of music which he was unable to play at sight. Haydn accepted the challenge and placed an elaborate manuscript fantasia before the young man, who thereupon proceeded to toss off page after page upon the piano with the greatest ease, exclaiming that Father Haydn was out of it altogether, and that he might have spared himself the trouble of writing so many pages, all of which were child's play to him. But a surprise was in store for the ardent youth. On coming to the last page, which was to bring him his

final triumph, he was thunderstruck to see the fantasia end with the crashing chord—



which required both his hands to be engaged at the extreme ends of the keyboard, while simultaneously there was a note A in the centre of the piano which had to be struck, and there was no means of playing it.

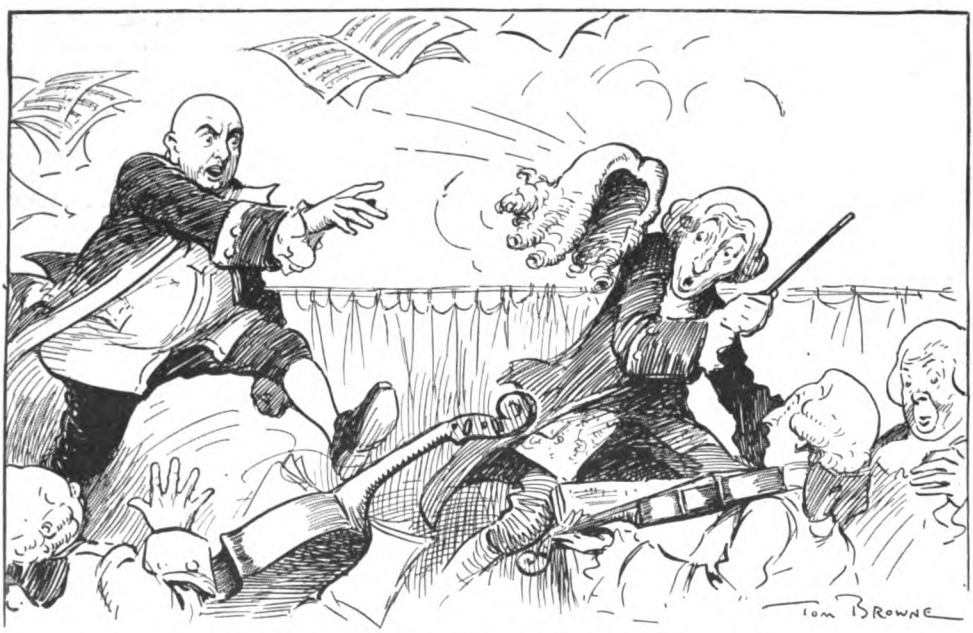
"Halloa!" exclaimed Mozart, "there is a mistake here. This chord is an impossibility on the piano. No player on earth could play it. It is not proper music for the instrument."

"Confess that you have lost your wager," said Haydn.

"Not at all," cried Mozart, getting furious. "It is not proper music for the instrument. You yourself who wrote it could not play it."

"Excuse me," said Haydn, sitting down at the instrument. And placing his hands on the keys at the two extremities of the piano he bent down his head and played the note in the middle *with his nose!*

A musical joke of a stupendous nature was played upon Handel when he was the manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. It was a constant maxim of the great composer, whose sensitive ear abominated the tunings up of an orchestra, that all the instruments should be placed ready tuned at the music-stands, and that the members of the orchestra should enter like a troop of soldiers, take up their instruments like one man, and at the stroke of the bâton begin. One evening a practical joker contrived to have Handel engaged in conversation for some minutes behind the scenes, while he himself entered the orchestra and quietly altered the tunings of all the instruments. Nobody was a bit the wiser till the bâton was raised—and then the crash came--a crash of utter and supreme discord! Handel was exasperated to frenzy. It is on record that he seized his wig and flung it at the leader of the band, kicked the double bass viols to splinters, and demolished the kettledrums, with many more amenities of the same description.



"HE SEIZED HIS WIG AND FLUNG IT AT THE LEADER OF THE BAND."

The composer Haydn, of whom we have already told a story, was a confirmed musical

jester, and wrote a long symphony for the express purpose of playing a joke on band and audience alike. These were the days of candles and candelabra, and a concert-room was generally lighted by a large candelabrum

the audience, till looking round and finding that he was left quite alone he made a hurried and ignominious escape amid shrieks of laughter from all present.

Talking of candles and candlesticks re-

"FINDING THAT HE WAS LEFT QUITE ALONE HE MADE A HURRIED AND IGNOMINIOUS ESCAPE."

of some forty candles in the centre of the auditorium, while the orchestra, which otherwise would have been plunged in complete darkness, was illuminated by a candle being set on each of the music stands, probably twenty or thirty in all. Haydn wrote his elaborate symphony, and towards the middle of it the first flute-player, as it might be, found that his part came to an end. He was directed by a marginal note at the side of the music to blow out his candle and retire. In a minute or two the second flute-player found he was in a similar condition, and he, too, retired, blowing out his candle. Next it was the turn of the cornet-player, then of the trumpeter. The audience seeing this gradual dispersion of the band became filled with uncontrollable curiosity to know what would happen next. Darker and darker grew the orchestra, fewer and fewer became the players ; but those who were left still sat fiddling away with great diligence—until at last only one man remained, who played on desperately amid the mirth of

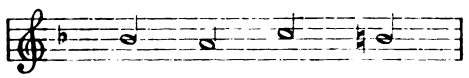
minds us of a musical joke of Rossini's, which nearly cost him his life. At one of the opera houses in Italy an opera of his had been hissed. *En passant* we may mention that he greeted the hissing with the same remark which has been attributed to Sheridan: "Oh! they have found out, then, what a bad piece it was." But Rossini did not stop short at a witticism. He determined to punish the audience for their hardihood. Accordingly, he wrote an overture for the next night, in which the violinists were directed at every second bar to tap their candlesticks with their bows. This so enraged the audience, who took it as a sort of personal insult, that they stormed the orchestra, broke the benches of the theatre, and threatened to kill the composer if they caught him—but he was fortunate enough to escape.

Schumann was a pronounced musical joker, and, taking for his subject the amusements of the Carnival, he wrote an elaborate

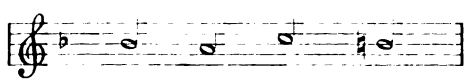
piece of music in which he imitates the skipping of the harlequin by a run on the piano, and then a long jump from one part of the keys to the other—with other eccentricities of this sort.

Beethoven, in the Moonlight Sonata, has played a joke on his hearers in introducing a dance of elves and fairies, who trip about the keys in all directions in a most fantastic and grotesque manner. He said that Shakespeare taught him to joke in music, by the way in which Shakespeare unites humour and pathos in the same piece. In this spirit, in the Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven makes all the birds of the air chirp out after the storm—the cuckoo, the quail, etc. You can hear them quite distinctly on the instruments.

Even the grave Bach did not disdain to crack a musical joke occasionally, and wrote a piece of music called "The Return Home,' for the express purpose of imitating the cracking of the postilion's whip which accompanies the homeward journey. And Frederick the Great helped him on one occasion to play another musical joke. The occasion was the visit of Bach to the monarch in his palace of Sans Souci at Potsdam. After performing several pieces of music on the harpsichord, Bach asked the King to give him a theme on which he might extemporize. The King made no reply, but taking his flute he played these four notes :—

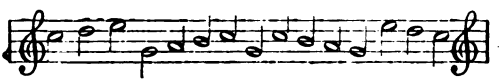


When we explain that B natural is known in German music by the name H, it will be at once apparent that these four notes spell the name of Bach himself—B A C H ; on which theme the composer extemporized accordingly. He did not forget it afterwards ; for once being in a country district where he was a stranger, and having asked permission to play on the church organ, he performed on it in such a manner and poured forth such floods of masterly music that crowds thronged the church to listen. No one knew who the extraordinary organist was, and at last he was asked to give his name.



replied Bach on the keys, and executing a brilliant extemporization on the theme he left the place, and an everlasting tradition behind him.

In conclusion, we cannot do more than bestow a passing allusion to the stock musical jokes of the Middle Ages, which delighted in their day many a monk and medieval composer. These were pieces of music called canons, so constructed that they would read the same backwards or forwards. For this reason they were called Crab Canons, because, to quote the words of Shakespeare, "like the crab they could walk backwards." The following is one of them. If you examine it, you will find that when you get to the end you may begin "to walk backwards," and you will repeat exactly the same notes as when "you walked forwards."



These Crab Canons are sometimes called Everlasting Canons, because you never get to the end of them. Directly you reach the last note you begin again, going backwards this time. When you reach the first note you start again, going forwards—and so continue, like a crab caught in a net or a lobster in a lobster pot, never getting out of the dilemma.

Sometimes they were so constructed that when you came to the end you had to turn the music upside down (as in the following example), and, reading it backwards by the help of the bass clef, the melody repeated itself note for note as before.

Sometimes they proceeded to greater heights of complexity. But here we leave them, and musical jokes with them, with the remark that while the latter are the most innocent form of wit, they require considerable ingenuity to invent them and play them off successfully.

COLOUR IN COSTUME.

By The Hon. Mrs. FITZROY STEWART.

RUSKIN once said, "Wherever men are noble they love bright colours." The words of such a master carry weight, but there seems a spice of the reckless in his assertion. Everyone knows that savages are famous for their love of crude and vivid colouring; a negress adores scarlet, and glaring tints are the joy of the South Sea Islander. On the other hand, there is no doubt that all women who make history love colour and clothe themselves brilliantly. Cleopatra had a passionate craze for colour, and at fifty years old made a slave of Mark Antony. Diane de Poictiers was devoted to yellow, and wore it constantly; Madame de Pompadour invented the happy blending of pale blue and pale pink, such as is shown, adapted to a modern costume, in the first of the accompanying coloured illustrations; Marie Antoinette was responsible for the dainty mixture of palest pinks and yellows; and the ill-starred Empress Josephine favoured black and white and bright green—a most effective combination. And, to come down to modern times, the late Queen Draga of Servia had the cult of colour, and used it to striking advantage. Also some of our cleverest actresses, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, and Mrs. Brown Potter, know the science of colour, and employ it with much audacity.

Colour idealizes, arrests, determines; it has power for good and ill; it affects not only a woman's looks, but also her health and character. And there is no study of deeper interest.

It must be admitted that, as a nation, we are not good colourists. But the cult of colour appeals to the educated classes, and some of the best *faiseurs* of the day give proof that they have studied the art to perfection. One of our cleverest designers says that she goes straight to Nature for her colourings; and certain it is that she can have no better instructor. Fruit, flowers, even trees and grasses, teach us much, and a feast of tints is to be found on the wings of butterflies. This dressmaker declares that she often walks in Hyde Park to look at the flowers and foliage, or makes her way to South Kensington to study the butterflies in Lord Walsingham's collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. What green can be lovelier than that of a larch tree? What pale blue can be more perfect than the blue of the plumbago plant or of the La Peyrousse hyacinth? Then no shade of cream can be more delicate than that of the freesia; the mixture of pale pinks and yellows is taught us by the tea-rose; a forget-me-not shows the blending of blue and mauve; a peacock's outspread tail proves the power of blues and greens; and red and black never look better than in the wings of a Red Admiral butterfly.

We will now take some of the best-known shades and see how they should be used in matters of costume.

White is the symbol of innocence, and its use at births, deaths, and weddings has been sanctified by tradition. But the wearing of white in everyday life needs much circumspection. The broad rule is that it suits the very young and the very old, but, all the same, it often proves unbecoming to the average *débutante*. In order to wear white with success a woman must be fair and slim, and—but this is rare—own the type of a cold, refined loveliness—a type represented in the second of the following illustrations. However, tastes differ, and the late Mr. Gladstone was once heard to declare that every woman, no matter what age, always looked her best in white satin. Royal ladies who have passed their first youth are often to be seen in white or cream colour. An example of this fancy is afforded by Queen Margherita of Italy; but the story of her series of white gowns given by the late King is too old to bear

repetition. The Dowager-Empress of Russia and our own Queen Alexandra often wear white gowns on the occasion of Court ceremonials. And there are several society women who, with their white hair and still handsome faces, prefer to appear dressed in pure white, either in lace, satin, or velvet.

Black seems evil, and with some people produces melancholy. But all the same it has its uses, and is in high favour with smart Parisiennes. Now, there are certain mistakes that seem rooted in the minds of everyday Englishwomen. One of these is that only fair people ought to wear black. In real fact a dark woman is often at her best in black, and a brunette with a bright complexion will look magnificent. But a black gown to be successful must be in many blacks; it must have lace or jet, and lights and shades should be introduced. It takes a woman with brains to dress well in white or in black.

Yellow is a splendid shade, and one that is both subtle and mysterious. The Burmese —a race that is most cunning in psychic matters—make a deep study of its varying effects, and use it in all their garments of ceremony. But, with us, yellow has been for many years greatly and most unjustly despised. It is one of the finest of colours, with many exquisite shades, and only when too pure is it unmanageable. The cold, pale primrose, that shines like a light in the hedgerows, may be massed about a young face with impunity. Apricot is beautiful for some people, and ambers of all shades are exceedingly good and becoming A fair woman looks well in pale yellow and brown, the effect being well shown in the third of the following illustrations; and deep orange suits a brunette. A dull tawny shade, once called "buff," is also most becoming. Yellow was a favourite colour with most of the old masters. Paul Veronese had a penchant for a certain yellow shot with pink, a tint that is extremely beautiful. Rubens often put in a mass of deep yellow in a garment or curtain with striking effect; and Van Dyck seemed to fancy a rich shade, almost the colour of ale, which blends in a kindly way with everything. In fact, yellow is the "sun colour," is most lucky, and suits almost everyone.

Red is a glorious colour; it gives hope, courage, and confidence. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have revelled in the duller reds. In two of his pictures, "The Fortune Tellers" and "The Angerstein Children," telling touches of this rich, refined red appear both in dresses and backgrounds. But these shades are vastly different from the scarlet of a soldier's coat, from the red cloth frocks exploited by certain dressmakers, or even from the Royal crimson that was done to death in 1902. And the clever dresser fears these sultry tints, as the delicate rose in a woman's face is only too easy to extinguish. But a rich, dull shade makes for success; such, for example, as Indian red, or the deep red that is seen in the historic cloak of Little Red Riding Hood. The richness of colour thus obtainable is strikingly shown in the last of our illustrations. Spanish women have made a bright red rose in the hair an undying fashion, but the effect is usually softened by their graceful mantillas. Deep, heavy reds were much used in draperies by the old Italian masters, especially by Titian.

Blue has always been a favourite colour with nations past and present. It seems difficult to account for its popularity. It is neither as stately as yellow, as vivid as red, nor as soft as grey, green, or violet. Perhaps it is because there is not much real blue in Nature. There are not many blue birds or fishes, insects, or minerals; and in animals and in the human race there may be said to be no blue at all. For instance, real blue eyes are rare, and the "blue vein" which poets love is more than rather visionary. Blue flowers are by no means common, although amongst them can be found such precious blooms as the gentian, the harebell, the pale blue scabious, some hyacinths, campanulas, delphiniums, and forget-me-nots. Blue has always been in high favour with spiritualists; and it is needless to point out that Fra Angelico's delicate blues — singularly pure and transparent—are all associated with an intensely spiritual atmosphere. And Gainsborough had a great liking for this charming shade of colour. Blue appears in many of his best pictures; notably in the famous "Blue Boy" at Grosvenor House, in his portrait of Mrs. Siddons, now at the National Gallery, and also in his world-renowned picture of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. But the blues employed by this master-hand were utterly unlike our modern ultramarine, whether that vivid hue appears as bright cornflower or as Royal or Alexandra blue. Turquoise-blue is a lovely shade, and when craftily used proves most becoming. A popular fallacy that should be knocked on the head at once is that blue—especially a pale tint—suits fair women only, and never brunettes. In real truth, a dark woman, with a pale olive skin, never looks

"A HAPPY BLENDING OF PALE BLUE AND PALE PINK."

"IN ORDER TO WEAR WHITE WITH SUCCESS A WOMAN MUST BE FAIR AND SLIM."

"A FAIR WOMAN LOOKS WELL IN PALE YELLOW AND BROWN.

A RICH EFFECT PRODUCED BY A HARMONY OF SHADES OF RED.

better than when dressed in pale blue, or with touches of turquoise-blue in a brown or black costume.

From blue to green is a natural transition. Green is the "Venus" colour, but many vague fancies work against its popularity. Dull sage-green reminds one of the æsthetic craze of the far-off eighties; and a bright shade of green is apt to be voted unbecoming. This is, however, a mistake, as it makes an effective colour-note, and is really one of the smartest shades in creation. A touch of emerald-green looks specially well with black and white, and who shall deny the merits of a big square emerald, or of a bit of bright green enamel? Green has been worn through the ages, and is often mentioned in medieval poems as a favourite colour in dress for both men and women. The beautiful Rosial in "The Court of Love," attributed to Chaucer, is robed in a green gown, "light and summer-wise, shapen full well," and around her neck a string of rubies.

This may sound a crude mixture, but antique colours were pale as a rule, and rubies are far from being scarlet. A dull yellow-green and dark crimson may be most harmonious. Pale green is often pretty, and can be mixed with pale blue in a charming manner. The dress offered to Enid, "where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue played into green," was a happy thought of Tennyson's. A word to the wise: *One out of two colours should always be dull and not too pure;* that is a safe rule in colour combination. Romney had a great fancy for green; it appears in many of his pictures of Lady Hamilton, and also in a charming portrait, called "The Parson's Daughter," in the National Gallery.

Mauve is the colour of thought and refinement, and is the chosen shade of Queen Alexandra. She wears it both by day and evening, and has been painted in a mauve costume. And her liking for amethysts proves the same fancy, as an Oriental amethyst is a cross between mauve and purple.

Brown has an unmerited reputation for lacking smartness. It is a difficult colour to wear, and is at its best with red or auburn haired women. But it often looks well at night, either in tulle or mousseline, and a brown tulle ball-gown once made its mark when worn with yellow topazes.

Grey, like white, if it is to be successful, must be worn with due regard to its limitations. A Parisienne looks well in her Lenten tones of grey, and there is a type—a wondrous type—that can wear grey and invest it with a wicked demureness which is at once attractive. But grey is ill-suited to London skies and to our national characteristics.

Students in the art of colour are well aware that the choice of tints depends much upon material. And the effect of colour on texture and of texture on colour is worth our careful consideration. For instance, many artists declare that white is at its best in soft woollen stuffs, or else in lace, tulle, chiffon, or crêpe de Chine. The correct treatment of black has been already mentioned. Red —always a difficult bright colour—should be shunned in opaque textures and chosen in those that are transparent. A red voile is good, a red crêpe better, and the shade becomes lovable in tulle, chiffon, or mousseline. Then pale blue is sweet in muslin, face cloth, or in taffetas (when shot with white), and also in gauze and chiffon, but should be rigidly avoided in silk, satin, tweed, or homespun. Purple, violet, and mauve are exacting shades, as they each demand the best materials. Violet cloth has a hard effect, and a mauve tweed is unspeakable. But violet velvet suits a queen, and a dress made of mauve crêpe de Chine may be a poem. Pink has possibilities, and in Paris is worn like a livery by brides on the occasion of their signing the marriage contract.

Green is said to be unlucky, but, then, so are opals and peacocks' feathers—two of the loveliest things in the universe. And green has charming varieties. The power of a bit of emerald-green has been already mentioned; and a fair woman will look her best in pale green crêpe or chiffon. And a green taffetas gown is also a happy creation.

An artist in colour will wear her jewels with an eye to colour and material. Sapphire-blue tulle makes a good background for diamonds. Rubies are at their best worn with grey chiffon, and pearls are perfect with reseda-green chiffon. Yellow topazes go with brown, and pale yellow chiffon makes a splendid set-off for amethysts. And once, at a Court ball, a grey chiffon frock with silver embroideries, and worn with a string of big black pearls, made the success of the evening.

Colour is a serious subject, and the shades chosen in dress should be suited not only to a woman's appearance, but also to her character and circumstances.

So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye;
Try every one, what best becomes you wear,
For no complexion all alike can bear.—OVID.

SALTHAVEN

BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ROBERT VYNER had been busy all the afternoon, and the clock still indicated fifteen minutes short of the time at which he had intended to leave. He leaned back in his chair, and, yielding to the slight rotatory movement of that active piece of furniture, indulged in the first twirl for three days. Bassett or no Bassett, it was exhilarating, and, having gone to the limit in one direction, he obtained impetus by a clutch at the table and whirled back again. A smothered exclamation from the door arrested his attention, and putting on the break with some suddenness he found himself looking into the pretty, astonished eyes of Joan Hartley.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in confusion. "I thought it was my father."

"It—it got stuck," said Mr. Vyner, springing up and regarding the chair with great disfavour. "I was trying to loosen it. I shall have to send it back, I'm afraid; it's badly made. There's no cabinet-making nowadays."

Miss Hartley retreated to the doorway.

"I am sorry; I expected to find my father here," she said. "It used to be his room."

"Yes, it was his room," said the young man. "If you will come in and sit down I will send for him."

"It doesn't matter, thank you," said Joan, still standing by the door. "If you will tell me where his room is now, I will go to him."

"He—he is in the general office," said Robert Vyner, slowly.

Miss Hartley bit her lip and her eyes grew sombre.

"Don't go," said Mr. Vyner, eagerly. "I'll go and fetch him. He is expecting you."

"Expecting me?" said the girl. "Why, he didn't know I was coming."

"Perhaps I misunderstood him," murmured Mr. Vyner. "Pressure of business," he said, vaguely, indicating a pile of papers on his table. "Hardly know what people do say to me."

He pushed a comfortable easy-chair to the window, and the girl, after a moment's hesitation, seated herself and became interested in the life outside. Robert Vyner, resuming his seat, leaned back and gazed at her in frank admiration.

"Nice view down the harbour, isn't it?" he said, after a long pause.

Miss Hartley agreed—and sat admiring it.

"Salthaven is a pretty place altogether, I think," continued Robert. "I was quite

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glad to come back to it. I like the town and I like the people. Except for holidays I haven't been in the place since I was ten."

Miss Hartley, feeling that some comment was expected, said, "Indeed!"

"You have lived here all your life, I suppose?" said the persevering Robert.

"Practically," said Miss Hartley.

Mr. Vyner stole a look at her as she sat sideways by the window. Conscience and his visitor's manner told him that he ought to go for her father; personal inclination told him that there was no hurry. For the first time in his experience the office became the most desirable place in the world. He wanted to sit still and look at her, and for some time, despite her restlessness, obeyed his inclinations. She turned at last to ask for her father, and in the fraction of a second he was immersed in a bundle of papers. Knitted brows and pursed lips testified to his absorption. He seized a pen and made an endorsement; looked at it with his head on one side and struck it out again.

"My father?" said Miss Hartley, in a small but determined voice.

Mr. Vyner gazed at her in a preoccupied fashion. Suddenly his face changed.

"Good gracious! yes," he said, springing up and going to the door. "How stupid of me!"

He stepped into the corridor and stood reflecting. In some circumstances he could be businesslike enough. After reflecting for three minutes he came back into the room.

"He will be in soon," he said, resuming his seat. Inwardly he resolved to go and fetch him later on—when the conversation flagged, for instance. Meantime he took up his papers and shook his head over them.

"I wish I had got your father's head for business," he said, ruefully.

Miss Hartley turned on him a face from which all primness had vanished. The corners of her mouth broke and her eyes grew soft. She smiled at Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Vyner, pluming himself upon his address, smiled back.

"If I knew half as much as he does," he continued, "I'd—I'd——"

Miss Hartley waited, her eyes bright with expectation.

"I'd," repeated Mr. Vyner, who had rashly embarked on a sentence before he had seen the end of it, "have a jolly easy time of it," he concluded, breathlessly.

Miss Hartley surveyed him in pained surprise. "I thought my father worked very hard," she said, with a little reproach in her voice.

"So he does," said the young man, hastily, "but he wouldn't if he only had my work to do; that's what I meant. As far as he is concerned he works far too hard. He sets an example that is a trouble to all of us except the office-boy. Do you know Bassett?"

Miss Hartley smiled. "My father tells me he is a very good boy," she said.

"A treasure!" said Robert. "'Good' doesn't describe Bassett. He is the sort of boy who would get off a 'bus after paying his fare to kick a piece of orange-peel off the pavement. He has been nourished on copy-book headings and 'Sandford and Merton.' Ever read 'Sandford and Merton'?"

"I—I tried to once," said Joan.

"There was no 'trying' with Bassett," said Mr. Vyner, rather severely. "He took to it as a duck takes to water. By modelling his life on its teaching he won a silver medal for never missing an attendance at school."

"Father has seen it," said Joan, with a smile.

"Even the measles failed to stop him," continued Robert. "Day by day, a little more flushed than usual, perhaps, he sat in his accustomed place until the whole school was down with it and had to be closed in consequence. Then, and not till then, did Bassett feel that he had saved the situation."

"I don't suppose he knew it, poor boy," said Joan.

"Anyway, he got the medal," said Robert, "and he has a row of prizes for good conduct. I never had one; not even a little one. I suppose you had a lot?"

Miss Hartley maintained a discreet silence.

"Nobody ever seemed to notice my good conduct," continued Mr. Vyner, still bent on making conversation. "They always seemed to notice the other kind fast enough; but the good' seemed to escape them."

He sighed faintly, and glancing at the girl, who was looking out of the window again, took up his pen and signed his blotting-paper.

"I suppose you know the view from that window pretty well?" he said, putting the paper aside with great care.

"Ever since I was a small girl," said Joan, looking round. "I used to come here sometimes and wait for father. Not so much lately; and now, of course——"

Mr. Vyner looked uncomfortable. "I hope you will come to this room whenever you want to see him," he said, earnestly. "He—he seemed to prefer being in the general office."

Miss Hartley busied herself with the window again. "Seemed to prefer," she said, impatiently, under her breath. "Yes."

There was a long silence, which Mr. Vyner, gazing in mute consternation at the vision of indignant prettiness by the window, felt quite unable to break. He felt that the time had at last arrived at which he might safely fetch Mr. Hartley without any self-upbraidings later on, and was just about to rise when the faint tap at the door by which Bassett always justified his entrance stopped him, and Bassett entered the room with some cheques for signature. Despite his habits, the youth started slightly as he saw the visitor, and then, placing the cheques before Mr. Vyner, stood patiently by the table while he signed them.

"That will do," said the latter, as he finished. "Thank you."

"Thank you, sir," said Bassett. He gave a slow glance at the window, and, arranging the cheques neatly, turned towards the door.

"Will Mr. Hartley be long?" inquired Joan, turning round.

"Mr. Hartley, miss?" said Bassett, pausing, with his hand on the knob.

"Mr. Hartley left half an hour ago."

Mr. Vyner, who felt the eyes of Miss Hartley fixed upon him, resisted by a supreme effort the impulse to look at her in return.

"Bassett!" he said, sharply.

"Sir?" said the other.

"Didn't you," said Mr. Vyner, with a fine and growing note of indignation in his voice—"didn't you tell Mr. Hartley that Miss Hartley was here waiting for him?"

"No, sir," said Bassett, gazing at certain mysterious workings of the junior partner's face with undisguised amazement. "I——"

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Vyner, looking at him with great significance, "that you forgot?"

"No, sir," said Bassett; "I didn't——"

"That will do," broke in Mr. Vyner, imperiously. "That will do. You can go."

"But," said the amazed youth, "how could I tell——"

"That—will—do," said Mr. Vyner, very distinctly. "I don't want any excuses. You can go at once. And the next time you are told to deliver a message, please don't forget. Now go."

He rose from his chair and, with a fine show of indignation, thrust the gasping Bassett from the room, and then turned to face the girl.

"I am so sorry," he began. "That stupid boy—you see how stupid he is——"

"It doesn't matter, thank you," said Joan. "It—it wasn't very important."

"He doesn't usually forget things," murmured Mr. Vyner. "I wish now," he added, truthfully, "that I had told Mr. Hartley myself."

He held the door open for her, and, still expressing his regret, accompanied her down-

"WITH A FINE SHOW OF INDIGNATION HE THRUST THE GASPING BASSETT FROM THE ROOM."

stairs to the door. Miss Hartley, somewhat embarrassed, and a prey to suspicions which maidenly modesty forbade her to voice, listened in silence.

"Next time you come," said Mr. Vyner, pausing just outside the door, "I hope——"

Something dropped between them, and fell with a little tinkling crash on to the pavement. Mr. Vyner stooped, and, picking up a pair of clumsily-fashioned spectacles, looked swiftly up at the office window.

"Bassett," he said, involuntarily.

He stood looking at the girl, and trying in vain to think of something to say. Miss Hartley, with somewhat more colour than usual, gave him a little bow and hurried off.

CHAPTER V.

SMILING despite herself as she thought over the events of the afternoon, Joan Hartley walked thoughtfully homewards. Indignation at Mr. Vyner's presumption was mingled with regret that a young man of undeniably good looks and somewhat engaging manners should stoop to deceit. The fact that people are considered innocent until proved guilty did not concern her. With scarcely any hesitation she summed up against him, the only thing that troubled her being what sentence to inflict, and how to inflict it. She wondered what excuse he could make for such behaviour, and then blushed hotly as she thought of the one he would probably advance. Confused at her own thoughts, she quickened her pace, in happy ignorance of the fact that fifty yards behind her Captain Trimblett and her father, who had witnessed with great surprise her leave-taking of Mr. Vyner, were regulating their pace by hers.

"She's a fine girl," said the captain, after a silence that had endured long enough to be almost embarrassing. "A fine girl, but——"

He broke off, and completed his sentence by a shake of the head.

"She must have come for me," said Hartley, "and he happened to be standing there and told her I had gone."

"No doubt," said the captain, dryly. "That's why she went scurrying off as though she had got a train to catch, and he stood there all that time looking after her. And, besides, every time he sees me, in some odd fashion your name crops up."

"My name?" said the other, in surprise.

"Your name," repeated the captain, firmly. "Same as Joan's, ain't it? The after-part of it, anyway. That's the attraction. Talks all round you—and I talk all round you, too. Nobody'd dream you'd got a daughter to hear the two of us talk—sometimes. Other times, if I bring her name in, they'd think you'd got nothing else."

Mr. Hartley glanced at him uneasily. "Perhaps——" he began.

"There's no 'perhaps' about it," said the masterful captain. "If you're not very careful there'll be trouble. You know what Mr. John is—he's got big ideas, and the youngster is as obstinate as a mule."

"It's all very well," said Hartley, "but how can I be careful? What can I do? Besides, I dare say you are making mountains

"CAPTAIN TRIMBLETT AND HER FATHER WERE REGULATING THEIR PACE BY HERS."

of mole-heaps; she probably hurried off thinking to catch me up."

Captain Trimblett gave a little dry cough. "Ask her," he said, impressively.

"I'm not going to put any such ideas into her head," said his friend.

"Sound her, then," said the captain. "This is the way I look at it. We all think he is a very nice fellow, don't we?"

"He is," said Hartley, decidedly.

"And we all think she's a splendid girl, don't we?" continued the other.

"Something of the sort," said Hartley, smiling.

"There you are, then," said the captain, triumphantly. "What is more likely than that they should think the same of each other? Besides, I know what he thinks; I can read him like a book."

"You can't read Joan, though," said the other. "Why, she often puzzles me."

"I can try," said the captain. "I haven't known her all these years for nothing. Now, don't tell her we saw her. You leave her to me—and listen."

"Better leave her alone," said Hartley.

The captain, who was deep in thought, waved the suggestion aside. He walked the remainder of the way in silence, and even after they were in the house was so absorbed in his self-appointed task, and so vague in his replies, that Joan, after offering him the proverbial penny for his thoughts, suggested to her father in a loud whisper that he had got something on his mind.

"Thinking of the ships he has lost," she said, in a still louder whisper.

The captain smiled and shook his head at her.

"Couldn't lose a ship if I tried," he said, nudging Hartley to call his attention to what was to follow. "I was saying so to Mr. Robert only yesterday!"

His voice was so deliberate, and his manner so significant, that Miss Hartley looked up in surprise. Then she coloured furiously as she saw both gentlemen eyeing her with the air of physicians on the look-out for unfavourable symptoms. Anger only deepened her colour, and an unladylike and unfilial yearning to bang their two foolish heads together possessed her. Explanations were impossible, and despite her annoyance she almost smiled as she saw the concern in the eye the captain turned on her father.

"Saying so only yesterday," repeated the former, "to Mr. Robert."

"I saw him this afternoon," said Joan, with forced composure. "I went up to father's room and found *him* there. Why didn't you tell me you had given up your room, father?"

Mr. Hartley pleaded in excuse that he thought he had told her, and was surprised at the vehemence of her denial. With a slightly offended air he pointed out that it was a very slight matter after all.

"There is nothing to be annoyed about," he said. "You went there to see me, and, not finding me there, came down again."

"Ye-es," said Joan, thoughtfully.

"Just put her head in at the door and fled," explained the captain, still watching her closely.

Miss Hartley appeared not to have heard him.

"Came down three stairs at a time," he continued, with a poor attempt at a chuckle.

"I was there about half an hour waiting for father," said Joan, eyeing him very steadily. "I thought that he was in the other office. Is there anything else I can tell you?"

The captain collapsed suddenly, and, turning a red face upon Hartley, appealed to him mutely for succour.

"Me?" he spluttered, feebly. "I — I don't want to know anything. Your father thought——"

"I didn't think anything," said Hartley, with some haste.

The captain eyed him reproachfully. "I thought your father thought——" he began, and, drawing out a large handkerchief, blew his nose violently.

"Yes?" said Joan, still very erect.

"That is all," said the captain, with an air of dignity.

He brushed some imaginary atoms from his beard, and, finding the girl's gaze still somewhat embarrassing, sought to relieve the tension.

"I've known you since you were five," he said, with inconsequent pathos.

"I know," said Joan, smiling, and putting her hand on his broad shoulder. "You're a dear old stupid; that is all."

"Always was," said the relieved captain, "from a child."

He began, with a cheerful countenance, to narrate anecdotes of his stupidity until, being interrupted by Hartley with one or two choice examples that he had forgotten, he rose and muttered something about seeing the garden. His progress was stayed by a knock at the front door and an intimation from Rosa that he was wanted.

"My bo'sun," he said, re-entering the room with a letter. "Excuse me."

He broke the seal, and turned to Hartley with a short laugh. "Peter Truefitt," he said, "wants me to meet him at nine o'clock and go home together, pretending that he has been here with me. Peter is improving."

"But he can't go on like this for ever," said his scandalized friend.

"He's all right," said the captain, with a satisfied wink. "I'm looking after him. I'm stage-manager. I'll see——"

His voice faltered, and then died away as he caught Miss Hartley's eye and noticed the air of artless astonishment with which she was regarding him.

"Always was from a child," she quoted.

The captain ignored her.

"I ll just give Walters a note," he said, turning to Hartley with some dignity. "You don't mind his waiting?"

He turned to a small writing-table, and with an air of preoccupation, assumed for Miss Hartley's benefit, began to try a pen on his thumb-nail. Hartley, going to the door, sent the boatswain off to the kitchen for a glass of ale.

"Or perhaps you prefer tea?" he added, thoughtfully.

"Ale will do, sir," said Mr. Walters, humbly.

He walked to the kitchen, and, pushing the door open softly, went in. Rosa Jelks, who was sitting down reading, put aside her book and smiled welcome.

"Sit down," she said, patronizingly; "sit down."

"I was going to," said Mr. Walters. "I'm to 'ave a glass of ale."

"Say 'please,'" said Rosa, shaking her yellow locks at him, and rising to take a glass from the dresser.

She walked into the scullery humming a tune, and the pleasant sound of beer falling into a glass fell on the boatswain's ears. He stroked his small black moustache and smiled.

"Would you like me to take a sip at the glass first?" inquired Rosa, coming back carefully with a brimming glass, "just to give it a flavour?"

Mr. Walters stared at her in honest amazement. After a moment he remarked gruffly that the flavour of the ale itself was good enough for him. Rosa's eyes sparkled.

"Just a sip," she pleaded.

"Go on, then," said Mr. Walters, grudgingly.

"Chin, chin!" said Rosa.

The boatswain's face relaxed. Then it hardened suddenly and a dazed look crept into his eyes as Rosa, drinking about two-thirds of the ale, handed him the remainder.

"That's for your impudence," she said, sharply. "I don't like beer."

Mr. Walters, still dazed, finished the beer without a word and placed the glass on the table. A faint sigh escaped him, but that was all.

"Bear!" said Rosa, making a face at him.

She looked at his strong, lean face and powerful figure approvingly, but the bereaved boatswain took no notice.

"Bear!" said Rosa again.

She patted her hair into place, and, in adjusting a hair-pin, permitted a long, thick tress to escape to her shoulder. She uttered a little squeal of dismay.

"False, ain't it?" inquired Mr. Walters, regarding her antics with some amazement.

"False!" exclaimed Rosa. "Certainly not. Here! Tug!"

She presented her shoulder to the boatswain, and he, nothing loath, gave a tug, animated by the loss of two-thirds of a glass of beer. The next instant a loud slap rang through the kitchen.

"And I'd do it again for two pins," said the outraged damsel, as she regarded him with watering eyes. "Brute!"

She turned away, and, pink with annoyance, proceeded to arrange her hair in a small cracked glass that hung by the mantelpiece.

"I 'ad a cousin once," said Mr. Walters, thoughtfully, "that used to let her 'air down and sit on it. Tall gal, too, she was."

"So can I," snapped Rosa, rolling the tress up on her finger, holding it in place, and transfixing it with a hair-pin.

"*H'm!*" said the boatswain.

"What d'ye mean by '*H'm!*'?" demanded Rosa, sharply. "Do you mean to say I can't?"

"You might if you cut it off first," conceded Mr. Walters.

"Cut it off?" said Rosa, scornfully. "Here! Look here!"

She dragged out her hair-pins and with a toss of her head sent the coarse yellow locks flying. Then, straightening them slightly, she pulled out a chair and confronted him triumphantly. And at that moment the front-room bell rang.

"That's for you," said Mr. Walters, pointedly.

Rosa, who was already back at the glass, working with feverish haste, made no reply. The bell rang again, and a third time, Rosa

"THE BOATSWAIN, NOTHING LOATH, GAVE A TUG."

finally answering it in a coiffure that looked like a hastily-constructed bird's nest.

"There's your letter," she said, returning with a face still flushed. "Take it and go."

"Thankee," said the boatswain. "Was they very frightened?"

"Take it and go," repeated Rosa, with cold dignity. "Your young woman might be expecting you; pity to keep her waiting."

"I ain't got a young woman," said Mr. Walters, slowly.

"You sur-prise me!" said Rosa, with false astonishment.

"I never would 'ave one," said the boatswain, rising, and placing the letter in his breast-pocket. "I've got along all right for thirty years without 'em, and I ain't going to begin now."

"You must have broke a lot of hearts with disappointment," said Rosa.

"I never could see anything in young wimmen," said the boatswain, musingly. "Silly things, most of 'em. Always thinking about their looks; especially them as haven't got none."

He took up the empty glass and toyed with it thoughtfully.

"It's no good waiting," said Rosa; "you won't get no more beer; not if you stay here all night."

"So long!" said the boatswain, still playing with the glass. "So long! I know one or two that'll 'ave a fit pretty near when I tell 'em about you sitting on your 'air."

He put up his left arm instinctively, but Miss Jelks by a supreme effort maintained her calmness. Her eyes and colour were beyond her control, but her voice remained steady.

"So long!" she said, quietly. She took the glass from him and smiled. "If you like to wait a moment, I'll get you a little drop more," she said, graciously.

"Here's luck!" said Mr. Walters, as she returned with the glass. He drank it slowly and then, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, stood regarding her critically.

"Well, so long!" he said again, and, before the astonished maiden could resist, placed a huge arm about her neck and kissed her.

"You do that again, if you dare!" she gasped, indignantly, as she broke loose and confronted him. "The idea!"

"I don't want to do it agin," said the boatswain. "I've 'ad a glass of ale, and you've 'ad a kiss. Now we're quits."

He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand again and walked off with the air of a man who has just discharged an obligation. He went out the back way, and Rosa, to whom this sort of man was an absolutely new experience, stood gazing after him dumbly. Recovering herself, she followed him to the gate, and, with a countenance on

which amazement still lingered, stood watching his tall figure up the road.

CHAPTER VI.

"WORK!" said Mr. Robert Vyner, severely, as he reclined in a deck-chair on the poop of the *Indian Chief* and surveyed his surroundings through half-closed eyes. "Work! It's no good sitting here idling while the world's work awaits my attention."

Captain Trimblett, who was in a similar posture a yard away, assented. He also added that there was "nothing like it."

"There's no play without work," continued Mr. Vyner, in a spirit of self-admonition.

The captain assented again. "You said something about work half an hour ago," he remarked.

"And I meant it," said Mr. Vyner; "only in unconscious imitation I dozed off. What I really want is for somebody to take my legs, somebody else my shoulders, and waft me gently ashore."

"I had a cook o' mine put ashore like that once," said Captain Trimblett, in a reminiscent voice; "only I don't know that I would have called it 'wafting,' and, so far as my memory goes, he didn't either. He had a lot to say about it, too."

Mr. Vyner, with a noisy yawn, struggled out of his chair and stood adjusting his collar and waistcoat.

"If I couldn't be a chrysalis," he said, slowly, as he looked down at the recumbent figure of the captain, "do you know what I would like to be?"

"I've had a very hard day's work," said the other, defensively, as he struggled into a sitting posture—"very hard. And I was awake half the night with the toothache."

"That isn't an answer to my question," said Mr. Vyner, gently. "But never mind; try and get a little sleep now; try and check that feverish desire for work, which is slowly, very, very slowly, wearing you to skin and bone. Think how grieved the firm would be if the toothache carried you off one night. Why not go below and turn in now? It's nearly five o'clock."

"Couldn't sleep if I did," replied the captain, gravely. "Besides, I've got somebody coming aboard to have tea with me this afternoon."

"All right, I'm going," said Robert, reassuringly. "Nobody I know, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain. "Not exactly," he added, with a desire of being strictly accurate.

Mr. Vyner became thoughtful. The captain's reticence, coupled with the fact that he had made two or three attempts to get rid of him that afternoon, was suspicious. He wondered whether Joan Hartley was the expected guest; the captain's unwillingness to talk whenever her name came up having by no means escaped him. And once or twice the captain had, with unmistakable meaning, dropped hints as to the progress made by Mr. Saunders in horticulture and other pursuits. At the idea of this elderly mariner indulging in matrimonial schemes with which he had no sympathy, he became possessed with a spirit of vindictive emulation.

"It seems like a riddle; you've excited my curiosity," he said, as he threw himself back in the chair again and looked at the gulls wheeling lazily overhead. "Let me see whether I can guess—I'll go as soon as I have."

"'Tisn't worth guessing," said Captain Trimblett, with a touch of brusqueness.

"Don't make it too easy," pleaded Mr. Vyner. "Guess number one: a lady?"

The captain grunted.

"A widow," continued Mr. Vyner, in the slow, rapt tones of a clairvoyant. "The widow!"

"What do you mean by *the* widow?" demanded the aroused captain.

"The one you are always talking about," replied Mr. Vyner, winking at the sky.

"Me!" said the captain, purpling. "I don't talk about her. You don't hear me talk about her. I'm not always talking about anybody. I might just have mentioned her name when talking about Truefitt's troubles; that's all."

"That's what I meant," said Robert Vyner, with an air of mild surprise.

"Well, it's not her," said the captain, shortly.

"Somebody I know, but not exactly," mused Robert. "Somebody I know, but—— Let me think."

He closed his eyes in an effort of memory, and kept them shut so long that the captain, anxious to get him away before his visitor's arrival, indulged in a loud and painful fit of coughing. Mr. Vyner's eyes remained closed.

"Any more guesses?" inquired the captain, loudly.

Mr. Vyner slept on. Gulls mewed overhead; a rattle of cranes sounded from the quays, and a conversation—mostly in hoarse roars—took place between the boatswain in the bows and an elderly man ashore, but he remained undisturbed. Then he sprang up so suddenly that he nearly knocked his chair

over, and the captain, turning his head after him in amaze, saw Joan Hartley standing at the edge of the quay.

Before he could interfere Mr. Vyner, holding her hand with anxious solicitude, was helping her aboard. Poised for a moment on the side of the ship, she sprang lightly to the deck, and the young man, relinquishing her hand with some reluctance, followed her slowly towards the captain.

Ten minutes later, by far the calmest of the three, he sat at tea in the small but comfortable saloon. How he got there Captain Trimblett could not exactly remember. Mr. Vyner had murmured something about a slight headache, due in his opinion to the want of a cup of tea, and, even while talking about going home to get it, had in an abstracted fashion drifted down the companion-way.

"I feel better already," he remarked, as he passed his cup up to Miss Hartley to be refilled. "It's wonderful what a cup of tea will do."

"It has its uses," said the captain, darkly.

He took another cup himself and sat silent and watchful, listening to the conversation of his guests. A slight appearance of reserve on Miss Hartley's part, assumed to remind Mr. Vyner of his bad behaviour on the occasion of their last meeting, was dispelled almost immediately. Modesty, tinged with respectful admiration, was in every glance and every note of his voice. When she discovered that a man who had asked for his tea without sugar had drunk without remark a cup containing three lumps, she became thoughtful.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked, in concern.

Modesty and Mr. Vyner — never boon companions—parted company.

"I thought you had given me the wrong cup," he said, simply.

The explanation seemed to Captain Trimblett quite inadequate. He sat turning it over in his mind, and even the rising colour in Miss Hartley's cheek did not serve to enlighten him. But he was glad to notice that she was becoming reserved again. Mr. Vyner noticed it too, and, raging inwardly against a tongue which was always striving after his undoing, began with a chastened air to criticise the architecture of the new chapel in Porter Street. Architecture being a subject of which the captain knew nothing, he discussed it at great length, somewhat pleased to find that both his listeners were giving him their undivided attention.

He was glad to notice, when they went up on deck again, that his guests had but little to say to each other, and, with a view to keeping them apart as much as possible, made no attempt to detain her when Joan rose and said that she must be going. She shook hands and then turned to Mr. Vyner.

"Oh, I must be going, too," said that gentleman.

He helped her ashore and, with a wave of his hand to Captain Trimblett, set off by her side. At the bridge, where their ways homeward diverged, Joan half stopped, but Mr. Vyner, gazing straight ahead, kept on.

"Fine chap, Captain Trimblett," he said, suddenly.

"He is the kindest man I know," said Joan, warmly.

Mr. Vyner sang his praises for three hundred yards, secretly conscious that his companion was thinking of ways and means of getting rid of him. The window of a confectioner's shop at last furnished the necessary excuse.

"I have got a little shopping to do," she said, diving in suddenly. "Good-bye."

The "good-bye" was so faint that it was apparent to her as she stood in the shop and gave a modest order for chocolates that he had not heard it. She bit her lip, and after a glance at the figure outside, added to her order a large one for buns. She came out of the shop with a bag overflowing with them.

"Let me," said Mr. Vyner, hastily.

Miss Hartley handed them over at once, and, walking by his side, strove hard to repress malicious smiles. She walked slowly and gave appraising glances at shop windows, pausing finally at a greengrocer's to purchase some bananas. Mr. Vyner, with the buns held in the hollow of his arm, watched her anxiously, and his face fell as she agreed with the greengrocer as to the pity of spoiling a noble bunch he was displaying. Insufficiently draped in a brown-paper bag, it took Mr. Vyner's other arm.

"You are quite useful," said Miss Hartley, with a bright smile.

Mr. Vyner returned the smile, and in bowing to an acquaintance nearly lost a bun. He saved it by sheer sleight of hand, and, noting that his companion was still intent on the shops, wondered darkly what further burdens were in store for him. He tried to quicken the pace, but Miss Hartley was not to be hurried.

"I must go in here, I think," she said, stopping in front of a draper's. "I sha'n't be long."

QUITS.

By OWEN OLIVER.

I SEEMED to be waking slowly from a dream, in which I was bound hand and foot, and could not see or speak or hear; but the dream did not pass away, and I began gradually to suspect it of reality. At last I concluded that I was awake and that some terrible physical calamity had robbed me of my senses; but presently I heard a clock strike three. I felt sure that it was the church clock at Harbledon, where I lived. The cuckoo clock in my hall followed a few seconds later, as it always did. It sounded so loud that I thought I must have left my bedroom door open. Then I recollected that I was not in my bedroom when I last remembered, but in the library, writing. My memory ceased in the middle of a letter to Beatrice Meade. "You have made my life valueless, and——" Something dark had come over my face just then, and a sickly smell. My head had been dragged violently backward and had struck against the high back of the chair. The rest was a blank.

I had evidently been drugged and bound —doubtless by a robber—and left helpless.

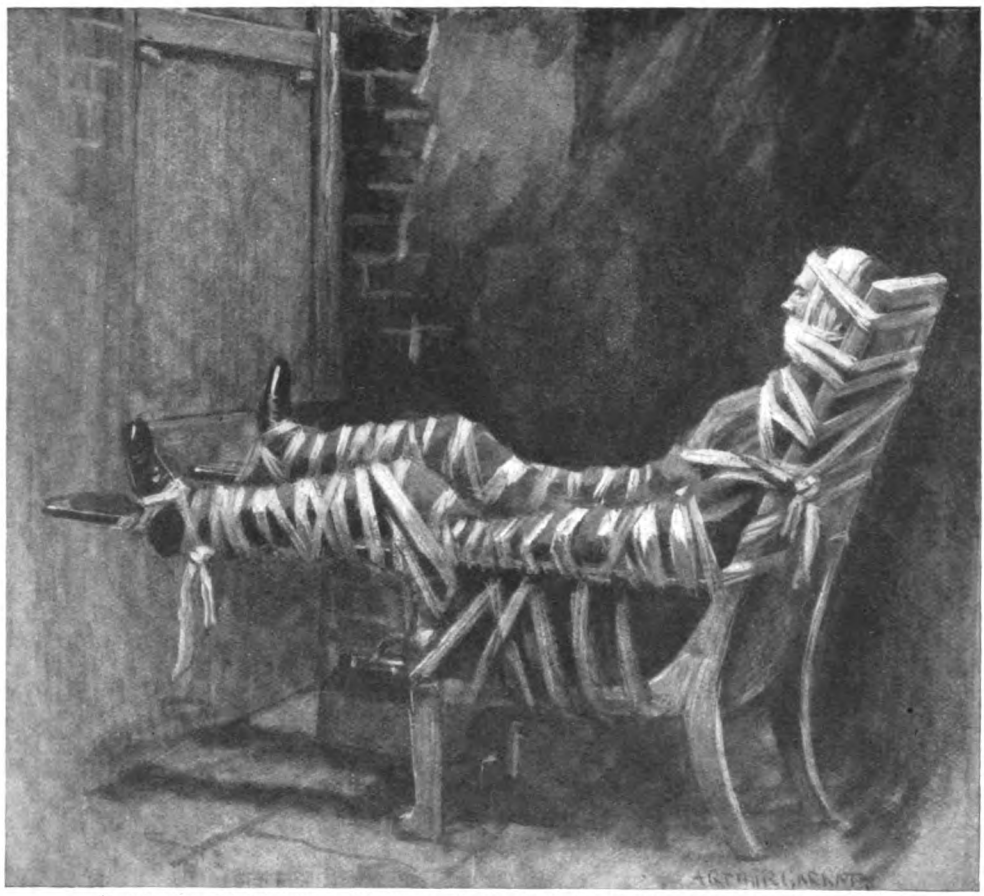
I was in a sitting posture, with my back against something and my legs raised. My arms seemed to lie along the arms of a chair. I was strapped round and round with bandages; there must be miles of them. Even my fingers were bound. There was something in my mouth and something over it, and something round my head and chin to keep me from opening my mouth. I could not make the slightest sound or stir in the least—only wait till I was found.

The servants would find me in the morning, of course, since I was certainly in the house, though I could form no idea where. My eyes were not bandaged, but I could see no glimmer of light, no outline of windows. I feared that I had been put in a cupboard, in which case I might not be discovered for a long while. The delay would be a serious matter to me, for already I was aching all over from the restraint and feeling terribly faint. It seemed hours before the church clock struck the half-hour. The hall clock followed as usual, and again it sounded unfamiliarly near.

Half-past three. The dawn should be beginning. Sunrise was at twenty past four. There *was* a dim light coming from somewhere. It seemed to descend from overhead. The only places so lit were the billiard-room and the hall. I was certainly not in the billiard-room. That was in the annexe, and one could not hear the hall clock there. I could scarcely be in the hall, because, in addition to the skylight, it had side windows, and there was no trace of these. I seemed to distinguish a dull, brownish wall in front of me. I must have dozed or fainted at this period, for I did not hear four strike, only the half-hour. It had become quite light; and the light came entirely from overhead, I was certain, though I could not look up to see.

The "wall" in front of me appeared to be discoloured canvas. It was only about four feet wide between two real walls of mouldy plaster. This had fallen off in places and left the bricks bare. It *was* a chair that I was tied to, I saw: one of those Indian chairs with long, flat, wooden arms that you could put your legs upon. Why, it was the chair that Roper brought to my house! Roper! Was *he* the robber? I knew nothing of the man really. He was merely a well-matched opponent at golf, whom I had foolishly asked to stay with me for a week. I had only known him for a month, but it had often struck me that there was something familiar about his face. He was probably some criminal whom I had seen in the course of my professional duties (I was a barrister). How they would laugh at me in the courts when they heard of the affair!

It seemed ages before five struck. The cuckoo clock was evidently behind me. So I reasoned that I must be in one of the many cupboards that opened into the hall, with my back to the door; but I did not understand how the cupboard came to be lit from the top. It was apparently an empty, disused cupboard, and it would be a long while before they searched there. They would not even notice my absence till they brought my morning tea at half-past seven. Not even then. They would think that I was sleeping when I did not answer, and go away and bring another cup at eight. Then they always knocked till I answered. But they would probably see signs of the robbery before then



"I REASONED THAT I MUST BE IN ONE OF THE MANY CUPBOARDS THAT OPENED INTO THE HALL."

and come to wake me; and when they found that my bed had not been slept in they would surely search the house. By half-past seven, if I was lucky, I might be free.

Half-past five struck; six; half-past six. Then I heard something moving above, and the pleasant voice of old Mrs. Brand. She had been my nurse when I was a boy, and now for twelve years she had acted as my housekeeper.

"Time to get up, my dears," she called, in her gentle way. She was rousing the maids. The gardener and groom slept in the annexe.

Seven struck, and immediately afterwards steps came down the stairs.

"Oh, Lucy! I do hate getting up." That was Mary, my favourite housemaid. Her voice was exactly behind me, and I could hear that she was on the stairs. There was no cupboard on the stairs! Where had I been put? Was I under the floor or somewhere where nobody would think of searching? A sickly chill came over me, and I fainted. When I roused I heard a soft tapping upstairs, and Mary's voice:—

"Your tea, sir! Your tea, sir!"

After two or three calls I heard the tinkle of tea-things as she moved away.

"Your tea, sir!" she called from a little farther off. She would be at Roper's room now. To my surprise I heard him answer. He had evidently opened his door to take in the tray.

"Thank you. Nice morning, isn't it?"

Roper had not gone! Then presumably I had done him an injustice. Yet some dim, elusive memory persisted in connecting him with the attack; something that my assailant had muttered as he pulled my head back in the cloth. I was unjust. There were really no grounds for suspecting Roper. But who was he? I felt sure that he reminded me of someone.

Presently I heard Mrs. Brand come down the stairs. I knew her slow steps. In a few moments I heard them again in front of me,

beyond the wall that looked like drab-brown canvas. What would she be doing at this time of day? Why, tidying the library. She would never let anyone else touch my papers. The stairs behind and the library in front. I was in the wall behind the portrait of Sir Rupert! The canvas was the back of his picture. It was he who had built the hall. His son had hidden here and evaded the search of Cromwell's Ironsides, legend said. This must be his secret hiding-place; a hollow in the massive wall, opening at the top into the hall, under cover of the bulging cornice. If Cromwell could not find my ancestor, who was going to find me, or even suspect that I was there?

I must have fainted again, for I remember no more till Mary ran down the stairs crying hysterically that I had gone, and my bed hadn't been slept in, Mr. Roper said.

"He has taken his small bag," Roper added.

I looked again at something that had puzzled me on the floor, and recognised the edge of the bag. Roper had put it in with me, I decided. He meant them to believe that I had left the house, so that they would not search for me; so that I should die! Die inch by inch, of hunger and thirst and cramp, and all the time hear those who would almost have given their lives for me close by.

I must have fainted for a long while this time, for ten struck next. I heard Mrs. Brand talking to Roper in the library, as if she came in and found him there. What was he doing there, I wondered.

"You are looking for something, sir?" she asked, frigidly. She did not care for Roper, I knew.

"I thought Mr. Mordaunt might have left a note to show where he had gone," he suggested.

Apparently he had left my note to Beatrice upon the table, thinking that it might lead farther to the conclusion that I had gone away; as, indeed, I had been thinking of doing, but not by stealth.

"Indeed, sir!" Mrs. Brand's voice was stolid.

"He told me that he was coming here to write," he continued, after a pause.

"Indeed, sir!" she repeated. She had doubtless found the letter, and had put it away to guard my secrets from prying eyes.

"He seemed a little disturbed last night, I thought," Roper remarked; "after he came home from Mrs. Meade's, I mean. Possibly she might know of some reason for his hurried departure."

"Possibly," Mrs. Brand agreed.

"I'll go to the stations and inquire if he went from either," Roper proposed.

"Thank you, sir."

I heard the door shut. Then I heard Mrs. Brand crying softly. Presently Mary came in. She tried to comfort her mistress, and cried too. She was the old gardener's child, and had been destined for my employment since she wore short frocks and a long pigtail that I used to pull.

"He wasn't himself last night," she declared. "He never thanked me when I brought in his biscuits and coffee, but sat staring at nothing. Mrs. Meade's refused him. That's what it is, you mark my words, Mrs. Brand. And I thought she'd jump at him."

"She gave him cause enough to think so," cried Mrs. Brand, bitterly. "I don't wonder at his taking on. Yes, that's what it is; but don't you say a word; but I know you won't, or I wouldn't say what I've said to you. They think we women can't keep a secret, but we can for those we're fond of. He's proud, and he wouldn't like it known. It's some mischief as that Roper has made between them, I'd lay anything. I can't bear the man."

"Nor I either," said Mary, emphatically. "I've seen him look at the master as if he'd kill him. You don't think he might have—done away with him?"

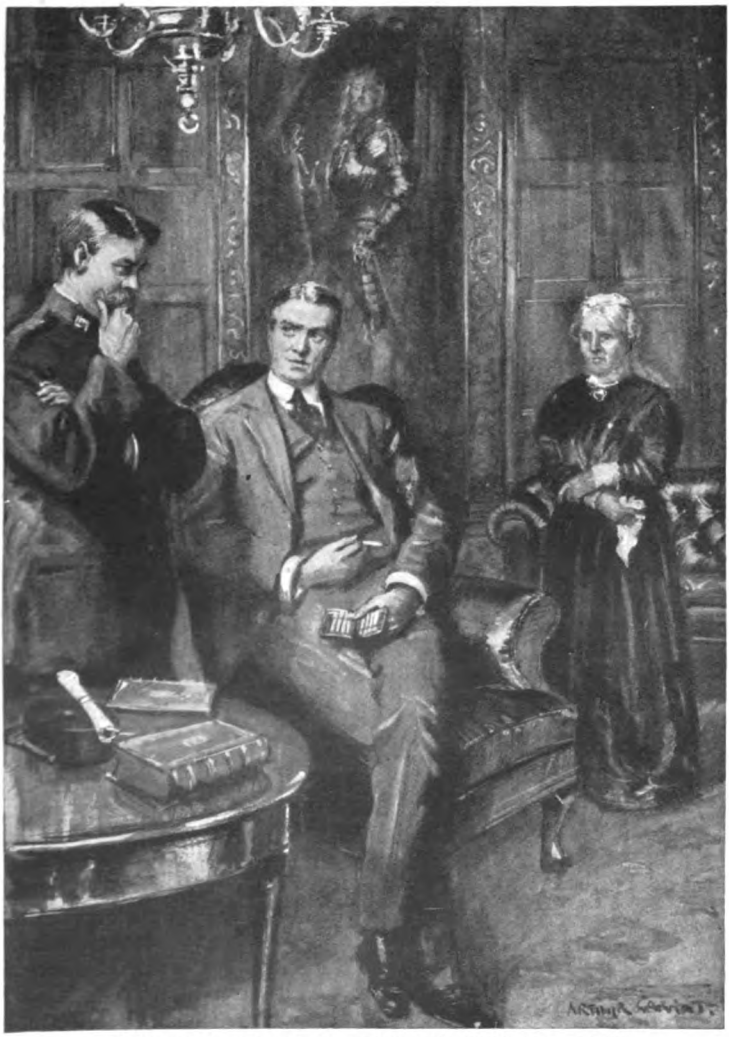
My heart gave a leap. If they would pursue that idea they might find me yet; but Mrs. Brand's reply extinguished my hopes.

"No, no!" she said. "He's led him on to go away, likely enough, or fanned him when he was ablaze, so to speak, but that's all. I don't blame him for going away, but he might have told me! He'll write by the first post, I shouldn't wonder. He'd know how I'd worry about him, and he was always thoughtful of others, ever since he was a little boy. 'Don't cry, Nan,' he'd say, if anything upset me. 'Don't cry.' A wonderful good heart he had." The poor old dame sobbed pitifully. Mary joined in extolling me for a time. Then they left the room.

Presently I heard voices again—Mrs. Brand and Roper and Dolland, the local inspector of police.

"He evidently went by the six-fifteen from the junction," Roper said. "The booking-clerk and the porters noticed a tall gentleman with a small brown bag answering to his description. The inspector has verified this."

"Yes," Dolland agreed. "The descrip-



"'HARDLY A CASE FOR THE POLICE, EH?' ROPER SUGGESTED."

tion's right enough; but it's curious that he went third-class, being a gentleman that likes to make himself comfortable."

"He would do it to throw people off the scent," Roper suggested. "You see, he's a barrister, and a very clever one—as some people know to their cost."

My mind took a leap. Roper must be some scoundrel whose conviction I had secured. This was his revenge.

"Ye-es," Dolland agreed, "if he wanted to throw people off the scent. But why should he? And, come to that, what's his motive for going off at all?"

"The usual one, I suppose." I heard a match struck. "Have a cigarette, inspector?"

"If you mean money," said Dolland, indignantly, "I don't believe it. Mr. Mordaunt's as straight as a die."

"Yes, yes!" cried Roper. "I don't mean money; certainly not! There are two motives for running away, inspector, you know. The other is—a woman. He came home from Mrs. Meade's rather — well, not quite himself, last night. I fancy if you asked *her*——"

"Ah!" said the inspector. "Ah-h-h! I see."

"Hardly a case for the police, eh?" Roper suggested.

"No-o," Dolland agreed. "Hardly, sir." He coughed a little. "He'd only be put out if I interfered."

"Of course," Roper said, airily, "you might make a few guarded inquiries at her house; or Mrs. Brand might mention to her that he's gone off in this way. But you'll know best, inspector."

"I'd rather Mrs. Brand do it," the inspector protested. "He's not a gentleman that I'd like to offend."

"Mrs. Meade," Mary announced; and I heard Beatrice's clear, full voice. She spoke more quickly than usual.

"I want to know about Mr. Mordaunt," she said. "I must know. I have a right to."

"The inspector will give you the facts in a nutshell," said Roper. "He understands what is relevant so much better than we do. Pray take a chair. Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Tell me, Mr. Dolland!" Beatrice entreated, without answering Roper's trivial remark.

Dolland told her briefly the "facts" which Roper had persuaded him to adopt. "We were wondering," he concluded, "what had sent him off in this curious way. He was rather—rather a friend of yours, ma'am, I

believe? Do you know of anything that might have upset him?"

"Yes," said Beatrice, faintly.

"Something that might make him wish to go away from here, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" said the inspector. "I see. We don't wish to pry into your—into his private affairs, of course. We'll take it that he has gone away for a bit, and that's all."

"No," said Beatrice, "it isn't. I want him back."

I struggled wildly to make a sound or movement, but without the slightest success.

"I want him back," she repeated. "I—I know he would come back if—if he knew that I wanted him. You will trace him, won't you?"

"My dear Mrs. Meade," Roper protested, "the police cannot intervene in—shall we say lovers' quarrels? At least, that is what I imagine the inspector will tell you."

"He's sure to write to you, ma'am," Dolland suggested; "and then you'll be able to bring him back. It's hardly a case for us, ma'am; and I don't know how Mr. Mordaunt might take it if we interfered. He wouldn't like his affairs being talked about among the police, ma'am."

"But he might go away abroad, or—or do something foolish," Beatrice pleaded.

"In this free country it is a man's privilege to do foolish things if he chooses," Roper asserted, with a sneer. "Eh, inspector?"

"It isn't a case for the police, ma'am," Dolland answered. "I wouldn't dare to offend him."

"Then perhaps you gentlemen will leave us," said Beatrice.

The door closed, and the two women cried softly.

"Oh, Mrs. Meade," my old nurse wailed, "how could you do it? He left an unfinished letter to you—this. I wouldn't show it to them. He was always proud, and had a right to be. You gave him cause to think that you loved him."

"Oh," cried Beatrice, "I *do!*"

I struggled to call out till the gag cut my mouth.

"There, there!" Mrs. Brand comforted her. "My poor dear! It will all come right, please God. Tell me."

"I was only eighteen when I married Mr. Meade," Beatrice said. "I came straight from school, and my mother—— She is dead, and I won't talk of her. I was very fond of him as—as a sort of father. I was, really. He was very, very good to me, and he loved me so much. He wouldn't ask me to promise not to marry again, but he begged me to try not to. It was the last thing that he asked before—before the end. I felt as if I had no right to. I never meant to. I didn't want to for years. And then I met Mr. Mordaunt, and I fell in love with him the instant I saw him. Oh, you don't know how much in love! But I thought it was wrong and disloyal, and I refused him; but I—I thought he could make me say 'Yes,' and then it wouldn't be my fault, you see. But he didn't understand, and he—he went away. I ran after him ever so far down the road after he had gone, but I couldn't find him. He must have taken the short cut. He will come back, won't he? He will come back?"

"I don't know, my dear," Mrs. Brand sighed. "He was passionate and headstrong naturally, though he kept it under, and in a general way he had the temper of an angel; but when a big thing put him out—— He was terribly angry, as you can see from the letter; and what frightens me most is that he left it in the middle and went off at the words you see——"

Beatrice gave an agonized cry.

"'You have made my life valueless,'" she read. "Oh, you don't think he would—— You *can't* think that!"

"It must have been in his mind," said Mrs. Brand. (That was wrong. I never contemplated self-destruction.) "But he'll think better of it, if I know my boy. Heaven knows what he's going through."

"We must find him," Beatrice declared. "Shall we show the letter to the inspector? He would help then, perhaps."

"No," said Mrs. Brand. "He is a fool. Mr. Roper twists him round his finger."

"And Mr. Roper?"

"Mr. Roper hates my boy." (I was thirty-six, but still a boy to my old nurse.)

"How do you know?"

"My dear, I am sixty-four. There's a book that you learn to read as you grow older—the book of people. I do know. It's my belief that he wishes to hurt him; and very likely he incited him to go away and knows where he is. But if he does he won't help. He'll do his best to baffle us."

"I will telegraph to town for a detective," Beatrice cried. I heard her rise to go.

"I telegraphed an hour ago," said Mrs. Brand.

"Then I can do nothing," Beatrice wailed. "Nothing."

"My dear," the older woman answered, "you can pray."

There was a silence, and I knew that they prayed. I prayed, too. Then there was a blank till the clock struck three.

My bonds no longer hurt me, and the cramping pains had ceased. I seemed to be too numbed to feel. Even my hunger was dulled; but my thirst was intolerable. My tongue was swollen, and tongue and gag together felt as though they were bursting my mouth. I found that I could make a faint clicking sound with my teeth against the gag. I made it till my mouth would move no more; but I knew all the time that the sound was too faint for anyone to hear. A passing footstep drowned it even to me.

About four I heard Roper's voice in the hall, and gathered that he was leaving suddenly. Just after five I roused from a doze and heard voices in the library again —Mrs. Brand, Beatrice, and a stranger. No, not a stranger. He was Pleydell, the detective. I felt a little hope at the sound of his cough. He was a smart man—almost a genius in his line—and the very one I should have chosen.

He had been over the house, I gathered, and had heard their account of the case. He did not controvert their surmises, and I gathered from his tone that he was impressed by the unfinished letter. He did not ask any questions about it, however, but inquired very carefully as to my habits. When did I generally use the library? Which was my chair? Where did I place it by day and by night? How did I usually sit? Where did I put the ink-pot? How did I hold my paper? Did I litter the room? How did Mrs. Brand find it in the morning? These were only a few of his questions. At last he paused and hummed softly, as was his custom when he was thinking.

"What do you conclude?" Beatrice asked at length.

"I haven't a conclusion," he said, slowly. "I'm just trying a few guesses, to see how they fit in with the facts."

"Tell us the guesses," she implored. "You don't know how—how we feel about it. If you could give us a straw to catch hold of."

"I think you have caught hold of too many straws already," he said, sharply. "There isn't a bit of evidence in what you have told me. It's all—Roper!"

So he had seen that! My hopes grew higher.

"Just Roper!" he repeated. "Who pointed out that the bag had gone? Who found out that a tall gentleman with a bag went by the six-fifteen? Who suggested that you were the reason of his departure? Why did he suspect that a letter had been left? Why did he rush off when he heard that I was coming? I am afraid—but may I ask if my man has come from the station yet? Send him up, please. Well, Smith?"

"I've turned the men at the railway station inside out, sir. Mr. Roper put the idea into their heads that the man who went away was Mr. Mordaunt, and they put it into the inspector's. They think now that the gentleman's bag was black and his suit brown!"

"Mr. Mordaunt took his dress-suit and a dark grey jacket suit," Mrs. Brand said. "I've been through his things. He had no brown suit; at least, not for summer wear."

"There's a telegram for you, sir," the man added.

"Thanks. You can wait below. Whew-w-w! This telegram is very, very disquieting, ladies. Yes, yes. You shall see it. But you must take a nip of brandy first. Teetotallers? So am I! But I won't read it until you do. Very good. This is what it says:—

"'Roper is ex-convict Jarman. Five years in 1900 for fraud and forgery. Mordaunt prosecuting counsel. Gained the verdict by extraordinarily clever piecing together of circumstantial evidence. Complimented by judge. Jarman protested innocence, and threatened to be quits with Mordaunt some day. Shall we arrest him?'"

"Well, give her some more brandy, ma'am. She's fainting. Come, come! We haven't time for feelings. We've got to *think*. Pull yourself together. For *his* sake!"

"Yes, yes!" said Beatrice, faintly. "For his sake. I will not faint. *I will not.* What are you going to do?"

"First, here goes a telegram to arrest Jarman. May I ring? Send my man with this at once. Secondly, I'm going to search the house. I fear—it's a kindness to warn you—that we may find——"

"Oh!" There were two pitiful cries. Then there was a pause.

"You have more grounds for your fears than you have told us," said Beatrice, at last.

"Yes," he said, "I have. I do not usually tell my clients my untested suspicions. My reputation would be less if I did! They often come to nothing. I hope that these will; and if they do I trust to you not to give me away. Well, the first thing that strikes me as curious is that Mr. Mordaunt left this letter unfinished and on his table for anyone to find. A gentleman of his character usually finishes what he begins. If he doesn't he tears it up. If he

has to leave it, he puts it away. Granted that he was agitated, sheer habit would have led him to do so, unless he was suddenly interrupted. I doubted the story that Roper had led you to believe as soon as I saw the letter.

"Now, look at the letter itself. It ends in the middle of a sentence; and the last letter trails off in a straggling line, as if he dragged the pen over the paper. Suppose he sat here—like this, as Mrs. Brand thinks he would. The pen trails off in *this* direction—drops on the floor *here*." I heard a vesta struck. "It makes those inkstains on the carpet. Have you ever noticed them before, Mrs. Brand?"

"My sight is not what it was," she said, with a shake in her voice. "But—I think they are fresh."

"Now look through this magnifying-glass. Do you see those three hairs on the back of the chair? There is something sticky that holds them. It looks to me like a clot of blood. My theory is that he was violently seized from behind and drugged. It is only a theory, mind."

"But not killed!" Beatrice cried. "Not killed!"

"If he is alive it is hard to imagine what has become of him," said Pleydell. "Of course, he *may* have been taken away somewhere while he was unconscious and hidden; but it would have been difficult—impossible, unless Roper had a confederate, which I doubt. It's the sort of thing that happens—in books; but in real life it wouldn't be easy to hide him alive. But if—in the other event, he could easily be put somewhere—even in this house itself. That is why I warn you. There seem to be a good many cupboards and unused rooms."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Brand; "and they say that there is a secret hiding-place." She told him the legend. She had heard me tell it to Roper, she mentioned, and he had been very interested in the plans of the house.

"Umph!" said Pleydell. "It might be. There *is* a secret room at Courtthorpe Hall, near here, I know. They are pretty usual in houses of this date in these parts. They are generally in the walls, and the irregular shape of this house gives plenty of scope for a little chamber that wouldn't be noticed; but the plans are generally disguised too, and we shouldn't get much out of them. We'll knock the walls with a hammer." I should have laughed if I had been able. "But first I'll search the rooms and cupboards. You'd better not come."

"I must," both cried at once; and they all went out together.

I heard them hurrying about the house for a long while. Then at last the knocking began. I can never bring myself to think of my feelings during that time of suspense, and, anyhow, no words could describe them. I will not attempt the impossible.

The knocking came nearer and nearer. It had reached the foot of the stairs, when I heard Mary run to them with an excited cry.

"A picture post-card," she cried. "From the master! They've brought it from Mrs. Meade's. It's just come."

"He's safe!" cried Beatrice. "Thank God!"

"Hold her!" said Pleydell, sharply. "She'll fall!"

"No, no!" she protested. "I—I am all right. Read it!"

"Read it for us," Mrs. Brand begged. "My old eyes—my dear boy!"

"It is from the Grand Hotel, Sarley!" said Pleydell, in a perplexed tone. "Posted to-day. 'I am staying here till to-morrow.' That's all. I suppose you're sure of the writing? Jarman was a forger, remember."

"He didn't forge this!" said Mrs. Brand, firmly.

"No, no!" Beatrice laughed hysterically. "This little scrawl under his initials. See! It was a private mark. We always put it. It meant that we still valued each other's friendship. He will forgive me."

I had written the card a fortnight before, and omitted to post it. Roper must have found it, and posted it at Sarley as he passed through.

"I can go," said Pleydell, grimly; and then I knew the meaning of despair. Beatrice's delighted voice hurt me most of all.

"I will write to him to-night," she vowed, "and he will come back to-morrow. If he doesn't I shall go and fetch him. Don't look so glum, Mr. Pleydell. We aren't going to give you away. You've been so kind, so *very* kind. You're glad, aren't you?"

"My dear lady," said Pleydell, "I am very glad; and I wish you every happiness together."

Beatrice laughed excitedly.

"Together is understood," she declared. "We should never be happy apart. Thank you, Mr. Pleydell. And we *really* won't tell."

"Umph!" said Pleydell. "There'll be a fine row if they've arrested Jarman, and I'll hear enough about it without your telling, I

expect. If anyone had seen us knocking this old wall with the hammer—— Well, I'll be off to the station."

He went, and so did Beatrice. Mrs. Brand went upstairs crooning to herself. The servants' laughter died out, as they went below to the servants' hall. I was left alone to gnawing hunger and frenzied thirst, and a sickening fear that crawled over me like a slowly rising tide; left alone to die. That I should be dead before they found out their error—it would take a day, perhaps two—I had no doubt. Already I had grown numb to everything but pain—and the thirst seemed to swallow up all the rest of the pains. They were all merged in one dazed, waking dream. I grew more and more stupefied, and seemed to swim giddily in a red sea—a sea of thirst afire. Somewhere across the sea a clock struck, and a cuckoo mocked it a little after. Eight—nine—I did not think I should hear ten. I was sinking—sinking—sinking!

Then I heard the voice of Beatrice. The words seemed to come to my mind long after she spoke.

"He isn't there! He isn't there! I telegraphed to him, and they telegraphed back that they hadn't seen him for a fortnight. I wired for Mr. Pleydell, but he can't get here to-night. We must go on searching. Quick! Quick!"

It must be a dream, I thought—the dreams that come when you are drowning in a sea of fire. It would be over soon; over soon.

Then I dreamed of a furious knocking at the front door, and of Pleydell's voice.

"He's not at Sarley, and hasn't been there. I couldn't believe I was wrong, so I motored over and back. They've wired that Jarman had disappeared when they went to arrest him. I was right; it's murder."

"No, no!" Beatrice cried. "It can't be; it can't be! He is hidden somewhere. Go on looking. Go on!"

"I've been looking everywhere," said Pleydell. "I've turned on the whole village."

"Look *here!*" Beatrice persisted. "Everywhere."

I dreamed that she knocked at the walls with her soft white hands, and called my name, and vowed that she loved me, and would find me, and die, too, if I had died. It was the pleasant dream that comes before death, I told myself. I must be dying because the fiery sea had turned cold, very cold. I should go to sleep but for the voices and the ceaseless rap, rap, rap.

"Listen!" cried Beatrice. "Listen! It is hollow."

"What is on the other side?" Pleydell asked. I had never heard him excited before.

"The library," cried Mrs. Brand.

"Stop here and knock when I call," he commanded. "No, no; don't come, Mrs. Meade."

"I must come," she insisted.

"No, no; better not."

"I must. You see, I loved him!"

Beatrice loved me. That was the right end to my last dream. Now I could go to sleep. God bless Beatrice!

I went to sleep. Her voice seemed to wake me.

"He is coming to. Leave us alone. My dear love, my dear love!"

I opened my eyes. I lay on the couch in the library. There was a chasm in the wall. The picture of Sir Rupert sprawled across two chairs. Beatrice knelt beside me. She had one arm under my head; the other held a cup.

"Drink, darling," she said, and raised me with my head on her shoulder. I drank, watching her all the time. Her hair was disarranged, and she looked seventeen instead of seven-and-twenty. There were tear-streaks on her face. Her hands were cut where she had torn at the walls. She kissed me many times.

A telegram came from Roper—or Jarman—just after they had found me. It told them to turn the third rose on the left-hand side of the picture, and they would discover what they had lost.

The next morning I had a letter from him. I will let him defend himself.

"I presume they found you alive. That was always my intention. I don't know if I succeeded in concentrating the miseries of my four years and two months and three days' imprisonment (that's the exact term) into your twenty-odd hours. That was my intention too.

"I was an innocent man. You had all the facts before you. You picked out those only that bore against me, and worked them up into a diabolical story. Set the sufferings that I have justly caused you against those that you unjustly caused me, and cry quits like I man. I do."

He missed a main point. I merely did my duty as an advocate, and I honestly believed him guilty. But still——

"'DRINK, DARLING,' SHE SAID, AND RAISED ME WITH MY HEAD ON HER SHOULDER."

Well, I would not let Pleydell pursue him.

"Oh, yes," I told Beatrice, when she protested — there is no one so hard as a soft woman when those she loves have been injured! — "I've a grievance against him, I know. I've a lot of grievances against the world, if you come to that, but I'm going to marry *you*—and cry 'Quits!'"

Ghosts of the Sea.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

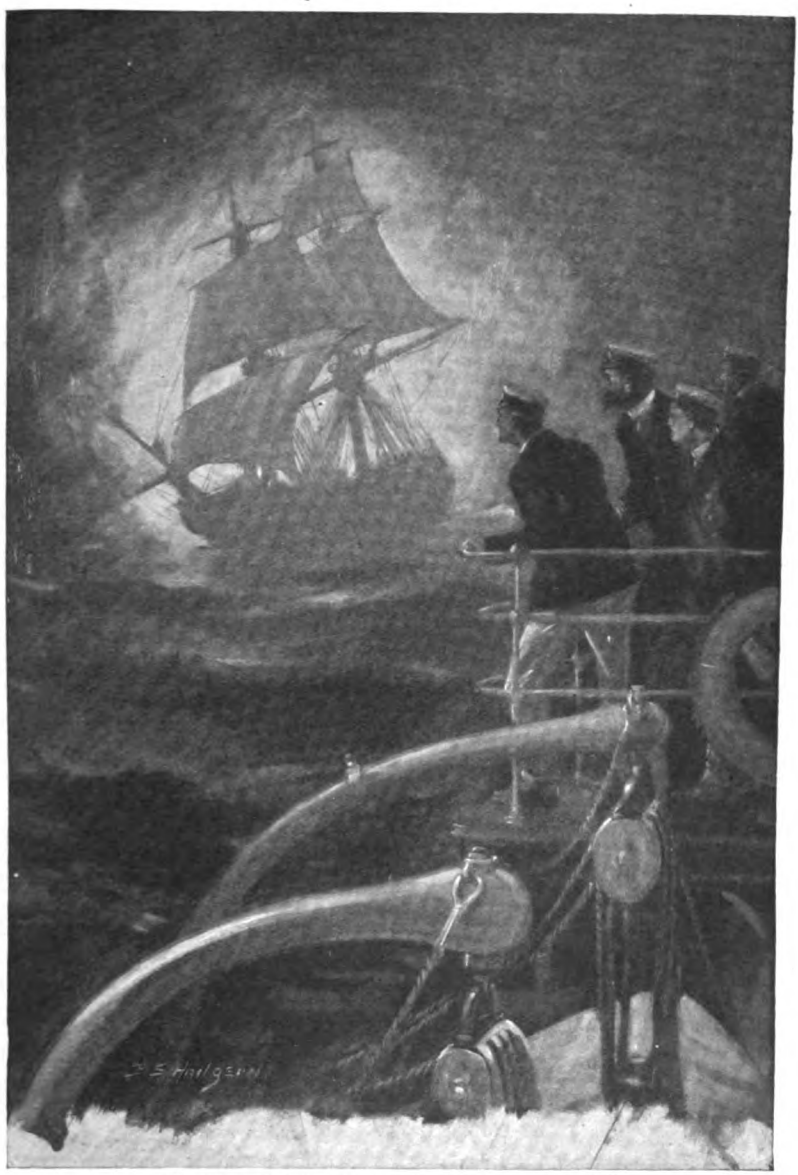
THERE is no man more sensitive to ridicule than the sailor. He detests the merest suspicion of being laughed at, and, while among themselves in the fo'c's'le sailors yarn endlessly, it is most difficult for the landsman to get a seaman to talk freely. Even then, one doubtful look or word of disbelief and he shuts up, close as the proverbial oyster.

The consequence is that we on land never hear of many of the strange things that happen at sea. For instance, you will hardly ever get a sailor to mention the sea-serpent. While those who have gone most deeply into the subject have little doubt about the existence of still unclassified sea monsters, the sailor, knowing with what ridicule the Press greets any mention of these creatures, no longer reports their appearance. And the same or even greater reticence is observed with regard to the seeing of phantom ships and other ghosts of the sea.

Many of these supposedly supernatural appearances are doubtless explainable from natural causes. To take one instance, the mystery of the well-known phantom ship of Cape Horn has recently been elucidated. Over and over again vessels on their way from Europe to Western America via Cape Horn have been startled by the sight of a large ship with decks awash drifting in an almost impossible position beneath the giant cliffs of the Straits of Lemaire. At night or in storm this barque with her towering white sails has the strangest appearance. The *Crown of Italy*, attempting to go to the aid of the supposed derelict, ran upon a reef and was wrecked, and a similar fate has befallen several other vessels. Last year, at the request of the United States, the Argentine Government sent a steamer to make researches. It was found that the supposed phantom was nothing but a rock—a rock which, by some strange freak of Nature, was white instead of black like those surrounding it, and bore the most startling likeness to a ship with sails set and deck just level with the waves. Another strangely-shaped rock off St. Helena, whitened with sea birds, bears so exact a resemblance to a full-rigged ship that the oldest and most experienced seamen have been deceived.

Mirage, again, may account for some of the spectres which have puzzled and alarmed mariners. Mirage is a phenomenon not confined to sandy deserts, for it is seen over snowfields and glaciers and at sea. In 1854 H.M.S. *Archer*, cruising in the Baltic, saw the whole of the British Fleet of nineteen ships inverted in the air apparently only a few miles away. At the time the fleet was actually hull down, the nearest ship being quite thirty miles from the *Archer*. A gentleman living at Bedhampton recently described how the Nab Lightship, which is really twelve miles from his house, was brought by mirage so near that the men on board could be clearly seen with the naked eye.

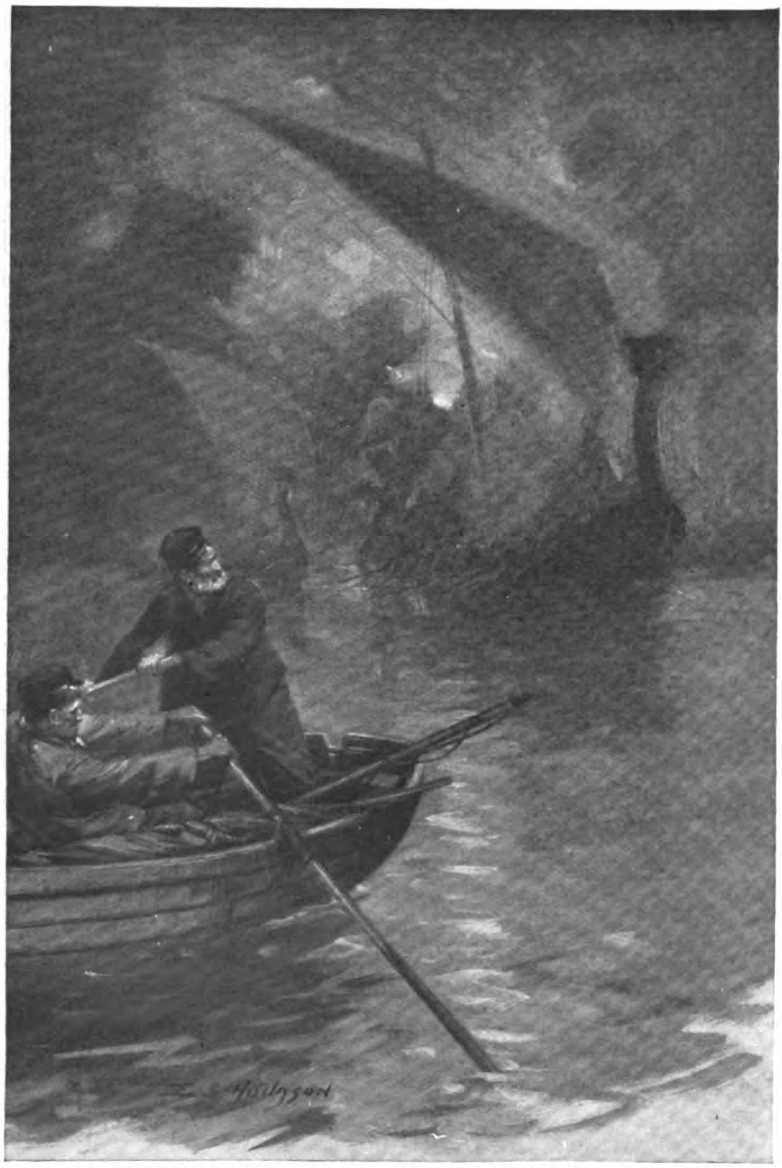
But apart from such natural phenomena, there are things seen at sea by no means so easy of explanation. We have no less credible a witness to the appearance of a true phantom ship than the present heir to the throne. The incident is recounted in "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*." On July 11th, 1881, at four o'clock in the morning, a spectral ship crossed the bows of the vessel in which the present Prince of Wales and his late lamented brother were cruising round the world. The apparition is described in these words: "The Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain unknown. The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, which were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light." It is a curious fact that six hours later the able seaman who was the first to sight this terrifying apparition fell from the foretop-mast crosstrees and was smashed to pieces.



"A SPECTRAL SHIP CROSSED THE BOWS OF THE VESSEL."

The so-called Flying Dutchman is the best-known of all ghostly wanderers of the ocean, and his story the most familiar. The usually accepted version is that Cornelius Vanderdecken, a Dutch sea-captain, was on his way home from Batavia when, in trying to round the Cape of Good Hope, he met with baffling head winds, against which he struggled vainly for nine long, weary weeks. At the end of that time, finding that his ship was in precisely the same position as at the beginning, Vanderdecken burst into a fierce fit of impious passion, and, dropping on his knees upon the deck, cursed the Deity and swore by Heaven and Hell that he would round the Cape if it took him till the Day of Judgment. Taken at his word, he was doomed there and then to beat to and fro for all time, and sailors' superstition connects the appearance of his phantom ship with certain and swift misfortune.

Vanderdecken is not the only ocean wanderer in the latitude of Cape Agulhas. There is another Flying Dutchman in the



"THESE TWO VESSELS, WITH THEIR HIGH CURVED PROWS AND ROWS OF SHIELDS ALONG THE GUNWALE, ARE SOMETIMES SEEN GLIDING UP THE ESTUARY."

shape of Bernard Fokke. Fokke, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, was very different from the ordinary type of Hollander. He was a reckless fear-nothing, who boasted that his vessel could beat any other afloat. To make good his boast he cased her masts in iron and crowded more sail upon her than any other ship of the time dared carry. It is on record that he made the passage from Rotterdam to the East Indies in ninety days, a feat at that period savouring of the miraculous. The story goes that, in his anxiety to beat even his own record, Fokke sold his soul to the Evil One, and at his life's end he and his ship both disappeared. Transported to the scene of his old exploits, and with no other crew than his boatswain, cook, and pilot, he is condemned to strive endlessly against heavy gales that ever sweep him back.

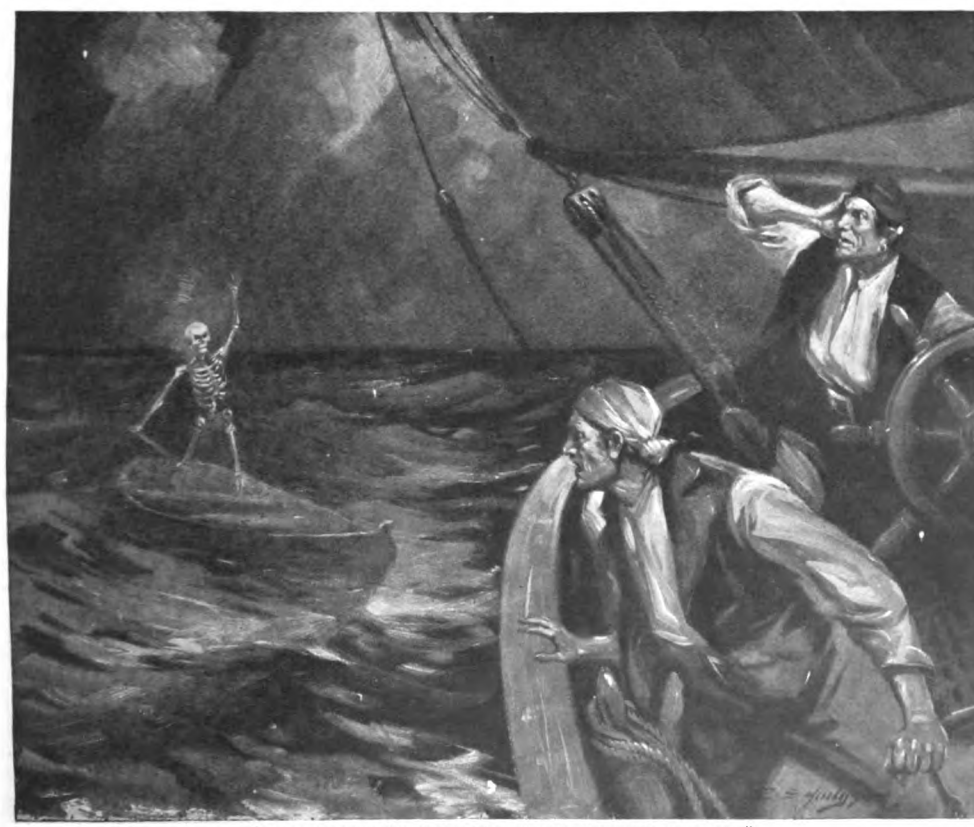
Whether the phantom ship be that of Vanderdecken or of Fokke, the fact remains that nine-tenths of all the reported appearances of phantom ships are between the

fortieth and fiftieth latitudes. Nor has the age of steam killed the tradition, for a year rarely passes without some vessel sighting one of these ghostly wanderers of the ocean. All sailors believe that, while spectre ships usually hail any vessels which they meet, it is the height of bad luck to reply in any way.

Phantoms of the sea have frequently been seen off various parts of our British coasts. In old days Cornwall was notorious for the wreckers, who worked their wicked will along the iron-bound cliffs. Priest Cove is believed to be still haunted by one of these gentry, who during his lifetime preyed on the spoils of unfortunate vessels lured ashore by a false light hung round the neck of a hobbled horse. The wrecker is seen on stormy nights, but now no longer on shore. He clings to a fragment of timber among the breakers, and is eventually dashed upon the rocks, and disappears in the roaring foam.

The fishermen of the rugged coast of Kerry have another legend connected with the fate of wreckers. One winter morning, early in the eighteenth century, a large ship was found, mastless and deserted, wedged among the rocks of that deadly coast. The wreckers eagerly pushed off, and to their joy found that the galleon was laden with ingots of silver and other rich produce of Spanish America. They filled their boats to the water's edge, and were eagerly pulling back when a monstrous tidal wave came rushing up out of the west. The horrified watchers on shore saw their brothers and husbands instantly swallowed up, and when the wave had broken not a sign remained of boats or men or ship. Upon each anniversary of the day the grim tragedy is said to be re-enacted.

The Solway has more than one phantom craft. Centuries ago two Danish sea-rovers, who had spent a lifetime in deeds of crime and cruelty, put into the Solway with their long ships heavy laden. A sudden furious storm broke, and the overweighted ships sank at their moorings with all aboard. Upon clear nights these two vessels, with their high curved prows and rows of shields along the gunwale, are sometimes seen gliding up the estuary, but no money would tempt the local fishermen to go out to meet them. The story is that about a century and a half ago



"IT IS MANNED BY THE FLESHLESS GHOST OF THE WRECKER."

two young men, pot-valiant, did row out to investigate. They were watched to approach the ghostly visitants, when suddenly the galleys sank, and the boat and its occupants, drawn down in the swirl, were never seen again. The so-called "spectral shallop" of the Solway is the apparition of a boat which was maliciously wrecked by a rival while ferrying a bridal party across the bay. It is manned by the fleshless ghost of the wrecker, but the only ships which it approaches are those which are doomed to wreck or disaster.

"A WOMAN APPEARED ON DECK AMID THE CRACKLING BLAZE."

The rocky coasts of New England are haunted by several ghost ships. Of these the spectre of the *Palatine* is the best known, and her appearance flying down Long Island Sound is generally recognised by fishermen and coasters as a forewarning of disastrous storm. Her story is a terrible one. The *Palatine* was a Dutch trader which, lured by false lights exhibited by wreckers, went ashore on Block Island in the year 1752. Having stripped her, the wreckers, in order to conceal all traces of their crime, fired her. As the tide lifted her and carried her, wrapped in flames, out to sea shrieks of agony burst forth, and a woman, presumably a passenger who had hidden herself in fear of the wreckers, appeared on deck amid the crackling blaze. Next instant the deck collapsed and she vanished.

The New Haven ghost ship is, like the *Palatine*, an omen of disaster. In January, 1647, a vessel built at New Haven sailed on her maiden voyage. In the following June there came one afternoon a furious thunderstorm, and after it was over, and about an hour before dark, the well-known craft was sighted sailing into the river-mouth—but straight into the eye of the wind! People crowded upon the shore to watch her, but while still a mile or more away she slowly vanished from sight. It was agreed that the apparition signified that the ship herself had been lost, and, in fact, she never was heard of again. Longfellow has written a poem embodying the story, of which one verse may be quoted:—

> And the masts with all their rigging
> Fell slowly one by one;
> And the hull dilated and vanished
> As a sea-mist in the sun.

The storm-ridden Gulf of St. Lawrence is still haunted by the flagship of a fleet sent by Queen Anne against the French. The fleet reached Gaspé Bay, when a fearful gale rose suddenly, and one after another the ships were driven on the rocks and broken to pieces or sunk. It was under the tall cliffs of ill-named Cape d'Espoir that the

flagship came to her end, and upon each anniversary of the wreck the sight is repeated. Her deck is seen to be covered with soldiers, and from her wide, old-fashioned ports lights stream brightly. Up in the bows stands a scarlet-coated officer, who points with one hand to the land, while the other arm is round the waist of a handsome girl. Suddenly the lights go out, the ship lurches violently, her stern heaves upwards, and screams ring out as she plunges bow-foremost into the gloomy depths.

There are other sea phantoms besides apparitions of vessels, and not all are portents of misfortune. Some, indeed, are kindly in intention. Such was the drowned man who appeared in the middle of the night to Captain Rogers, of H.M.S. *Society*, and warned him to go on deck and have the lead cast. He did so, found only seven fathoms, tacked, and when morning came saw himself close under the Capes of Virginia instead of, as he had imagined, being more than a hundred miles out at sea. Another kindly ghost is a lady whose child was drowned at sea and who roams the beach at Lyme Regis searching for the body. Those who see her and afterwards follow where she has walked always find coins.

A well-known novelist has written a most gruesome story of a ghost which invaded a cabin in a modern liner, and lay in its accustomed berth, dripping with salt water and festooned with seaweed. It is a very old belief among sailors that the ghost of a drowned man returns in this fashion. In Moore's "Life of Byron" it is related that a certain Captain Kidd told the poet how the ghost of his brother (then in India) visited him at sea and lay down in his bunk, leaving the blankets wet with sea-water. He noted the time and found that it corresponded exactly with the hour at which his brother was accidentally drowned.

A similar incident occurred much more recently in the United States Navy. Twenty years ago the old U.S. corvette *Monongahela* had a paymaster, a red-bearded man with one eye, who was known throughout the navy as one of the best story-tellers in the service. He was a most popular man, but, alas! his love of whisky eventually brought him to his end. He died on board, and before his death he said to the other officers, "Dear boys, you've been good to me, and I love you for it. I can't bear to think of leaving the ship, and if I can I shall come back, and you'll find me in my old cabin, No. 2 on the port side." Although nobody allowed that he believed the "Pay" would come back, yet No. 2 remained vacant for three cruises. Then Assistant-Paymaster S—— joined the ship, and having, as he said, no superstitions installed himself comfortably in No. 2. All went well and they were homeward bound when, one night in April, the whole ship was terrified by unearthly screams. The officers rushed out, and there was S—— in a heap on the floor of the flat outside the cabin. When asked what was the matter, he gasped out, "A dead thing—a corpse in my berth—one eye and a red beard. Horrible!" When he had recovered himself a little he explained that he had awakened, feeling very cold. As he moved he came into contact with something clammy, slimy, and cold as ice. By the dim light which leaked through the port he saw that he had a bedfellow, a corpse with one eye staring, and a red beard tangled with seaweed. The officers crowded into the door of No. 2. There was no corpse, but—on the wet and tumbled blankets lay a few fragments of barnacled seaweed!

Another ghost story concerns the United States Coast Survey schooner *Eagre*. The *Eagre* was once a private yacht, and went by the name of the *Mohawk*. One fine evening she was lying off Staten Island with her starboard bow anchor out. Her mainsail and staysail had both been left standing, and for some reason—no one knows what—the sailing-master had hauled aft the main-sheet and secured it before going below. He had hardly dropped down the hatch when a squall swept up, and in an instant the *Mohawk* was on her beam ends. Nearly everyone was drowned, including the captain. The vessel was raised again and sold to the United States Government, but her crews ever afterwards declared that she was haunted. Every night the sailing-master would come on deck with a rush, spring to the main-sheet, and frantically attempt to cast it loose in order to save his vessel.

It is a common belief among sailors that a ship which has been sunk and raised again is haunted by the ghosts of those who were drowned in her. Some fifteen years ago a large emigrant steamer was sunk in the Mediterranean, and over five hundred lives were lost. Thousands were spent in raising the vessel. She was brought home and refitted, but has never since been used. It is impossible to keep a crew. The men declare that every night the great hull rings with the screams and groans of the multitudes who sank, like rats in a trap, to the bottom of sixty feet of stormy sea.

STORIES STRANGE AND TRUE.

IV.—The Escape of Gershuni from Akatui Prison.

By Jaakoff Prelooker, Author of "Heroes and Heroines of Russia," etc.

IN February, 1904, a court martial held in St. Petersburg sentenced to death three political prisoners, Gregory Gershuni, Evgeni Grigorieff, and Michael Melnikoff, for belonging to a secret society called "Boevaia Organizatsia" ("The Fighting Organization"), which carried out the assassinations of the Minister of the Interior and of the Governor of Ufa, and organized attempts on the lives of the Procureur of the Holy Synod and the Governor of Kharkoff.

At the trial it became clear that Gershuni was the leading spirit in the whole conspiracy. His dignified conduct and powerful, statesmanlike speech produced an extraordinary impression upon all present, who could not help feeling a certain amount of respect for his striking personality. In fact, after the death-sentence one of the judges, talking with a colleague and pointing to Gershuni, said, quite audibly:—

"Da, vot etot deistvitelno tcheloviek!"—"Yes, this is indeed a man!"

In the following article I propose to relate Gershuni's wonderful escape from prison, the story of which sounds like a piece of sensational fiction, but is, nevertheless, absolutely true in every particular.

The fact that the accused themselves had not personally committed a murder led to the death-sentences being commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Gershuni was, in February, 1906, transported to Akatui Prison, Eastern Siberia.

Needless to say, the thoughts of every political convict are always concentrated upon the possibility of making good his escape, and from the moment of his arrival at Akatui Gershuni began to study his new surroundings, the prison regulations, and the characters of his jailers. For a time, however, an escape seemed utterly impossible. Several previous attempts at digging tunnels under the prison walls had been discovered, and led only to increased vigilance, the outside watch alone having been augmented from four sentinels to twenty. Nevertheless, the political prisoners decided that Gershuni at least should escape, even if the most desperate means were employed, and the plan settled upon was to utilize for that purpose the very houses of the prison governor and officials, which stand outside the prison at some distance from it.

GREGORY GERSHUNI.

From a] [*Photograph.*

The better to understand the events that followed this decision, it is necessary to point out the extraordinary inner life prevailing in all large Siberian prisons. The prisoners themselves cook or bake their food, and do the washing, cleaning, and all other necessary work. Solitary confinement is quite unknown except as a punishment. The prisoners live a free life within the prison walls. The provisioning of

hundreds of the inmates is practically in their own hands, the kitchen is in their own possession, and they can arrange their menus as they like.

Now, the favourite Russian national dish is the famous shtchi, or borshtch, consisting of pickled cabbage boiled into a thick soup with linseed or sunflower-seed oil, or ordinary fat and meat, according to one's worldly pos-

From a] AKATUI PRISON, IN SIBERIA. *[Photograph.*

The house in front contains the offices and guard-rooms. The large house behind is the prison. To the right are the kitchen and the bath-house ; to the left is the hospital. The house in the distance at the back to the left is that of the governor, near which is the cellar whence Gershuni made his escape.

sessions. To prepare this pickled cabbage for the whole prison for the winter enormous barrels are, of course, required, and at Akatui these were stored in a cellar situated in the courtyard of the houses of the governor and other officials standing, as already mentioned, outside the prison. To this cellar the prisoners now and again carry various other provisions under the escort of warders or soldiers, everything passing through the prison-gates being, of course, carefully examined.

The possibility of a prisoner being carried out of the gates under the guise of "provisions" occurred to many, but was given up as utterly hopeless. If even such contraband succeeded in passing it would only have been placed in the locked-up cellar outside, which is in itself even a worse prison than that from which the escape was to be made. Nevertheless, it was decided to venture upon this most desperate attempt, in which Gershuni stood the most serious risk of being simply suffocated even before the barrel with the pickled cabbage left the prison-gate, or after it had been deposited in the cellar outside. The preparations and the whole

organization of the escape were simply marvellous. Let us just consider all the circumstances and conditions which were necessary to more or less ensure a successful issue.

First of all, it was necessary to procure a barrel large enough to contain a man, supplied with a change of clothing to put on after he left it, then to partition off about a third of the barrel for the cabbage and the liquid, so as to deceive any official likely to inspect the provisions. Then it was necessary to arrange some breathing apparatus and to let the interior of the barrel communicate with the outside air. All this being successful, it was necessary to dig a tunnel from the cellar outside and also to arrange a system of signalling from the exterior, so as to give the fugitive warning in case there were passers-by at the moment of his leaving the tunnel. Should all these processes succeed, it was necessary to have horses and a vehicle in readiness at some distance to meet the fugitive, and at the same time to arrange within the prison to conceal the absence of Gershuni as long as possible, to give him a chance of gaining a start and finding a safe place of hiding.

To accomplish all these preparations both inside and outside the prison under the lynx-eyed, constant vigilance of warders, soldiers, and officials seems indeed a superhuman task, possible only in a work of fiction. Yet it was accomplished, and the fact is the best answer to all incredulous questions.

A suitable barrel was procured, as well as

two gutta-percha tubes, which were fixed in holes made in the bottom, one tube to draw the air inwards, the other for breathing it out. The best time for carrying out the plan was an early morning hour, for during the night all prisoners are locked up in their cells. Then the digging of the tunnel had to be completed during the night before the escape, as it was dangerous to have the exit stand open too long.

After all details inside and outside the prison were arranged, the date for the escape was finally fixed for the morning of the 13th (our 26th) of October. The arrangements outside were in the hands of prisoners who, after a term of confinement, are transferred to what is called the "Free Colony," which is a settlement outside the prison, where the convicts enjoy more freedom of movement.

At the appointed date and hour a signal from outside was received that everything was ready, and with feverish activity the filling of the barrel commenced. Only a few minutes before, Gershuni, who was the prison librarian, went to the chief warder, offering him "an absorbingly interesting" book to read, and asking him to send the tailor "to-morrow" to measure him for a new coat. Gershuni also went to the day overseer and arranged with him about men to help him to bring in "later in the day" logs of wood for the ovens. All these tricks were performed simply in order that the officials might see him, and naturally think of him as present during the rest of the day.

What followed I will now give partly in Gershuni's own words:—

"Stealthily I reached the room where my comrades were already waiting for me, and in a moment I was in the barrel, bending my body as much as possible. Over my head they began to fasten a piece of leather, and it became pitch-dark, when suddenly someone shouted: 'The plate, the plate! You have forgotten the plate!' As the officer examining the barrel when passing through the gate might have poked his sword through the cabbage and pierced the leather, it had been arranged to protect my head with an iron plate, which, however, had been forgotten at the moment.

"The plate was immediately brought, someone gave me a last pressure of the hand, another kissed me on the head, and I heard the comforting words:—

"'Farewell, dear comrade; everything is all right. Be calm.'

"The leather was once more stretched and fastened with nails to the sides. I heard the cabbage falling above, and soon I was soaked in the liquor which penetrated round the edges of the leather cover. All my attention was, however, concentrated upon regulating my breathing through the tubes and holding them so that they should not become entangled or broken. It was important to regulate the action of the heart and to prevent fainting, for which purpose I was supplied with ether, wine, and ice-water. The noise of the falling cabbage continued, and for a moment I wondered whether I was really being buried alive and should never rise again.

"The next act now commenced. I absolutely did not feel how they carried out the barrel from the room, down several steps, on to the sledge. I heard only the words: 'Hi! open the gates!' and felt that the sledge was stopped and some negotiations were proceeding. Then I heard a voice: 'Hi! boys, now be quick!' and I felt the sledge slide swiftly down the hill outside the prison. Thank Providence, we had passed safely through the gates!

"It is remarkable that during all the time I was sitting crouched in the barrel I felt no excitement, no anxiety, no hope, no doubt, no fear, no joy, no expectation—nothing at all. Past and future were totally obliterated, and my mind was concentrated solely on the necessities of the immediate moment."

The cellar in the courtyard of the governor's house consisted of a large room, practically level with the ground, and a lower room at the end, very dirty and quite dark. It was decided to put down the barrel in the second room, as in the first it would be dangerous, the wives of the officials frequently coming there. To the convoy which accompanied the conspirators it was explained that the first room was not warm enough, and the fresh cabbage would soon become frozen.

The operation of letting down the very heavy barrel was no easy matter, and two soldiers of the convoy helped to lower it. The barrel, once on the ground, rolled over several times, and with it, of course, Gershuni, who, however, still managed to keep the two breathing-tubes in safety.

In a few minutes three knocks on the barrel announced to Gershuni that everything was right. The cover, upon the entrance into the second room, was put back into its place; then, with great banging and noise, the outside door of the upper room was locked, all this noise and banging having been made purposely as signals to Gershuni that everything was well.

In case anything untoward might happen

"FAREWELL, DEAR COMRADE; EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT. BE CALM."

to Gershuni, and he might not be able to free himself from the barrel, it was arranged that a comrade from outside should hide himself in the tunnel near the wall of the upper cellar, and as soon as he heard the doors locked again he was to enter the cellar and render the prisoner every assistance. As he did not appear, Gershuni made efforts to get out of the barrel himself. He had a knife with which to cut through the leather cover, but in his cramped-up position and lack of space, having also to hold the breathing-tubes, he could not free his hand sufficiently to make the cut across the whole of the leather. He only made a hole through which a mass of cabbage and liquor poured down, tearing away the tubes which he held with the other hand.

The moment was a dangerous one, as in a few moments, of course, he would be suffocated. Fighting for breath he strained his last strength to the uttermost, and finally succeeded in knocking out the whole leather cover with his head. Fortunately, it was not nailed round the barrel very firmly, but it was nevertheless very difficult to remove on account of the weight of the cabbage above it.

"I did my best," says Gershuni, "not to utter a sound, but, on the contrary, to keep as quiet as possible. I eagerly breathed in the damp, cold air and drank the wine and ether I had with me. I tried to look around,

but could see absolutely nothing, the darkness being intense. Suddenly I heard steps and saw the cover of the entrance being opened, and someone's legs protruding downwards. For a moment I thought to hide myself again in the barrel, not being certain who was the visitor. Whilst thus hesitating, and not being able in the dim light penetrating through the opening to see whose legs they were, I suddenly heard a whisper: 'It is I!'

"This was the voice of a friend coming to help in my deliverance, and I greeted him with a knife in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other.

"'Is everything right, friend?' I asked him.

"'Yes, yes. Come, quick! Follow me.'

"We took from the barrel my new costume, which was quite soaked in the pickle liquor, and tied round the barrel a cloak prepared beforehand, so that in case anyone came in he should not notice the half-empty barrel at once. A few steps and we were both in the upper cellar, shutting the lower cellar behind us. We came to the spot where the boards were cut through, I in front and my companion behind, he putting back the boards in their place as if nothing had happened. 'To the left,' he whispered, and I saw a narrow hole through the foundation, and for a moment I shuddered; then I began to crawl. The tunnel was some twenty steps long, and when about at the middle I suddenly found that I could move neither ahead nor backwards. I struggled forward, turning myself in all directions, and finally we reached a point a few yards from the exit.

"Here we made a halt, and looking at my watch I saw it was just nine o'clock—that is, about half an hour since the journey from the prison commenced. It was, of course, necessary to make the exit without any delay, as at any moment my absence might be noticed in the prison. From our position we could see the corner of the houses of the governor and the officials. We heard voices of passers-by who could easily have noticed us if only their attention had been attracted to the mouth of the tunnel. We lay and waited for the prearranged signals. The first signal came, 'The road is occupied.' Then another signal to the same effect. We heard steps and saw leather boots, by which we recognised a warder. If only he had accidentally bent to look at his feet, what a reward he would have received for his discovery! But he passed on, and another signal bade us to continue lying where we were.

"Suddenly we heard children's voices shouting, 'Catch him! Catch him!' In a few seconds a little dog, which we recognised as that of the superintendent's children, came running and stopped just at the hole, looking at us with bewilderment. A very nasty incident indeed. Either he would commence barking, or the children would come to the spot of their own accord.

"We fixed our eyes upon the dog with intense expression, as we had heard stories of the possibility of silencing animals by a fixed stare. And, indeed, the dog stared back for some seconds, sniffed the air, and drew a breath of relief as if to say, 'This is your business, gentlemen; it does not concern me at all.' Then he turned and ran back to the children.

"I always love the ringing voices and laughter of children, but on this occasion I was only too glad to hear how they gradually died away in the distance.

"Now there was quiet, but in a few minutes again steps were heard. A water-carrier with his yoke and two empty pails passed by, and suddenly I shuddered from a thought that, on his return, he would have his head bowed under his burden, with his eyes downwards, and would be sure to notice the hole in the ground. A thousand similar thoughts flashed through my mind, the one prevailing thought being, how could it be otherwise? Was it not madness to believe that all the various circumstances would shape themselves favourably, and that even after we had left the tunnel in broad daylight no one would notice us?

"But evidently this time the gods themselves willed it that nothing should happen to us. The water-carrier did not notice us on his way back. Everything became quiet again, but the signals continued mercilessly: 'Don't move.'

"I looked at my watch. We had been lying and waiting only about twenty minutes, which, however, seemed an eternity.

"Suddenly the signal changed. We could scarcely believe our eyes. Was it really possible? Yes, the signal unmistakably spoke: 'Everything is all right. Come out!'

"Like a shot we jumped out of the tunnel, then with slow steps, in an innocent manner, we walked away to a spot where a comrade was to meet us and hand me over money, a passport, and a revolver."

Gershuni was now free, but, of course, far from being safe from a recapture at any moment. He had to pass a couple of miles over a snow-covered plain exposed in all

directions and overlooked by the prison buildings on the hill, as well as by some twenty front windows of the houses of the governor and the overseers. But nothing happened. Crossing the hills in front, the two conspirators disappeared from sight, and now walked some distance until they met the sledge and driver who had been waiting for them at an appointed spot from an early hour in the morning. Here Gershuni took the warmest farewell of his companion, who had to return to Akatui, and started on the still dangerous journey by roundabout ways until he reached a town where friends were expecting him, having prepared beforehand a safe place for hiding him until the heat of the pursuit should be over.

Gershuni now prepared to leave by train for an Eastern port and thence to depart for Japan.

"I found it best," he says, "to dress myself as a typical beggar, and when I looked at myself in the mirror I was simply delighted. A perfectly *natural* tramp, with the bundle of clothes at the back, and so forth, all complete. At the station I was punched by a gendarme, who shouted at me: 'Out of the way, you dirty wretch.' And oh! who would believe that there are circumstances in which a punch in your side gives

"AT THE STATION I WAS PUNCHED BY A GENDARME, WHO SHOUTED, 'OUT OF THE WAY, YOU DIRTY WRETCH.'"

you only pleasure and raises your spirits to enthusiasm? During the journey, whenever anyone swore at me as a 'dirty beggar,' his words rang in my ears like heavenly music."

The journey by railway lasted some five days, and except for the peculiar "heavenly music" now and again bestowed upon the fugitive everything went off smoothly. A dangerous moment was that of the embarkation on a Russian vessel for Nagasaki. For at the port special vigilance is kept over all passengers sailing for Japan, and it was here that Muishkin and Khrushtsheff were recaptured when they had covered about two thousand miles after their escape from the Kara prison in April, 1882. Indeed, the danger had not passed for Gershuni all the time he remained on the Russian steamer, until he actually stepped on to Japanese soil.

What happened at Akatui Prison after this unparalleled escape is no less exciting reading. Gershuni's strategy of purposely showing himself to the chief warders just a few minutes before entering the barrel and making arrangements with them for "to-morrow" proved very successful, as they thought of him no more the whole day. Meanwhile, preparations previously begun were now completed for deceiving, if possible, the officer who was to make the evening inspection of the cells. If Gershuni's absence could be concealed at the evening roll-call the fugitive would have at his disposal the whole night for his flight, and probably also the next day, as the morning inspection is less severe than the evening one, and the concealment then was far easier.

To attain this object a Dutch cheese was procured, and one of the prisoners, evidently a born sculptor, succeeded in making a bust of it, shaped into a plausible resemblance of the head and face of our hero. This was attached to a dummy and placed in the fugitive's bed. Gershuni had been kept in a cell with several other political prisoners, who, as a rule, are wont to spend their leisure in loud and heated debates on various topics of politics, philosophy, science, and literature, gesticulating with their hands, and frequently getting into a real passion and shouting at the top of their voices.

Thus, just before the officer opened the door of the cell for the inspection, a comrade arranged quite a ventriloquial scene beside Gershuni's bed. Addressing the dummy in vehement debating tones, he proceeded:—

"Don't you see, my dear Gregory Andreievitch, an eclipse of the sun affects the upper nebula in such a way that——"

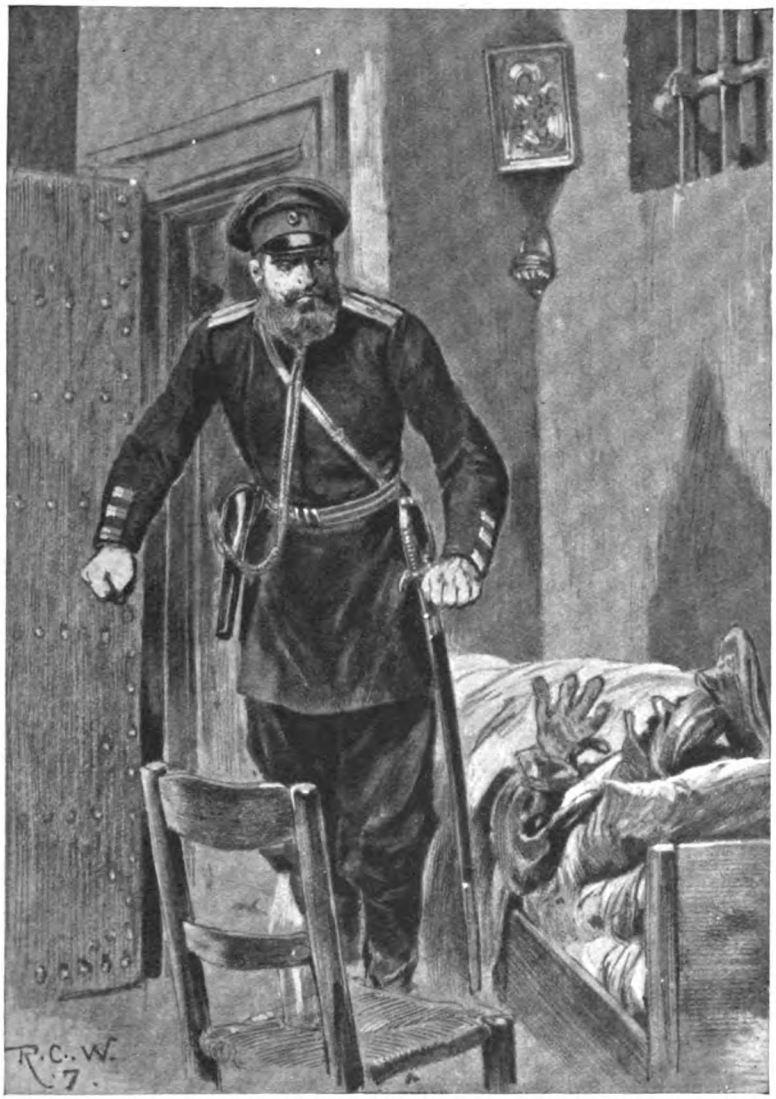
One or two of the other comrades stood at the bed pretending to listen attentively to this astronomical argument, but the officer had no taste or time for such discussions, and, standing at the door, he only noticed that all the inmates were present. He then made the formal roll-call, every one by his name, to which apparently all duly replied, Gershuni's voice being imitated by the improvised ventriloquist. The officer locked the door, and a sigh of relief was uttered by those present. A whole night gained at least, and probably the next day too; this was very important.

However, in about an hour another officer, who was sometimes fond of having a conversation with Gershuni, came into the cell with the innocent object of spending a little time with his favourite prisoner. It was impossible to prevent him from approaching the bed and making the awful discovery.

What followed in the prison it is impossible to describe. Gershuni was considered as "the most dangerous" of all the members of "The Fighting Organization," and his escape, of all others, meant the utter disgrace of the new governor of Akatui Prison. The whole night the prison was turned upside down, and every cottage of the adjacent "Free Colony" was searched, but not the slightest trace of the escape and how it was effected could be found. To search the cellar in the courtyard of the house of the governor himself, of course, could not occur to anyone. When, later on, the half-empty barrel with the pickled cabbage, gutta-percha tubes, and two round holes in the bottom was discovered, the general belief of the prison authorities was that this was arranged only with the object of diverting attention from the real means of the escape, which remained a mystery for a long time, until the broken foundation of the cellar and the tunnel were at last accidentally discovered.

The central police department in St. Petersburg, on learning of this escape, immediately wired all over Russia to governors of provinces, heads of gendarmerie, rural chiefs, and frontier guards, giving a full description of the fugitive with his characteristic slight lameness, and enjoining his immediate arrest. The result was that four Gershunis were at once simultaneously found and arrested in four different places, the real Gershuni being at that time already comfortably ensconced in a house in Nagasaki.

A noteworthy feature of the whole story of the escape is the fact that the preparations were well known to all the inmates of



"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO PREVENT HIM FROM APPROACHING THE BED AND MAKING THE AWFUL DISCOVERY."

Akatui Prison, including the depraved common criminals. Yet none of them betrayed the secret, for which, no doubt, a heavy reward would have been given.

And what is one to think or say of Gershuni's fellow-prisoners, who, having had their punishment considerably reduced and being allowed to settle in the "Free Colony" outside the prison, once more voluntarily risked their very lives in digging the tunnel to the cellar, and even passing through it twice, as his companion did on the very day of the escape, with only too much likelihood of being killed themselves along with the comrade whom they desired to save for the good of "the cause"?

Truly, whatever one may think of the cause itself, one cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary characters of those who champion and are ready to lay down their lives for it

Gershuni is now free and more active in the revolutionary cause than ever before. Who can say what part he may still play in the future destinies of his native Russia, seeing that he is just in the very prime of life and full of that heroic spirit and fanatical faith which lead either to laurels or to thorns?

PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND IMPRESSIONIST.

THE advance of photography seems to suggest to some people serious danger to the art of portraiture. To their minds the artist who draws and paints human features lingers superfluous upon the world's stage when by means of the camera equally good and even better results, as regards form and colour, can be obtained with so much less expenditure of time and labour. If we do not take quite so positive a view as this, it is doubtless a question with many of us whether, after all, a better "likeness" cannot be assured from the inexpensive photograph than from the costly artist's portrait. This doubt would certainly have been strengthened by a visit to the Royal Photographic Salon, held recently at the New Gallery, where some of the exhibits revealed almost unsuspected possibilities on the part of the camera and its most up-to-date adjuncts.

With a view of putting the matter to an interesting test, THE STRAND MAGAZINE selected four specimens of the skill of one of our leading photographers in portraiture, at the same time inviting an artist of reputation in each case to make a drawing or painting of the same subject. The result is to be seen in these pages, the work of artist and photographer being given side by side, while the views of both are embodied in the following interesting interviews.

Mr. Stanlaws readily admitted that the lady in his oil-painting looked quite unlike the lady in the coloured photograph, and then proceeded to vindicate the difference.

In the first place, he pointed out, a painting has what an artist calls "values"—fine gradations of light and shade—which are wanting in a photograph, where the camera simply records black and white. In the photograph nothing is left to the imagination; all is definite and clear-cut. In his painting Mr. Stanlaws has given to the face "a touch of mystery," according to the impression it made upon him.

Descending from the general to the particular, the artist pointed out that the lady's hair was really brown, as painted, this colour

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT
OF
MISS EVELYN HOPE.

By Bassano, Old Bond Street.

AN
IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT
OF
THE SAME SUBJECT.

By Penrhyn Stanlaws.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT
OF
MISS GLADYS CARRINGTON.

By Bassano, Old Bond Street.

AN
IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT
OF
THE SAME SUBJECT.

By Gilbert Holiday.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT
OF
MISS
MADGE HODGKINSON.

By Bassano, Old Bond Street.

AN
IMPRESSIONIST
PORTRAIT
OF
THE SAME SUBJECT.

By W. C. Symons.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT
OF
MRS. GUEST.

By Bassano, Old Bond Street.

AN
IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT
OF
THE SAME SUBJECT.

By Val Havers.

coming out black with a bluish sheen in the photograph. Then he had made the nose smaller in proportion to the rest of the face, this feature being nearly always exaggerated in a photograph, as the result of the wrong perspective due to the focusing of the camera. The same cause sometimes produced ludicrous results in photography when an arm or a foot was projecting, but the disproportion of the projecting nose usually passed unnoticed. Comparing the photograph with the painting in this case, however, it would seem that it materially affected the contour of the face.

Between the mouth as painted and photographed there is a marked difference, but this is simply because the photographer has given his sitter the liberty of a smile, of which the painter, not caring for the consequent revelation of her teeth, has deprived her. Mr. Stanlaws further suggested that the mouth has undergone the process known as "retouching," with a result, in his opinion, which is at variance with the facts of anatomy, the muscles of the jaw being "impossible" as depicted. In "retouching" a photographer, by the limitation of his art, can have but little regard for anatomy. If "retouching" is done with the knowledge and skill of a painter the photograph, of course, may become more of a painting than a photograph. That "retouching" should ever be considered necessary—except, perhaps, for the purpose of flattering the vanity of a sitter—is in itself an admission of the inadequacy of the camera to give a faithful rendering of the human features.

For the rest, it will be seen that the girl, as painted, has discarded the vine-leaves in her hair. This was a decorative effect devised by the photographer, which, as he explains, did not appeal to the painter, who has, moreover, slightly rearranged the luxuriant tresses. Nor has he thought it desirable to introduce into his picture the upper part of the dress. As photographed Mr. Stanlaws thought the bodice made an ugly line, and as he was simply painting a portrait of the face it is omitted altogether.

It will now be readily understood, I think, why in this instance the product of the brush so little resembles that of the camera. But it must not be supposed from this explanation that Mr. Stanlaws disdains the photographic art. On the contrary, he finds it very useful in his own work. As a portrait-painter he frequently has a photograph taken of his sitter in the same pose as he is to be painted, especially when the sitter is a busy man like Sir William Treloar, the ex-Lord Mayor of London, upon whose portrait in his robes of office he was at the moment engaged. In such cases, when few sittings can be arranged, a photograph is often valuable as a work of reference and an aid to the memory. "But, of course, it sometimes leads to errors," the artist adds, "which have to be corrected at the next sitting."

In contrast to the case of Mr. Stanlaws, the drawing by Mr. C. G. Holiday bears a remarkable resemblance to the photograph of the lady depicted. This may be partly due to the fact that Mr. Holiday's medium was chalk, whilst the former artist used oils. But the main reason was frankly given by Mr. Holiday when he declared that in regard to pose and manner he found nothing to alter in the work of the photographer.

"It is an excellent photograph in every respect. At the first glance I should have taken it to be a reproduction of one of Romney's pictures. But it only shows that a good photograph in artistic hands is better than a poor drawing or painting by an artist who lacks imagination and understanding. A good drawing will possess an individuality and a vitality, however, which must be wanting in the best of photographs.

"It is difficult to define this difference between the photographer and the artist. Perhaps I can best explain it by an illustration. The music of the pianola is infinitely better than that of the piano when played by a poor pianist. The pianola renders the music just as the camera renders Nature, with accuracy and exactitude. But can there be any comparison between its performance and that of a piano under the fingers of an excellent musician? At the same time, the musician will get out of the pianola much more than the player who has little or no knowledge of music—finer shades of feeling and deeper meanings. It is just the same with photography in relation to pictorial art. As the pianola cannot supersede the pianist, so the photographer cannot take the place of the artist."

Mr. W. Christian Symons, the author of the third portrait, whom I saw at his country home in Sussex, demurred to my submitting the question as one of art *versus* photography.

"There should be no clashing," he declared, "between the two, for each has its own purpose and use. A photograph is a photograph, and is not really comparable with a painting or a drawing at all. The camera is simply a piece of mechanism in combination with certain chemicals; it has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. An

artist, on the other hand, in handling pencil or brush works with his eyes, ears, heart, and brain — he puts the whole of himself into what he is doing. It follows that half-a-dozen artists producing portraits of the same individual will record different personal impressions, presenting him to us under various aspects. But they will be pictures of the same man, true to life, *like* him as he is seen at some time or other.

"You remember Sargent's portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, the art dealer, in the Academy some years ago? A few months after I had seen it I met Mr. Wertheimer for the first time. Remembering the picture, I knew at once who it was, not simply as regards his personal appearance, but also as to his manner, character, and ways of thinking and feeling. A photograph of Mr. Wertheimer could only have recorded the facts as to his physique and dress; the portrait gave me an understanding of the whole personality of the man.

"With regard to this girl's photograph, we have similarly presented only certain facts, showing that she is a pretty girl dressed in a certain style. But as to her character and disposition, what can it tell us? All that can be seen is a certain want of—what shall I say?—the air of good breeding. But this was probably due to self-consciousness, induced by posing for a minute or so as she faced the camera. I often think the happiest results in photography—that is, as regards portraiture—are obtained by amateurs' snapshots when people are 'taken' quite unawares.

"In my drawing I have endeavoured to bring out the refinement of the girl's nature —and this explains everything which may be different in the appearance of the photograph. Apart from this, I have followed closely every detail. It is in giving delicacy as well as prettiness to such a face that the photographer might be expected to fail and the artist to succeed."

In further illustration of his point, Mr. Symons showed me a portrait he had recently completed of a young Frenchman. He is wealthy, scientific, learned, strenuous in his life, and yet—very pious. "I am sure he is religious, with such eyes!" exclaimed a lady to whom Mr. Symons was showing the canvas. "When she said this," added the artist, "I was very pleased, because I felt that I had succeeded in depicting this side of the young man's character."

To give photography its due, Mr. Symons showed me, just before I said good-bye, some inscriptions on ancient monuments which could never have been deciphered but for the aid of the camera. "In many such ways," said he, "photography is, of course, invaluable; but as a rival to art—no, it is inconceivable."

"It is absurd to speak of photography as an art," protested Mr. Val Havers. "In the main it is simply a piece of mechanism. In one sense the camera may be more exact than the eye. An artist, no doubt, unconsciously alters what he sees in accordance with his own mental conception of the model. There are two schools of portrait-painters, and this process differs between artists who belong to one or the other of them. In the one school, of which Mr. Sargent may be regarded as the most distinguished member, the purpose is to discover the most characteristic expression and then paint it as strongly as possible. In the other, of which Mr. Ellis Roberts may be mentioned as an example, the object is to paint the sitter at his or her best physically, character being considered as of little or no importance.

"As I have said, the camera may record more correctly than the eye. But the strain of posing to a photographer usually prevents the reproduction of either the most characteristic expression or the best physical attributes. An artist often experiences the same difficulty, but a sitter is usually more at ease after the first two or three sittings, and, in any case, he can work from memory at his picture between the sittings."

"There are several points of difference, Mr. Havers, between your portrait in crayons and the photograph. How would you explain them?"

"Well, in the first place, the camera always turns flesh-colour into a heavy grey. This accounts for the dark face of the child in the photograph compared with its light colouring in my sketch. Then I have altered the curve of the lady's shoulder, which was raised in an ungraceful fashion, and given the child's face a different angle from that of her mother. Then the child is obviously cuddling her mother, and, that being so, she would not naturally clasp the roses on the lady's dress in the way that she is represented as doing in the photograph; hence another little alteration. Another point which struck me about the photograph as artistically untrue were the waste yards of white drapery —and so I have cut off a good deal.

"It is to be remembered," said Mr. Havers, in conclusion, "that portraiture is a restricted form of art, leaving comparatively little scope

to the artist's imagination and creative power. And a painting or drawing usually loses more in reproduction than a photograph. For this reason a painter whose work is mainly for reproduction, like that of my father, Mr. Fred Morgan, has always to keep this fact in view in the execution of a picture by giving it an equality of surface, to its detriment as an original work, but to its great improvement in the form of reproduction."

No summing-up of the view thus expressed by these four artists is necessary. Although the argument is illustrated and enforced in various ways it has the same conclusion—the superiority of the brush or the pencil over the camera in the representation of a man or a woman. Whether the conclusion is justified by the comparative examples of art and photography here given, readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE must judge for themselves.

It may be thought desirable, however, that the photographer's point of view should also be given.

"There is a great deal of truth in what they say," confessed the manager of Bassano's, Limited, when his attention was called to the artists' statements, "concerning the limitations of photography, although one or two of their remarks I consider somewhat exaggerated. Mr. Stanlaws imputes ignorance of anatomy to the 'retoucher'; much 'retouching,' no doubt, is done with this ignorance, but in this particular case the remark, I believe, was unjust. Nowadays a considerable amount of an artist's knowledge is put into photographs of this kind, and there is as much difference between them and the poorest class of photography as between the work of a Royal Academician and that of the worst 'pot-boiler.'

"R.A.'s have sometimes applied to us for permission to use our photographs as the bases of pictures; they have admired the pose and the composition so much. And the other day a firm of publishers, wanting a picture for a book-cover they were bringing out, asked us to compose and photograph a little sea-shore scene, with a group of figures; a few years ago such a piece of work would necessarily have had to be given to an artist.

"There is one disadvantage in portrait work which the photographer suffers from as compared with the painter. At the most he is given only an hour's sitting in which to do his work, and it is often impossible to get the best out of a sitter, especially if it is a lady, in the time. She adopts a conscious pose, and will not 'let herself go' and show herself at her best. We have photographed actresses a number of times, and every time the operator will see something different about the sitter. The first picture may have been a comparative failure, but after a time he is sure of getting a good result."

TREASURES THREE.

By FRED M. WHITE.

TOM MACEY glanced across the room at his wife from under his thick eyebrows as if he were ashamed of something. He was not usually given to the things that men regret, and just at that moment his thoughts were none the less bitter because he really had done nothing to be ashamed of. And now he was actually hesitating at the very time when he ought not to have given the matter a single thought. He would have condemned this hesitation in any other man, and yet, and yet, and yet——

First of all, there was the child to be thought of. She was the only one—a little girl of some four years of age, and the apple of Tom Macey's eye. She ought to have been strong and healthy enough, seeing that both Macey and his wife were made of the stern stuff which has laid the foundation of the British Empire. They were willing and ready enough to share privations together, and they had done so more than once before now. But somehow the child was different. Most of the youngsters thrive in the keen, dry air there beneath the snows of the Colorado Rockies, but somehow or another it was not the same with little Vera. And the only doctor for a hundred miles around had told Macey that if his daughter was not taken away to a milder climate she would die.

It was easy enough to say this, but how was the matter to be brought about? Macey had been mining away up there in One Tree Gulch for the last two years with the most execrable luck. He had all the sanguine temperament which goes to the gold prospector. He was holding on desperately with a feeling that his turn would come at last. The man was not without imagination; he was more impressed by local traditions and Indian legends than he would have cared to admit. He had studied these until he knew them by heart. There were stories to the effect that here and there, on rare occasions in the past, diamonds had been found in some of the canyons away under the spurs of those everlasting hills. Certainly Macey had found here and there a deposit of blue earth which suggested the presence of the most rare of all precious stones. And then his luck had changed, and he found them.

And they were only three, but they were diamonds right enough; Macey knew that, for back in the years of his youth he had spent some time in the Transvaal, and he knew a diamond when he saw it. He found no more; he had not expected any farther dazzling luck like this; but he was well satisfied, for here, if he sold his stones to the best advantage, was a matter of twenty thousand pounds. It was not a large fortune, but, at any rate, it was big enough to ensure luxury and comfort in the future—big enough to enable Macey and his wife to get away farther South and save the life of the child. All these things Macey had talked over with Nell in the evenings. Their plans were fairly forward now. And then the doctor had stepped in with a peremptory command that the child was not to be moved until the weather got warmer.

Macey heard the news in his tranquil, emotionless way, but it hurt him all the same. He knew perfectly well what the doctor meant. It was going to be a close call with the little one. If they could tide over the next two or three weeks the balmy breath of spring would be here and the terrible danger might be averted. The doctor might come along at any time now and utter his final verdict.

But this was not the only trouble. Goodness knows how, but the rumour got abroad that Tom Macey had found some diamonds and that they were hidden in his hut. The arm of the law in those parts was fitful and feeble enough, and more than once during the past two days Macey had had a warning as to the danger of keeping those

valuables in a log hut amongst the snows miles away from the nearest habitation. There were three lawless scamps hanging about the neighbourhood, and up to a certain point Macey had said nothing of this to his wife. But returning home that night in the dusk a revolver bullet had pierced a hole in Macey's fur cap, and he knew now that the time had come when he must either run or fight.

In the ordinary way he would not have hesitated for a moment. There was nothing of the coward about him, but he was a married man, and he knew well enough when discretion was the better part of valour. Here he was tied by the leg by a cruel fate; here he was waiting for the doctor's last words, and his life in danger all the time. He might have compromised matters; he might have allowed himself to be robbed; but the mere thought of that sent the blood boiling through his veins and brought his teeth together.

He sat there thinking the matter out. He had told his wife. It was almost impossible to keep anything from her, and, despite all Macey's assumption of cheerfulness, Nell had seen at once that something was radically wrong.

"And now you know all about it, little girl," Macey said. "It is very hard. I can't understand how those chaps got to know."

"You haven't told me who they are," Mrs. Macey said.

"Haven't I? I think you can guess. There's Dick Blake and Ned Carson and Long Jim. If you searched the whole of the American Continent you couldn't find three greater scoundrels than these. And, you see, they have got nothing to be afraid of. There's no law here. Why, those three scoundrels might raid this hut any time, and murder the lot of us. And they would, too, if they weren't just a little bit afraid of my revolver. It isn't for myself that I mind; it's you and the kiddie. Of course, I might go down to Dolvertown and lodge the stones there. I could get there in a couple of days; but, then, suppose the doctor comes when I am away; suppose he wants something in a hurry. You can't do it. I tell you when I think of it my blood fairly boils. If we could only get away and sell those stones we should have plenty of money in future. We could take the child with us away down South, where she could grow well and strong again. You see what a dilemma I am in now. If I go now, and there is no man about when the doctor comes, little Vera may die. If I stay here we may be murdered in our beds by those three ruffians. It is maddening to think that health and prosperity are so near and yet so far away. I have thought and thought till my head aches. And, so far as I can see, there is only one thing to do, and that is to grin and bear it."

"If you were to hide the stones," Nell suggested.

"My dear girl, what is the good of that? It wouldn't prevent those skunks from shooting me on sight, or you either, for the matter of that."

Macey sank into sullen silence. As his wife watched him anxiously a brilliant idea came to her.

"Tom," she cried, "why shouldn't I go? What is to prevent me from slipping away and getting as far as Dolvertown? I know the road well enough; it is only a matter of some twenty miles, and I could walk it between now and to-morrow evening. You know how strong and hearty I am; you know that nothing hurts me, and there is not enough snow to constitute danger. Give me the stones. Let me hide them. I suppose those three ruffians are watching the house all the time, and if they see you here in the morning they will naturally conclude that I am in the hut too. Now, don't say 'No,' Tom. Why, I have gone farther than this before now to help a neighbour in trouble, and you haven't been in the least anxious about me. Do let me go."

Macey shook his head resolutely. He would not hear a word of such a mad project. Besides, it seemed such a cowardly thing to send his wife away upon an errand which he could not or dare not undertake himself. He would have run the risk of a journey to Dolvertown and back, but when he thought of the child lying there restless and uneasy with the fever upon her, his heart turned to water within him and all his manliness vanished, leaving him trembling and nervous. And yet he could not find it in his mind to purchase life and peace of mind by the sacrifice of those stones for which he had toiled so hard and long.

"I don't like it," he said. "Besides——"

"There is no other way," Nell went on, breathlessly. "Think what it all means to us. If I am successful in my errand—and there is no reason why I should not be—we shall be rich, we shall be able to take Vera away, we shall be able to turn our backs on this hateful life for ever. And if we stay here we shall lose everything. What would it matter to me, what would anything matter, if the child were to die? And by this time to-morrow everything will be safe. You will

be able to go about and say that you have banked your diamonds, and those three rascals will be powerless for further harm. Oh, you must let me go."

Once more Macey shook his head, but he was weakening now, as Nell could see from the look in his eyes.

"I don't like it," he repeated, dubiously.

He crossed the room and opened the door and looked out into the night. The air was soft and balmy; the cruel, cold breath of it had vanished before the oncoming of the spring. The earth smelt warm and damp. There was a subtle fragrance in the gently swaying pines. It looked as if no more snow was likely to fall. It looked as if the journey to Dolvertown would be safe enough, if only those three lurking demons were in bed and asleep. Beyond a doubt, if they had seen Nell Macey leave the hut, they would follow her, guessing easily enough what her errand was.

But there was no sign outside, nothing but the breath of the wind whispering to the pines that spring was at hand; nothing but the smell of the good red earth still crisp and firm under its thin powder of snow. And Nell was a good walker, too; she could hold her own in a long day's hunting and fishing; she would make light of a tramp as far as Dolvertown.

"You are going to let me go?" she whispered.

"God forgive me if anything happens to you," Macey said, under his breath. "I suppose it is all for the best. You ought to reach the new camp at Byson River by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and when you get there try and find Patrick Walsh. I know he is down there somewhere, and you can trust him, too. I met him once some three years ago, and I was in a position to do him a bit of a favour. If you do get into any sort of trouble there is no one man on the American Continent who can help you as Patrick Walsh can. But you know what he is like."

Nell nodded eagerly. Everybody on the Continent, from the Rockies right down to the Pacific Slope, had heard of Patrick Walsh. He was by way of being an adventurer, a miner, a prospector, anything where danger lay and trouble was to be found first hand. There were spots on the map of America, now prosperous towns, which Walsh had actually founded. With all his courage and resource, with all his infinite talents, he had remained a poor man, a typical instance of the rolling stone that gathers no moss. But his reputation was clean enough. He was a terror to evildoers; there was not a bully or bravado in half-a-dozen States who would have dared to stand up to Pat Walsh single-handed. More than one unspeakable outcast and cold-blooded murderer had been tracked down by Walsh for the pure joy of the thing. He had broken up gangs with the aid of nothing but his own revolver, and with it all he was a quiet, civil-spoken little man, looking the very last person in the world to hold a reputation such as his. If Nell Macey could find a friend like this, then she was safe indeed.

The stars were shining overhead in great glittering clusters behind the belt of pines as she set out upon her journey. Here and there she could dimly make out the snow lying in white battalions above the murmuring belts of trees. Here and there was a stirring in the undergrowth, and something like fear filled her heart when she thought of her child and her husband. But she went on steadily forward through the dim blackness of the night, until at length the east began to grow faintly purple, then pink, then burning saffron, as the sun climbed over the shoulders of the great snow-clad peaks and cast long shadows across the plain.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Nell came, footsore and weary, to a little mining camp by the Byson River. A handful of little huts were dotted on the hillside. Some adventurous trader had set up a saloon; here was the inevitable "store" from which the necessities of life could be derived. It was getting warmer now—so warm, indeed, that one or two of the miners were sitting outside the house breakfasting in the open. The pine-laden air reeked with the smell of frying bacon. They were not a nice-looking lot of men, not at all the class that Nell had been accustomed to, for they were beyond the borders of civilization here, and the sort of individuals who came and went for the most part bore names which would have conveyed nothing to their parents before them. It was not the sort of camp where it was safe to inquire too closely into the antecedents of one's next-door neighbour. The few men gathered there eyed Nell with languid and slightly insolent curiosity. She would have moved on, but she was not more than half-way on her journey yet, and she knew the necessity of rest and food before she proceeded farther.

It was no nice thing to have to push her way into the store to procure bread and biscuits and tinned meat, but it had to be

done, and then she sat down by the wayside to eat. One or two of the miners gathered round her, staring at her in a long, cool deliberation, which brought the blood flaming to her cheeks. One, more hardy than the rest, ventured to address her in words which brought the blood to her temples again and caused the angry tears to rise to her eyes. She was looking round for something in the semblance of manhood who might drive these hideous wretches away and give her the seclusion which she so much desired. Then out of the saloon opposite came a slight, fair man, dressed in a somewhat superior manner to the rest, who took off his hat politely and asked in quite a small voice if he could be of any assistance. A chorus of raucous laughter greeted this unwonted courtesy. In spite of her anger and alarm Nell smiled. It was much as if some boy had chosen to defy all the weight and force of authority.

"You are vastly kind," Nell said. "I am on my way to Dolvertown. I suppose those men mean nothing offensive, but if you could persuade them to go away I should be obliged to you."

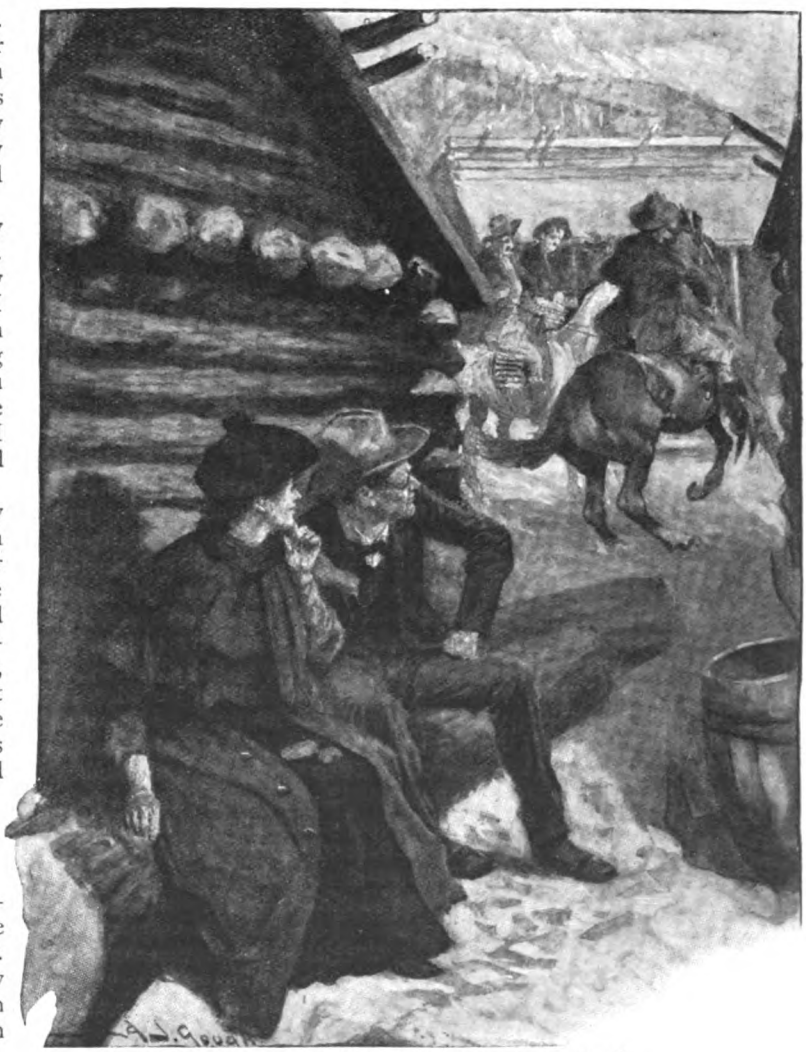
By way of reply the fair little man took a seat by her side. What he might have said Nell had no opportunity of judging, for at that moment there came the sound of hoofs beating on the hard road, and three horsemen came at a trot into the camp. At the sight of the foremost Nell's face turned ashy grey. She gave a little cry of dismay which was not lost upon her companion.

"You are frightened," he murmured, softly.

"Oh, yes," Nell said, hoarsely. "Those men are following me. I hoped that I had escaped them; I hoped that they had not guessed why I am on my way to Dolvertown. You see, I have valuables in my possession—diamonds."

The words slipped from Nell's lips unconsciously. It was madness, perhaps, to trust this stranger, but for the life of her she could not help it. And what avail would he be against the grinning trio who had already dismounted from their horses and stood regarding her with an evil smirk upon three of the most infamous countenances that the Continent of America might produce?

"I know," the slim stranger murmured.



"THREE HORSEMEN CAME AT A TROT INTO THE CAMP."

"You are Tom Macey's wife. Do you know, you are the pluckiest woman I have ever come across. So you are going to Dolvertown with those stones, are you? I guess a courageous action like yours is worth better luck than this. If I were alone I should know what to do. As it is—well, I'll try my best. Now, then!"

The last two words were flung contemptuously in the direction of the three horsemen. They came with a rasping sound from the stranger's lips. They were hard and clear and defiant, and so full of a certain concrete courage that Nell, despite her alarm, turned to her companion with a glance of astonishment.

The foremost horseman came forward; his long, muscular form seemed to tower above the two sitting on the pine-logs there. There was not much to choose between those associates, but Nell knew from common report that, if one was worse than the others, it was the same Long Jim who was now addressing the man by her side.

"Stranger," he said, with a sneering drawl, "I guess you'll find this atmosphere isn't conducive to the health of a little man like you. Now you just run away back to mamma and tell her that Long Jim sent you. Otherwise——"

A burst of ribald laughter came from the other two. The slight, fair man sitting by Nell's side never so much as changed a line of his countenance.

"I've heard of you," he said. "Perhaps you will be so good as to introduce me to the other gentlemen. I was told I should find some choice rascality in this neighbourhood, and it seems to me that I am not going to be disappointed."

"You do me proud," Long Jim grinned. "This gentleman is Dick Blake, and the nobleman masquerading with the black eye is Ned Carson. Perhaps you might have heard of us; most people have."

"Your fame has travelled," the little man said, imperturbably. His eyes had narrowed down now to long slits that seemed to emit flashes as if flint and steel were struck together. "And now, perhaps, it would be just as well if I let you know who I happen to be. But perhaps you are not curious?"

"It was always a weakness of mine," Long Jim said.

"It shall be gratified. My name, sirs, is Patrick Walsh. It is just possible that you have heard of *me!*"

Long Jim displayed the balance of a set of teeth in a snarling grin, like a dog worrying a wasp; the other two turned away as if the affair was nothing of theirs. It was plain that the three ruffians were taken aback by this unexpected announcement. It was not much on the face of the earth that this class of bravo feared, but the name of Patrick Walsh was one of them. For here was a man who was known right away from the Rockies down to the Pacific Slope. Wherever men congregated, especially men of the lawless type, there the name of Patrick Walsh was whispered in accents of admiration. There were countless stories told about him of his courage and fearlessness, of his utter indifference to death. Never once had anybody got the best of him, never once had he hesitated when he wanted to mark a point or avenge an insult. With it all, it was decidedly in Walsh's favour that his record was clean. If he won, as frequently he did, large sums at the gambling-table, his methods had never been questioned. That he had questioned the methods of others more than one so-called sportsman had found to his cost. Indeed, a book might have been written about Patrick Walsh, telling of his exploits and performances. There was not a man in that part of the country who did not remember the fate of Jake Monson.

He had been the terror of a whole handful of States—a man hated, and loathed, and feared—who had wound up his career with a crime beyond all words. And yet no hand had been stretched out for him. By sheer force of terrorism he would compel honest men to sit and drink with him, until the word went out from Patrick Walsh that the wolf must die. Walsh sent this message in a courteous letter, and for six months Colorado watched the duel with breathless interest. It watched Monson grow from the magnificent semblance of exuberant humanity to a trembling, broken wretch whose nerves were worn to fiddle-strings. And all this time Monson never saw the man who was upon his track. He lost an eye, an ear, the fingers of his right hand, whilst his antagonist remained absolutely invisible. And then, finally, after a heavy drinking bout up there amongst the hills, Monson turned his revolver upon himself and put a bullet through his own heart.

This, then, was the man that Long Jim and his companions had to contend with. He sat there quiet and almost listless, with his hands in his pockets. Nobody knew better than himself how tight a place he was in. These were no cowards that he had to oppose him, but reckless, desperate men,

ready for anything. Still they hesitated. If they had turned their revolvers upon him simultaneously there would have been an end of Patrick Walsh, but the first man that produced a weapon was as good as dead, so that neither of them cared to make the first advance. They drew a little on one side and sat down to eat their breakfast. What was going to happen Walsh had already guessed. These ruffians would wait till he and Nell Macey had entered the long, wooded passes leading to Dolvertown, and there the trouble would begin in earnest. There was no doubt why Long Jim and the rest were here. They had followed Mrs. Macey for the diamonds They would have owned it freely enough had they been asked, for they were three to one, and the Nemesis of the law in those parts was no more than a mockery and a shadow

Nell looked at her companion with tears in her eyes. She had expected something more formidable than this. It seemed almost impossible that the little man with the white face and sensitive mouth should be the famous Patrick Walsh, but in some strange way she pinned her faith to him. She felt perfectly certain that despite the danger he would pull her through.

"I'll do my best," Walsh said, curtly.

"Oh, I am sure you will," Nell replied. "But how do you know what I was thinking about?"

"It wants no great foresight," Walsh murmured. "You are wondering how I am going to save your treasures and my own life at the same time. But I shall do it. Now, can you trust me—I mean, can you trust me implicitly?"

"I am certain of it," Nell said, impulsively.

"Very well, then. In that case I want you to do exactly as you are told. Now, you know what those carrion are here for; you know why they followed you. Despite their assumed indifference they are watching us as a cat watches a mouse. I want you to hand me those diamonds over openly and without any attempt at disguise I will see that you are not robbed. And then I want you to go right home again and tell your husband all that has happened."

"But," Nell protested, "it does not seem——"

Walsh turned his face in her direction. The features had grown hard and firm and merciless; the eyes were long slits of flame.

"You've got to do what I tell you," Walsh said. "Didn't I give you my word, and did any man ever know me to break it? Now hand those stones over. Give them to me so that there can be no mistake about those fellows seeing what you are doing. If this adventure comes off all right I will laugh those three ruffians off the Continent of America. Now, come."

In a dazed kind of way Nell handed over the jewels. Walsh took them out of their little envelope and examined each carefully between his finger and thumb. From under his brows he could see how anxiously the three men on the ridge were regarding him. Then he turned over on his side as if to

"HE TOOK NELL'S FINGERS AND HELD THEM TO HIS LIPS."

light his pipe, but in reality he was doing something with the stones. Nell could hear a clicking kind of sound and the rustling of paper, but she did not venture to move because Walsh, curtly enough, bade her to sit exactly as she was and take no notice of what he was doing. At the end of a minute or two she heard a chuckle by her side, and when Walsh sat up again there was a grim smile of amusement on his thin lips.

"Now we are ready for the play to begin," he said. "And don't you be afraid. But, then, you are not that sort of woman. Go straight back home and tell your husband exactly what has happened. Tell him that if I am alive in a week's time he shall hear from me, and if I am dead he shall hear from me, too. No, you need not thank me. This is just one of the moments in one's life that is worth living. I wouldn't have missed a chance like this for ten thousand dollars."

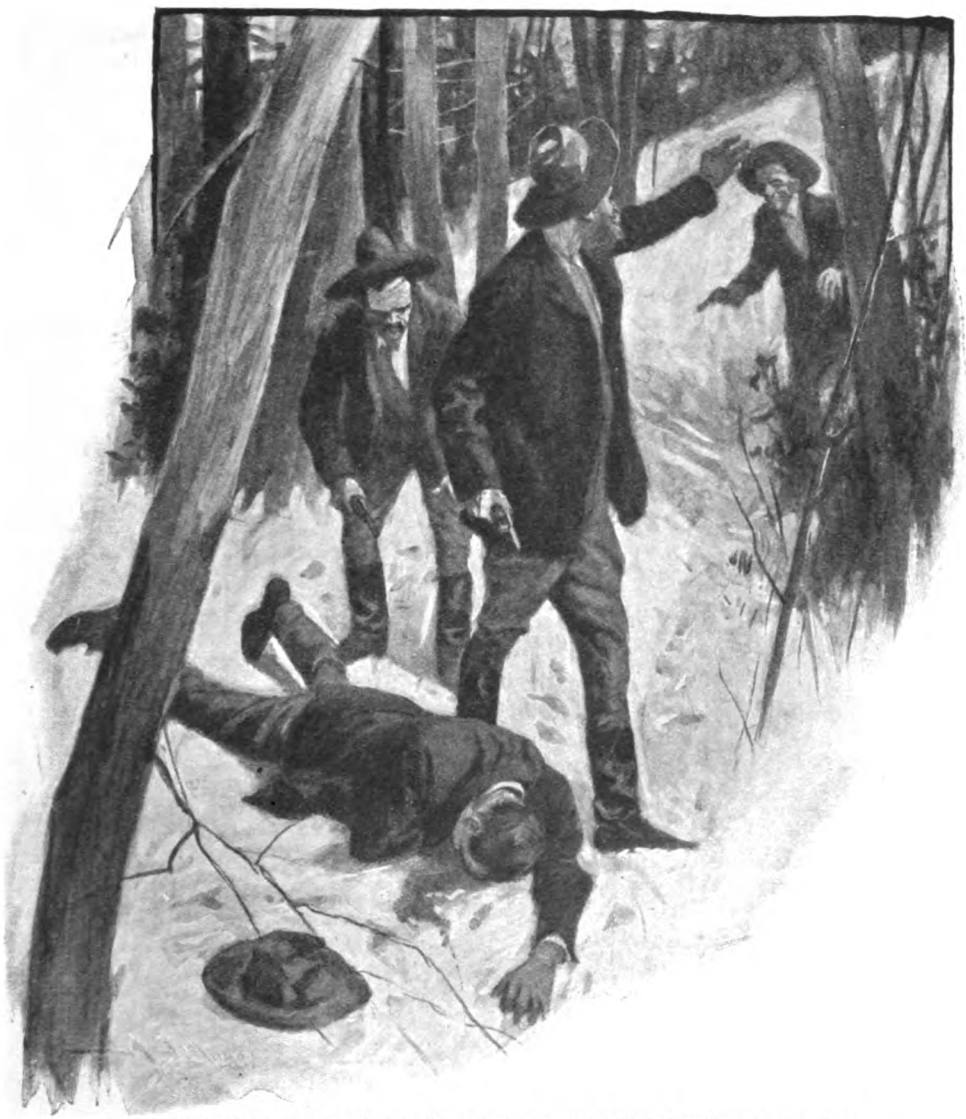
There was nothing for it but for Nell to obey. She was ashamed of herself in a way, and yet, at the same time, she was carried away by the amazing force of this man's will. He rose to his feet. He offered Nell his arm with a gesture of almost exaggerated courtesy; he stalked gravely by the three men sitting there; he walked up the slope to the top of the bluffs whence they could see the long, sinuous road winding away towards One Tree Gulch, like a white parting in a head of black hair. And here Walsh held out a hand to his companion. He took Nell's fingers and held them to his lips. He swept off his big-brimmed soft hat, as one of the cavaliers in the old days might have done.

"There's your way," he said. "Now take it without hesitation. I will stay here till you are out of sight Those three gentlemen down below can see me, and so long as I am in sight they will make no effort to follow. If I had a horse I should feel equal to the lot of them, but, then, on the other hand, the adventure would lose its piquancy. And now, good-bye."

For a long time Walsh stood there like a graven statue against the blue sky. Nell turned and waved her hand to him as she disappeared presently amongst the waving pines. Then Walsh strolled back to the camp coolly and casually, past the huts and the stores, and so away down the pass which led dizzily to Dolvertown. He had no friends there to help him; he was a stranger in those parts. Probably if he had mentioned his name people might have refused to believe him. His thin lips were pressed tightly together, his eyes flickered in a smile of slow amusement. No sooner had he turned the corner than he sprang nimbly to the summit of a rock whence he could command a view of the camp. The smile widened when he saw that Long Jim and his companions had already vanished. He stood there listening for the sound of a broken twig or the dull thud of a footstep. He took his soft hat from his head and held it above the bushes. There was the quick snap of a revolver shot and the sombrero fell at his feet. Walsh laughed softly. The game had begun in earnest now. He was ready and eager for the fray. There was nothing to be greatly alarmed at as yet. He knew those ruffians were afraid of him; he knew perfectly well that they would hesitate a long time before they came to close quarters. Of their intentions he had no manner of doubt. Those men meant to rob him and they meant to murder him, too.

So the game went on mile after mile, till the centre of the big belt of pines was reached. The bluff rose sharply here. Beyond it was a ragged slope of undergrowth with a stream of water hurrying along to its foot. Here Walsh halted. He knew that the men were on three sides of him now; he could hear their footsteps rustling in the dead leaves. And he was taking no risks. He knew the class of men he had to deal with. He knew that he was fighting with antagonists whose knowledge of woodcraft was almost equal to his own. Then just for a moment he exposed himself—only for an instant, but it was sufficient to draw the fire of revolvers from three directions. Then Walsh threw up his hands, and from his lips came that horrible bubbling scream which tells eloquently enough of a man who has been shot in some vital part. He lay prone on his face, his left arm outstretched, his right doubled up under him. There was a small ragged hole over his left breast from which the blood appeared to be oozing. He lay there so stark and stiff and horrible that the three men creeping over the dead leaves from different directions whistled and called simultaneously that the trouble was over, and that there was an end of Patrick Walsh, save for his glorious and romantic memory. For those three men were deadly shots. They wanted no flattery so far as their revolver practice was concerned.

Long Jim grinned as he rose to his feet, the others sniggered. For, apparently, Walsh had come to the end of his tether; apparently he had allowed himself to be driven into a corner whence there was no escape. He



"THE THREE MEN CREEPING OVER THE DEAD LEAVES FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS WHISTLED AND CALLED SIMULTANEOUSLY THAT THE TROUBLE WAS OVER."

could not have doubled on his tracks, and no man really in his senses would have dared the leap over the edge of the bluff into those swirling waters below.

"Right through the heart," Long Jim said, hoarsely. "Jehoshaphat, ain't he bleeding! Now, then, boys——"

They came brutally, callously forward. Then, as if by magic, the prostrate figure moved an inch, and three revolver shots rang out in lightning succession. Long Jim staggered back with a bullet in his shoulder, screaming and blaspheming with pain; his two companions went foaming and writhing and holding a pair of trembling hands to the fleshy part of their thighs. It had all taken place in the twinkling of an eye, and before the three ruffians could recover themselves sufficiently to realize what had happened Walsh was rolling swiftly over and over towards the edge of the bluff. With a yell of defiance and an outbreak of derisive laughter, he bent himself backwards like a bow and flashed headlong into the yellow stream which lay thirty feet below.

He came up presently, gasping and panting and chilled to the very marrow by the icy coldness of the water; but his heart was light,

and his lips were parted in a smile as he bent down and sped through the undergrowth with his white face turned in the direction of Dolvertown.

"That was a close call," he muttered. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. And unless you are greatly mistaken in your calculations, Pat Walsh, the next trick is going to be yours."

It was getting dusk a week later when Walsh put in an appearance at Tom Macey's hut. His welcome was all that he could wish; in fact, Tom Macey, in his clumsy way, professed to be half jealous of the way in which Nell received her visitor.

"Oh, we're all right," he said. "And the kid is much better. I dare say we shall be able to manage till the end of the summer now. Seems ungrateful, don't it, to worry about those diamonds, and the kid's all right again? Guess you had to give them up."

Walsh smiled dryly.

"Well, not quite in the way you think," he said. "I expected to worry through that little trouble, and I did. But I had to take no risks. I wasn't going to go under with those stones in my possession, so I hit upon a little scheme of my own, which I will explain to you presently. You will laugh when you hear it, and you will be all the more amused because the laugh will be on your side. And if you want to see your stones again you will have to come with me this evening. Slip a brace of revolvers in your pocket. There is no great danger, Mrs. Macey. Tom will be home by midnight, and when he comes back you will be able to sit up and talk it over, and decide what you are going to do with your money. I can't tell you any more at present. I don't want to spoil the joke."

There were a couple of horses outside, and in silence the two men rode together up the rocky mountain passes, till they came at length to a little camp under the pines below the snow-line. It was a fresh camp, but already it boasted its saloon, where a score or more of men sat gambling and drinking. Beyond the thick haze of acrid tobacco-smoke Long Jim and his companions sat over a game of monté. They appeared to be none the better for their adventure. Their faces were pallid and lank under their mask of dirt. Long Jim's shoulder appeared to have been strapped up with some rude attempt at bandaging; the other two sat on a chair with a leg resting on another one. The forbidding assemblage looked up as Patrick Walsh entered. He had a revolver in his hand. The big, square frame of Tom Macey loomed behind him, his finger crooked on the trigger of another weapon.

"Now don't any of you move," Walsh commanded, crisply. "My business is with those three skunks in the corner yonder. Hands up, there! Now, Mr. Long Jim, get a move on you. Ah, that's better. Now let's see you smile."

An ominous growl went up from the motley assembly. The hand of more than one man strayed to his hip pocket, but somehow they hesitated as their glances fell upon that white, still face of the man in the doorway.

"I have warned you," he rasped out. "Perhaps you don't know me. My name is Patrick Walsh."

"By Heaven, it is, too!" a voice growled behind the tobacco-smoke. "Boys, this is no affair of ours."

The effect of the words was electrical. A dead, respectful silence fell upon the gamblers as Long Jim and his companions moved forward with their hands above their heads. They dragged themselves miserably into the outer air, no man following, for Walsh had been emphatic on that point, and he was, above all things, a man of his word. He stood there looking grimly on while Macey bound the prisoners together with raw hides, and presently they were fastened to the saddles of the two adventurers, and so the melancholy procession moved slowly down the mountain side. There was no word said, no sound but the regular tread of hoofs until the party arrived at length at something superior in the way of a ranch in one of the valleys lying there below One Tree Gulch. An alert man in spectacles came out and bade them welcome. He seemed to be expecting Walsh, for he bade the whole party to come inside. Here, laid out on the table, were surgical instruments, sharp-looking knives, and other terrors to the uninitiated.

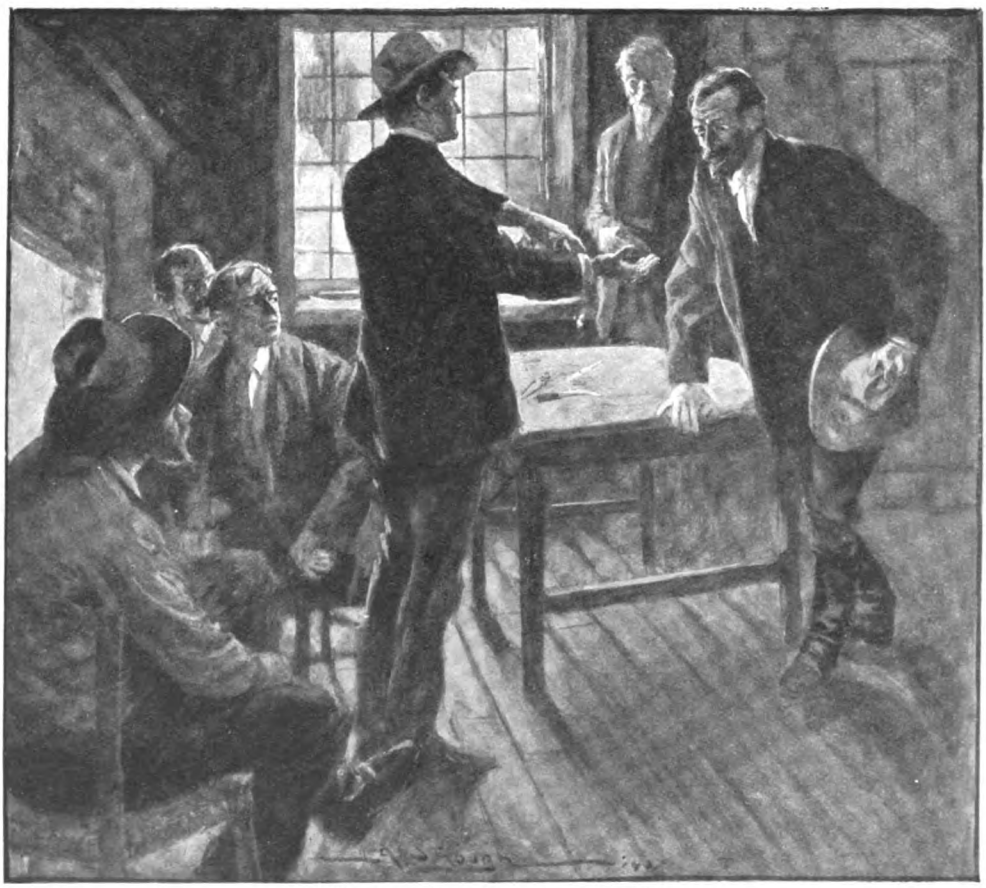
"Friends of mine," Walsh said, curtly. "I am very anxious about their welfare. You see, they all met with a bit of an accident a few days ago. The estimable Long Jim has got a bullet in his shoulder, and Mr. Ned Carson and Dick Blake are suffering from the same inconvenience in the thick part of the thigh. It is a pity you haven't got anything in the way of an anæsthetic, but, Lord, what's a few moments' pain to brave chaps like these?"

"What's the pastime?" Long Jim asked, anxiously.

By way of reply he was jerked unceremoniously on his back and speedily stripped to the skin. He howled and writhed there impotently whilst the man in the spectacles probed scientifically in the wound. A moment later at the end of a pair of forceps he held up a round object triumphantly.

"Got him," he explained. "A touch of dressing and you'll be all right in a week, my lad. Now, you others, come along."

under you would have lost them, and so I extracted the bullets from three of my revolver cartridges and put the diamonds in their place. And for the last week or nine days these three beauties have been walking about with a diamond apiece under their skin and they none the wiser. I told the doctor here all about it. I tracked those chaps to their shanty up in the mountains, and the rest you know."



"'THERE YOU ARE,' HE SAID, QUIETLY."

Three miserable men sat round the fire presently whilst Walsh held in his hand the three pellets which the doctor had so successfully extracted. He wiped them with a piece of lint and handed them over to Macey.

"There you are," he said, quietly. "There are your diamonds back again. Now, perhaps, you see my little scheme. It was impossible for your wife to get to Dolvertown, and, as there were three of those ruffians to one, I wasn't going to take any risks. I couldn't hide the stones because if I had gone

A stream of oaths broke from Long Jim's lips. His companions to the best of their artistic ability backed him up. Walsh turned upon them with a queer, dry smile.

"That will do," he said. "Now you can go. And the first man I meet within a hundred miles of this place I'll shoot on sight. But there's no reason to worry about you; you'll never stay here after this. Even the boys would laugh at you. Good night, doctor. Now let's get back and tell the story to your wife."

Can Criminals be Cured by Surgical Operation?

By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D*

ATTENTION has again been drawn recently to the question: Can criminals be cured by surgical operation? This question has been answered long ago by novelists in the affirmative, but it has not, so far, received serious attention from sociologists, being apparently beyond the possibility of realization. Now and then, however, cases have been published by brain-surgeons in which moral defects have been remedied by trepanation, which removed the source of irritation from the brain. It, therefore, needs no apology for examining the possibility of such a procedure, which, if successful, would rid the State of some of its undesirable population. It would be absurd to hope that either surgical operation or our present-day method of punishment will eliminate crime *altogether*, for there are criminals of all sorts. It will be well, therefore, to give first of all a few particulars of the varieties of criminal organization.

ROBESPIERRE (1758-1794), FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST, CHIEF OF GOVERNMENT OF TERROR.

Absence of ethical instincts; he knew no mercy. The forehead is very low and sloping.

A good many people still hold the notion that all persons are equally good by nature, and might be equally good actually had they but the will to be so. They fail to see that men are born with all degrees of moral capacities and incapacities, and some of them wholly lacking in that regard, just as they are born with all degrees of intellectual endowment, and some of them with none whatever. A man may be an idiot morally as well as intellectually. Let the admirers of the excellence of the human species reflect why, in all ages and all countries, robberies and murder have been committed; and why neither education, legislation, nor religion, the prison, hard labour, or the wheel, have yet been able to extirpate these crimes. In Queen Elizabeth's time, out of every thousand persons born five were actually hanged, as a matter of recorded statistics, yet it did not eliminate crime. Punishment cannot prevent the *wish* to commit a criminal offence, though it may prevent in some the actual committal of it. With many, it is temptation which excites to crime. Supposing we allow it to be education, and not nature, that produces vicious tendencies, the difficulty still remains the same, because education never would develop either good or evil inclinations, were not their germs previously existent in human nature.

How readily the passions can get the control of the reason, not merely of individuals but of whole communities, we see whenever there are political disturbances. The follies and perverted feelings which caused and controlled the course of the French Revolution in 1789 were accompanied by a rich crop of delusions, and afforded a clear picture of the extent to which the emotions can control and pervert the intellect of man. A wave of passion swayed the French populace, dominated their reason, and converted sane beings into merciless furies.

We have to differentiate three kinds of criminals: (1) the typical professional criminal, (2) the accidental criminal, and (3) the criminal by mental disease.

What is a *typical* criminal? An habitué born in crime, born into crime, and whose vocation is crime by a physical and psychical proclivity, a man in whom the selfish tendencies predominate over the moral and

* From a lecture on "The Psychology of Crime and Criminals," delivered by Dr Hollander before the Ethological Society, December 4th, 1907.

religious sentiments and altruistic motives, and whose intellectual powers, instead of inhibiting such tendencies, are employed to further them and to supply means for their gratification; moreover, such men are usually not influenced by domestic affections, and much too insensible to the esteem of others to be prevented from committing crimes. Furthermore, examinations and observations made in convict prisons have revealed that born criminals are less susceptible to pain than the normal man. Not only is the physical, but also the moral, sensibility deficient in the professional criminal, who has been apprenticed to crime from early youth, and continues in crime year by year. To the murdering burglar callousness, extreme callousness, is a far more necessary article of equipment than a jemmy or loaded revolver. If you are going to think how unfair it is to the victim to have his brains battered out for attempting to defend his property, you had better renounce that line of business.

JOHN THURTELL (1794-1824).

A cold-blooded murderer. He designed his own gallows. Temporal lobes bulging.

The moral insensibility is shown by the frequent recommittals of the habitual criminal and the apparent absence of all remorse. Only those men and women whose active animal propensities are governed, as a rule, by sound moral sense will, when having committed wrong for once, feel the torture of conscience in the loneliness and darkness of the night, and be afflicted with those terrible dreams which are alleged to shake nightly the guilty soul. The habitual criminal may perhaps feel and dread the material consequences of crime, but his conscience is not strong enough to torture him for his guilt. According to the evidence of night-watchers of prisoners, he sleeps as soundly as a rural cottager, the simple peasant, or the most innocent in the quiet homes of social men. Repentance is rare. The criminals who do sincerely repent are those who have been drawn into crime through imprudence, an unfortunate fit of passion, poverty and sore need, or from other very pressing external circumstances.

MUSOLINO, THE KING OF BRIGANDS.

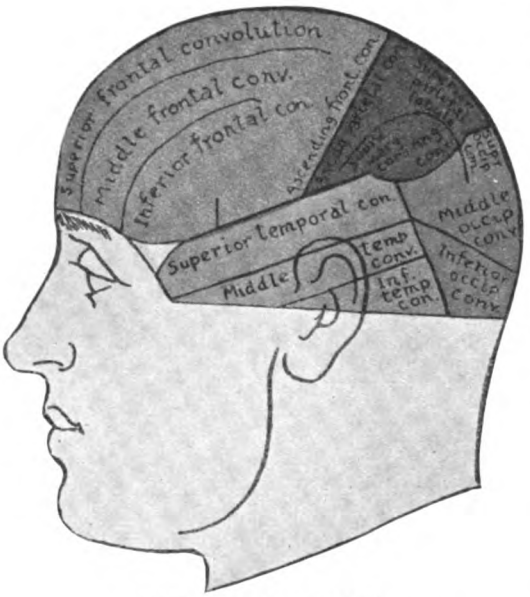
For such a small head good, practical intellect, but in the service of his criminal instincts; the lower region of frontal lobe well developed, showing quick perception. The head is relatively low, however, lacking those parts which have to do with the higher moral and religious sentiments.

This view of man's depravity may naturally displease those persons who dream only of the dignity of the human species. But observe closely the usurer, the libertine, the villain, and you will see that each of them is happy only in proportion as his desires get satisfied, and some may with glee and vanity recount to you their deeds, without forgetting the most insignificant details and the particular mode they adopted in committing them. Calculate how many of them have been recommitted, and you will be easily convinced how few have repented of their doings.

As regards the anatomical marks of the typical criminal, we may say at once that there is no "bump" for thieving or murder, but there is a general conformation of the head which characterizes the born criminal. The Continental school of criminal anthropologists have found that his skull is widest from ear to ear, *i.e.*, is largest in its bi-temporal diameter, and is compressed front to back, *i.e.*, short in its frontal and posterior segments. In normal persons the forehead is almost as high as the crown of the head, but in typical criminals the forehead is frequently so low that there is a difference of two inches between the two. Benedikt calls this "parietal steepness." Further, the skull is hollowed out deeply in the temporal fossæ, making the ears sit low, very much below the level of the eyes.

A TYPICAL BURGLAR.

Notice width of head and low position of ears, which makes the head appear high, whereas in reality it is deep.



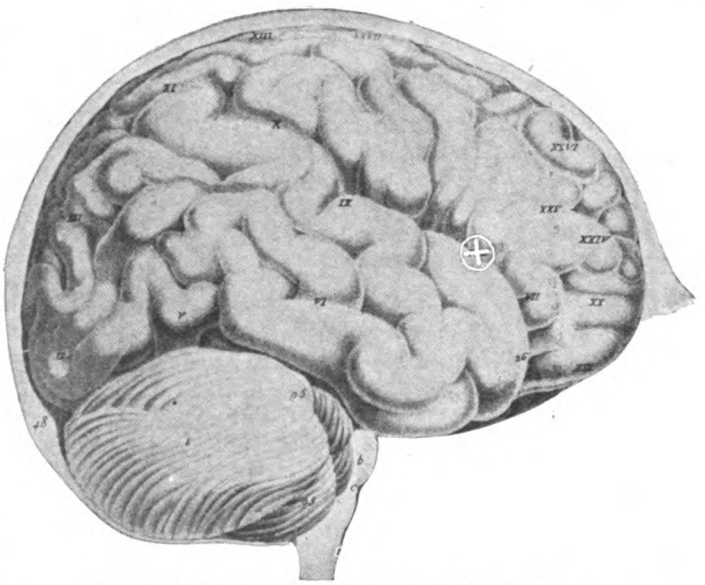
CRANIO-CEREBRAL TOPOGRAPHY.

Diagrammatic representation of the convolutions of the human brain and their relation to the skull. Disease or injury of the temporal convolutions (situated around the ear) may lead to criminal tendencies.

As the skull, so the brain. The brain of typical criminals has been found greatly developed in the temporal lobes, making it wide from side to side, and frequently deficient anteriorly (frontal lobes) and posteriorly (occipital lobes). Moreover, the convolutions of the brain are arrested in development (particularly in the superior parietal area), and there is a preponderance of fissures in consequence.

Anatomically and psychologically, therefore, the born criminal presents the appearance of arrested development, and resembles in many respects the lower animals. It must not be assumed, however, that, because these characteristic brain types are present in criminal natures, a being so constituted must necessarily commit crime. The question here is only as to *predisposition*, just as we say that people with a narrow chest have a predisposition to tuberculosis, or children of insane parents have a predisposition to insanity. It must always depend on opportunity, social factors, and on a number of other conditions, as to whether a nature predisposed to crime will actually become a criminal, and the clearer we are as regards the psychological and anatomical marks by which the disposition may stand revealed, the more surely shall we prevent crime by education and due vigilance.

The second class — the accidental criminal—is frequently the result of circumstances in which he has been brought up, and the result of inefficient education and defective character. It is he who may be reformed by the prison chaplain or moralist, and may be deterred from crime by the prospect of long and severe imprisonment. Economic and social causes largely account for the production of this class of criminals. The rush of life, the competitive system, exciting pleasure, morbid literature, the wealth of the wealthy, the poverty of the poor, the frightful overcrowding of the masses, the continuous labour of married women, working right up to the day of their delivery, and working again within a week after their confinement—all these things help to call into



SKULL CUT ACROSS MIDWAY, EXPOSING ONE HALF OF BRAIN.

Notice the harmony of conformation of skull and brain, the shape of the one showing the shape of the other. The X shows a big fissure, which divides the frontal lobe (the area of the intellectual functions) from the temporal lobe (the area of the animal propensities).

life not only a race of beings who have neither moral nor physical strength, but also a large number of individuals who are subject to strange whims, delusions, and uncontrollable impulses.

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the secretary of the Howard Association, has had, as former police-court missionary, unique opportunities of knowing and studying the criminal classes, and this is what he says: "Many years ago I began work in the fixed belief that all crime proceeded from wickedness or drink. I have had to learn differently. Old cherished opinions have had to go. This is the great lesson of my experience—that a great deal of crime does not proceed from wickedness, from a desire to be criminal, or from an excessive use of alcohol, but very often proceeds from causes over which the so-called criminal has no control, and against which he often struggles in vain."

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770), POET.

Sensitive, emotional nature, as shown by the large development of the posterior part of the head, and the whole brain being too large to be kept under control; hence the early ending by suicide.

Men have always regarded violent affections and passions as extenuating motives when their impetuosity, excluding premeditation and sometimes even consciousness, has led on to criminal action. But it often happens that, although the storm is raging in the mind, external circumstances may retard the outburst, when the mind and body may be more strongly agitated than if it were allowed to take its free course. An atrocious resolve adopted during such state should be regarded, under many circumstances, as the consequence of impaired health and perverted judgment. And indeed, if it be suicide, we condone the offence as committed "during temporary insanity," but if it be murder the man is hanged.

As regards the third class, the criminal by mental disease, a very common cause is epilepsy. Those suffering from that terrible affliction are particularly liable to criminal action. Persons suffering from it should not be held accountable for their actions; or a diminished responsibility, at least, should be admitted. All is well if the epileptic have genuine convulsions, which any layman can recognise. Sometimes, however, there are no convulsions, but the fit is replaced by a paroxysm of mania, in which the epileptic may perform actions as automatically as his convulsive movements are performed at other times. In other words, the nerve-storm may discharge itself in a physical manner or by psychical action alone, or sometimes in both ways, one following close upon the other. In many there is a dreamy state, as, for example, in the case described by the superintendent of Broadmoor, of the mother who, while cutting bread for her family, having her baby in her arms, became momentarily unconscious. On return to consciousness she proceeded in an automatic way to use the knife, not upon the loaf, but upon the child, whose arm she amputated.

Every nerve-specialist could quote from his personal experience cases of epileptics with most dangerous impulses, who require personal attendants to watch over them and restrain them, if necessary. Thus the writer knows of one gentleman who dare not go out alone into the streets, as he jumps at people's throats and attempts to strangle them, though he expresses his apology immediately afterwards. But what about those who cannot afford the luxury of personal attendants? Their history shows a constant oscillation between workhouse, jail, and short periods of liberty. Neither the epileptic nor the children of epileptics, though they may be clever as well as criminal, are normal beings. To judge them by the ordinary standard is absurd; to punish them as ordinary criminals is monstrously cruel.

As regards that form of mania which leads men to the constant repetition of one kind of offence, it is frequently the result of what is called by medical psychologists "obsession." An idea forces itself upon the mind at intervals against one's will, probably from irritation of certain nerve-centres. The idea may be so innocent as not to attract any notice, as, for instance, when a particular word or tune constantly recurs to one's mind,

or it may be so extreme as to be criminal. The crime, too, may be trivial but often repeated, and may confine itself to the theft of certain articles only, as, for instance, in the case of a man who was recently convicted for the thirtieth time, I think, for stealing ladders only. He never took anything else. In another case the theft was confined to false teeth, in another to boots. Mr. Holmes, who pleaded with these criminals, confirms our theory that an uncontrollable impulse comes upon them, which they cannot resist, and though aware of the consequences they yield to these impulses with a feeling of gratification and joy. After the act they may be affected with the deepest remorse and fortified with the best resolutions, and for a time they will behave in a most exemplary manner, until they relapse again.

A BOY CRIMINAL, WEAK-MINDED.

Forehead defective, rest of head normal; hence intellect does not control animal impulses.

There are other mental diseases which are accompanied by criminal tendencies. Altogether statistics show mania to be a great cause of crime. One in every one hundred and twenty-six prisoners is certified insane, and twelve and a half per cent. are shown to come of insane or epileptic parents.

We have still to consider weak-mindedness as a cause of crime. Its prevalence can be judged by actual figures. Thus, in Manchester Board schools, of forty thousand children, five hundred have been found feeble-minded and require special instruction; and when we reflect that they remain under supervision only till the age of sixteen we cannot wonder that many of them, though they have no criminal impulses, may yet take to crime, not having sufficient mental power to earn their livelihood in an honest manner. The reports of the Commissioners of Prisons also bear out our statement that a deplorable number of criminals are intellectually imbecile or weak-minded. Of course, there are criminals with great intellectual powers, but these are the clever rogues, who know how to escape the law; in prison are only the failures.

WILLIAM PALMER, MURDERER.

Showing a fine intellect in the service of crime. Notice the depth of the ear, giving more area to the temporal lobe, which bulges greatly above and behind the ear.

What is not receiving sufficient recognition is that there may be moral weak-mindedness, as well as weak-mindedness that affects the intellect. Let me quote a typical case—that of a boy, an only son of a weak and indulgent mother who lavishly supplied him with money and gratified every passion and caprice of his. Opposition or resistance roused him to fury, but when unmoved by passion he had a perfectly sound judgment and was competent to manage his own affairs. Eventually this precocious boy threw a woman into a well, which deed drew the attention of the legal authorities to his mental state, and he was confined in an asylum. Here was a total absence of any mental, *i.e.*, intellectual, disorder, as opposed to moral disorder, and this is a type which is now admitted by all competent observers. Here we must mention also the typical regicides—that is, those fanatics who, without belonging to any sect or conspiracy, have assassinated or tried to assassinate a monarch or one of the great men of the day. They are persons of ill balanced or degenerate brain, who become over-excited on matters of politics or religion, intelligent for the most part, but of weak will and morbid instability, who lead the most aimless and unsettled existence till the day when their temperament makes them espouse with ardour the political or religious quarrel that the occasion happens to bring into notice. Then their imagination becomes overheated and they end by transforming party questions into truly frenzied ideas. The crime of the regicide is not a sudden or blind but a premeditated act. He takes pride in his supposed mission and carries it out in a theatrical manner.

Lastly, there are those cases of crime which can be traced to an injury of the brain. Thus a most interesting case of kleptomania caused by injury to the head is that recorded by Professor Lombroso. The man in question fell, when a boy, eight years of age, from a

height on to a stove, and injured his left temple. He lost his left eye through the accident, and the temple bulged ever afterwards. He grew up a rich citizen and was renowned for his sordid avarice. When sixty-four years old he was accused of theft. He had kept a set of burglary instruments, by means of which he robbed not only his own servants, whom he frequently changed, but the guests whom he invited to his house and entertained there. It was found that the injury to his head when a youth had caused changes in the brain, which produced these morbid inclinations. But suppose a similar accident had happened to a poor man, would a similar plea of irresponsibility be accepted in his case? It is not only injury of a severe character that may produce mental derangement, but injuries apparently very trivial may produce minute internal hæmorrhage destructive to the brain-substance. There are several cases on record in which a box on the ear has produced such damage internally that violent mania followed; and it is easy to see, if we admit the localization of particular mental powers, that, for instance, a slight blow on the temple, even though it leave no external mark, may cause uncontrollable acquisitiveness and lead to thieving.

LUCCHESI, REGICIDE.
The murderer of the Empress of Austria.

Enough evidence has been quoted to show that crime calls for intelligent and scientific treatment, which lies with the future learning of the medical profession. It is to the physician that the public will look for the differential diagnosis between the curable and incurable criminal, and it is he who will be largely instrumental in the treatment of moral disease.

WEAK-MINDED ADULT, VAGABOND AND INCENDIARY.
Notice defective frontal region.

The surgeon's knife has frequently changed a lunatic to a sane person*; there is no reason why it should not change the criminal insane to a moral person.

Take the following case of a woman, thirty-one years of age, who had been sent to an asylum for imbecility with uncontrollable impulses, manifesting themselves by acts of violence inflicted on persons about her. In her personal antecedents the only thing noted was a fall, which occurred at the age of six, having left a scar with a depression in the bone on the left side of the cranium. This young girl, who before her accident had had the same nature as any other child of the same age, became from that time on queer, insubordinate, and irritable. She could not be kept in any school, and passed her time in idleness and in quarrelling with her mother and neighbours. In the asylum she was the terror of her companions. An epileptiform crisis led the physician to diagnose epilepsy, caused in all probability by the accident that had occurred twenty-five years before. In view of these circumstances it was decided to treat her surgically. Her skull was trephined, and the portion of bone pressing on the brain removed. Recovery from the operation was rapid. A month after the trephining a marked change was noticed in her actions, bearing, and conduct. Modesty and deference gradually took the place of the cynical nature that had characterized her deportment before. There were no more acts of violence and no more coarse remarks. Her insolent behaviour and disgraceful language of former times were succeeded by true emotions of thankfulness for the care she had received. She was anxious to work, and showed a willingness that made a marked contrast with her former disinclination. Her conduct improved point by point; gradually she was allowed out on leave, and after a year she was finally released.

* For verification' sake and on account of English medical etiquette, Dr. Hollander has quoted only cases, not his own, which are fully described in his work on "The Mental Functions of the Brain."—THE EDITOR.

The following is a case of epilepsy with homicidal tendency which was cured by surgical operation.

C. E., aged thirty-seven, was struck on the head when thirteen years old by a small wagon-wheel; he had epilepsy when twenty years old and married at twenty-two years of age. In a fit of frenzy he one day killed his two-year-old child by catching hold of its feet and beating its brains out. He was admitted to the asylum, where he continued violent and homicidal. He was trephined, and a piece of bone removed at the junction of the temporal and parietal sutures. The convulsive fits became gradually farther apart, and finally ceased altogether. He reported himself perfectly well six months after his discharge.

Compare the following three medico-legal cases with their different results.

1. J. L., healthy up to his twenty-first year, a quiet, peaceful man; family history good; was attacked one day and struck on the left side of the head above the ear, causing hæmorrhage from the ear. He was unconscious for nine days, and subsequently deaf in the left ear. Since that time he became avaricious, greedy for money, irascible to an ever-increasing degree, so that he could bear no contradiction, and at once took to personal violence. Four years after the accident he married, but he only ill-treated his wife and children for no cause, or very trifling, and beat them until they bled and were half dead. Punishment had no effect on him. One day a neighbour teased him and challenged him to shoot if he dared. L—— did so and killed him. He immediately gave himself up, with the pistol still in his hand. His state of mind was then inquired into, with the result that *he was sent to an asylum.*

2. A miner, when thirty-one years of age, sustained a fracture of the base of the cranium, was eight days unconscious, and ill for three months. He became somewhat deaf and there continued a buzzing in the right ear. Ten years after the accident he became mentally changed. He suffered from delusions of persecution, believed people robbed him of everything, that they intended to poison him, that they spoke badly of him, and he threatened to kill his wife and children and to commit suicide afterwards. The discharge from the ear got worse, and with it the delusions. When the ear disease was treated and got well *his mental derangement disappeared completely.*

How very different the ending of the next case, though the same cause was at work and there was the same intention.

3. On the 26th of February, 1904, an inquest took place on the body of Mr. C. T., a well-educated and highly-respected citizen, who had committed suicide, and upon the bodies of his wife and two daughters, aged ten and thirteen, whom he had murdered previously by cutting their throats. There was evidence of a severe struggle. The inquest revealed that the deceased was perfectly rational on the day before the tragedy, that he was most devoted to his family, and had no trouble whatever; but he had suffered from ear disease, and had had an abscess under the bone, for which he was in the hands of the doctors.

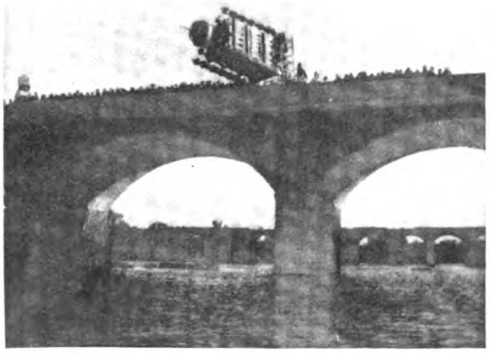
To sum up, it has been shown that criminal tendencies depend on heredity and social and physiological circumstances. The most important of these is heredity. Just as no amount of ambition will enable a man to write a Shakespearean drama if he have not the talent, so it is preposterous to expect in a child of vicious parents, brought up amongst vicious surroundings, that moral tone which would characterize the finest type of human kind. The facts, of course, point to predisposition only; the actual nature will depend on education, experience, surroundings, and a variety of other factors.

Moreover, we have seen that physiological circumstances may totally change the character, as, for instance, mental disease, and even a slight injury to the brain. It is this latter class of criminals—vicious by accident—that has so far come under surgical treatment: but we can predict with considerable confidence that as our knowledge of the localization of mental disease increases, so more and more persons with criminal tendencies will be treated by surgical operation. And if we are able to remove the diseased spot or source of irritation from a particular part of the brain in this class of criminals, there is no reason why we should not attempt the same operation on those congenitally deformed—that is, on the typical professional criminal, whom so far all methods of reform and all varieties and measures of punishment have failed to cure.

From Other Magazines.

A CURIOUS RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

THE accompanying photograph was taken at Poona, India, on the last day of the "Moharram," a Mohammedan feast held in memory of the sons of the Prophet. These martyrs are held in great veneration, and their anniversary festival is kept as



a period of mourning. Huge representations of their tombs, often thirty feet high and very elaborate in design, are borne through the streets, the crowd beating drums and chanting the saints' names meanwhile. On the ninth day they are carried with much ceremony to the nearest river and there thrown in. The one in our photograph was hurled from the Sungum Bridge at Poona, and upwards of forty others were destroyed on the same day.—"THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

TAKING IT LITERALLY.

AN old vicar had a groom who had been detected stealing his master's oats. The vicar had not decided what course to take, and meantime the groom had gone to the curate to ask him to plead for him, and the sympathetic young fellow hastened to the rectory to appeal to the vicar. The old vicar heard his curate out, but looked obdurate, so, as a last resource, the curate quoted Scripture as a plea for leniency, and said we were taught, when a man took our coat, to let him take the cloak as well. "That's true," said the vicar, dryly; "and as the fellow has taken my oats I am going to give him the sack."—"TIT-BITS."

ROYAL ENGINE-DRIVER.

A MOST original hobby is that of the Duke of Zaragosa, who may be seen twice a week driving the express train from Madrid to the French frontier. No doubt the directors of the North Spanish Railway were somewhat astonished when they received his application for a post as driver on their line, but when they were persuaded that he was in earnest they put him through the usual examination, which he passed with honours. No distinction whatever is made betwe n him and his comrades, for he dresses and lives in exactly the same way as the poorest driver on the line.—"WOMAN'S LIFE."

INSURANCE SWINDLERS.

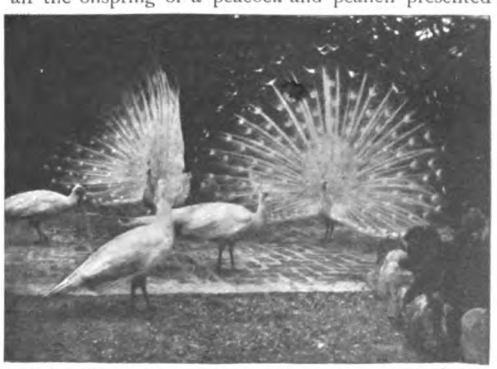
FOR sheer impudence it would be hard to beat a fairly recent attempt to swindle some underwriters. A certain person insured a yacht, which we will call *Albatross*, for a large sum, and a few months later two men, apparently in the last stages of exhaustion, were picked up in a battered rowing-boat at the mouth of the Thames. They told, with much detail, the story of the wreck of the *Albatross*, which, they alleged, had sunk twenty miles out, and from which they had escaped with much difficulty. A claim was made for the insurance money, but before it was paid investigation proved that the *Albatross* l ad never had any existence except on paper, and that her boat was one which had been hired from a port near the mouth of the Thames.—"THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

EVILS OF OVER-EDUCATION.

IT is all very well to cultivate learning (which is not knowledge, by any means), but healthy bodies ought to be maintained at a health-standard as a primary duty, and evening lessons of the preparatory kind, by artificial light too (and in cities, God help us !), when the young wood of the young bow ought to be relaxed, are all wrong—and utterly wrong, believe me. I am not afraid of a race of fools; I am afraid of a race of rickety human encyclopædiettes, who are a nuisance to everyone and a health drawback. I have children brought to me who go to bed supersaturated with what are called evening lessons, and who chatter in their sleep, and wake from bad scholastic dreams to begin again the weary Sisyphæan task of State education. A nice set of neurotics we are breeding and rearing, to be sure!—G. H. R. DABBS, M.D., IN "FRY'S MAGAZINE."

WHITE PEAFOWL.

THE photograph reproduced herewith, which was sent to "COUNTRY LIFE" by Mr. W. Harris, of Tangier, shows a portion of his flock of beautiful white p afowl, w ich, he says, "do exceedingly well, and increase and multiply, in my garden here." This group by no means represents the whole flock—all the offspring of a peacock and peahen presented



to him by H.M. the Sultan in 1903. The photograph, which shows so well the full beauty of these delightful birds, was taken by Mr. Payne-Thomson, of New York.

THE HOUSE OF ARDEN

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER I.

ARDEN'S LORD.

IT had been a great house once, with farms and fields, money and jewels—with tenants and squires and men - at - arms. There had been Ardens in Saxon times, and there were Ardens still—but few and impoverished. And of the male Ardens there were now two only—an old man and a child.

The old man was Lord Arden, the head of the house, and he lived lonely in a little house built of the fallen stones that Time and Cromwell's round-shot had cast from the castle walls. The child was Edred Arden, and he lived in a house in a clean, wind-swept town on a cliff.

It was a bright-faced house with bow-windows and a green balcony that looked out over the sparkling sea. It was a pretty house, and it would have been a pleasant house but for one thing — the lodgers. For I cannot conceal from you any longer that Edred Arden lived with his aunt, and that his aunt let lodgings.

Miss Arden could not help it. It happened like this.

Edred and his sister Elfrida were at school. Miss Arden lived near the school, so that she could see the children often. She was getting her clothes ready for her wedding, and the gentleman who was going to marry her was coming home from South America, where he had made a fortune. The children's father was coming home from South America, too, with the fortune that he had made, for he and Miss Arden's sweetheart were partners.

And then the news came that father and Uncle Jim had been captured by brigands, and all the money was lost, too, and there was nothing left but the house on the cliff. So Miss Arden took the children from the expensive school in London, and they all went to live in the cliff house, and as there

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was no money to live on, and no other way of making money to live on except letting lodgings, Miss Arden let them, like the brave lady she was, and did it well. And then came the news that father and Uncle Jim were dead, and for a time the light of life went out in Cliff House.

This was two years ago; but the children had never got used to the lodgers. They hated them. When there were lodgers the children and their aunt had to live in the very top and the very bottom of the house—in the attics and the basement, in fact.

When there were no lodgers they used all the rooms in turn, to keep them aired. But the children liked the big parlour room best, because there all the furniture had belonged to dead-and-gone Ardens, and all the pictures on the walls were of Ardens dead and gone.

Edred and Elfrida went to school every day, but the only part of lessons they liked was the home-work, when, if Aunt Edith had time to help them, geography became like adventures, history like story-books, and even arithmetic suddenly seemed to mean something.

The front-door bell was rung by the postman; he brought three letters. The first and second were of no consequence, but the third was THE letter, which is really the seed, and beginning, and backbone, and rhyme, and reason of this story.

The third letter had a very odd effect on Aunt Edith. She read it once, and rubbed her hand across her eyes. Then she got up and stood under the chandelier, and read it again. Then she read it a third time, and then she said, "Oh!"

"What is it, auntie?" Elfrida asked, anxiously; "is it the taxes?" It had been the taxes once, and Elfrida had never forgotten.

"No; it's not the taxes, darling," said Aunt Edith; "on the contrary."

"Oh, auntie, I *am* so glad," they both said, and said it several times before they asked again, "What is it?"

"I think—I'm not quite sure—but I think it's a ship come home—oh, just a quite tiny little bit of a ship—a toy boat—hardly more than that. But I must go up to London tomorrow the first thing, and see if it really is a ship, and, if so, what sort of ship it is. Mrs. Blake shall come in, and you'll be good as gold, children, won't you?"

"Yes—oh, yes," said the two.

"I must go by the eight-thirty train. I wish I could think of some way of—of amusing you," she ended, for she was too kind to say "of keeping you out of mischief for the day," which was what she really thought. "I'll bring you something jolly for your birthday, Edred. Wouldn't you like to spend the day with nice Mrs. Hammond?"

"Oh, *no*," said Edred, and added, on the inspiration of the moment: "Why mayn't we have a picnic—just Elf and me—on the downs, to keep my birthday? It doesn't matter it being the day before, does it?"

"Very well, you shall," said the aunt. "Only wear your old clothes, and always keep in sight of the road. Yes; you can have a whole holiday. And now to bed."

Next morning Aunt Edith went off by the eight-thirty train. The children's school satchels were filled, not with books, but with buns; instead of exercise-books there were sandwiches; and in the place of inky pencil-boxes were two magnificent boxes of peppermint creams which had cost a whole shilling each, and had been recklessly bought by Aunt Edith in the agitation of the parting hour when they saw her off at the station.

They went slowly up the red-brick-paved sidewalk that always looks as though it had just been washed, and when they got to the top of the hill they stopped and looked at each other.

"It can't be wrong," said Edred.

"She never told us not to," said Elfrida.

"I've noticed," said Edred, "that when grown-up people say 'they'll see about' anything you want it never happens."

"I've noticed that, too," said Elfrida. "Auntie always said she'd see about taking us there."

"Yes, she did."

"We won't be mean and sneaky about it," Edred insisted, though no one had suggested that he *would* be mean and sneaky. "We'll tell auntie directly she gets back."

"Of course," said Elfrida, rather relieved, for she had not felt at all sure that Edred meant to do this.

"After all," said Edred, "it's *our* castle. We *ought* to go and see the cradle of our race. That's what it calls it in 'Cliffgate and its Environs.' I say, let's call it a pilgrimage. The satchels will do for packs, and we can get halfpenny walking-sticks with that penny of yours. We can put peas in our shoes, if you like," he added, generously.

But Elfrida refused, and they walked on.

The town was getting thinner, like the tract of stocking that surrounds a hole; the houses were farther apart and had large gardens. In one of them a maid was singing to herself as she shook out the mats, a thing which maids don't do much in towns;—

"Good luck!" says I to my sweetheart,
"For I will love you true;
And all the while we've got to part,
My luck shall go with you."

"That's lucky for us," said Elfrida, amiably.

"We're not her silly sweetheart," said Edred.

"No; but we heard her sing it, and he wasn't here, so he couldn't. There's a sign-post. I wonder how far we've gone? I'm getting awfully tired."

"You'd better have been pilgrims," said Edred. "*They* never get tired, however many peas they have in their shoes."

"I will now," said Elfrida.

"You can't," said Edred; "it's too late. We're miles and miles from the stick shop."

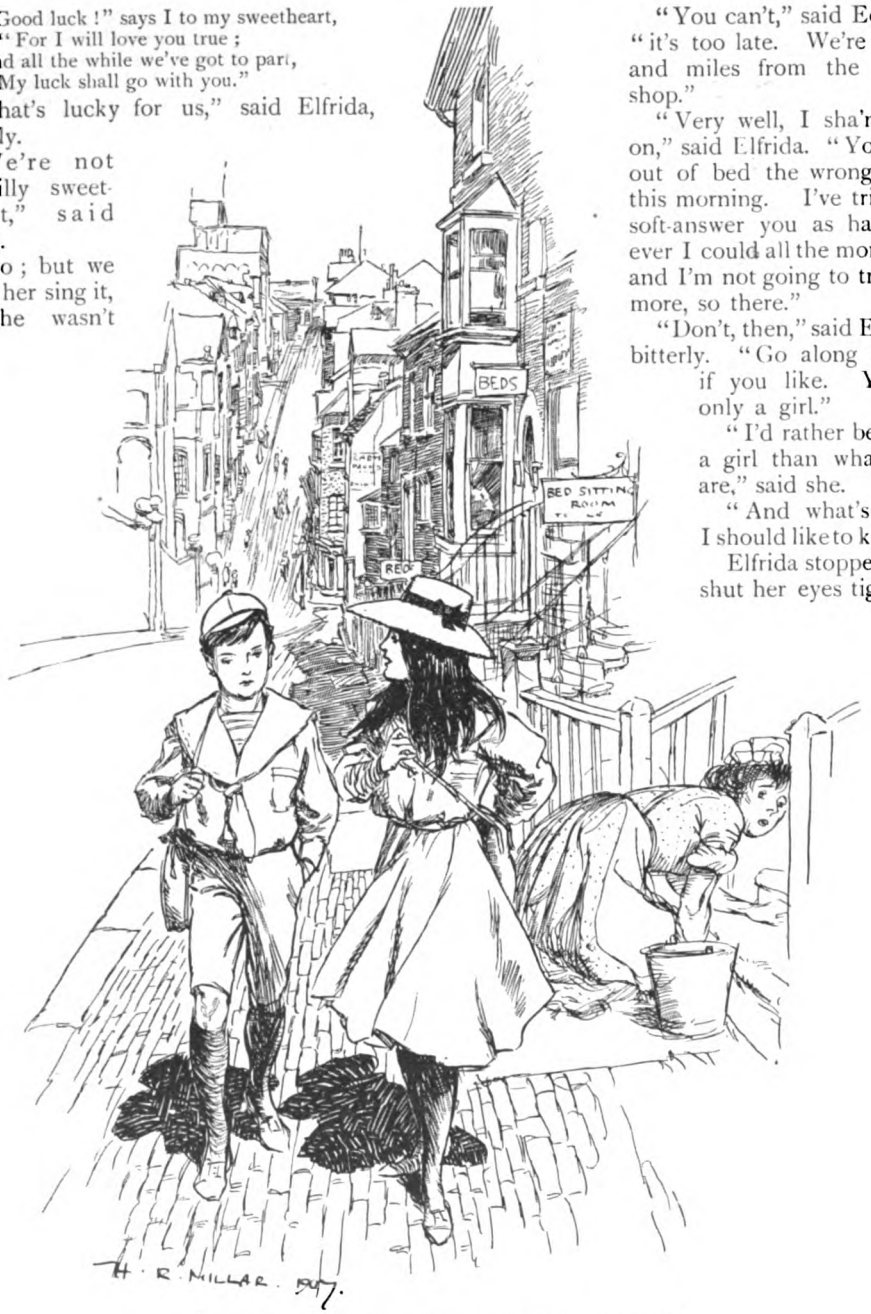
"Very well, I sha'n't go on," said Elfrida. "You got out of bed the wrong side this morning. I've tried to soft-answer you as hard as ever I could all the morning, and I'm not going to try any more, so there."

"Don't, then," said Edred, bitterly. "Go along home if you like. You're only a girl."

"I'd rather be only a girl than what *you* are," said she.

"And what's that, I should like to know."

Elfrida stopped and shut her eyes tight.



"THEY WENT SLOWLY UP THE RED-BRICK-PAVED SIDEWALK."

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she said. "I won't be cross, I won't be cross, I won't be cross. Pax. Drop it. Don't let's——"

"Don't let's what?"

"Quarrel about nothing," said Elfrida, opening her eyes and walking on very fast. "We're always doing it. Auntie says it's a

habit. If boys are so much splendider than girls, they ought to be able to stop when they like."

"Suppose they don't like?" said he, kicking his boots in the thick white dust.

"Well," said she, "I'll say I'm sorry first. Will *that* do?"

"I was just going to say it first myself," said Edred, in aggrieved tones. "Come on," he added, more generously, "here's the sign-post. Let's see what it says."

It said, quite plainly and without any nonsense about it, that they had come a mile and three-quarters, adding, most unkindly, that it was eight miles to Arden Castle. But, it said, it was a quarter of a mile to Nunhill Station.

"Let's go by train," said Edred, grandly.

"No money," said Elfrida, very forlornly indeed.

"Aha!" said Edred; "now you'll see. *I'm* not mean about money. I brought my new shilling."

"Oh, Edred," said the girl, stricken with remorse, "you *are* noble."

"Pooh!" said the boy, and his ears grew red with mingled triumph and modesty; "that's nothing. Come on."

So it was from the train that the pilgrims got their first sight of Arden Castle. It stands up boldly on the cliff where it was set to keep off foreign foes and guard the country round about it. But of all its old splendour there is now nothing but the great walls that the grasses and wild flowers grow on, and round towers whose floors and ceilings have fallen away, and roofless chambers where owls build, and brambles and green ferns grow strong and thick.

The children walked to the castle along the cliff path where the skylarks were singing like mad up in the pale sky, and the bean-fields, where the bees were busy, gave out the sweetest scent in the world.

"Let's have dinner here," said Elfrida, when they reached the top of a little mound from which they could look down on the castle. So they had it. And all the time they were munching they looked down on the castle, and loved it more and more.

"Don't you wish it was real, and we lived in it?" Elfrida asked, when they had eaten as much as they wanted.

"It is real, what there is of it."

"Yes; but I mean if it was a house with chimneys, and fireplaces, and doors with bolts, and glass in the windows."

"I wonder if we could get in?" said Edred.

"We might climb over," said Elfrida, looking hopefully at the enormous walls, sixty feet high, in which no gate or gap showed.

"There's an old man going across that field—no, not that one; the very green field. Let's ask him."

So they left their satchels lying on the short turf, and caught up with the old man just as he had clicked his garden gate behind him and had turned to go up the bricked path between beds of woodruff, and anemones, and narcissus, and tulips of all colours.

The old man turned and saw at his gate two small figures dressed in what is known as sailor costume. They saw a very wrinkled old face with snowy hair and mutton-chop whiskers of a silvery whiteness. There were very bright twinkling blue eyes in the sun-browned old face, and on the clean-shaven mouth a kind, if light, smile.

"Well?" said he; "and what do *you* want?"

"We want to know——" said Elfrida.

"About the castle," said Edred. "Can we get in and look at it?"

"I've got the keys," said the old man, and put his hand in at his door and reached them from a nail.

"I s'pose no one *lives* there?" said Elfrida.

"Not now," said the old man, coming back along the garden path. "Lord Arden, he died a fortnight ago come Tuesday, and the place is shut up till the new lord's found."

"I wish *I* was the new lord," said Edred, as they followed the old man along the lane.

"An' how old might *you* be?" the old man asked.

"I'm ten nearly. It's my birthday to-morrow," said Edred. "How old are you?"

"Getting on for eighty. I've seen a deal in my time. If you was the young lord you'd have a chance none of the rest of them ever had—you being the age you are."

"What sort of chance?"

"Why," said the old man, "don't you know the saying? I thought everyone knowed it hereabouts."

"What saying?"

"I ain't got the wind for saying and walking too," said the old man, and stopped; "leastways, not potery." He drew a deep breath and said:—

> When Arden's lord still lacketh ten
> And may not see his nine again,
> Let Arden stand as Arden may
> On Arden Knoll at death of day.
> If he have skill to say the spell
> He shall find the treasure, and all be well!

"I *say!*" said both the children. "And where's Arden Knoll?" Edred asked.

"Up yonder." He pointed to the mound where they had had lunch.

Elfrida inquired, "What treasure?"

But that question was not answered—then.

"If I'm to talk I must set me down," said the old man. "Shall us set down here, or set down inside of the castle?"

Two curiosities struggled, and the stronger won. "In the castle," said the children.

So it was in the castle, on a pillar fallen from one of the chapel arches, that the old man sat down and related the story.

"Well, then," said the old man, "you see, the Ardens was always great gentry. I've heard say there's always been Ardens here since before William the Conkrer, whoever *he* was."

"Ten-sixty-six," said Edred to himself.

"An' they had their ups and downs like other folks, great and small. And once, when there was a war or trouble of some sort abroad, there was a lot of money, and jewlery, and plate hidden away. That's what it means by treasure. And the man who hid it got killed—ah, them was unsafe times to be alive in, I tell you—and nobody never knew where the treasure was hid."

"Did they ever find it?"

"Ain't I telling you? An' a wise woman that lived in them old ancient times, they went to her to ask her what to do to find the treasure, and she had a fit directly, what you'd call a historical fit nowadays. She never said

"'AVE,' HE SAID, 'YOU'RE AN ARDEN, FOR SURE.'"

nothing worth hearing without she was in a fit, and she made up the saying all in potery whilst she was in her fit, and that was all they could get out of her. And she never would say what the spell was. Only when she was a-dying, Lady Arden, that was then, was very took up with nursing of her, and before she breathed her lastest she told Lady Arden the spell." He stopped for lack of breath.

"And what is the spell?" said the children, much more breathless than he.

"Nobody knows. But I've 'eard say it's in a book in the libery in the house yonder. But it ain't no good, because there's never been a Lord Arden come to his title without he's left his ten years far behind him."

Edred had a queerer feeling in his head than you can imagine; his hands got hot and dry, and then cold and damp.

"I suppose," he said, "you've got to be *Lord* Arden? It wouldn't do if you were just plain John or James or Edred Arden? Because my name's Arden, and I would like to have a try."

The old man stooped, caught Edred by the arm, pulled him up, and stood him between his knees.

"Let's have a look at you, sonny," he said, and had a look. "Aye," he said, "you're an Arden, for sure. To think of me not seeing that. I might have seen your long nose and your chin that sticks out like a spur. I ought to have known it anywhere. But my eyes ain't what they was. If you *was* Lord Arden—— What's your father's name—his chrissened name, I mean?"

"Edred, the same as mine. But father's dead," said Edred, gravely.

"And your grandf'er's name? It wasn't George, was it—George William?"

"Yes, it was," said Edred. "How did you know?"

The old man let go Edred's arms and stood up. Then he touched his forehead and said:—

"I've worked on the land 'ere man and boy, and I'm proud I've lived to see another Lord Arden take the place of him as is gone. Laukalive, boy, don't garp like that," he added, sharply. "You're Lord Arden right enough."

"I—I can't be," gasped Edred.

"Auntie said Lord Arden was a relation of ours—a sort of great-uncle—cousin."

"That's it, missy," the old man nodded. "Lord Arden—Chrissen name James—'e was first cousin to Mr. George as was your grandf'er. His son was Mr. Edred, as is your father. The late lord not 'avin' any sons—nor daughters neither for the matter of that—the title comes to your branch of the family. I've heard Singsworthy, the lawyer's apprentice, tell it over fifty times this last three weeks. You're Lord Arden, I tell you."

"If I am," said Edred, "I shall say the spell and find the treasure."

"You'll have to be quick about it," said Elfrida. "You'll be over ten the day after to-morrow."

"So I shall," said Edred.

"When you're Lord Arden," said the old man, very seriously—"I mean, when you grow up to enjoy the title—as, please God, you may—you remember the poor and needy, young master—that's what you do."

"If I find the treasure I will," said Edred.

"You do it whether or no," said the old man. "I must be getting along home. You'd like to play about a bit, eh? Well, bring me the keys when you've done. I can trust you not to hurt your own place, that's been in the family all these hundreds of years."

"I should think you could!" said Edred, proudly. "Good-bye, and thank you."

"Good-bye, my lord," said the old man, and went.

"I say," said Edred, with the big bunch of keys in his hand—"if I *am* Lord Arden!"

"You are! you are!" said Elfrida. "I am perfectly certain you are. And I suppose I'm Lady Arden. How perfectly ripping! What's up?"

Edred was frowning and pulling the velvet covering of moss off the big stone on which he had absently sat down.

"Do you think it's burglarish," he said, slowly, "to go into your own house without leave?"

"Not if it *is* your own house. Of course not," said Elfrida.

"But suppose it isn't? They might put you in prison for it."

"You could tell the policeman you thought it was yours. I say, Edred, let's——"

"It's not vulgar curiosity, like auntie says; it's the spell I want," said the boy.

"As if I didn't know that," said the girl, contemptuously. "But where's the house?"

She might well ask, for there was no house to be seen—only the great grey walls of the castle, with their fine fringe of flowers and grass showing feathery against the pale blue of the June sky. Here and there, though, there were grey wooden doors set in the grey of the stone.

"It must be one of those," Edred said.

"We'll try all the keys and all the doors till we find it."

So they tried all the keys and all the doors. It was the last door they tried that led into a long garden, and at the end of this garden was a narrow house with a red roof, wedged tightly in between two high grey walls that belonged to the castle.

All the blinds were down, and it was very slowly, and with a feeling of being on tiptoe and holding their breaths, that they went up to those blinded windows that looked like sightless eyes.

The front door was locked, and none of the keys would fit it.

Elfrida almost screamed, half with horror and half with admiration of his daring, when Edred climbed up to a little window by means of an elder tree that grew close to it, tried to open the window, and when he found it fast deliberately pushed his elbow through the glass.

"Thus," he said, rather unsteadily, "the heir of Arden Castle re-enters his estates."

He got the window open and disappeared through it, and presently a blind went up, a French window opened, and there was Edred beckoning his sister with the air of a conspirator.

It needed an effort to obey his signal, but she did it. He closed the French window, drew down the blind again, and——

"Oh, don't let's," said Elfrida.

"Nonsense," said Edred; "there's nothing to be frightened of. It's just like our rooms at home."

It was. They went all over the house, and it certainly was. Some of the upper rooms were very bare, but all the furniture was of the same kind as Aunt Edith's, and there were the same kind of pictures. Only the library was different. It was a very large room, and there were no pictures at all. Nothing but books and books and books, bound in yellowy leather. Books from ceiling to floor, shelves of books between the windows and over the mantelpiece—hundreds and thousands of books. Even Edred's spirit sank. "It's no go. It will take us years to look in them all," he said.

"We may as well look at some of them," said Elfrida, always less daring, but more persevering, than her brother. She sat down on the worn carpet and began to read the names on the backs of the books nearest to her. Time passed by. The

"THEY WERE TURNING ITS PAGES WITH QUICK, ANXIOUS HANDS."

sunlight that came through the blinds had quite changed its place on the carpet, and still Elfrida persevered. Edred grew more and more restless.

But Elfrida plodded on, though her head and her back both ached. I wish I could say that her perseverance was rewarded. But it wasn't; and one must keep to facts. As it happened, it was Edred who, aimlessly

running his finger along the edge of the bookshelf just for the pleasure of looking at the soft, mouse-coloured dust that clung to the finger at the end of each shelf, suddenly cried out, "What about this?" and pulled out a great white book that had on its cover a shield printed in gold with squares and little spots on it, and a gold pig standing on the top of the shield, and on the back, "The History of the Arden Family."

In an instant it was open on the floor between them, and they were turning its pages with quick, anxious hands. But, alas! it was as empty of spells as dull old Burgess himself.

It was only when Edred shut it with a bang and the remark that he had had jolly well enough of it that a paper fluttered out and swept away like a pigeon, settling on the fireless hearth. And it was the spell. There was no doubt of that.

Written in faint ink on a square yellowed sheet of letter-paper that had been folded once, and opened and folded again so often that the fold was worn thin and hardly held its two parts together, the writing was fine and pointed and ladylike. At the top was written: "The Spell Aunt Anne Told Me.—December 24, 1793."

And then came the spell:—

> Hear, Oh badge of Arden's house,
> The spell my little age allows;
> Arden speaks it without fear,
> Badge of Arden's house, draw near.
> Make me brave and make me wise,
> And show me where the treasure lies.

"To be said," the paper went on, "at sunsetting by a Lord Arden between the completion of his ninth and tenth years. But it is all folly and not to be believed."

"This is it, right enough," said Edred. "Come on, let's get out of this." They turned to go, and as they did so something moved in the corner of the library—something little, and they could not see its shape.

"Oh," said Elfrida, then, "I am so glad it's not at midnight you've got to say the spell. You'd be too frightened."

"I shouldn't," said Edred, very pale and walking quickly away from the castle. "I should say it just the same if it was midnight." And he very nearly believed what he said.

Elfrida it was who had picked up the paper that Edred had dropped when that thing moved in the corner. She still held it fast.

"I expect it was only a rat or something," said Edred, his heart beating nineteen to the dozen, as they say in Kent and elsewhere.

"Oh, yes," said Elfrida, whose lips were trembling a little; "I'm sure it was only a rat or something."

When they got to the top of Arden Knoll there was no sign of sunset. There was time, therefore, to pull oneself together, to listen to the skylarks, and to smell the bean-flowers, and to wonder how one could have been such a duffer as to be scared by a "rat or something."

The children had not spoken for several minutes. Their four eyes were fixed on the sun, and as the edge of it seemed to flatten itself against the hill shoulder Elfrida whispered, "Now!" and gave her brother the paper.

They had read the spell so often, as they sat there in the waning light, that both knew it by heart, so there was no need for Edred to read it. And that was lucky, for in that thick, pink light the faint ink hardly showed at all on the yellowy paper.

Edred stood up.

"Now!" said Elfrida, again. "Say it now." And Edred said, quite out loud and in a pleasant sort of sing-song, such as he was accustomed to use at school when reciting the stirring ballads of the late Lord Macaulay, or the moving tale of the boy on the burning deck:—

> Hear, Oh badge of Arden's house,
> The spell my little age allows;
> Arden speaks it without fear,
> Badge of Arden's house, draw near.
> Make me brave and make me wise,
> And show me where the treasure lies.

"Where the treasure lies," he ended, and the great silence of the downs seemed to rush in like a wave to fill the space which his voice had filled.

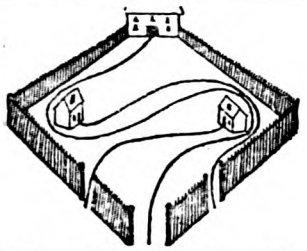
And nothing else happened at all. A flush of pink from the sun setting spread over the downs, the grass stems showed up thin and distinct, the skylarks had ceased to sing, but the scent of the bean-flowers and the sea-weed was stronger than ever. And nothing happened till Edred cried out, "What's that?" For close to his foot something moved, not quickly or suddenly so as to startle, but very gently, very quietly, very unmistakably — something that glittered goldenly in the pink diffused light of the sun-setting.

"Why," said Elfrida, stooping, "why, it's——"

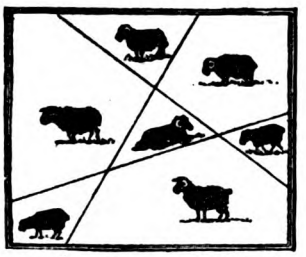
(To be continued.)

Solutions of Puzzles and Problems in the Christmas Number.

I.—SOLUTIONS OF SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

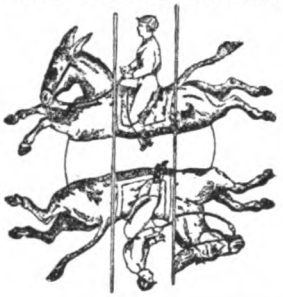


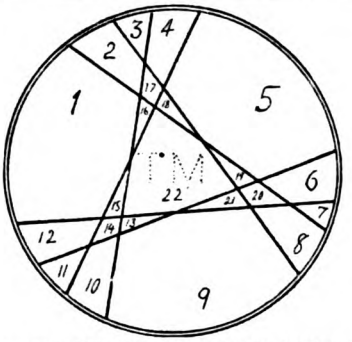
THE QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOURS MADE THEIR PATHS AS SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING SKETCH.



LITTLE BO-PEEP'S PUZZLE IS SOLVED BY THREE LINES THUS DRAWN.

KEY TO THE FAMOUS DONKEY PUZZLE, SHOWING HOW TO PLACE THE THREE PIECES SO AS TO MAKE THE DONKEYS RACING.

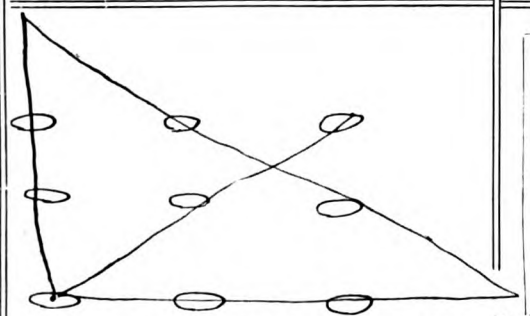




THE BOARDING-HOUSE PIE CAN THUS BE DIVIDED IN SIX CUTS INTO NO FEWER THAN TWENTY-TWO PARTS.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S DOG IS HERE SHOWN—HE IS CURLED UP ASLEEP.

THE PONY, THUS REARRANGED, SHOWS A WHITE HORSE AT FULL GALLOP.



THE COLUMBUS EGG PUZZLE IS SOLVED BY DRAWING THE LINES AS SHOWN ABOVE.

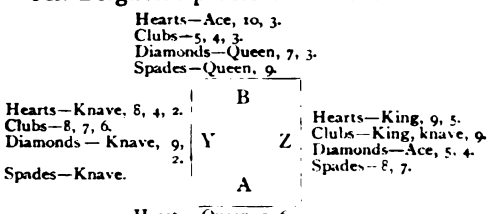
Mary's age Problem shows that she was once three times as old as Ann, so let us try 12 to 4, which shows a difference of 11 years, so, if their combined ages amount to 44, Ann is 16yrs. 6m s. to Mary's 27yrs. 6mos., Mary being twice as old as Ann was (13.9) when Mary was (24.9) half as old as Ann will be when she is (49.6) three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann!

"HOW OLD WAS MARY?"—THE ABOVE SOLUTION SHOWS THAT ANN IS 16½ AND MARY 27½ YEARS OLD.

II.—Solutions to Double Dummy Bridge Problems.

OF the problems published in the December number hints were given as to the solutions of the *Vienna coup* and F. H. Lewis's problem. The solutions of the problems taken from Mr. Bergholt's book are published in that work, but are reproduced here by permission.

Mr. Bergholt's problem was as follows:—



Hearts are trumps. A to lead. A B to win eight out of the eleven tricks.

The task that A B have to do is to get trumps out and to have Z led through twice in clubs. A must try to put the lead into B's hand; the next best thing is to put the lead into an adversary's hand. It is not hard to see that he must start with trumps, both because trumps are wanted out and because it is the only suit that can be opened without giving away a trick.

The winning card is shown in italics.

Tricks.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	*Queen hearts*	2 hearts	3 hearts	5 hearts
2.	6 hearts	4 hearts	*Ace hearts*	9 hearts
3.	8 diamonds	Knave spades	*Queen spades*	7 spades
4.	*10 clubs*	6 clubs	3 clubs	9 clubs
5.	7 hearts	8 hearts	10 hearts	*King hearts*
6.	10 diamonds	*Knave hearts*	9 spades	8 spades
7.	King diamonds	2 diamonds	7 diamonds	*Ace diamonds*
8.	6 diamonds	9 diamonds	*Qn diamonds*	4 diamonds
9.	*Queen clubs*	7 clubs	4 clubs	Knave clubs
10.	*Ace clubs*	8 clubs	5 clubs	King clubs
11.	*2 clubs*	Knv diamonds	3 diamonds	5 diamonds

TRICK 1.—A must lead the queen, not a small one, since he wishes to get away from the lead. If Z had won the queen A B's task would have been simple, since B would hold the tenace in trumps over Y.

TRICK 3.—If B does not lead the queen of spades now, the adversaries can keep the lead out of B's hand by leading clubs and making A open diamonds, and B will never make his queen of spades. It is of great importance that A should play the eight of diamonds to this trick, not the six, with a view to letting B get the lead in diamonds later on.

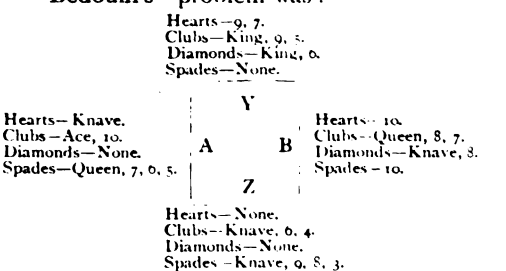
TRICK 6.—A must continue to play his higher diamonds.

TRICK 7.—B must play his seven of diamonds in order to compel Z either to play the ace or leave the lead with B. If B had played his six of diamonds at either of tricks 3 and 6, Z could have passed, leaving it to A to win B's seven of diamonds. When Z plays the ace of diamonds A must throw his king, and the rest is easy.

At trick 2, Z might have played the king of hearts, with the result that Y would win trick 5. There is no essential difference in the subsequent play.

If at trick 7 Y leads a high diamond which A is allowed to win with the king, B will be left with a fourchette over Y.

"Bedouin's" problem was:—



Hearts are trumps. Z to lead. Y Z to win four out of the seven tricks.

Tricks.	Z	A	Y	B
1.	Knave spades	Queen spades	7 *hearts*	10 spades
2.	3 spades	*Knave hearts*	9 hearts	10 hearts
3.	4 clubs	*Ace clubs*	King clubs	7 clubs
4.	*8 spades*	7 spades	6 diamonds	8 diamonds
5.	Knave clubs	10 clubs	5 clubs	*Queen clubs*
6.	6 clubs	5 spades	*9 clubs*	8 clubs
7.	9 spades	6 spades	*Kg diamonds*	Knv diamonds

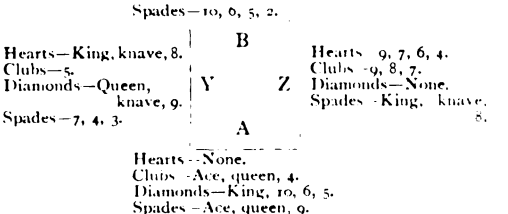
TRICK 1.—Z must, of course, play to establish spades. If A does not play the queen, Y will discard a small club; Z will then lead a club and the rest of the play is easy.

TRICK 3.—Y must throw the king, otherwise A B can play so that Z will never get in again.

TRICK 4.—Not able to keep Z out of the lead, A B have to try fresh tactics.

TRICK 5.—If Z goes on with his winning spade he will put his partner into difficulties with his discards.

This was Dr. Milliken's problem:—



Spades are trumps. A to lead. A B to win nine out of the ten tricks.

The scheme of play is to put the lead ultimately into Z's hand to make him lead hearts up to B's tenace. He cannot compel Z to win the third round of trumps, since Z

has a smaller trump than A, which he should keep till the last. Hence the only way is with a losing club, and A must retain his four of clubs. But two leads of trumps through Z are also necessary. It follows that B must trump A's two winning clubs. The play is as follows :—

Tricks.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	Ace clubs	5 clubs	*2 spades*	7 clubs
2.	*Queen spades*	3 spades	5 spades	Knave spades
3.	Queen clubs	9 diamonds	*10 spades*	8 clubs
4.	*9 spades*	4 spades	6 spades	8 spades
5.	*Ace spades*	7 spades	3 hearts	King spades
6.	4 clubs	8 hearts	5 hearts	*9 clubs*
7.	5 diamonds	King hearts	*Ace hearts*	4 hearts
8.	6 diamonds	Knave hearts	*Queen hearts*	6 hearts
9.	10 diamonds	Knv diamonds	*10 hearts*	7 hearts
10.	*Kg diamonds*	Qn diamonds	8 diamonds	9 hearts

TRICK 3.—B must trump with the ten to unblock A's tenace.

TRICK 6.—Y is forced to unguard either the heart or diamond suit.

My own problem, published for the first time in THE STRAND, was this :—

Hearts—Knave, 9.
Clubs—Ace, 8, 4, 3.
Diamonds—4, 3.
Spades—King, 10, 9, 6, 4.

Hearts—10, 6, 3.
Clubs—5.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 9, 7.
Spades—Queen, 8, 7, 5, 2.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—5, 4.
Clubs—King, queen, knave, 9, 7.
Diamonds—Queen, 6, 5.
Spades—Ace, knave, 3.

Hearts—Ace, king, queen, 8, 7, 2.
Clubs—10, 6, 2.
Diamonds—King, 10, 8, 2.
Spades—None.

Z declares hearts. A leads the five of clubs. Y Z to win two by cards.

The idea underlying the solution is far-fetched, and the play is as unlike as possible to ordinary bridge play. The scheme is for Y to make his long spades. Y has three possible cards of entry, which are sufficient for getting rid of the higher cards against him, but not for regaining the lead. For Y to make his spades A must be compelled to lead the suit. To this end the dealer must take measures that B may never have the lead. B's dangerous card is the queen of diamonds. To make the queen harmless B must be put in the position of third player when diamonds are led. For this purpose the dealer must sacrifice a trick in trumps. Once started on the right idea, solvers will find the play simple, as there are practically no variations.

Tricks.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	5 clubs	*Ace clubs*	7 clubs	2 clubs
2.	2 spades	4 spades	3 spades	*Queen hearts*
3.	6 hearts	*9 hearts*	4 hearts	7 hearts
4.	5 spades	6 spades	Knave spades	*King hearts*
5.	10 hearts	*Knave hearts*	5 hearts	8 hearts
6.	7 spades	9 spades	Ace spades	*Ace hearts*
7.	*3 hearts*	3 clubs	9 clubs	2 hearts
8.	*9 diamonds*	3 diamonds	5 diamonds	8 diamonds
9.	*Knv diamonds*	4 diamonds	6 diamonds	10 diamonds
10.	*Ace diamonds*	4 clubs	Qn diamonds	King diamonds
11.	*7 diamonds*	8 clubs	Knave clubs	2 diamonds
12.	8 spades	*10 spades*	Queen clubs	6 clubs
13.	Queen spades	*King spades*	King clubs	10 clubs

III.—Solutions to Chess Problems.

No. 1. By B. G. LAWS.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) R to R 4th	(1) P takes R, or (*a*), (*b*),
(2) Q to K 2nd	(2) P takes P [(*c*), (*d*)
(3) Q to R 5th (mate)	
(*a*).	
	(1) P to B 7th or Kt 6th
(2) Kt to B 7th (ch)	(2) K takes Kt
(3) R takes P (mate)	
(*b*).	
	(1) P to R 4th
(2) Kt takes P	(2) Any move
(3) Kt to B 3rd (mate)	
(*c*).	
	(1) P to Kt 5th
(2) R to R 5th (ch)	(2) K takes P
(3) Q to K 2nd (mate)	
(*d*).	
	(1) B to B 3rd
(2) Q takes B, mating next move	

No. 2. By S. LOYD.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) P takes B, becoming a	(1) K takes Kt
(2) Kt to Kt 6th [Kt	(2) Any move
(3) P to Q R 8th becoming Queen (mate)	

No. 3. By FRANK HEALEY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) K to Q 7th	(1) K to K 5th
(2) R to Q 5th	(2) K takes R
(3) Q to Q 4th (mate)	

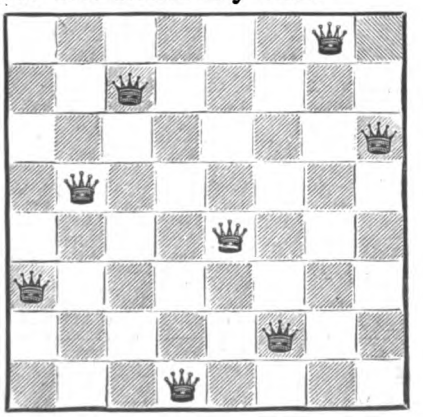
No. 4. By G. HEATHCOTE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) B to R 5th	(1) Any move
(2) Mates accordingly	

No. 5. By Dr. C. PLANCK.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) Q to Kt 4th	(1) Any move
(2) Mates accordingly	

IV.—Author's Solution to Problem of how to place Eight Queens on a Chessboard so that none attacks any other.



"WHERE IS IT?" PICTURES.

THE following picture-puzzles, designed by various ingenious artists, are of the kind which never fail to supply amusement to children of all ages between eight and eighty. There is a peculiar fascination in the task of attempting to bring to light the figure so skilfully concealed among the lines of the picture, which sometimes eludes the eye so long, only at last to spring to sight so suddenly and conspicuously that the wonder is how it could possibly have escaped notice for a moment. In the following illustrations the hidden subjects are all large and striking, so that if the solver has any doubts as to whether he has found one he may be certain that he has failed. The puzzles are of various degrees of difficulty, some being comparatively easy, while others will be found by most solvers to require considerable study. But even in this there is an amusing difference between one solver and another; one who is not particularly apt at "spotting" the concealed figures sometimes perceiving the most difficult (such, for example, as that of "The Watchman" on the third page) almost at the first glance, while we have known a really clever solver gaze for ten minutes at the tiger's head at the end of the article without being able to "find his keeper," who seems, when found, almost as conspicuous as the animal itself.

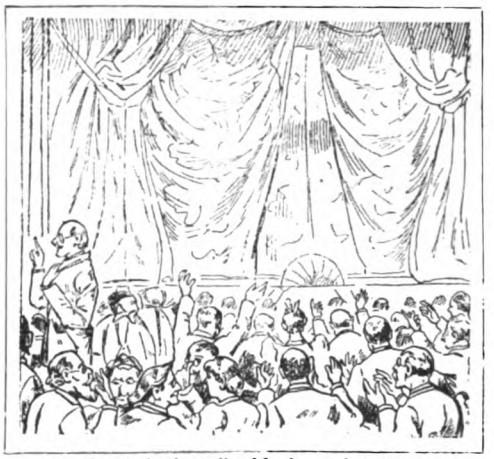
A meeting of Anarchists. Where is the detective?

Where is the dog?

Where is her sweetheart?

This gentleman calls his footman. Where is he?

"Where is the thief who has been taking my cigars?"



"Author! Author!" He bows, but where?

Where is the platform speaker?

Where is the man who is snoring?

Where is the preacher?

Where is the missing fireman?

"Stop thief!" Where is he?

"There's a man lying on his back there, Bill."
"Where? I can't see him."

Where is the night watchman?

Her lover calls. Where from?

Find the girl and her grandmother.

Find his keeper.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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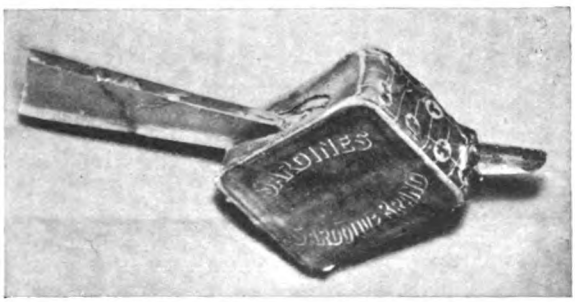
A COW WITH A HOBBY.

THE cow shown in my photograph has a habit of getting the tub on and off her head as she desires. She stands all day with it on her head, and if someone removes it she immediately gets it back again. Before taking the picture I put the tub away from her upside down, but she had it on her head in a minute.—Mr. W. F. Orahood, 1,123, Lake Shore Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

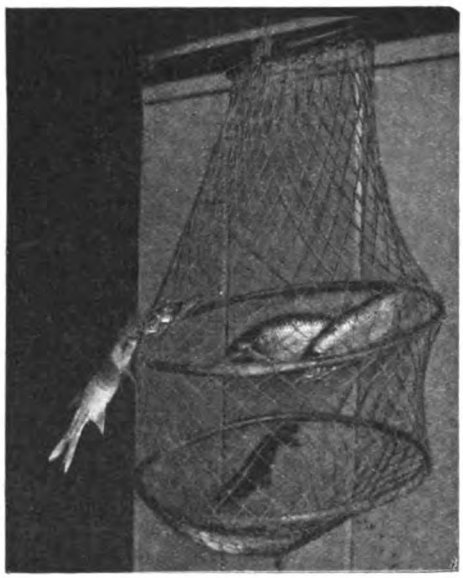


A GLASS TIN-KNIFE.

MY photograph depicts the result of a curious accident which happened a short time ago. A dray-horse ran away and endeavoured to enter a provision shop *viâ* the window, and after clearing up the curious-looking object shown here was found. It consists of a piece of plate-glass exactly a foot long which has been driven right through a large tin of sardines. A man who was trying to stop the horse narrowly escaped being transfixed in a similar manner, a great deal of the glass sliding down his back, without, however, seriously injuring him. —Mr. F. G. Perkins, 13, Royal Avenue, Wheatley, Doncaster.

THE VORACITY OF THE PIKE.

WHILE fishing last autumn on one of the Norfolk Broads I left a small keep-net out at night on the broad with one or two fairly large roach in it. On



coming in the morning I was surprised to find a baby pike, only a few inches long, caught in the mesh in his frantic efforts to attack and eat the roach (twice its size) in the net. The tiny pike was in every detail as perfect as a monster of twenty pounds, and, allowing for size, seemed quite as fierce.—Mr. A. Verey, 54, Cavendish Road, Kilburn, N.W.

A CHEMICAL ADDRESS.

THIS is a facsimile of a post-card which was posted and delivered in Newcastle-on-Tyne, $C\,O_2$, the chemical term for carbonic acid gas, being sufficient for the postal officials, and, of course, the N. C. is enough locally for Newcastle. The name of the firm is "The Carbonic Acid Gas Co." I wonder if any of your readers could quote an address as short?—Mr. Geo. W. Moore, 4, Windsor Terrace, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

APRIL 10th /05

Fegko Bojancky owz fer Nikolay Fernyc $25 Dolars yuh heftu gibytum raidowyi hizmoni bath af yuh donth gibytum higoun suw yuh naen goun kostu yuhmohr

Nikolay Fernyc

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

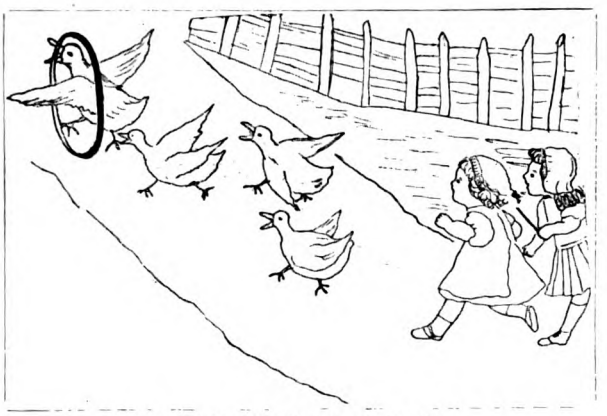
I SEND you a curious letter. It was written on a typewriter by a foreigner (Pole). He speaks fairly intelligible English, but his writing is harder to understand. The following is what he thinks he is writing: "April 10th, /05. Fegko Bojancky owes for Nikolay Fernyc twenty-five dollars. You have to give it to him right away, his money, but if you don't give it to him he is going to sue you, then going to cost to you more. NIKOLAY FERNYC."—Mr. O. L. Bonnycastle, 903, Union Bank Block, Winnipeg.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

THE rock shown here annihilated a whole chapel in Drus-y-Coed, Nantlle Valley, near Carnarvon. In January, 1892, there stood a small chapel in Drus-y-Coed, attached to which was the keeper's house, where lay his son's dead body. One evening there was to have been held, at six o'clock, the customary Welsh "Wilnos," or prayer-meeting, usually held at the house where the body is lying, but in this case the service was to have been held at the chapel; at about 5.30 p.m., however, a huge boulder came hurtling down from a height of quite 500ft. clean on to the chapel, leaving not a stone standing. The frightened people ran out of the house and saw what had happened. Had the stone fallen a few feet more to the N.E., it would have killed every living person in the house, or had it come thirty minutes later, when the meeting was on, not a person there would have lived. The stone is called Maen Mawr. The new chapel, built since in a safer place, can be seen in the background of the picture.—Mr. R. A. Williams, Porth-yr-Aur, Carnarvon.

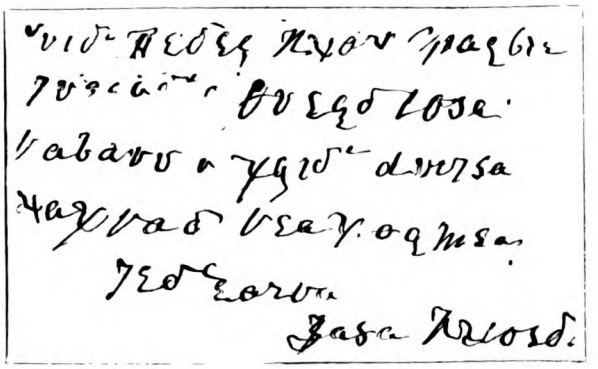
A KITE'S FLIGHT.

THE *Saltburn Times* gave, some time ago, the following account of an extraordinary case of kite-flying: "The children of Mr. Bowes, of Monkend, Croft, whilst on a visit to Saltburn, have had an interesting experience of the flying capabilities of a kite, with which they were amusing themselves on Saturday afternoon, August 31st. About half-past three the string broke close to the hand of the flyer, and the kite forthwith made seawards, towing the length of two balls of string in its wake. Naturally it was given up for lost, but the owners were agreeably surprised to learn that it had been found in Holland. The kite has now been received by its owners in perfect condition from Mynheer R. Van der Steen, postmaster, Makkum-au-Zee, Holland, to whom it had been handed by the peasant children who found it, the string having caught on a telegraph-pole. It was found on Sunday at three p.m., and Mr. Bowes received intimation of its having been found by the first post on Tuesday morning. It is supposed that the string being dragged in the water kept the kite in proper position during its long flight of some two hundred and seventy-five miles." We are indebted to Mr. Bowes for the photograph reproduced herewith.



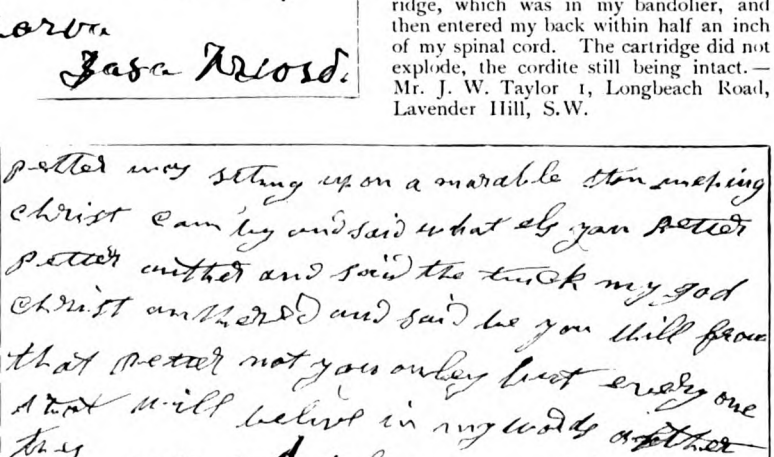
A GOOSE BOWLING A HOOP.

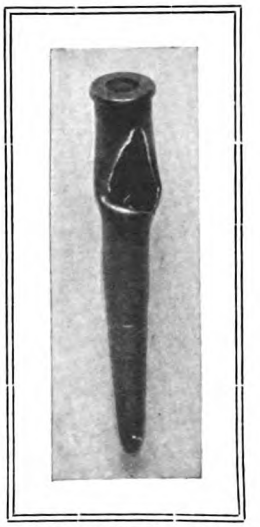
I WAS looking out of my window the other day when I saw a most curious sight. Two small children were playing with a hoop. A flock of geese crossed the road, and one, the biggest of these, ran partly through the hoop. The hoop was over one wing in such a way that the faster the goose went the faster the hoop bowled along, each flap of its wing against the inside of the hoop giving it fresh impetus. The other geese, of course, followed, cackling at the top of their voices, and it was surprising how long the hoop was thus kept up. The two little girls did not seem to see the funny side of it, but ran frantically after them and the runaway hoop.—Mr. A. Collinson, 5, Sefton Villas, North Holmwood, near Dorking.



TOOTHACHE CHARMS.

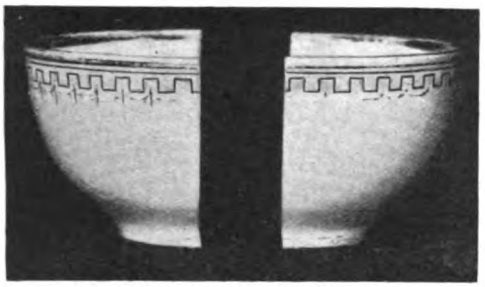
THESE two toothache charms were got not very long ago—the one in what appears to be Greek characters from a "skilly woman" in Caithness, and the other—which, notwithstanding the shaky hand in which it is written, is easily decipherable—was got from a lonely old weaver in Sutherlandshire. In both cases the "directions for use" were the same—viz., that it be worn under the clothing and over the heart. It is probable that there are now very few of these charms in existence, as they were given in cases when all the other many "cures" known to these witch-doctors were exhausted, and were returnable to the "doctor." Qualified medical officers have become so numerous in these counties within the past ten years, and sufferers therefore so very seldom have recourse to any "wise" old men or women, that the profession of witch-doctor is about defunct.—Mr. Alexander Polson, The Schoolhouse, Nigg, Ross-shire.





SAVED BY A CARTRIDGE

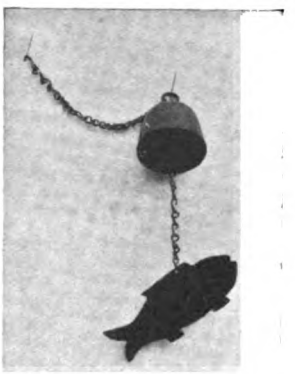
HERE is a photograph of a cartridge that was pierced by a Mauser bullet whilst I was serving with my regiment (10th Hussars) during the South African War. The bullet came over two ranges of hills, passing clean through the cartridge, which was in my bandolier, and then entered my back within half an inch of my spinal cord. The cartridge did not explode, the cordite still being intact.—Mr. J. W. Taylor 1, Longbeach Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.



AN EXTRAORDINARY BREAKAGE.

THIS is a photograph of a teacup which I dropped. On picking it up I was astonished to find that it was broken exactly in two equal parts.—Mr. Fred. S. Sutton, 124, Earl's Court Road, Kensington, S.W.

AN EVIL-EYE CHARM.



THE remarkable object shown here consists of a small bronze bell having a cross-bar clapper. To this is suspended, by a tiny chain, a thin, flat, bronze figure of a fish. When this remarkable charm is hung up outside a house or garden in Korea, as a protection against the evil eye or such-like dangers, the slightest wind moves the fish and thus causes the bell to ring. Not only is the ringing of a bell generally considered a safeguard against evil spirits, but the fish itself is a powerful Oriental symbol.—Mr. E. Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

A CHINESE "PRAYING CHAIR."

THE foregoing picture is of what is called a Chinese praying chair, and is used as a means of torture in some parts of China to this day. As will be seen from the photograph, sharp blades are provided for the back, seat, and foot-rest, while for the arm-rests sharp spikes are used, and into this chair the unfortunate victim is made to sit, and, presumably, prays to be released, hence the name "praying chair." I may add that the original is in my possession, having recently been forwarded from China.--Mr. B. S. Lee, 10, Wellington Avenue, Lower Edmonton, N.

MUSICAL SHEEP.

THERE has long been a tradition that animals love music, and this photograph is yet another proof of the fact. The young girl, who lives on a big Western farm in the States, goes out and sings to the sheep, which run to her. As soon as she stops they stretch their faces up to her and rub their heads against her as if pleading with her to go on anew. While she is singing they stand still around her and listen with delight. The photograph was taken by Mr. A. J. Sirausen, of Minn.—Mr. O. S. Berry, Box 237, Brooklyn, N.Y.

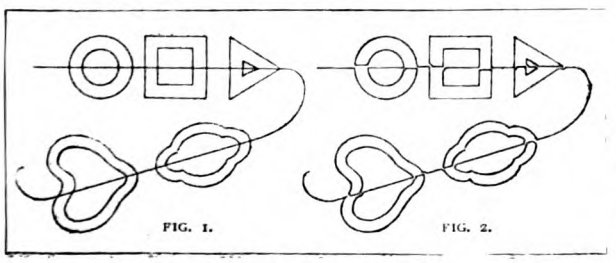
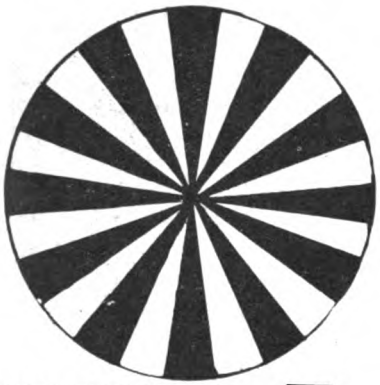


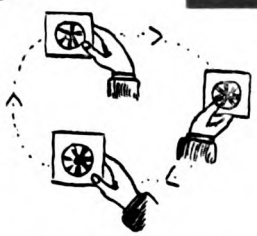
FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

A "ONE-LINE" PUZZLE.

IT is surprising what seemingly impossible figures can be drawn by means of one continuous line. The diagrams here depicted show what can be done. In their construction the pencil must not travel over the same line more than once. For the convenience of readers a solution which explains itself is given in Fig. 2. -- Mr. Harry Crowter, 18, Nelson Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk.



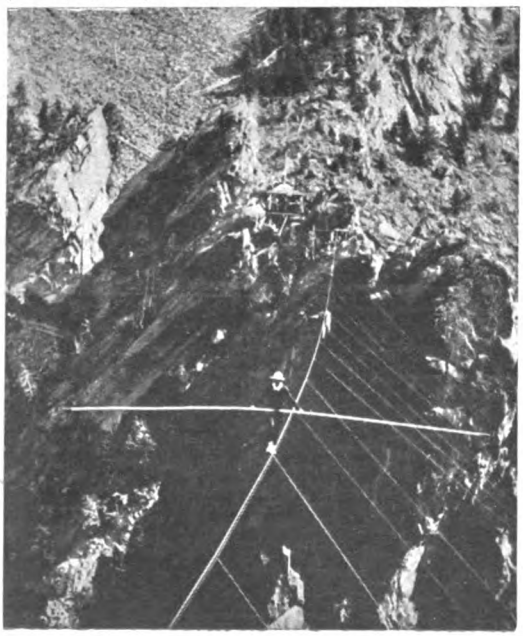
WHAT IS THE REASON?



THERE may be no point at first sight in the drawing that I am sending you, but if the page upon which it is printed is given a rotary motion in the manner illustrated in the adjoining diagram it will appear as though there were a sixpence on one side of the centre of the circle. The faster the whirling the bigger the coin seems to become. —Mr. Lionel G. Lutyens, St. Mary's Lodge, Bedford.

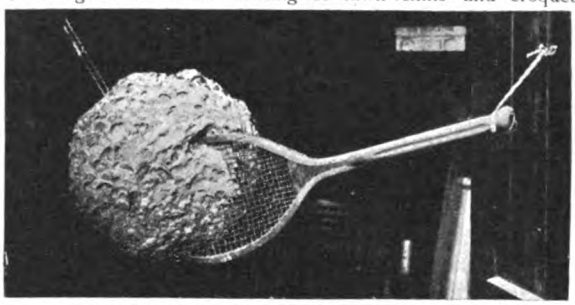
THE RECORD TIGHT-ROPE WALK.

THE walk by Professor Joy Baldwin, illustrated here, is the highest and longest in the history of the world. Nothing like it has ever been attempted before. The walk of five hundred and eighty-two feet long over a gulf five hundred and fifty-five feet, deep which took place at Eldorado Springs, Col., took him six and a half minutes to accomplish. Even the getting of this picture was not without its danger.—Copyright photo., 1907, by Mr. Ed Tangen, Boulder, Colorado.



A UNIQUE WASPS' NEST.

I SEND a photograph of a unique wasps' nest. The tennis racquet stood upon a shelf in the far corner of a small outbuilding used for the housing of lawn-tennis and croquet



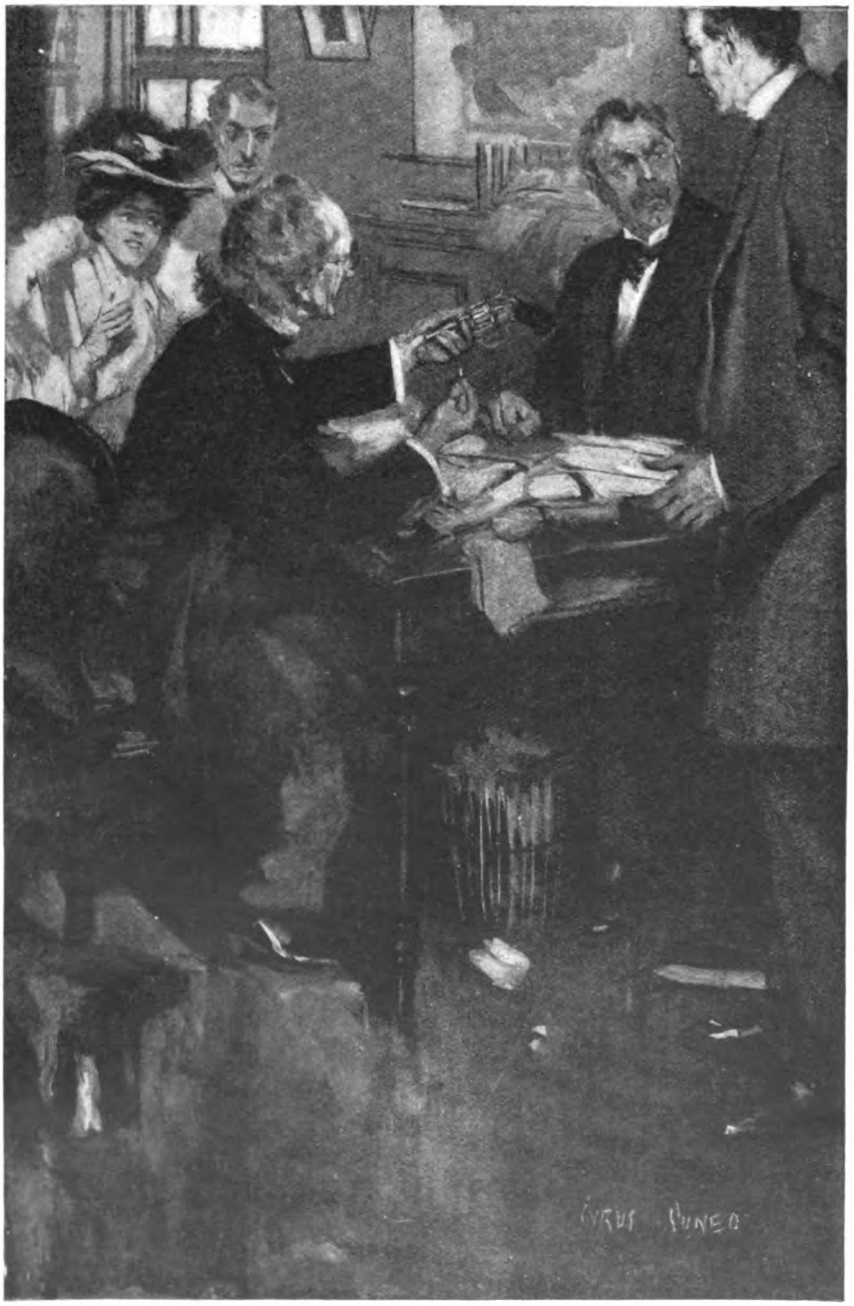
requirements, garden chairs, etc. The nest, an unusually strong one, was fully a foot thick each way, the photograph merely showing the outer shell built upon the racquet, as it was impossible to get the whole nest away intact. The gut-string network of the racquet was eaten entirely away where it came in contact with the nest.—Mr. Geo. J. Knott, Water End, North Mimms, Hatfield.

WINGS THAT WENT WRONG.

I SEND you the photograph of a parrot that belongs to a friend of mine. It will be noticed that the bird's wings are on the breast instead of the back, as is the case with all other self-respecting parrots. The bird is very healthy and contented, being quite tame and a moderate talker, and, strange to say, it does not suffer any inconvenience through this extraordinary freak of Nature.—Mr. T. C. Whalley, 37, Winstanley Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

WHAT at first sight seems to be a giant caterpillar is in reality the photograph of a layer of powdered white lead along the top of which a vibrating metal sphere has been passed. The impressions made are, of course, concave, but if the "head" of the "caterpillar" be held pointing towards a source of light the shadows of the "waves" in the photograph give the idea that the impressions are convex, thus imparting the larva-like appearance.—Mr. Harold R. Parkes, 2, Church Street, Southport, Lancs.



"THE THINKING MACHINE WAVED THE WEAPON UNDER DETECTIVE MALLORY'S NOSE."

(*See page* 132.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxv. FEBRUARY, 1908. No. 206.

The Chase of the Golden Plate.

By JACQUES FUTRELLE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

Part III.—THE THINKING MACHINE.

PROFESSOR AUGUSTUS S. F. X. VAN DUSEN, PH.D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., ETC., was the Court of Last Appeal in the sciences.

Thirty-five of his fifty years had been devoted to logic, study, analysis of cause and effect, material and psychological. By his personal efforts he had mercilessly flattened out and readjusted at least two of the exact sciences, and had added immeasurably to the world's sum of knowledge in others. Once he had held the Chair of Philosophy in a great University, but casually one day he promulgated a thesis that knocked the faculty's eye out, and he was invited to resign. It was a dozen years later that that University had openly resorted to influence and diplomacy to induce him to accept its LL.D.

This, then, was the Thinking Machine. This last title, the Thinking Machine, perhaps more expressive of the real man than a yard of honorary initials, was coined by Hutchinson Hatch, reporter at the time of the scientist's defeat of a chess champion after a single morning's instruction in the game. The Thinking Machine had asserted that logic was inevitable, and that game had proved his assertion. Since the game there had grown up a strange friendship between the crabbed scientist and the reporter.

Now the Thinking Machine sat in a huge chair in his reception-room, with long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip and squint eyes turned upward. Hatch was talking—had been talking for more than an hour with infrequent interruptions. In that time he had laid bare the facts as he and the police knew them, from the incidents of the masked ball at Seven Oaks to the return of Dollie Meredith.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," asked the Thinking Machine, "just what is known of this second theft of the gold plate?"

"It's simple enough," explained the reporter. "It was plain burglary. Some person entered the Randolph house on Monday night by cutting out a pane of glass and unfastening a window-latch. Whoever it was, took the plate and escaped."

"I presume on its return Mr. Randolph ordered the plate to be placed in the small room as before?"

"Yes."

"Please go on."

"The police absolutely decline to say as yet just what evidence they have against Herbert, beyond the finding of the plate in his possession," the reporter resumed, "though Lord knows that's enough. They will not say, either, how they first came to connect him with the affair. Detective Mallory doesn't——"

"When and where was Mr. Herbert arrested?"

"Yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, in his rooms. Fourteen pieces of the gold plate were on the table."

"Yes, yes. Please go on."

"The plate was all spread out—there was no attempt to conceal it," Hatch resumed. "There was a box on the floor, and Herbert was about to pack the stuff in it when Detective Mallory and two of his men entered. Herbert's servant, Blair, was away from the house at the time. His people are away too, so he was alone."

"Nothing but the gold plate was found?"

"Lord, yes!" exclaimed the reporter. "There was a lot of jewellery in a case and fifteen or twenty odd pieces—ten thousand pounds' worth of stuff at least. The police took it to find the owners."

"Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed the Thinking Machine. "Why didn't you mention the jewellery at first? Wait a minute."

Hatch was silent while the scientist continued to squint at the ceiling. He wriggled in his chair uncomfortably, and smoked a couple of cigarettes before the Thinking Machine turned to him and asked:—

"Did Mr. Herbert say anything when arrested?"

"No; nothing to me or anybody else. He was arraigned at a preliminary hearing, pleaded not guilty, and was released on four thousand pounds bail. Some of his rich friends furnished it."

"Did he give any reason for his refusal to say anything?" insisted the Thinking Machine, testily.

"He remarked to me that he wouldn't say anything, because even if he told the whole truth no one would believe him."

"As I understand it," the scientist went on, "you did not believe Herbert guilty of the first theft? Why?"

"Well, because—because he's not that sort of man," explained the reporter. "I've known him for years, personally and by reputation."

"Was he a particular friend of yours at college?"

"No, not an intimate; but he was of my year—and he's a splendid football player." That squared everything.

"Do you now believe him guilty?" insisted the scientist.

"I can't believe anything else—and yet I'd stake my life on his honesty."

"And Miss Meredith?"

The reporter was reaching the explosive point. He had seen and talked to Miss Meredith, you know.

"It's perfectly asinine to suppose that *she* had anything to do with either theft, don't you think?"

The Thinking Machine was silent on that point.

"Well, Mr. Hatch," he said, finally, "the problem comes down to this: Did a man, and perhaps a woman, who are circumstantially proved guilty of stealing the gold plate, *actually* steal it? We have the stained cushion of the car in which the thieves escaped to indicate that one of them was wounded; we have Mr. Herbert with an injured right shoulder—a hurt received that night on his own statement, though he won't say how. We have then the second theft, and the finding of the stolen property in his possession, along with another lot of stolen stuff—jewels. It is apparently a settled case now without going farther."

"But——" Hatch started to protest.

"But suppose we do go a little farther,"

"THE REPORTER WAS REACHING THE EXPLOSIVE POINT."

the Thinking Machine went on. "I can prove definitely, conclusively, and finally by settling only two points: whether or not Mr. Herbert was wounded while in the motor-car. If so, he was the first thief; if not, he wasn't. If he was the first thief, he was probably the second; but even if he were not the first thief, there is of course a possibility that he was the second."

Hatch was listening with mouth open.

"Suppose we begin now," continued the Thinking Machine, "by finding out the name of the physician who treated Mr. Herbert's wound last Thursday night. Mr. Herbert may have a reason for keeping the identity of this physician secret, but perhaps —wait a minute," and the scientist disappeared into the next room. He was gone for five minutes. "See if the physician who treated the wound wasn't Dr. Clarence Walpole."

The reporter blinked a little.

"Right," he said. "What next?"

"Ask him something about the nature of the wound and all the usual questions."

Hatch nodded.

"Then," resumed the Thinking Machine, casually, "bring me some of Mr. Herbert's blood."

The reporter blinked a good deal, and gulped twice.

"How much?" he inquired, briskly.

"A single drop on a small piece of glass will do very nicely," replied the scientist.

II.

THE Supreme Police Intelligence was deeply cogitating when the Thinking Machine called. The Supreme Intelligence—Mr. Mallory—knew Professor Van Dusen well, and, while he received him graciously, he showed no difficulty in restraining any undue outburst of enthusiasm.

"Ah, Professor!" was his non-committal greeting.

"Good evening," responded the scientist, in the thin, irritated voice which always set Mr. Mallory's nerves a-jangle. "I don't suppose you would tell me by what steps you were led to arrest Mr. Herbert?"

"I would not," declared Mr. Mallory, promptly.

"No; nor would you inform me of the nature of the evidence against him in addition to the jewels and plate found in his possession?"

"I would not," replied Mr. Mallory again.

"No, I thought perhaps you would not," remarked the Thinking Machine. "I understand, by the way, that one of your men took a leather cushion from the motor-car in which the thieves escaped on the night of the ball, and wanted to inquire if it would be permissible for me to see that cushion?"

Detective Mallory glared at him suspiciously, then slowly his heavy face relaxed, and he laughed as he arose and produced the cushion.

"If you're trying to make any mystery of this thing, you're making a mess of it," he informed the scientist. "We know the owner of the car in which Herbert and the girl escaped. The cushion means nothing."

The Thinking Machine examined the heavy leather carefully, and paid a great deal of attention to the crusted stains which it bore. He picked at one of the brown spots with his penknife, and it flaked off in his hand.

"Herbert was caught with the goods on him," declared the detective, and he thumped the desk with his lusty fist. "We've got the right man."

"Yes," admitted the Thinking Machine, "it begins to look very much as if you *had* got the right man—for once."

Detective Mallory snorted.

"Would you mind telling me if any of the jewellery you found in Mr. Herbert's possession has been identified?"

"It has," replied the detective. "That's where I've got Herbert. Four people who lost jewellery at the masked ball have appeared and claimed pieces of the stuff."

"Indeed?" inquired the scientist, thoughtfully. He was still gazing at the cushion.

"And the most important development of all is to come," Detective Mallory rattled on. "That will be the real sensation, and make the arrest of Herbert seem purely incidental. It now looks as if there would be another arrest, of a—of a person who is so high socially and all that, that——"

"Yes," interrupted the Thinking Machine; "but do you think it would be wise to arrest her now?"

"Her?" demanded Detective Mallory. "What do you know of any woman?"

"You were speaking of Miss Dorothy Meredith, weren't you?" inquired the Thinking Machine, blandly. "Well, I merely said I didn't think it would be wise for your men to go so far as to arrest her."

The detective bit his cigar in two in obvious perturbation.

"How—how did you happen to know her name?" he demanded.

"Oh, Mr. Hatch mentioned it to me," replied the scientist. "He has known of

her connection with the case for several days as well as Herbert's, and has talked to them both, I think."

The Supreme Intelligence was nearly apoplectic.

"If Hatch knew it, why didn't he tell me?" he thundered.

"Really, I don't know," responded the scientist. "Perhaps," he added, curtly, "he may have had some absurd notion that you would find it out for yourself."

And when Detective Mallory had fully recovered the Thinking Machine was gone.

Meanwhile Hatch had seen and questioned Dr. Clarence Walpole in the latter's surgery, only a stone's throw from Dick Herbert's home. Had Dr. Walpole recently dressed a wound for Mr. Herbert? Dr. Walpole had, A wound caused by a pistol bullet? Yes.

"When was it, please?" asked Hatch.

"Thursday night, or rather Friday morning," he replied. "It was between two and three o'clock. He came here, and I attended to him."

"Where was the wound, please?"

"In the right shoulder," replied the physician, "just here," and he touched the reporter with a long finger. "It wasn't dangerous, but he had lost considerable blood."

Hatch was silent for a moment, dazed. Every new point piled up the evidence against Herbert.

"I don't suppose Mr. Herbert explained how he got the wound?" Hatch asked, apprehensively. He was afraid he had.

"No. I asked, but he evaded the question. It was, of course, none of my business after I had extracted the bullet and dressed the hurt."

"You have the bullet?"

"Yes. It's the usual size—thirty two calibre."

That was all. The case was proved, the verdict rendered. Ten minutes later Hatch's name was announced to Dick Herbert. Dick received him gloomily, shook hands with him, then resumed his interrupted pacing.

"I had declined to see men from other papers," he said, wearily.

"Now look here, Dick," expostulated Hatch, "don't you want to make some statement of your connection with this affair? I honestly believe if you did it would help you."

"No, I cannot make any statement—that's all," and Dick's hand closed fiercely. "I can't," he added, "and there's no need to talk of it." He continued his pacing for a moment or so, then turned on the reporter.

"Do you believe me guilty?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Lord, I can't believe anything else," Hatch replied, falteringly. "But at that I don't *want* to believe it." There was an embarrassed pause. "I have just seen Dr. Clarence Walpole."

"Well?" and Dick wheeled on him angrily.

"What he said alone would convict you, even if the plate had not been found here," Hatch replied.

"Are you *trying* to convict me?" Dick demanded.

"I'm trying to get the truth," remarked Hatch.

"There is just one man in the world whom I must see before the truth can ever be told," declared Dick, vehemently. "And I can't find him now. I don't know where he is."

"Let me find him. Who is he? What's his name?"

"If I told you that I might as well tell you everything," Dick went on. "It was to prevent any mention of that name that I have allowed myself to be placed in this position. It is purely a personal matter between us—at least, I will make it so—and if I ever meet him"—his hands closed and unclosed spasmodically—"the truth will be known, unless I—I kill him first."

Half an hour later Hatch left him. On the glass top of an inkstand he carried three precious drops of Herbert's blood.

III.

FAITHFULLY Hatch repeated to the Thinking Machine the conversation he had had with Dr. Walpole, indicating on the person of the eminent scientist the exact spot of the wound, as Dr. Walpole had indicated it to him. The scientist listened without comment to the recital, casually studying meanwhile the three crimson drops on the glass.

"Dr. Walpole's statement," the Thinking Machine went on after a moment, "makes this particular problem ludicrously simple. Two points alone show conclusively that Mr. Herbert was not the man in the motor-car. I shall reach the third myself."

Hatch didn't say anything for lack of words.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," resumed the scientist, quite casually, "I understand you graduated at Oxford in ninety-eight. Yes? Well, Herbert was a fellow-student of yours there. Please obtain for me one of the printed lists of students who were at Oxford that year—a complete list."

"I have one at home," said the reporter.

"Get it, please, immediately, and return here," instructed the scientist.

Hatch went out and the Thinking Machine disappeared into his laboratory. When he came out again he found the reporter sitting in the reception-room, holding his head. The scientist's face was as inscrutable as ever.

"Here is the list," said Hatch, as he handed it over.

The Thinking Machine took it in his long, slender fingers and turned two or three leaves. Finally he stopped and ran a finger down one page.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "I thought so."

"Thought what?" asked Hatch, curiously.

"I'm going out to see Mr. Meredith now," remarked the Thinking Machine, irrelevantly. "Have you met him?"

"No."

"Then come with me."

Mr. Meredith had read the newspaper accounts of the arrest of Dick Herbert, and the seizure of the gold plate and jewels; had taunted his charming daughter with it in a fatherly sort of a way. She was weeping—weeping her heart out over this latest proof of the perfidy and loathsomeness of the man she loved. Incidentally it may be mentioned here that the astute Mr. Meredith was not aware of any elopement plot—either the first or last.

When a card bearing the name of Mr. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen was handed to Mr. Meredith, he went wonderingly into the reception-room. There was a pause as the scientist and Mr. Meredith mentally sized each other up, then introductions, and the Thinking Machine came to business, abruptly as always.

"May I ask, Mr Meredith," he began, "how many sons you have?"

"One," replied Mr. Meredith, puzzled.

"May I ask his present address?" went on the scientist.

Mr. Meredith studied the belligerent eyes of his caller, and wondered what business it was of his, for Mr. Meredith was a belligerent sort of a person himself.

"May *I* ask," he inquired, with pronounced emphasis on the personal pronoun, "why you want to know?"

Hatch rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He was wondering what would happen to him when the cyclone struck.

"It may save him and you a great deal of annoyance if you will give me his address," said the Thinking Machine. "I desire to communicate with him immediately on a matter of the utmost importance—a purely personal matter."

Mr. Meredith considered the matter at some length, and finally arrived at the conclusion that he might ask.

"He is in South America at present—Buenos Ayres," he replied.

"What?" exclaimed the Thinking Machine, so suddenly that both Hatch and Mr. Meredith started a little. "What?" he repeated, and wrinkles suddenly appeared in the dome-like brow.

"I said he was in South America—Buenos Ayres," repeated Mr. Meredith, stiffly, but a little awed. "A letter or cable to him in care of the British Consul at Buenos Ayres will reach him promptly."

The Thinking Machine's narrow eyes were screwed down to the disappearing point, the slender white fingers were twiddled jerkily, the corrugations remained in his brow.

"How long has Mr. Meredith been there?" he asked at last.

"Three months."

"Do you *know* he *is* there?"

Mr. Meredith started to say something, then swallowed it with an effort.

"I know it positively, yes," he replied. "I received this letter, dated the second, from him three days ago, and to-day I received a cable despatch forwarded to me here from Birmingham."

"Are you positive the letter is in your son's handwriting?"

Mr. Meredith almost choked in mingled bewilderment and resentment at the question and the manner of its asking.

"I am positive, yes," he replied, at last, preserving his tone of dignity with a perceptible effort. He noted the inscrutable face of his caller, and saw the corrugations in the brow suddenly swept away. "What business of yours is it, anyway?" blazed Mr. Meredith, suddenly.

"May I ask where *you* were last Thursday night?" went on the even, steady voice.

"It's no business of yours," Mr. Meredith blurted. "I was at Birmingham."

"Can you prove it in a court of law?"

"Prove it? Of course I can prove it!" Mr. Meredith was fairly bellowing at his impassive interrogator.

"If you *can* prove it," Mr. Meredith," remarked the Thinking Machine, quietly, coldly, "you had best make your arrangements to do so; because, believe me, it may be necessary to save you from a charge

"CAN YOU PROVE IT IN A COURT OF LAW?"

of having stolen the Randolph gold plate last Thursday night at the masked ball. Good day, sir."

IV.

"BUT Mr. Herbert won't see anyone, sir," protested Blair.

"Tell Mr. Herbert, please, that unless I can see him immediately his bail will be withdrawn," directed the Thinking Machine.

He stood waiting in the hall while Blair went up the stairs. Dick Herbert took the card impatiently and glanced at it.

"Van Dusen," he mused. "Who the deuce is Van Dusen?"

Blair repeated the message he had received below.

"Let him come up," instructed Dick.

Thus, within an hour after he had talked to Mr. Meredith, the Thinking Machine met Dick Herbert.

"What's this about the bail?" Dick inquired.

"I wanted to talk to you," was the scientist's calm reply. "That seemed to be the easiest way to make you believe it was important, so——"

Dick's face flushed crimson at the trick.

"Well, you see me," he broke out, angrily. "I ought to throw you down the stairs, but—what is it?"

Not having been invited to a seat, the Thinking Machine took one and settled himself comfortably.

"If you will listen to me for a moment without interruption," he began, testily, "I think the subject of my remarks will be of deep personal concern to you. I am interested in solving this Randolph plate affair, and have perhaps gone farther in my investigation than anyone else. At least I know more about it. There are some things I don't happen to know, however, that are of the greatest importance."

"I tell you——" stormed Dick.

"For instance," calmly resumed the scientist, "it is very important for me to know whether or not Harry Meredith was masked when he came into this room last Thursday night."

Dick gazed at him in surprise which approached awe. Anger had gone from his manner; instead there was a pallor of apprehension in the clean-cut face.

"Who are you, Mr. Van Dusen?" he asked, at last. His tone was mild, deferential even.

"Was he masked?" insisted the scientist.

For a long while Dick was silent. Finally he arose and paced nervously backwards and forwards across the room, glancing at the diminutive figure of the Thinking Machine each time as he turned.

"I won't say anything," he decided.

"Will you name the cause of the trouble you and Meredith had at Oxford?" asked the scientist.

Again there was a long pause.

"No," Dick said, finally.

"Had it anything to do with theft?"

"I don't know who you are or why you are prying into an affair that at least on its face does not concern you," replied Dick. "I'll say nothing at all—unless—unless you produce the one man who can and shall explain this affair. Produce him here in this room where I can get my hands on him."

The Thinking Machine squinted at the sturdy shoulders with admiration in his face.

"Did it ever happen to occur to you, Mr. Herbert, that Harry Meredith and his father are precisely of the same build?"

Some nameless, impalpable expression crept into Dick's face, despite an apparent fight to restrain it, and again he stared at the small man in the chair.

"And that you and Mr. Meredith are practically of the same build?"

Tormented by unasked questions and by those emotions which had compelled him to silence all along, Dick still paced backwards and forwards. His head was whirling. Suddenly he stopped and turned upon the Thinking Machine.

"Just what do you know of this affair?" he asked.

"I know for one thing," replied the scientist, positively, "that you were *not* the man in the motor-car."

"How do you know that?"

"I can only answer that question when you have answered mine," the scientist went on. "Was Harry Meredith masked when he entered this room last Thursday night?"

Dick sat staring down at his hands, which were working nervously. Finally he nodded. The Thinking Machine understood.

"You recognised him, then, by something he said or wore?"

Again Dick nodded, reluctantly. "Both," he added.

The Thinking Machine leaned back in his chair and sat there for a long time. At last he arose, as if the interview were ended.

"You need not be unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Herbert," he assured Dick as he picked up his hat. "I shall act with discretion in this matter. I am not representing anyone who would care to make it unpleasant for you. I may tell you that you made two serious mistakes: the first, when you saw or communicated with Mr. Randolph immediately after the plate was stolen the second time, and again when you undertook something which properly belonged to the province of the police."

Herbert still sat with his head in his hands as the Thinking Machine went out.

It was very late that night—after twelve, in fact—when Hutchinson Hatch called on the Thinking Machine, with excitement evident in tone, manner, and act. He found the scientist at work as if it were midday.

"The worst has happened," the reporter told him.

The Thinking Machine did not look round.

"Detective Mallory and two of his men saw Miss Meredith this evening about nine o'clock," Hatch hurried on, "and frightened her into a confession."

"What sort of a confession?"

"She admitted that she was in the car on the night of the ball, and that——"

"Mr. Herbert was with her?" the scientist supplied.

"Yes."

"And—what else?"

"That her own jewels, valued at four thousand pounds, were among those found in Herbert's possession when he was arrested."

The Thinking Machine turned and looked at the reporter just casually, and raised his hand to his mouth to cover a gape.

"Well, she couldn't do anything else," he said, calmly.

V.

HUTCHINSON HATCH remained with the Thinking Machine for more than an hour, and when he left his head was spinning with the multitude of instructions which had been heaped upon him.

"Meet me at noon in Detective Mallory's office at police head-quarters," the Thinking Machine had said, in conclusion. "Mr. Randolph and Miss Meredith will be there."

"Miss Meredith?" Hatch repeated. "She hasn't been arrested, you know, and I doubt if she will come."

"She will come," the scientist had replied, as if that settled it.

Next day the Supreme Intelligence was sitting in his private office. Mingled triumph and gratification beamed upon his countenance. The smile remained, but to it was

added the quality of curiosity when the door opened and the Thinking Machine, accompanied by Dollie Meredith and Steven Randolph, entered.

"Mr. Hatch called yet?" inquired the scientist.

His answer was the clattering rush of a cab and the appearance of Hatch in person a moment later. He came into the room headlong, glanced around, then paused.

"Did you get it?" inquired the Thinking Machine.

"Yes, I got it, but——" began the reporter.

"Nothing else now," commanded the other.

"I would like to ask, Mr. Mallory," the scientist said, "if it would be possible for me to convince you of Mr. Herbert's innocence of the charges against him?"

"It would not," replied the detective, promptly. "It would not while the facts are before me, supplemented by the statement of Miss Meredith here—her confession."

Dollie coloured exquisitely, and her lips trembled slightly.

"Would it be possible, Miss Meredith," the even voice went on, "to convince *you* of Mr. Herbert's innocence?"

"I—I don't think so," she faltered. "I—I *know*."

Tears that had been restrained with difficulty gushed forth suddenly, and the Thinking Machine squinted at her in pained surprise.

"Don't do that," he commanded. It's—it's exceedingly irritating." He paused a moment, then turned suddenly to Mr. Randolph. "And you?" he asked.

Mr. Randolph shrugged his shoulders for answer.

The Thinking Machine receded still farther into his chair, and stared dreamily upward, with his long, slender fingers pressed tip to tip.

"Suppose," the scientist began, "just suppose that we turn a little intelligence on this problem for a change, and see if we can't get the truth out of the blundering muddle that the police have helped to bring about. Let's use logic, inevitable logic, to show, simply enough, that instead of being guilty Mr. Herbert is absolutely innocent."

Dollie Meredith suddenly leaned forward in her chair with flushed face, eyes widely opened, and lips slightly parted. Detective

"WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE, MISS MEREDITH, TO CONVINCE YOU OF MR. HERBERT'S INNOCENCE?"

Mallory also leaned forward in his chair, but there was a different expression on his face.

"Miss Meredith, we know you were in the motor-car with the Burglar who stole the plate," the Thinking Machine went on. "You probably knew that he was wounded, and possibly either aided in dressing the wound—as any woman would—or else saw him dress it himself."

"I bound my handkerchief on it," replied the Girl.

"Where was the wound?"

"In the right shoulder," she replied.

"Back or front?" insisted the scientist.

"Back," she replied. "Very near the arm, an inch or so below the level of the shoulder."

Except for the Thinking Machine himself, Hatch was the only person in the room to whom this statement meant anything, and he restrained a shout with difficulty.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," the scientist went on, calmly, "do you happen to know Dr. Clarence Walpole?"

"I know of him, yes," replied the detective. "He is a man of considerable reputation."

"Would you believe him under oath?"

"Why, certainly, of course."

"If Dr. Walpole should dress a wound, and should later, under oath, point out its exact location, you would believe him?"

"Why, I should have to, of course."

"Very well," commented the Thinking Machine, tersely. "Now I will state an incontrovertible scientific fact for your further enlightenment. You may verify it any way you choose. This is, briefly, that the blood corpuscles in man average one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Remember that, please: one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch. The system of measurement has reached a state of perfection almost incomprehensible to the man who does not understand."

He paused for so long that Detective Mallory began to wriggle.

"Now, Mr. Mallory," continued the Thinking Machine, at last, "one of your men shot twice at the Burglar in the car, as I understand it?"

"Yes; Detective Cunningham."

"Is he here now?"

The detective pressed a button on his desk, and a uniformed man appeared. Instructions were given, and a moment later Detective Cunningham stood before them wonderingly.

"I suppose you can prove beyond any question of a doubt," resumed the scientist, still addressing Mr. Mallory, "that two shots —*and only two*—were fired?"

"I can prove it by twenty witnesses!" was the reply.

"Good, very good," exclaimed the scientist, and he turned to Cunningham.

"May I see your revolver?"

Cunningham produced the weapon and handed it over. The Thinking Machine merely glanced at it.

"This is the revolver you used?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then," remarked the scientist, quietly; "on that statement alone Mr. Herbert is proved innocent of the charge against him."

There was an astonished gasp all round. Hatch was beginning to see what the Thinking Machine meant, and curiously watched the bewitching face of Dollie Meredith.

"Proved innocent!" snorted Detective Mallory. "Why, you've convicted him out of hand, so far as I can see."

"Corpuscles in human blood average, as I said, one-thirty-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter," resumed the scientist. "They vary slightly each way, of course. Now, the corpuscles of the Burglar in the car measured just one-three-thousand-one-hundred-and-forty-seventh of an inch. Mr. Herbert's corpuscles, tested the same way with the same instruments, measure precisely one-three-thousand-five-hundred-and-sixtieth." He stopped as if that were conclusive.

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "By George!"

"That's all tommy-rot," Detective Mallory burst out. "That's nothing to a jury or to any other man with common sense."

"That difference in measurement proves beyond question that Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the car," went on the Thinking Machine, as if there had been no interruption. "Now, Mr. Cunningham, may I ask if the Burglar's back was toward you when you fired?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He was going away from me."

"Well, that statement agrees with the statement of Miss Meredith to show that the Burglar was wounded in the back. Dr. Walpole dressed Mr. Herbert's wound between two and three o'clock on the Friday morning following the masked ball. Mr. Herbert had been shot, but the wound was in the *front* of his right shoulder."

Delighted amazement radiated from Dollie Meredith's face, and she clapped her hands involuntarily, as she would have applauded a stage incident. Detective Mallory started

to say something, then thought better of it, and glared at Cunningham instead.

"Now, Mr. Cunningham says that he shot the Burglar with this revolver," and the Thinking Machine waved the weapon under Detective Mallory's nose. "Its calibre is thirty-eight. Mr. Herbert was shot with a *thirty-two* calibre. Here is the bullet," and he tossed it on the desk.

VI.

STRANGE emotions, all tangled up with turbulent impressions, scrambled through Dollie Meredith's pretty head in great disorder. She did not know whether to laugh or cry. Finally she compromised by blushing radiantly at the memory of certain lingering kisses she had bestowed upon—upon—Dick Herbert? No, it wasn't Dick Herbert. Oh, dear!

Detective Mallory pounced upon the bullet as a hound upon a hare, and turned and twisted it in his hands. Cunningham leaned over his shoulder, then drew a cartridge from the revolver and compared it, as to size, with the bullet. Hatch and Mr. Randolph, looking on, saw him shake his head. The ball was too small for the revolver.

The Supreme Intelligence turned suddenly, fiercely upon Dollie, and thrust an accusing finger into her startled face.

"Mr. Herbert confessed to you that he was with you in the car, didn't he?"

"Y-yes," she faltered.

"You *know* he was with you?"

"I thought I knew it."

"You wouldn't have gone with any other man?"

"Certainly not!" and a blaze of indignation suffused her cheeks.

"Your casket of jewels was found among the stolen goods in his possession?"

"Yes, but——"

With a wave of his hand the Supreme Intelligence stopped explanations and turned to glare at the Thinking Machine. That imperturbable gentleman did not alter his position in the slightest, nor did he change the steady upward squint of his eyes.

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Mallory," he said, after a moment, "I will explain how and under what circumstances the stolen plate and jewels came into Mr. Herbert's possession."

"Go on," urged Mr. Randolph and Hatch in a breath.

"When the simplest rules of logic establish a fact it becomes incontrovertible," resumed the scientist. "I have shown that Mr. Herbert was *not* the man in the car—the Burglar. Now, what *did* happen to Mr. Herbert? Twice since his arrest he has stated that it would be useless for him to explain, because no one would believe it; and no one *would* have believed it unsupported—least of all you, Mr. Mallory.

"It's an admitted fact that Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had planned to elope from Seven Oaks on the night of the ball. I dare say that Mr. Herbert did not deem it wise for Miss Meredith to know his costume, while he must of necessity have known hers. Therefore, the plan was for him to recognise her, but as it developed she recognised him—or thought she did—and that was the real cause of this remarkable muddle." He glanced at Dollie. "Is that correct?"

Dollie nodded blushingly.

"Now, Mr. Herbert did *not* go to the ball—*why* not, I will explain later; therefore Miss Meredith recognised the real Burglar as Mr. Herbert; and we know how they ran away together after the Burglar had stolen the plate and various articles of jewellery. We must credit the Burglar with remarkable intelligence; therefore, when a young and attractive woman—I may say a beautiful woman—spoke to him as someone else, he immediately saw an advantage in it. There is always, too, the possibility that he knew he was mistaken for Mr. Herbert."

Dollie was beginning to see, too.

"We know the method of escape, the pursuit, and all that, therefore we jump to the return of the gold plate. Logic makes it instantly apparent that that was the work of Miss Meredith here. Not having the plate, Mr. Herbert did not send it back, of course; and the Burglar *would* not have sent it back. Realizing too late that the man she was with was really a thief—and still believing him, perhaps, to be Mr. Herbert—she must have taken the plate and escaped under cover of darkness?"

The tone carried a question, and the Thinking Machine turned squintingly upon Dollie.

Again she nodded. She was enthralled, fascinated by the recital.

"It was a simple matter for her to return the gold plate, taking advantage of an unoccupied house and the willingness of a stranger to telephone for a carrier's cart. Thus we have the plate again at Seven Oaks, and we have it there by the only method it could have been returned there when we account for and consider every known fact."

The Thinking Machine paused and sat

silently staring upward. His listeners waited impatiently.

"Now, *why* did Mr. Herbert confess to Miss Meredith that he stole the plate?" asked the scientist, as if of himself. "Perhaps she forced him to it. Mr. Herbert is a young man of strong loyalty and a grim sense of humour, this latter being something the police are not acquainted with. However, Mr. Herbert did confess to Miss Meredith that he was the Burglar, but he made this confession obviously because she would believe nothing else, and when a seeming necessity of protecting the real Burglar was still uppermost in his mind. What he wanted was the Girl. If the facts never came out he was all right; if they did come out they would implicate one whom he was protecting, but through no fault of his; therefore he was still all right."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Supreme Intelligence. "My experience has shown that a man doesn't confess to a theft unless——"

"So we may safely assume," the Thinking Machine continued, almost pleasantly, "that Mr. Herbert, by confessing the theft as a prank, perhaps, won back Miss Meredith's confidence; that they planned an elopement for the second time. A conversation Mr. Hatch had with Mr. Herbert immediately after Mr. Herbert saw Miss Meredith practically confirms it. Then, with matters in this shape, the *real* Burglar, to whom I have accredited unusual powers, stole the plate the second time—we know how."

"Herbert stole it, you mean!" blazed Detective Mallory.

"This theft came immediately on top of the reconciliation of Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert," the Thinking Machine went on steadily, without heeding the remark by the slightest sign; "therefore it was only natural that he should be the person most vitally interested in seeing that the plate was again returned. He undertook to do this himself. The result was that where the police had failed he found the plate and a lot of jewels, took them from the Burglar, and was about to return Mr. Randolph's property when the detectives walked in on him. That is why he laughed."

Detective Mallory arose from his seat and started to say something impolite.

"Who, then," he demanded, after a couple of gulps, "who do you say is the thief if Herbert is not?"

The Thinking Machine glanced up into his face, then turned to Hatch.

"Mr. Hatch, what is that name I asked you to get?"

"George Francis Hayden," was the stammering reply; "but—but——"

"Then George Francis Hayden is the thief," declared the Thinking Machine, emphatically.

"But I—I started to say," Hatch blurted out, "I started to say that George Francis Hayden has been dead for two years."

The Thinking Machine arose suddenly and glared at the reporter. There was a tense silence, broken at last by a chuckle from Detective Mallory.

"Dead?" repeated the scientist, incredulously. "Do you *know* that?"

"Yes; I—I know it."

The Thinking Machine stood for another moment squinting at him, then, turning, left the room.

VII.

HALF an hour later the Thinking Machine walked in, unannounced, upon Dick Herbert.

"Mr. Herbert," the scientist began, "I have gone out of my way to prove to the police that you were not in the car with Miss Meredith, and that you did not steal the gold plate found in your possession. Now, I happen to know the name of the thief, and——"

"And if you mention it to one living soul," Dick added, suddenly, hotly, "I shall forget myself, and—and——"

"His name is George Francis Hayden," the scientist continued.

Dick started a little and straightened up; the menace dropped from him, and he paused to gaze curiously into the wizened face before him.

After a moment he drew a sigh of deep relief.

"I know that that isn't the man you thought it was," resumed the other, "but the fact remains that Hayden is the man with whom Miss Meredith unwittingly eloped, and that Hayden is the man who actually stole the plate and jewels. Further, the fact remains that Hayden——"

"Is dead," Dick supplemented, grimly. "You are talking without any knowledge of what you are saying."

"He can't be dead," remarked the scientist, calmly.

"But he *is* dead," Dick insisted.

"He can't be dead," snapped the other, abruptly. "It's perfectly stupid to suppose such a thing. Why, I have proved absolutely by the simplest rules of logic that he

"THE THINKING MACHINE AROSE SUDDENLY AND GLARED AT THE REPORTER."

stole the gold plate; therefore he cannot be dead. It's foolish to say so."

Dick was not quite certain whether to be angry or amused.

"How long has he been dead?" continued the scientist.

"About two years."

"You *know* it?"

"Yes, I know it."

"*How* do you know it?"

"Because I attended his funeral," was the prompt reply.

Dick saw a shadow of impatience flash into his visitor's face and instantly pass.

"How did he die?" queried the scientist.

"He was lost from his cat-boat," Dick answered. "He had gone out sailing alone, while in a bathing-suit. Several hours after the boat drifted in on the tide without him. It was two or three weeks before the body was recovered."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Thinking Machine.

Then for half an hour or so he talked, and as he went on incisively, pointedly, dramatically even at times, Dick Herbert's eyes opened wider and wider. At the end he rose and gripped the scientist's slender white fingers heartily in his own with something approaching awe in his manner. Finally he put on his hat, and they went out together.

That evening, at eight o'clock, Detective Mallory, Hutchinson Hatch, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Greyton, and Dollie Meredith gathered in a parlour of the Greytons' house by request of the Thinking Machine.

Finally there came a tinkle at the bell, and the Thinking Machine entered. Behind him

came Dick Herbert, Dr. Clarence Walpole, and a stranger. Mr. Meredith glanced up quickly at Herbert, and Dollie lifted her chin haughtily, with a stony stare which admitted of no compromise. Dick pleaded recognition with his eyes, but it was no use, so he sat down where he could watch her unobserved.

The Thinking Machine sat down, stretched out his slender legs, turned his eyes upward, and adjusted his fingers precisely, tip to tip.

"We shall have to go back a few years to get the real beginning of the events which have culminated so strangely within the past week," he said. "This was a close friendship of three young men in college. They were Mr. Herbert here, Harry Meredith, and George Francis Hayden. This friendship, not an unusual one in college, was made somewhat romantic by the young men calling themselves the Triangle. They occupied the same apartments, and were exclusive to a degree. Of necessity Mr. Herbert was drawn from that exclusiveness to a certain extent by his participation in football."

A germ of memory was working in Hatch's mind.

"At someone's suggestion three triangular watch-charms were made, identical in every way save for initials on the back. They bore a symbol which was meaningless, except to the Triangle. They were made to order, and are therefore the only three of the kind in the world. Mr. Herbert has one now on his watch-chain, with his own initials; there is another with the initials 'G. F. H.' in the lot of jewellery Mr. Mallory recovered from Mr. Herbert. The third is worn by Harry Meredith, who is now in Buenos Ayres. The British Consul there has confirmed by cable that fact.

"In their last year the three young men of the Triangle were concerned in the mysterious disappearance of a valuable diamond ring. It was hushed up in college after it seemed established that Mr. Herbert here was a thief. Knowing his own innocence, and seeing what seemed to be an exclusive opportunity for Harry Meredith to have done what was charged, Mr. Herbert laid the matter to him, having at that time an interview with Mr. Meredith here. The result of that interview was more than ever to convince Mr. Meredith of Mr. Herbert's guilt. As a matter of fact, the thief in that case was George Francis Hayden."

There were little murmurs of astonishment, and Mr. Meredith turned and stared at Dick Herbert. Dollie gave him a little glance out of a corner of her eye and smiled.

"This ended the Triangle," resumed the scientist. "A year or so later Mr. Herbert met Miss Meredith. About two years ago George Francis Hayden was reported drowned from his boat. This was confirmed apparently by the finding of his body, and an insurance company paid over a large sum, I think five thousand pounds, to a woman who claimed to be his wife. But George Francis Hayden was not drowned; he is alive now. It was a carefully-planned fraud against the insurance company, and it succeeded.

"This, then, was the situation on last Thursday, the night of the masked ball at Seven Oaks, except that there had grown up a love affair between Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert. Naturally the father opposed this because of the incident at college. Both Miss Meredith and Mr. Herbert had invitations to that ball. It was an opportunity for an elopement, and they accepted it. Mr. Herbert sent word to her what costume to wear; she did not know the nature of his.

"On Thursday afternoon Miss Meredith sent her jewel casket, with practically all her jewels, to Mr. Herbert.

"At this point Fate, in the guise of a masked Burglar, saw fit to step into the affair," the scientist went on, after a moment. "About nine-thirty on Thursday evening, while Mr. Herbert was alone, the masked Burglar, George Francis Hayden, entered Mr. Herbert's house, possibly thinking everyone was away. There, still masked, he met Mr. Herbert, who recognised him by something he said and by the triangular charm he wore, as *Harry Meredith.* Remember, he thought he knew George Francis Hayden was dead.

"There were some words and a personal encounter between the two men. George Francis Hayden fired a shot which struck Mr. Herbert in the right shoulder—in front—took the jewel casket, in which Mr. Herbert had placed his card of invitation to the ball, and went away, leaving Mr. Herbert senseless on the floor."

Dollie's face blanched suddenly, and she gasped. When she glanced involuntarily at Dick she read the love-light in his eyes, and her colour returned with a rush.

"Several hours later, when Mr. Herbert recovered consciousness," the unruffled voice continued, "he went to Dr. Walpole, the nearest physician, and there the bullet was extracted and the wound dressed. The ball was thirty-two calibre?"

Dr. Walpole nodded.

"And Mr. Cunningham's revolver carried

a thirty-eight," added the scientist. "Now we go back to the Burglar. He found the invitation in the casket, and the bold scheme which later he carried out so perfectly came to him as an inspiration. He went to the ball just as he was. Nerve, self-possession, and humour took him through.

"Naturally, under all the circumstances, Mr. Herbert, believing that Harry Meredith was the thief, would say nothing to bring disgrace upon the name of the girl he loved. Instead he saw Miss Meredith, who would not accept his denial then, and in order to get her first—explanations might come later—he confessed to the theft, whereupon they planned the second elopement.

"When Miss Meredith returned the plate there was no anticipation of a second theft. Here is where we get a better understanding of the mettle of the real Burglar—George Francis Hayden. He went back and got the plate from Seven Oaks. Instantly that upset the second elopement plan. Then Mr. Herbert undertook the search, got a clue, followed it, and recovered not only the plate, but a great lot of jewels."

There was a pause. A sky-rocket ascended in Hatch's mind and burst, illuminating the whole tangled story. Detective Mallory sat dumbly, thinking profane words. Mr. Meredith arose, went over to Dick Herbert, and solemnly shook his hand, after which he sat down again. Dollie smiled charmingly.

VIII.

"Now that is what actually happened," said the Thinking Machine after a little while. "First in this case I had Mr. Hatch's detailed examination of each circumstance. By an inspiration he connected Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith with the affair, and talked to both before the police had any knowledge at all of them. In other words, he reached at a bound what they took days to accomplish. After the second theft he came to me and related the story."

The reporter blushed modestly.

"Mr. Hatch's belief that the things that had happened to Mr. Herbert and Miss Meredith bore on the theft," resumed the scientist, "was susceptible of confirmation or refutation in only one way, this being so because of Mr. Herbert's silence — due to his loyalty. I saw that. But before I went farther I saw clearly what had actually happened *if* I presupposed that there *had* been some connection. Thus came to me, I may say here, the almost certain knowledge that Miss Meredith had a brother, although I had never heard of him or her."

"Suppose you give us just your line of reasoning," ventured Hatch.

"MR. MEREDITH AROSE, WENT OVER TO DICK HERBERT, AND SOLEMNLY SHOOK HIS HAND."

"Well, I began with the bloodstains in the motor-car, to either bring Mr. Herbert into this affair or shut him out," replied the scientist. "You know how I made the blood tests. They showed conclusively that the blood on the cushion was not Mr. Herbert's. Remember, please, that while I knew Miss Meredith had been in the car, I also knew she was not wounded.

"Now, I knew Mr. Herbert had been wounded—he wouldn't say how. If at home, would he not go to the nearest physician? Probably. I got Dr. Walpole's name from the telephone book—he being nearest the Herbert home—and sent Mr. Hatch there, where he learned of the wound in front and of the thirty-two calibre ball. I already knew the police revolvers were thirty eight calibre; therefore Mr. Herbert was not wounded while in the car.

"That removed Mr. Herbert as a possibility in the first theft, despite the fact that his invitation card was presented at the door. It was reasonable to suppose that invitation had been stolen. Immediately after the plate was returned Mr. Herbert effected a reconciliation with Miss Meredith. Because of this and for other reasons I could not bring myself to see that he was a party to the second theft, as I knew him to be innocent of the first. Yet, what happened to him? Why wouldn't he say something?

"In this instance I could only imagine why Mr. Herbert was silent. Remember, he was shot, and wouldn't say who did it. Why? If it had been an ordinary thief—and I got the idea of a thief from the invitation card being in other hands than his—he would not have hesitated to talk. Therefore it was an *extraordinary* thief, in that it connected with something near and dear to him. No one was nearer and dearer to him than Miss Meredith. Did she shoot him? No. Did her father shoot him? Probably not, but possibly. A brother? That began to look more reasonable.

"For the moment I assumed a brother, not knowing. How did Mr. Herbert know this brother? Was it in his college days? Mr. Hatch brought me a list of the students of three years before his graduating year, and there I found the name Harry Meredith. You see, step by step pure logic was leading me to something tangible, definite. My next act was to see Mr. Meredith and ask for the address of his son—the only son—whom at that time I frankly believed was the real thief. But this son was in South America. That startled me a little, and brought me up against the father as a possible thief. He was in Birmingham on that night.

"Then the question: Was the man who stole from Mr. Herbert, probably entering his place and shooting him, masked? Mr. Herbert said he was. I framed the question so as to bring Harry Meredith's name into it, much to Mr. Herbert's alarm. How had he recognised him as Harry Meredith? By something he said or wore? Mr. Herbert replied in the affirmative—both. Therefore, I had a masked Burglar who could *not* have been either Harry Meredith or Mr. Meredith here. Who was he?

"I decided to let Mr. Hatch look into that point for me, and went to see Dr. Walpole. He gave me the bullet he had extracted from Mr. Herbert's shoulder. Mr. Hatch shortly after rushed in on me with the statement that Miss Meredith had admitted that Mr. Herbert had confessed to her. I could see instantly *why* he had confessed to her. Then Mr. Hatch undertook for me the investigation of Herbert's and Harry Meredith's career in college. He remembered part of it, and unearthed the affair of the Triangle and the theft of a diamond ring.

"I had asked Mr. Hatch to find for me if Harry Meredith and Mr. Herbert had had a mutual intimate in college. They had: George Francis Hayden, the third member of the Triangle. Then the question seemed solved, but Mr. Hatch upset everything when he said Mr. Hayden was dead. I went immediately to see Mr. Herbert. From him I learned that, while Mr. Hayden was *supposed* to be dead and buried, there was no positive proof of it; the body recovered had been in the water three weeks, and was consequently almost unrecognisable. Therefore the theft came inevitably to Mr. Hayden. Why? Because the Burglar had been recognised by something he said and wore. It would have been difficult for Mr. Herbert to recognise a masked man so positively unless the masked man *wore* something he absolutely *knew* or *said* something he absolutely *knew*. Mr. Herbert *thought* with reason that the masked man was Harry Meredith, but with Harry Meredith in South America the thief was incontrovertibly George Francis Hayden.

"After a short interview as to Hayden, during which Mr. Herbert told me more of the Triangle and the three watch-charms, he and I went out investigating. He took me to the room where he had found the plate and jewels—a place in a boarding-house which this gentleman manages." The scientist turned to the stranger, who had been a silent

listener. "He identified an old photograph of George Francis Hayden as an occupant of an apartment.

"Mr. Herbert and I searched the place. My growing idea, based on the established knavery of George Francis Hayden, that he was the real thief in the college incident, was proved when I found this ring there—the ring that was stolen at that time—with the initials of the owner in it."

The Thinking Machine produced the ring and offered it to Detective Mallory, who had allowed the earth to slip away from him slowly but surely.

"Mr. Herbert and I learned of the insurance fraud in another manner—that is, when we knew that George Francis Hayden was not dead we knew there had been a fraud. Mr. Hayden has been known lately as Chester Goodrich. He has been missing since Mr. Herbert, in his absence, recovered the plate and the jewels in his apartments."

The Thinking Machine glanced at Mr. Mallory.

"Your man—Downey, I think it was—did excellent work," he said, "in tracing Miss Meredith from the time she left the car until she returned home, and later leading you to Mr. Herbert. It was not strange that you should have been convinced of his guilt when we consider the goods found in his possession and also the wound in his shoulder."

That was all. For a long time there was silence. Dollie Meredith's pretty face was radiant, and her eyes were fastened on her father. Mr. Meredith glanced at her, cleared his throat, then arose and offered his hand to Dick Herbert.

"I have done you an injustice, sir," he said, gravely. "Permit me to apologize. I think perhaps my daughter——"

That was superfluous. Dollie was already beside Dick, and a rousing, smacking, resounding kiss echoed her father's words Dick liked it and was ready for more, but Dollie impetuously flung her arms around the neck of the Thinking Machine.

"You dear old thing!" she gurgled. "You're just too sweet for anything."

"Dear me! dear me!" fussed the Thinking Machine. "Don't do that. It annoys me exceedingly."

Some three months later, when the search for George Francis Hayden had become only lukewarm, this being three days before Miss Meredith's wedding to Dick Herbert, she received a small box containing a solitaire ring and a note. It was brief:—

In memory of one night in the woods and of what happened there, permit me to give this. You can't return it—and it is one of the few things honest money from me ever paid for.

BILL THE BURGLAR.

'LET'S PRETEND,' SHE SAID, GENTLY."

While Dollie examined the ring with mingled emotions Dick stared at the postmark on the package.

"It's a rattling good clue!" he said, enthusiastically.

Dollie turned to him, recognising a menace in the words, and took the paper which bore the postmark from his hands.

"Let's pretend," she said, gently; "let's pretend we don't know where it came from."

Dick stared a little, and kissed her.

The Discovery of Pharaoh's Mummy.

By DAVID M. BEDDOE.

Illustrated from Photographs by Professor Elliot Smith.

OF the many kings who ruled in ancient Egypt, not one has seized more on the popular imagination than he with whom Moses fought his long duel for the liberation of his countrymen.

Up to comparatively recent years even his identity was wrapped in obscurity, but latterly several facts have come to light which make it practically a certainty that he was Menephtah, son of the great Rameses.

And now his mummy has been discovered and unfolded, and the eyes of readers of these pages can rest on the very features on which the eyes of Moses looked three thousand years and more ago.

The mummy was found in 1898 by M. Loret, in the tomb of Amenhotep II., at Bab el Muleuk, Thebes, and was brought to the Museum in Cairo in 1900, but it was not until last July that it was unwrapped.

PHARAOH.
A Photograph of the recently-discovered Mummy.

Professor Elliot Smith, F.R.S., writes: "Even without the evidence of the writing on the shroud, many details of the process of mummification would have enabled us to put this mummy into the same group as those of Rameses II. and Siptah and Seti II., and the physical characteristics of the mummy itself are such as to suggest a near affinity to Rameses II. and Seti I. On these grounds there can be little doubt as to the correctness of the identification of this mummy as Menephtah."

On July 8th, 1907, Professor Elliot Smith proceeded to unwrap the mummy in the presence of M. Maspero and a few others. On the table lay an oblong figure in brown linen; no finer than many others, no pomp, no splendour about it to distinguish it from many another and humbler being, nothing save the brief writing in faded ink over the chest to tell that therein lay all that was left of Menephtah, King of Upper and Lower Egypt. Slowly and carefully the linen bandages were unwound — long, interminable wrappings. Then, as the chest came to view, someone exclaimed, "See! he has been plundered," and there, folded across the breast, were to be seen the long, lean arms and the half-clenched fists, now emptied of those golden sceptres of Royalty which ever accompanied the Kings of Egypt to the tomb; yet, though some two thousand years had elapsed since the plunderers had despoiled him of them, the long, lean fingers

were gripped together as if they still clutched those emblems of power that he knew so well how to wield.

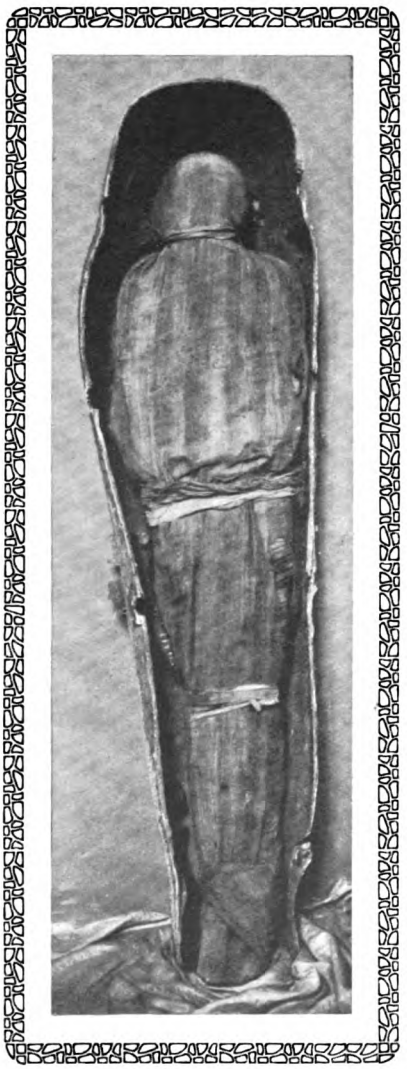
One could see that the pillage had been a hurried one, for the thieves, in their haste to rifle, had gashed into the forearms with the sharp instruments they had employed to cut through the under wrappings; they had done their work thoroughly, however, for not a jewel, not a scarab was left—they had picked him clean.

As the deft hands continued their task one watched with an all-pervading curiosity for the countenance of Pharaoh to be laid bare. What manner of man was he? What was he like?

Little by little the head and face came to view, and soon they lay before us in all their nakedness upturned to the ceiling.

There are many faces which accord but ill with the character of the men as we know them; not so Pharaoh. No plebeian face his: the clean-shaven head in its long sweep, the high-arched nose, almost hawk-like in its lines, the long, lean jaw and thin-cut mouth, they were all there; the eyes alone, which might in some passing gleam of kindliness have tempered that iron jaw and that stubborn mouth, were absent. Pharaoh, as he is depicted in Exodus, lay on the table in the Cairo Museum; the three thousand years had not softened him.

One touch of human frailty he presented, for while the stubble lay rough to the fingers on his lips, the top of his head was smooth. Pharaoh was bald. To reconstruct his appearance during life would not be difficult from a consideration of his present condition and the results of anatomical examination.



Pharaoh's Mummy in Its Case.

He was a clean-shaven, corpulent old man of somewhat below the average height, dark-complexioned and bald, save for a tonsure-like fringe of white hair; toothless, except for one somewhat prominent front tooth in the upper jaw, which but inadequately could have kept his somewhat hooked nose from contact with his chin.

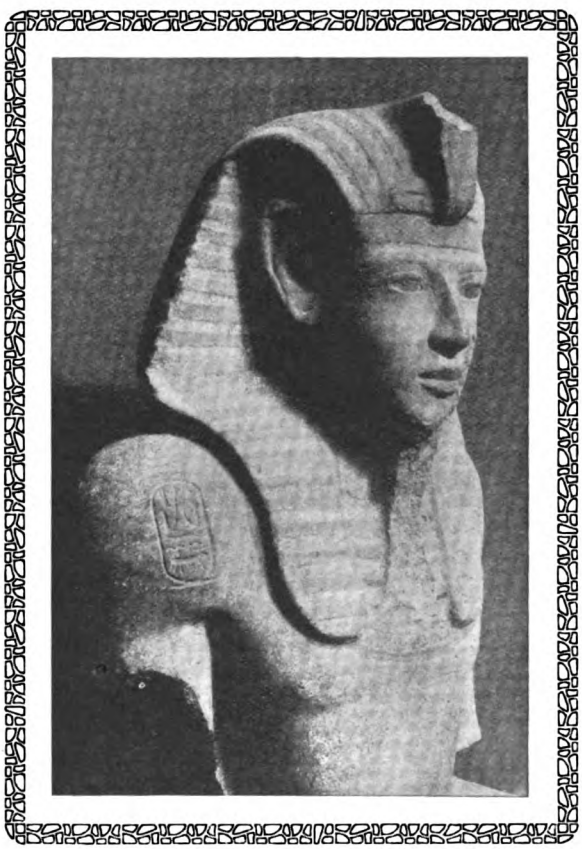
The actual cause of his death is now impossible to determine, but it is certain that his declining days were not spent in comfort; the skin still hangs somewhat loosely on his body, as though he had suffered from some wasting disease. His arteries are much degenerated, and his absence of teeth, apart from the pain of decay, must have prevented him from at least enjoying the pleasures of the table.

Cicero might very well have pointed out the beauties of old age, but it would probably have taken more even than the great Roman's eloquence to have convinced Menephtah of its charms.

Such is the appearance of the great Tyrant, he who has been held up for countless generations to the obloquy of mankind as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. What a drama the very words conjure up! We see the beginnings in the jealousy of some Hebrew brothers who, under the father of this Pharaoh, sell another brother—Joseph—into slavery. We follow the varying fortunes of the latter on the banks of the Nile, his amazing rise to power, his bringing of his kindred to share in his good fortune, their prosperity and increase, followed after his death by their gradual fall into slavery when the Egyptians "made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field." We see the quick mother-wit employed by one of

these Israelitish women to save her child—Moses—from the pitiless order to slay, his discovery by the daughter of the King, his upbringing in the palace of Pharaoh himself, his killing of an Egyptian whom he found maltreating one of his blood, his hurried flight from the country, and his return forty years later to wrest them, if possible, from the grip of a tyrant standing out against the aspirations of a people longing for freedom.

We watch the long fight between the patriot and the tyrant, the struggle of the Sovereign, torn between superstitious fear and kingly pride, his promises and recantations, his final acquiescence, closely followed again by repentance, the hurried mobilization of his army, his dash after his retreating bondsmen, and the final catastrophe in the waters of the Red Sea. It forms a story that even the romance-laden land of Egypt cannot surpass.



A Portrait-Statue of Pharaoh at Thebes.

The life-history of Moses, the great patriot, is known to us most fully from the Old Testament; but of that of his great opponent, of Pharaoh himself, we learn little. His name, his age, his personal characteristics, are scarcely touched upon. Yet, if there is one of the great rulers of olden time that one longs to know more of than another, it is this King, whose order to make bricks without straw yet stands out as the acme of tyranny and senseless oppression.

It is a most singular thing, considering how important the Israelitish bondage in Egypt appears to have been, how little record there is of the Israelites in Egyptian chronicles. There is known at present but one record, and that of the briefest: it is on a stele described by Petrie in 1896 and found on the site of the Amenophium at Thebes, whereon Menephtah (Pharaoh), in his pæan of victory, says that "The Israilu are destroyed and have no longer seed."

Such alone is the contemporary reference to a series of incidents which for nearly four thousand years have moved the hearts of mankind. This Egyptian captivity of an alien race would long since have been forgotten had it not been that from that race sprang the founder of Christianity.

Pharaoh was the thirteenth of the hundred and eleven sons born to the great Rameses; his mother was Isonofrit, sister of Rameses and daughter of Seti I. It was probably a sister of Menephtah who found Moses in the bulrushes. Her identity has, unfortunately, not been preserved. One would have been glad to have known something more of her, if only for that sweet compassion which alone in the tragic description in the Exodus illumines with its womanliness the stern picture of the Egyptian character.

Of Pharaoh's youth little is known. He was already a man of at least sixty years of age when he succeeded his father, and save for a small expedition into Syria the first few years of his reign passed tranquilly enough. He was not of an age to long for conquest, and his ambitions, if he had ever had any, had probably long since passed with his youth. That he did not carry out any very ambitious work, but was content with erecting the

few monuments which remain as a record of his reign, was probably due to the fact that he realized that from his age he would never be able to complete such work, and that he would be but acting for the glorification of his successor.

Of Pharaoh's character we know little save what we can glean from side issues. That he was superstitious is very probable, but it was a failing that he shared with those of his time. Concerning the obstinacy that he displayed even in the face of the many wonders performed by Moses, it is very possible that therein lies a simple explanation. What position Moses exactly occupied at the Court of Pharaoh — whether it was a somewhat menial one, or as the pampered favourite of the Princess with all the attendant privileges—we do not know; but it would be almost certain that he would have been well known to Pharaoh. Familiarity and reverence are naturally antagonistic, and we can imagine that, superstitious as Menephtah probably was, his incredulity was not unlikely due to the fact that he had known Moses of old. That the youth who had probably played with him on the banks of the Nile should return from goodness knows where, as the confidant of a God whom he had never heard of, and demand the liberation of 600,000 slaves, was a trifle too much even for Pharaoh, who needed more than one trick of legerdemain, as he considered it, to convince him.

The Mummy of Pharaoh's Father, Rameses II. —the Pharaoh of Joseph.

Of the cause of Pharaoh's death we have no record. That he met with the end commonly ascribed to him is almost certainly unfounded. There is no record of his having been drowned in the Red Sea, neither is there any account of any Pharaoh having met his death by such means; and the fact that his mummy has now been found practically puts such a theory out of court.

Though it has long been accepted that the Pharaoh of the Exodus met his fate thus, the examination of Holy Writ does not expressly state it. In Exodus xiv., 28, it says: "And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them."

In Exodus xv., 4, it relates how "Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea."

There is not a word of Pharaoh himself. Had he too fallen a victim it is not likely that the Israelites would have forgotten to chronicle the fact.

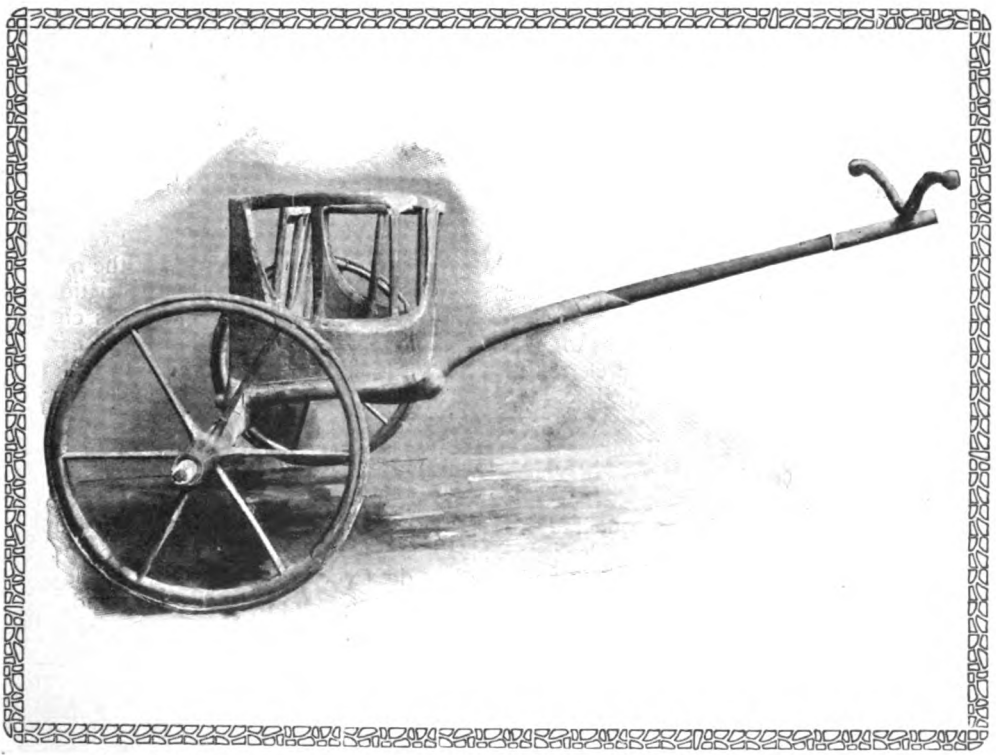
The Koran is, however, much more explicit. In the tenth chapter, that entitled "Jonas," it says: "And we caused the children of Israel to pass through the Red Sea, and Pharaoh and his army followed them in a violent and hostile manner until, when he was drowning, he said: 'I believe that there is no God but He on whom the children of Israel believe.'" There is also a

Moslem tradition to the effect that, some of the children of Israel doubting whether Pharaoh was really drowned, Gabriel, by God's command, caused his body, still enclosed in his golden armour, to rise to the surface of the water so that all might see it. But unless one grants the supposition that his body was reclaimed and afterwards embalmed, the finding of the mummy disposes of the notion that Pharaoh was drowned.

Three thousand years have elapsed since the embalmer worked with his cunning hands upon him. Memphis gone, Thebes and its glory have passed away, the tides of many conquests have swept over Egypt, but Pharaoh still remains waiting till the everlasting God shall call him, waiting until Thoth shall have weighed his heart against a feather in the scales and he shall again be one with Osiris; and preserved by that wonderful art of the craftsman he still waits, though the gods for whom he fought have perished.

Osiris, Horus, Ammon Ra, old familiar names in Egypt when those lips had fashioned themselves to words, have long since ceased to concern mankind, and the peasant in the sun-swept fields at eventide prostrates himself before another deity, who if he is anyone is the God of Isaac, of Jacob, and of Moses.

Time brings many strange transformations, and not the least is that by which Menephtah has become less than a memory to his race, and Moses a prophet.



A Battle-Chariot such as was used by Pharaoh's Host when they were lost in the Red Sea.

Babies in Poetry.

Illustrated with Photographs by Gunn & Nowell, Richmond, Surrey.

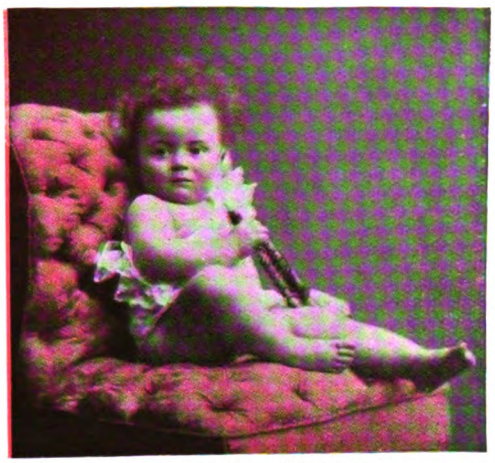
THERE was never a time, perhaps, in the history of the world when children were so much the fashion as they are now. Everyone loves, or professes to love, children, but generally with certain reservations expressed or implied. For our part, we are inclined to deny the title of true child-lover to those who make distinctions of ages—those who, for instance, profess not to be able to understand, and to be rather frightened at, a real baby, while yet eagerly declaring their appreciation of the entertaining little toddlers who can talk. No; we would even go so far as to say that if your true child-lover has a preference for any age, it is for that perfectly helpless one of infancy.

The notion that infants are all alike—that their undeveloped countenances are devoid of expression save the primary ones of grief or a stolid contentment—is one which dies hard, though the knowledge of how false it is is by no means confined to the mothers and nurses, who may be regarded as undisputed experts. The true child-lover knows well how various are the expressions which the dawning intelligence, even of a very young infant—the first faint associations of ideas, the first tiny manifestations of love and gratitude—can bring out upon its features. It must be admitted that the poets in all ages have shown greater appreciation of the more "grown-up" babies—the little creatures whose fascination and charm are obvious to every observer; whereas properly to appreciate a baby it is unquestionably necessary to know it very well—to be much with it at all hours of the day and night—for the real infant is apt to be suspicious of strangers, and often treats them to nothing but tears.

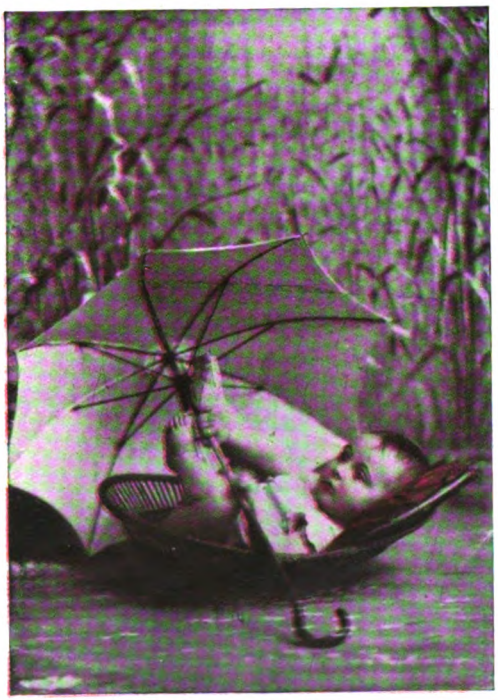
There can be no doubt—let it be said in all reverence—that Christianity almost from the very beginning profoundly affected the attitude of mankind towards infancy in general. The little baby, the Christ-child in the manger at Bethlehem, whom the greatest artists in every age loved to paint, and who has been the object of the worship of countless millions, gave to the infancy that was made after His image a new glory, a new dignity which before were lacking. Even in the Old Testament, which is so full of the noblest poetry, we do not find that appreciation of babyhood for its own sake which is characteristic of more modern times. The earliest years of the children were spent with the women, and a father did not usually begin to take an interest in his son until he was quite a lad and could be trained to all manly pursuits. In fact, not only the baby, but also the somewhat older child, seems to be regarded not for what he is but for what he will become; and this idea is especially observable in that ardent desire of all Jewish women under the old dispensation to have a "man child," one who would repeat in the next generation the virtues and the prowess of his sire.

The poetry of ancient Greece is certainly full of many beautiful references to the charms of childhood, but there can be no doubt that these are in many cases inspired by natural pity for those wholesale sacrifices of mothers and babes which characterized the barbarous warfare of ancient times. There is, however, one scene in Homer—the famous farewell of Hector to Andromache—which seems, in part at least, to anticipate the modern appreciation of infancy. The mother and child bid farewell to the hero as he leaves for the battle, and the little one, frightened by the clashing noise made by his

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow.
—CAMPION.



Limbs so fair, they might supply
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
—CHARLES LAMB.

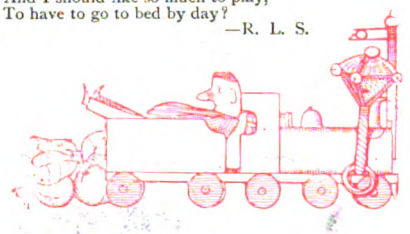


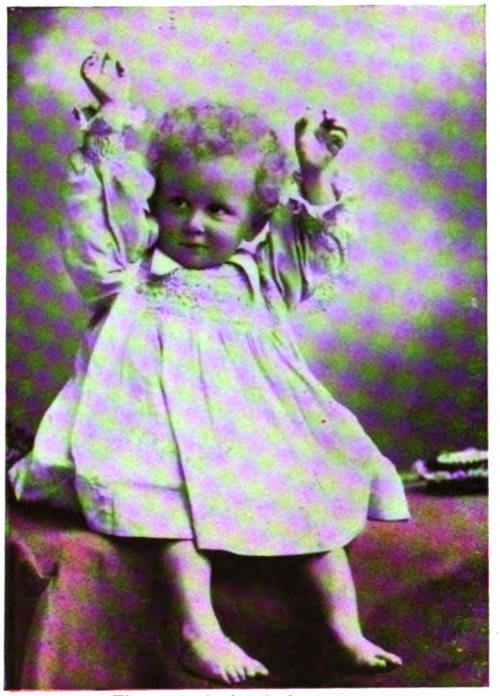
Let the sky rain potatoes.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.
—WORDSWORTH.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

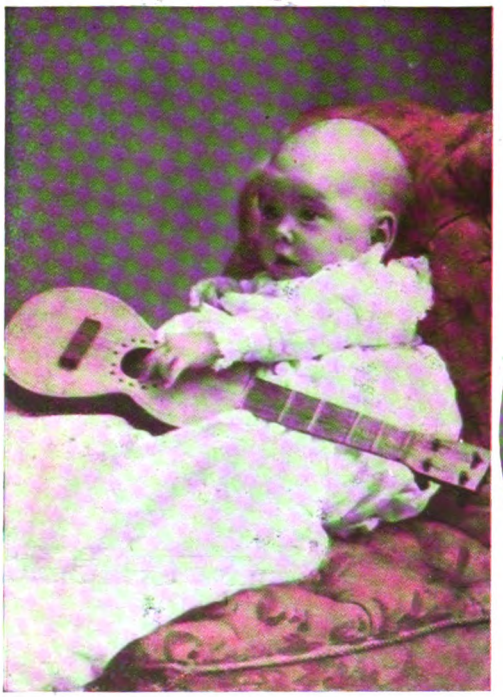
—R. L. S.





Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

—MARY LAMB.



Iron may hold with her, but never lutes!

—SHAKESPEARE.

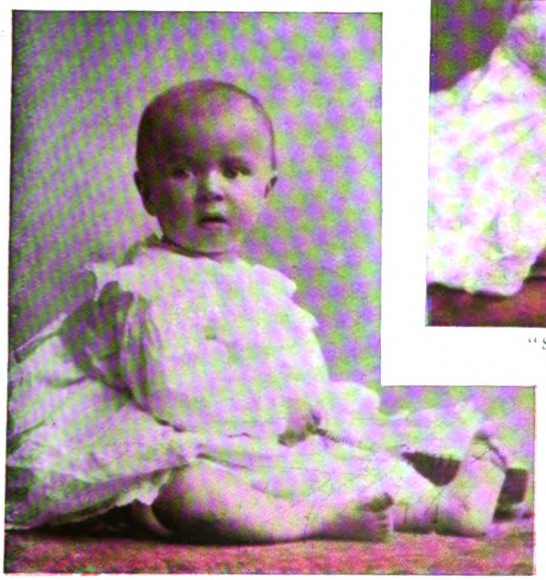
Ten tiny fingers, ten tiny toes,
Baby's always counting, so of course she knows.

—B. R. B.

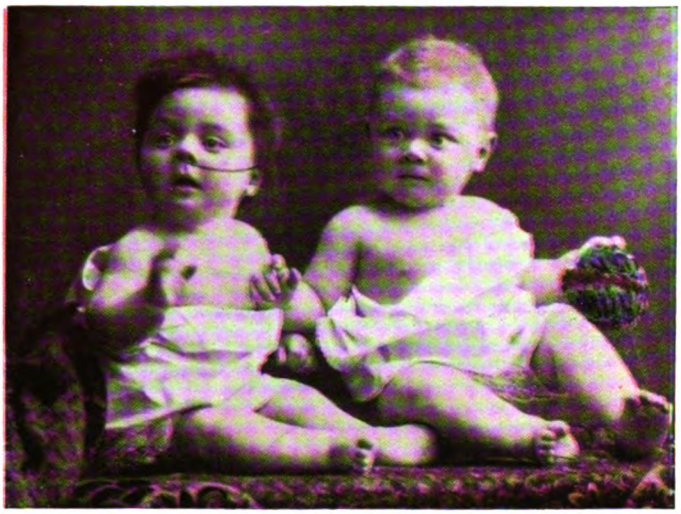
The world is full of such
a number of things,
I'm sure we ought all to
be as happy as kings.
—R. L. S.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
—TENNYSON.

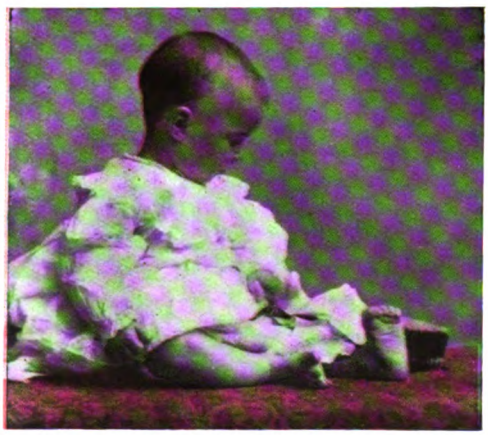
"Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me."
—SHAKESPEARE.



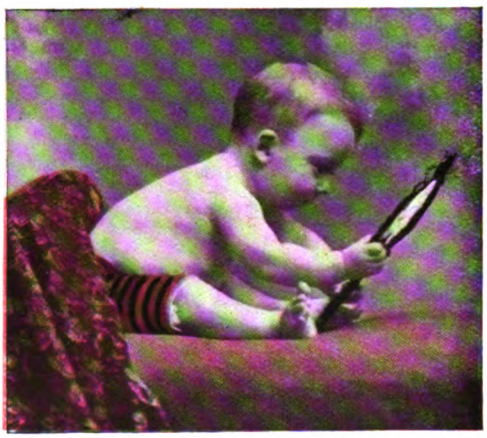
The pleasant land of counterpane.—R. L. S



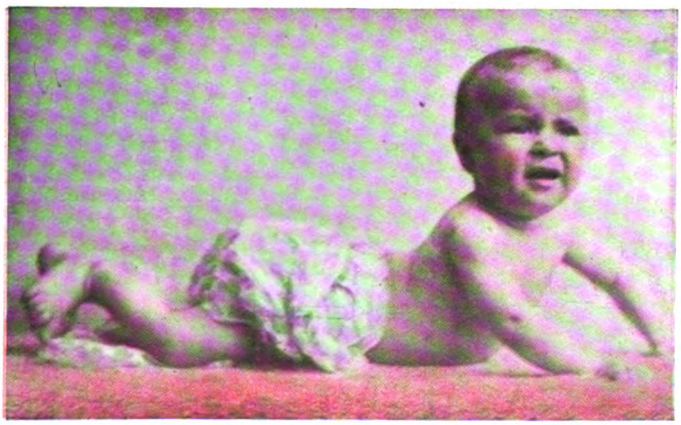
All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin.—BYRON.



You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the earth cannot!
—W. B. RANDS.



When such a specious mirror's set before him
He needs must see himself.
—SHAKESPEARE.



'Tis a naughty night to swim in.—SHAKESPEARE.

father's armour, hides himself in the bosom of his nurse with a cry of terror. His father and mother smile at this, and then Hector, taking off his helmet, kisses his son tenderly, and addresses to Zeus and all the other gods that infinitely touching prayer that they would be pleased to make him braver than his sire.

As a rule, however, in both Greek and Roman poetry we fail to find that modern appreciation of very young children, of what Mrs. Meynell has so exquisitely called "their tenderness, their down, their colour, their fullness, which is like that of a thick rose or of a tight grape." We find rather the portrayal of maternal love, or the child is mentioned on account of his future position. The new eyes with which Christianity taught mankind to regard childhood surely find their noblest expression in Milton's majestic "Hymn to the Nativity."

The sight of a very young infant irresistibly recalls to the mind that famous epigram of Sir William Jones :—

> On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
> Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;
> So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
> Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.

These lines, which surely constitute in their simplicity and in the happiness of the antithesis one of the most perfectly typical epigrams ever written, are really a translation from the Persian. In them may be perceived, it is interesting to note, that same view of the child which we have before observed as characteristic of non-Christian peoples—that is to say, they looked upon the child not in simple objective appreciation of its present beauties, but with a kind of ethical interest in what it was to become.

In remarkable contrast to this is George Macdonald's famous poem :—

> "Where did you come from, baby, dear?"
> "Out of the everywhere into here."
>
> "Where did you get those eyes so blue?"
> "Out of the sky as I came through."
>
> * * * *
>
> "Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?"
> "From the same box as the cherubs' wings."
>
> "How did they all just come to be you?"
> "God thought about me, and so I grew."
>
> "But how did you come to us, you dear?"
> "God thought about you, and so I am here."

The peculiar charm of this poem lies in its astonishingly studied and successful realization of a kind of infantile simplicity. Ethical considerations are absent, there is no moral lesson, and the poet is not in the least interested in what the baby is going to be in after-life. He is solely occupied with the child's physical beauties and perfections, to which he assigns such origins as most exquisitely illustrate that world-old idea of the infant sent down from heaven fresh from the hand of God. Added to this, there is in the answers which he places in the mouth of the baby a *naïveté*, a sort of dewy freshness, an absence of grown-up ideas, that one instinctively recognises them as being exactly what the baby would say if it could speak. George Macdonald, indeed, was himself the truest of child-lovers, for, not content with his own by no means small family of boys and girls, he and his wife actually adopted an extra child.

One of the greatest of modern English poets, Lord Tennyson, must assuredly be counted among the true child-lovers, for he knew and understood babies. His son and biographer records that the poet would say of babies, "There is something gigantic about them ; the wide-eyed wonder of a babe has a grandeur in it which as children they lose. They seem to me to be prophets of a mightier race."

The truth of this observation must appeal to everyone fortunate enough to be included among the intimate friends of any infant. It is necessary to insist on the intimacy, for, as all mothers and nurses know well, the tiny, helpless creatures are almost always suspicious, and often terrified, of strangers. Only to familiar, trusted faces do they show their curious, elusive charm—that "wide-eyed wonder," in Tennyson's happy phrase—and also that extraordinary look of deep thought. You will see an infant of a few months old examining the pattern of its little bed-quilt with the profundity, the solemn wisdom, of some venerable philosopher grappling with a world-old problem of metaphysics.

Those who have had no experience of babies are apt to think—and, if they are candid, to say (though not in the hearing of any mother!)—that there is no expression in the face of a young infant. Extraordinary delusion! The truth is that it is like a mountain tarn, of which the apparently still surface reflects every wandering sunbeam, every passing cloud, and dimples in response to every breeze of heaven. Even more rapid, sometimes, are the changes on a baby's face, the only index we have to the marvellous workings of the tiny, unformed brain within. Surely there is nothing more beautiful in Nature than these first signs of dawning intelligence ; every mother remem-

bers all the rest of her life her baby's first smile. As Longfellow sings :—

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

And again, addressing the babies :—

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

But it must be confessed that we do not often find in the poets that really intimate observation of babyhood which we should have in abundance if only every mother and every nurse was herself a poet ! Rather do we find an objective, æsthetic appreciation of the manifold beauties of infancy. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than this word-picture of a sleeping baby by Elizabeth Barrett Browning ?—

Sleep on, baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing :
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in.
On your curls' full roundness stand
Golden lights serenely ;
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly ;
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half shut
Slants the shining azure.

Coventry Patmore, himself a devoted father, has in his intensely autobiographical poems more than one realistic picture of infancy. For instance :—

I sipp'd her tea, saw baby scold
And finger at the muslin fold,
Through which he push'd his nose at last,
And choked and chuckled, feeding fast.

To find a parallel we must again quote from Mrs. Browning these lovely lines, in which she seems to show us the very heart of maternal love :—

What art's for a woman ? To hold on her knees
Both darlings ! To feel all their arms round her throat,
Cling, strangle a little ! To sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat ;
To dream and to doat.

"To dream and to doat." Somehow the lines turn the mind to the thought of those little ones who will never grow up—those fair flowers whom "the Reaper whose name is Death" has reaped as well as "the bearded grain"—and we think in how many a locked drawer or cabinet are kept little shoes, tiny bonnets, corals, such pathetic memorials, to be taken out at night when all is still and gazed at by yearning, tear-brimmed mother's eyes.

And then we recall those comforting lines of Christina Rossetti's :—

A million buds are born that never blow,
That sweet with promise lift a pretty head
To blush and wither on a barren bed
And leave no fruit to show,
Sweet, unfulfilled. Yet have I understood
One joy, by their fragility made plain ;
Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,
Or all in vain was good.

But let us turn from the thought of loss to see how the poets picture the baby alive and awake. And first we may note the perfectly child-like simplicity with which a great poet like Tennyson draws, in his famous "Cradle Song," the awakening infant :—

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Longfellow, again, realizes in perfection the baby at play :—

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !

There, too, is absolute simplicity combined with extraordinary realism, for what mother will not instantly recognise the truth of the "look of proud command" which she has so often seen on her darling's face ?

With the mysterious, haunting charm of this poet's fancy may be placed that entrancing poem entitled "Babyhood," by one whom many regard as the greatest singer of our generation, Algernon Charles Swinburne :—

Rose, round whose bed
Dawn's cloudlets close,
Earth's brightest-bred
Rose !
No song love knows
May praise the head
Your curtain shows.
Ere sleep has fled,
The whole child glows
One sweet, live, red
Rose !

In another poem Swinburne has drawn an equally unforgetable picture of delicious infancy, with which we may fitly conclude this garland of flowers from poets' gardens :—

What price could pay with earth's whole weight of gold
One least flushed roseleaf's fold
Of all this dimpling store of smiles that shine
From each warm curve and line,
Each charm of flower-sweet flesh, to re-illume
The dappled rose-red bloom
Of all its dainty body, honey-sweet,
Clenched hands and curled-up feet,
That on the roses of the dawn have trod
As they came down from God. . . . ?

THE LIMERICK.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

Another Adventure of Sam Briggs.

IT'S an extraordinary thing that you never do know your luck. Who would have thought that coming into what you might call a hatful of money would have been the cause of my very nearly losing every friend I have, to say nothing of their all wanting to knock me to pieces. I found the letter on the breakfast-table. Being a trifle late and in a hurry to catch the train, I tore it open anyhow, and took out what was inside between, as it were, a mouthful of bacon and a drink of tea. There were two papers. One was—well, I've taken a few cheques to the bank for the governor, so I ought to know a cheque when I see it, and if that wasn't one it looked uncommonly like it. But when I saw what was written on it I thought someone was having a game with me; "Pay Sam Briggs or order—Eighty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sevenpence."

"All right, my boy," I said out loud, "whoever you are don't you think you've got the laugh on me just yet; because we're not quite so simple as we look." But when I opened the other paper I stared. According to it the Editor of *Tit-Bits* had much pleasure in forwarding me a cheque for eighty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sevenpence, which was the prize that had been awarded me for the last line which I had supplied to that week's Limerick.

For the first moment I had no more idea of what it all meant than the man in the moon. Then, by degrees, a hazy recollection began to come over me—and a pretty hazy one it was. I remembered that at that party at Tom Dowling's there had been some conversation about what they called a Limerick, which was a thing I had never heard of in my life before; and—my word! If that was it, I knew, before I had had time to put the cup down in the saucer, that there would be more conversation about the cheque, by a good deal, than there had been about the Limerick. There was a bit there and then. While I sat there, with the cheque in one hand and the letter in the other, staring at them like a gaby, my sister Amelia came into the room.

"Sam," she cried, "what was in that envelope with *Tit-Bits* at the back?" I hope I have sense enough to get in out of the rain; and the sight of her was quite enough to start me cramming the letter and the cheque into my jacket pocket. But she is so quick, is Amelia, that she had had a

peep at the cheque before I could hide it away. "I do believe," she said, "that you've won a prize! You've got a cheque! Oh, Sam! For how much is it? Let me look at it!"

"Excuse me," I remarked, buttoning up my jacket, with the cheque safe in the right-hand bottom pocket, "but when I require your interference in my affairs I'll let you know."

"Sam Briggs," she went on, "you have won a prize. Mind, I'm going to have my share, and Tom's going to have his!"

"Your share! Tom's! Really, Amelia, you do run on." And so she did. "As I have to catch a train, if you'll be so good as to stand away from that door I shall feel obliged—unless, of course, you want to get me the sack."

She stood aside; but she ran on.

"All right, Sam Briggs; I know you! I'll buy this week's *Tit-Bits*—there'll be all about it there; and, whatever it is you've won, you trust Tom to take care that you don't cheat either of us!"

As I was going along the street, who should come running down it but Bob Willett. I heard him shouting after me.

"Halloa, Briggs! Stop a minute!" I did not want to stop a minute—not much. But he was coming along at such a pace that even if I had taken to running too he would have caught me. "Seen *Tit-Bits?*" he asked.

"No," I told him, "I have not. And, if you'll excuse me, I have to catch a train."

"All right—plenty of trains! Briggs, we've won that prize!" I did not want to ask him what prize; I did not want to ask him what he meant by "we"; I did not want to have an argument with anyone. I could see plain enough that there was no call for me to say a word; he could talk enough for two.

"Look here! See that?"

He held *Tit-Bits* out open in front of me.

"There you are!—large as life!—my line!"

I did prick up my ears at that; his line! Was it his line? I had no more notion of whose line it was than the policeman over the way. I could see plain enough there was trouble ahead.

"Eighty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sevenpence that line of mine has won. I knew it was a topper! I say, Briggs, that cheque ought to reach you to-day; according to them, prize-winners get their cheques before they get the paper."

I said not a word about what was in my jacket pocket. I desired to have no contention with him, or with anyone, out in the street. There would have been contention had I not been careful, as his next remark showed.

"Of course, according to law, the line being mine, the money's mine—all the jolly lot of it; but I'm generous to a fault, and always have been; so I'll not only content myself with two-thirds, but I'll make you a present of the other third, and I think, Briggs, you'll call that handsome."

I did not tell him what I thought—as a matter of fact I did not think anything—I wasn't feeling the same man I had been when I sat down to breakfast. Fortunately, his office lay in a different direction to mine, so I got rid of him before I reached the station. I did not gain much by getting rid of him, because when I came to the station there was Arthur Timmins standing in the doorway. He came rushing up at sight of me.

"I'm late for the office, and I'm in for a wigging, but I couldn't go without seeing you, my Samuel. Have you seen *Tit-Bits?*"

"Excuse me," I told him, "but I have to catch a train."

"Right-ho! We'll catch a train between us."

Down the stairs we rushed. There was one at the platform; we got on to it just as the doors were being shut, and the train started. He began at me before I had had time to find a strap, to say nothing of a seat.

"Samuel, that coupon of mine has won one of the prizes."

Coupon—what coupon? I did not know what he meant, so I as good as said.

"You remember that party Tom Dowling gave to celebrate his engagement to your sister?"

It did not look as if I was ever likely to forget it; but that I did not tell him. I kept it locked in my own breast.

"Very well, then; don't you remember I took my copy of *Tit-Bits* there with me?"

I did not. The truth was that, after a certain point, I had no clear recollection of what took place at the party.

"Then I started talking about that week's Limerick, and one person suggested a last line, and a second person suggested a line; then they all started talking at once, and one thing led to another, and the end of it was that I cut the coupon out of my paper, and on my coupon a line was written, and my coupon was sent in; and now, as it's my coupon which has won one of the prizes, I'm fairly entitled to half of it, as you can see for yourself."

"HAVE YOU SEEN 'TIT-BITS'?"

If Bob Willett was going to have two-thirds and I was going to have a third, and Tom Dowling was going to have one share and Amelia another, I could not see how he was going to have half, try as I might. I saw it still less when Charlie Harris came squeezing in at Earl's Court and began to make unpleasant remarks to me over another party's shoulder.

"Now, Sam Briggs, hand over that twelve pounds fifteen shillings and elevenpence!"

That's the way he began at me, right off! Without so much as saying good morning or asking how I was, as if I owed him money.

"When you explain," I said, "I'll talk to you."

"Come off of it!" was his reply. "Don't you try that on with me! You know very well what I mean! There were six of us put a penny each towards the postal order, and somebody else gave the stamp, and the understanding was that if anything came of it we were to cut it up between us."

"Now that Mr. Harris mentions it," exclaimed Arthur Timmins, who was on the other side of me, "I have a recollection of something of the sort."

"I should think you had; it'd be funny if you hadn't! So don't you play any of your tricks, Sam Briggs, because there'll be seven of us to talk to you if you do."

"You'll bear in mind, of course, Mr. Harris, that it was my coupon on which the line was written, cut out of the paper for which I'd paid; so as it was my coupon which won the prize it stands to reason that I'm entitled to come in with the rest of you, so that there'll be eight of us to share," said Timmins.

"I don't know anything about any coupon, and I don't see what a coupon's got to do with it anyhow. All I do know is that the understanding between us seven who put up the money was that, if anything did come of it, it would be equal shares."

It was unnecessary for me to enter into any argument; they did all in that line that anyone could have wanted, and more too. Timmins got out at the Mansion House, but Harris not only came on to Aldgate, but he walked with me right to the office door—I need not say uninvited. There are two other clerks in the same room with me; before I had had time to hang my hat on its peg they were both of them at me. Percy Saunders was the worst.

"How about that eighty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sevenpence?" he asked. "When that cheque comes along don't you forget my share, my Highland laddie!"

Why he calls me Highland laddie beats me. But there is no knowing what the Postscript—which is what I call him—means by anything he says. It was like his impudence to speak to me at all, seeing that for some days we had not been on the best of terms, and that we had not so much as recognised each other the whole of that week. On he went. "Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Briggs, that I was one of the subscribers to the postal order, and that, as such, I am entitled to a seventh share."

"And I'm another of the subscribers," said Augustus Brown.

The Postscript turned to Brown.

"Excuse me, Brown, but that is not according to my recollection."

"Who cares for your recollection? Who ought to remember best—you or me? I tell you that I subscribed a penny."

"I have put down the names of the subscribers on this piece of paper, as I remember them, and I believe I have them right. This is most important, you know; because, Briggs, when you do get that cheque you'll merely be holding it in trust for us. Here's my list: Tom Dowling, Miss Briggs, Bert Barlow, Frank Martin, Jack Carter, and me. We subscribed a penny each, and Phil Davis contributed the stamp."

"I beg your pardon," cut in Augustus Brown; "I contributed the stamp."

"Just now you said you gave a penny."

"Doesn't it come to the same thing?"

"You mentioned a coin—one penny. You said nothing about a stamp."

"Davis handed over a stamp, and for it I handed him a penny. Now do you see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean; but I know nothing about your handing any penny to Davis; that you'll have to talk to him about."

I made an observation.

"I noticed one name wasn't on your list—Charlie Harris; he says he gave a penny."

"Charlie Harris!—says he gave a penny! He did nothing of the kind!"

"I'm under the same impression," said Brown.

"All I can say is that he and Timmins came near to fighting about it in the train; and Harris walked with me right to this very door to tell me that he did about a hundred times over."

Just then in came George Hopkins, as if he was in a hurry and short of breath.

"I can't stop a second," he began; "but I've just seen that your name's in *Tit-Bits* as one of the winners in this week's Limerick, Briggs. Of course, that's rubbish; because, whatever part of it I may choose to give you, it's my eighty-nine pounds eleven and sevenpence, as I wrote the winning line."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that it was you who made it up?"

I was thinking of what Bob Willett had said about its being him

"Not exactly," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I don't think it could be said that any one person made it up—we made it up between us. What I mean is that it was I who wrote it on the coupon. If you've any doubt you can go to the office and you'll see it's my writing; and as the prize goes to the one who wrote the winning line, that settles it. So I just looked in to warn you not to touch a penny of that cheque when you get it; or, as it's against the law to compound a felony, I shall be compelled to take steps which I shall be very sorry to have to take against one who was once a friend."

We were still slanging away when Harold Parker appeared. Parker is a shop-walker at one of the large drapers in St. Paul's Churchyard. If he is anything near such a big man as he fancies himself, I wonder he does not go about in a show. As he stood there in front of the empty fireplace, with his hands under the tails of his frock-coat and his top-hat a little on one side of his head, to look at him you would have thought he owned the street. The way he talks gives me the needle. They say he is president, or something or other, of the West Brompton House of Commons. I am sorry for them if he is.

"I have looked in, Mr. Briggs, with reference to an announcement which I have observed in the current issue of *Tit-Bits*—referring to the Limerick, Mr. Briggs, the Limerick. I note that your name is in the list of prize-winners. In view of that fact I wish to point out to you that, as you are, doubtless, already aware, my sister, Miss Lily Parker, was one of the subscribers to the cost of the postal order with which the entrance fee was paid."

"Begging your pardon, Parker," struck in Saunders, "but your sister was nothing of the kind; you're wrong."

"I'm not aware, Mr. Saunders, that I was addressing you. Kindly confine yourself to your own affairs. There were six persons who contributed a penny each and one who contributed a stamp. There then remained the question of the halfpenny with which to pay for the order. I happened to be near my sister when, drawing out her purse, she observed to Miss Maud Simpson, who was beside her, 'I'll give one farthing, Maudie, if you'll give another.' And with that she took a farthing out of her purse, and Miss Maud Simpson took a farthing out of hers, and the two coins were added to the general fund. As the understanding was that all contributors were to be treated alike, I have to request you, Mr. Briggs, to see, when the prize money comes to hand, that my sister receives her proper share. There is another point. As the copy of *Tit-Bits* from which the coupon was taken was my property, that makes me a contributor, and I also become entitled to a *pro rata* share."

"'BEGGING YOUR PARDON, PARKER,' STRUCK IN SAUNDERS, 'BUT YOUR SISTER WAS NOTHING OF THE KIND; YOU'RE WRONG.'"

"I don't know, Mr. Parker," I told him, "how you make out that it was your copy of *Tit-Bits*, seeing that Arthur Timmins says it was his."

"The truth is," said Saunders, "there were three or four *Tit-Bits* about the room, as I specially noticed, and I'll defy anyone to say out of whose copy that coupon came."

Parker gave one little sideways glance at him—like a whale might look at a sprat.

"Once more, Mr. Saunders, I was not aware that I was addressing you. I can only warn you, Mr. Briggs, that, as regards that money, unless my sister, as well as myself, receive, in the course of the next few hours, our proper shares, you will receive from my sister's solicitor, as well as from my own, communications which will call you to a severe account. Good day, Mr. Briggs."

Just as I was going out to dinner, who should come in but Tom Dowling and Frank Martin. The very first words Dowling said to me were these :—

"Now, then, Sam, you know what I've come for. Hand over!"

"Hand over! Hand over what? I've got nothing of yours that I'm aware of."

Dowling turned to Martin, who is about two inches bigger than he is.

"You see, Frank? I told you how it would be. The shortest way is, perhaps, the kindest."

What he meant I had no notion; and before I could ask, if Martin did not take me from the back and Dowling from the front, lay me on my back on the top of my own desk, and start searching my pockets! And if Dowling did not take the cheque from out of one of my jacket pockets and the Editor's letter from another—and me helpless! If that was not highway robbery, I don't know what is; and so, as soon as they had taken their hands off me, I up and I did let them have it! But that Tom Dowling—what Amelia sees in him I never could understand — took no more notice of me than if I had not been speaking.

He examined the cheque and the letter—my cheque and my letter!—then he let Martin have a look at them; then he coolly folded them up and put them in his pocket-book.

"You don't mean to say," burst out Saunders—who, with Augustus Brown, had been looking on at what was nothing else than an outrage, without so much as offering to lend me a hand—"that he's had the prize money on him all the time? If that isn't a

place again to-night at half-past eight sharp, when very probably we shall be able to arrive at a common amicable understanding. Perhaps, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Brown, you may find it convenient to be there also; and Sam, if you're very good and promise to behave, we may let you come too."

I was there at half-past eight to the tick. They were all there, in Tom Dowling's front room; and there was not much room left

"MARTIN FROM THE BACK AND DOWLING FROM THE FRONT LAID ME ON MY BACK ON THE TOP OF MY DESK."

facer! You're a beauty, Sam Briggs, upon my word you are!"

Dowling took him on.

"Don't you bother yourself about Sam, Mr. Saunders—Sam's all right. When you've once got used to his funny little ways you'll find that there's no more harm in him than there is in a baby, only you've got to get used to them first. As there seems to be some slight difference of opinion as to what ought to be done with this nice little cheque which the Editor of *Tit-Bits* has been so good as to send along, I've intimated to all those ladies and gentlemen who honoured me with their presence on a recent auspicious occasion that I shall be very glad to see them at my

for anyone else who might happen to drop in.

Then Tom Dowling made what you might call a sort of speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is not long since you did me the honour to assemble in this humble apartment for the purpose of offering me your congratulations on my engagement to a charming young lady."

"Hear, hear!" said someone. It was certainly not me.

Amelia bowed. Fancy anyone calling her a charming young lady! He would talk differently when he knew her as well as I did.

"You will remember that, after supper, someone introduced the subject of Limericks;

in fact, someone produced a copy of *Tit-Bits*, in which all and sundry were invited to try their skill in supplying a last line to an unfinished Limerick. It appears that there were no less than four copies of *Tit-Bits* in the room that night, and the owner of each is under the impression that his was the copy which was used. The four lines which were given were these:—

There once was a lady whose hair
Was found on the back of a chair;
It occasioned much talk,
She had gone for a walk!—

What was required was a fifth line. I suppose some dozens of lines were discussed, and possibly a suggestion was made by nearly every person in the room."

"The line which was actually chosen," called out Bob Willett, "was my composition."

"You're mistaken," cried someone who was not known to me. "It was mine."

"My own impression, gentlemen, is that in its entirety it was no one's; that it was a case of here a little and there a little; and that, in a manner of speaking, it was concocted between us."

"Anyhow, I wrote the line upon the coupon."

"I believe, Hopkins, that you did, and for that you shall have credit. There then arose the question of the sixpenny postal order. Six pennies, two farthings, and one stamp were contributed by, I am given to understand, thirteen persons. It seems as if there must be something a little wrong somewhere, and that, in four cases, memory must be playing tricks."

Harold Parker put in his word.

"I trust that you are not suggesting, Dowling——"

"I am suggesting nothing, Parker, as, if you will let me finish, you will see. On one point I believe we shall be all agreed. When the line was found there arose the question of who was to sign the coupon. My honoured friend, and, I trust, soon to be relative, Samuel Briggs, Esquire, was asleep on the couch, his slumber having possibly, in a measure, been induced by his polite attention to the negus at supper."

Some of them laughed—I do not know what at, I am sure. I was all ears. I had been wondering, ever since I saw it, how that cheque had got to me.

"He had taken no part in the discussion; was in complete ignorance of what had taken place; so I suggested that we should wake him up, and that he should sign. You will remember that he did not wake up in the very best of tempers; that he had not the vaguest notion of what it was to which we persuaded him to affix, with rather a shaky hand, his signature; and that, almost as soon as he had affixed it, he was asleep again."

More laughter from some of them. It made no difference to me; so far as I was concerned, those might laugh who liked. Dowling went on:—

"I gathered together the pennies, the farthings, and the coupon. The following day, with the money which had been subscribed, I purchased a postal order and dispatched the coupon. By what no one need regard, unless he likes, as a lucky fluke, our line has been adjudged one of the best sent in, and this morning a handsome cheque reached our dear friend Samuel. He feels, as we feel, that its coming to him was a mere form, and that, as it was a joint transaction, it should be regarded and treated as a joint cheque. There were twenty-two of us present on that occasion, and there are twenty-two of us present now. My proposition is that the proceeds of the cheque should be divided into twenty-two equal parts; that each of us should have one; and then there will be no room for feeling that anyone's claim has been slighted."

Before he had finished they were clapping their hands and stamping their feet and saying "Hear, hear!" So on he went again.

"I take it, ladies and gentlemen, from the kind way in which you have received my proposition that the sense of the meeting is in favour of it, and that it has been carried *nem. con.* Now, you public benefactor, Sam Briggs, if you'll oblige us with your signature a second time—this time on the back of this cheque—to-morrow I'll get it cashed; and in the course of to-morrow you will each of you receive a twenty-second part."

Oh, I put my signature on the back of the cheque; oh, yes, I always have been one to do anybody a good turn, and I was quite willing to oblige Tom Dowling, in spite of the way in which he had treated me. Anyhow, I did get four pounds, and four golden sovereigns are quite worth having. Though, of course, when you compare them with eighty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sevenpence! Still, all the same, I did not do so badly, considering. And Tom Dowling himself had to admit that I had been a public benefactor.

BRIDGE STORIES.

By W. DALTON,

Author of "Dalton on Bridge," "Saturday Bridge," "Bridge at a Glance," etc.

LET me preface this article by stating that none of the following anecdotes are imaginary; they, one and all of them, actually occurred at the card-table. I can vouch, personally, for the truth of most of them, and those of which I was not myself a witness have been thoroughly well authenticated.

I will begin with a story which some of my readers may have heard before, as I told it in print about a year ago, but it is so good that it will well bear repetition.

Four members of a well-known London club were joint proprietors of a shoot in Norfolk, and, being all enthusiastic bridge-players, they naturally put in the evenings, when they were down there, by playing their favourite game. On one occasion one of the quartet was unavoidably prevented from going at the last moment, and there was no time to fill up his place, consequently the party was reduced to three, and there was not the nucleus for a rubber. As they were returning from shooting the first evening they overtook the local parson, and walked on with him. One of the trio conceived a happy idea, and said to the cleric:—

"Are you, by any chance, a card-player?"

"Oh, yes," he answered; "I am very fond of a game of cards, but I never play for money."

"That doesn't matter," was the reply; "whoever is your partner will carry your points. Come and dine with us to-night, and we will have a rubber after dinner," and so it was arranged.

His reverence duly turned up to dinner, and proved to be quite a good sportsman and a very agreeable companion. Dinner over, they adjourned to the smoking-room and proceeded to cut for partners. The player on the parson's left had the first deal, and declared hearts. The eldest hand said, "Shall I play?" to which his partner replied, "You had better do so."

The king of diamonds was led, when, before the dummy had even time to put down his cards, the *padre* popped down the king of spades with an air of triumph, and said, "Snap!" There was no more card play that evening.

We have all heard stories of concerted signals between partners for giving information as to the value of their hands. We, of course, entirely refuse to believe that such

things exist at all, but the following incident seems to throw a sort of sidelight on to the subject.

A lady well known in London society was staying at an hotel at Biarritz. One evening she agreed to make up a rubber with some new hotel acquaintances. She cut with another lady as partner, and she herself had the first deal. She passed the declaration, and her partner declared diamonds and put down the knave, seven, five, and three of diamonds, with very little else of any value—an unmistakable spade call. The dealer had passed on a very moderate hand, and the natural result was that they lost three or four by cards. When the hand was over and the score marked, the dealer said to her partner, in her most charming manner, "Would you mind telling me, as a matter of curiosity, why you declared diamonds on that hand?"

Her partner stared at her for a few moments, as though very much surprised at the question, and then said, "Would you mind telling *me*, also as a matter of curiosity, why you touched your necklace directly you had passed the declaration?"

Not only the most innocent actions, but also the most innocent remarks, are sometimes liable to be misinterpreted, as in the case of the player who asked his partner, at the commencement of a rubber, "Are you a heartist?" and was met with the answer, "No, sir, I am a solicitor, but I fail to see what my profession has to do either with the game of bridge or with you." He was certainly misunderstood.

Another case of a misunderstanding was the following. Three bridge-players were staying together at a seaside hotel. They tried to collect a fourth to make up a rubber, but for some time without success. At last they came across a man, staying in the same hotel, who said that he never had played bridge, but that he would very much like to learn, and that, if they would teach him, he would be very pleased to join them.

One of the party, whom we will call the Professor, said, "That's all right. I could easily teach him the rudiments of the game."

"Very well, then," said his two friends, "that shall be your job. You teach him, but, when you have taught him, you will have to play with him as a partner against us two."

The Professor agreed, and from then till dinner-time he proceeded to explain to the beginner as much as he could of the general principles of the game. After dinner the match took place. Three rubbers were played, and the beginner, as is often the case, held such enormous cards that he and his partner won all three rubbers.

The beginner was delighted. He said it was a very fine game, pocketed his winnings, and went off to bed very happy, but not before it had been arranged to play a return match the following evening.

Next morning the Professor went into the hotel smoking-room and there met his pupil, who at once greeted him with: "Well, that was good business last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the Professor, "we got on all right, thanks to the tremendous cards that we held, but I think we should be likely to get on still better to-night if you knew a little more about it. If you have half an hour to spare, I will give you a little more instruction now."

The beginner thought this an excellent scheme, and for a whole hour the Professor held forth to him on the conventions of the game, the call for a suit, the heart convention, etc.

In the evening they resumed their match, but this time the cards took a different turn, with the result that the Professor and his partner lost all they had won the night before, and a bit more.

As they were going up to bed the beginner took his partner by the arm and whispered in his ear:—

"I say, old man, that little swindle of yours didn't pan out very well, did it?"

It is, I believe, on record that a hand containing four aces once lost five by cards at No Trumps. I never heard the details of this particular hand, but I was playing in a rubber myself when four by cards was lost not only with four aces, but with several other good cards.

The score was Y Z 12, A B 8. Z dealt and left it. Y declared No Trumps. The four hands were:—

Hearts—Ace, knave, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 4.
Clubs—Ace, 3.
Spades—Ace, queen, 9, 7, 2.

Hearts—Queen, 8, 7, 4.
Diamonds—King, 7, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 6.
Spades—8, 6, 5, 3.

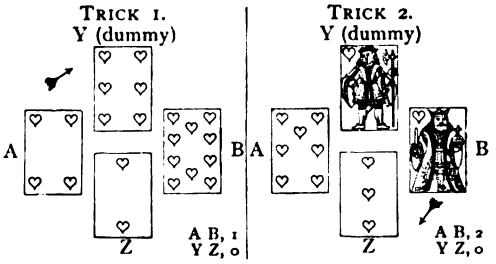
Y (dummy)
A B
(dealer) Z

Hearts—King, 10, 5.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 8, 5, 3.
Clubs—10, 9, 5 2.
Spades—King.

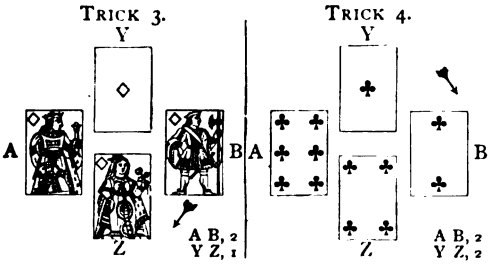
Hearts—9, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 6.
Clubs—King, knave, 8, 7, 4.
Spades—Knave, 10, 4.

Here the dealer had an absolute certainty of winning eight tricks and the game. The lead of the four of hearts, the dealer having the two and three in his own hand, showed

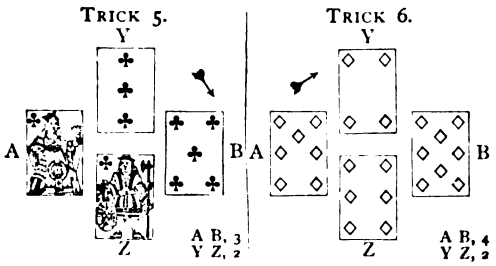
that A had only four hearts, therefore all the dealer had to do was to win the second round of hearts, clear the spades, and he must win four tricks in spades, two in clubs, and the two red aces, giving him two by cards. Z, however, who was playing the hand, did not elect to play it in this way, but held up the ace of hearts on the second round. Probably the idea had been hammered into his mind at some time or other that he ought to hold up the commanding card of his opponents' original lead as long as possible, and he did so in this case.



I was B myself on this unhappy occasion, and when I saw that my partner had led from four hearts only, it was obviously no good going on with that suit, so I led the knave of diamonds.



Trick 3. Z was by this time getting a little tired of holding up aces, so he won the trick with the ace of diamonds, but even then he would not clear the spade suit, but went for the finesse in clubs, hoping, as he explained afterwards, to be able to finesse the spades after he had made all his clubs.



I was now left with three good diamonds, but, the game being saved, I thought I would play to win it, which I must do if Z took the finesse in spades, so I led the nine of clubs. Z won it with the king, and at once took the finesse. My single king of spades won the trick, and I made the three diamonds and the ten of clubs, winning four by cards. Z played very badly in not clearing his spade suit at once, but, beyond this initial mistake, he did nothing very wrong, and yet it made a difference of eight or nine tricks. If the hand had been played at double dummy, with the position of every card known, we could never have won more than two tricks, one heart and one diamond, but as it was played we won no fewer than ten tricks.

It is sometimes extremely difficult to refrain from pointing out his shortcomings to one's partner when he has made a hopeless mess of a hand with great possibilities. Of course, we all know that it is very stupid to do so; it can serve no good purpose, but only tends to upset one's partner and to make him play his cards worse than ever. The wise course to pursue is to sit and suffer in silence, and to hope that, when one has the good fortune to cut against the offender, he will give one back those wasted chances with a little interest. This theory is, however, very difficult to practise. We are only human, and it is not given to everybody to possess an unlimited supply of self-command.

I am afraid that I was at one time, and possibly am still, a bad offender in this respect. It is so very difficult to keep one's mouth closed when one sees chance after chance thrown away, and cards played which can do no possible good, but may do a lot of harm.

Some time ago, before the general standard of play was anything like so good as it is at the present day, a friend of mine, who is nothing if not practical in his views, said to me, "What a fool you are to tell these fellows when they play wrong! Not only does it do no possible good, but you get yourself considerably disliked by pointing out their mistakes, and it is entirely against your own interests. If you tell them everything that you know, they will soon play as well as you do, and all your advantage will be gone. If I were you I should sit and suffer when they give away tricks, knowing that it is bound to come back to me sooner or later."

This was certainly quite a novel way to me of looking at it, and a way which would never have occurred to my own mind, but there may possibly be some element of truth in it.

There are many stories in circulation about remarks, courteous or otherwise — mostly

otherwise — made by aggrieved players to their partners. One of the best of them is the following.

Some years ago a certain gallant soldier, who was also a fine bridge-player, was in the habit of playing regularly at a London club where the points were exceptionally high. He was very quick to notice and to resent mistakes made by his partner, but he had one peculiarity: that the more his unhappy partner offended, the more suave and polite did he become in his manner.

One afternoon he cut with a partner whom he had never seen before. No introduction was made, and the game commenced. The new-comer had to play a No-Trump hand, of which he made a most hopeless bungle, losing the odd trick when he ought to have won the game. The General, for such was his rank, smiled benignly on him, and said:—

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"My name is Jones."

"Ah! Thank you so much. Well, Mr. Jones, I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but I hope you will not think me rude if I ask you a question?"

"Certainly not," said Jones; "not at all. Ask me anything you like."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said the General. "The question that I wish to ask you, and I trust that you will believe me when I assure you that it is not prompted by any feeling of idle curiosity, is whether you possess an income of ten thousand pounds a year?"

"No," replied Mr. Jones, very much surprised; "I am afraid that I cannot lay claim to quite as much as that. I wish I could."

"Then, sir, allow me to tell you that you have no right to play bridge for these points."

This crushing retort left nothing more to be said, and the game once more proceeded. Our poor friend "Jones" was by this time knocked out of his stride altogether, and he committed almost every card enormity that flesh is heir to, with the result that he and his partner lost a rubber which they ought to have won three or four times over.

When it was finished the General, in his blandest and most insinuating tone, said, "Mr. Jones, I owe you an apology. I ought not to have said what I did."

"Oh, please don't mention it," said Jones; "no apology is necessary at all. I really did not mind it a bit, and I am afraid I did play very badly."

"That is not the point," said the General. "When I am wrong I always acknowledge it, and I was wrong in this case—altogether in the wrong. When I said ten thousand pounds a year I ought to have said thirty thousand."

Another incident of somewhat the same kind, although with rather a different ending, occurred in a provincial club very far remote from London. Nothing will induce me to give the name of the town, but I will put the letters N.B. after it.

There is in this club, or there was until quite recently—he may possibly have been murdered by now—a player of very dictatorial manners, who is apt to ride roughshod over the feelings of his unfortunate partner for the time being, and to read the Riot Act at the end of almost every hand, or even during the play of the hand. On one occasion he had as partner a very quiet, unassuming young man, with charming manners, but, unfortunately, with a very elementary knowledge of the tactics of bridge. Everything went wrong from the start, and the vituperation heaped upon that unhappy young man's head was something even worse than usual. At last the climax came. They were playing against a No-Trump declaration, and it was a question of saving the game. The young man had to lead, and, with every idea of the game that he had ever possessed entirely *bouleversé* by his partner's criticisms, he led a heart, which was the worst card that he could have led, and they lost the game. Then the vials of wrath were poured forth.

"What in the world induced you to lead that heart?"

"I did not know what to lead," said the harassed young man; "the diamonds were obviously against us."

"Diamonds? Who said anything about diamonds? Why could not you have led a black suit? You had a black suit of some kind, I suppose, had not you?"

Then, at last, the worm turned.

"Yes," he said; "I had a black suit, and I've got it still, but I'm keeping that for your funeral!"

Criticism at the end of a hand is not always ill-natured. It can be quite good-natured, even if not exactly complimentary. The following story of a good-natured chaffing remark is distinctly funny.

The late Mr. Winnie Gray, who was perhaps the most charming of all the Americans who have honoured us with their presence, was playing a rubber one afternoon. At the same table was a well-known London player, who is universally popular at the bridge-table whenever and wherever he plays, but whose skill in the management and play of

his cards is by no means on a par with his popularity. For the purpose of this story we will call him the Artist. When the rubber was over, the Artist's partner got up to leave the table. The Artist said:—

"Don't go. I can't afford to lose you. Stay and play another rubber like a good chap, for my sake."

He was, however, obliged to go and someone else took his place. When he had gone, Mr. Gray said:—

"Why were you so particularly anxious for that man to stay? I did not notice anything very striking about his play."

"Oh, it is not that at all," was the reply. "The reason that I did not want to lose him is that he is the only man I ever play with who does not find fault with me and tell me at the end of every hand what a lot of mistakes I have made."

"Really?" said Mr. Gray. "Has he some impediment in his speech?"

In conclusion I will tell, for the first time, quite the most curious incident which ever came within my experience at the bridge-table.

One afternoon I went into the card-room of a London club, and found the usual rubber in full swing. A friend of mine, who is one of our finest players, was playing the two hands, and I sat down behind him to look on. It was a very strong rubber, all four players being of the first class, and there was quite a gallery of onlookers. There were five cards left in each hand, and the dealer's and the dummy's cards, which were, of course, all that I could see, were:—

Dealer's Hand.	Dummy's Hand.
Hearts—Queen, knave, 7.	Hearts—8.
Diamonds—9.	Diamonds—6.
Clubs—5.	Clubs—Knave, 4.
Spades—None.	Spades—9.

I asked the dealer what were trumps, and he said, "Hearts. We want three more tricks to win the game, and it is a near thing whether we get them. Those two are good"—indicating the queen and knave of trumps in his own hand.

The player on his left had to lead, and, after carefully considering the position, which was obviously a difficult one, he led a small trump right up to the dealer. Dummy's eight was put on and the third hand played void, so there was the game won. The dealer had only to play his seven of trumps under his partner's eight and he would be left with the two best trumps to win the other two tricks required. To my utter astonishment, however, the dealer won his partner's trick with the knave, and then led the queen of trumps, followed by the seven; the player on his left won this with the ten, and at once threw down the two best diamonds, saying as he did so, "We save the game after all. That is the most astounding piece of luck I ever saw"; but perhaps it was not quite so lucky as he thought.

All the hands were thrown on the table, and the dealer's partner naturally went for him at once. "Have you gone suddenly mad, or what? You had actually got the game in your hand."

"How so?" asked the dealer, pretending not to understand, but giving me an almost imperceptible little wink, although I was still quite in the dark. Everybody began to explain the situation and to talk at once, and a perfect babel arose. The dealer had to encounter a storm of good-natured chaff.

"Well, you of all people!" "You had better take a few lessons," etc.

Meanwhile the cards had been collected, and the other pack presented and cut for the next deal. Then my friend the dealer turned to me and said, in a low tone, so that the others could not hear:—

"Did you tumble to why I did that?"

I said, "No, indeed I did not. I could only suppose that you had taken temporary leave of your senses."

"There was method in my madness," he replied. "Come close and I will tell you. I don't want them to hear. I had revoked in clubs early in the game, and I knew that the only possible chance of their not spotting it was to raise such a discussion at the end of the hand that they might not think of looking at the last cards, and it has come off."

It did indeed come off, and I may add that he eventually won the rubber, which I consider that he well deserved to do for his ingenuity.

Just at first I was not quite sure about the morality of the proceeding; but, on thinking it over, I could not see that he had done anything at all wrong. He was quite entitled to play his cards as he liked, and he threw his two remaining cards down on the table quite openly, face upwards, with no sort of attempt at concealment. It was just a gigantic bluff—and a very clever one—and it succeeded to perfection; but fancy a man thinking out such a thing on the spur of the moment, and bringing it off. Don't you think that he well deserved to win that rubber?

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

By TOM GALLON.

IT was nearly ten o'clock when Clement Darnford put his latch-key in the lock and let himself into his house. It was a good half-hour before the appointment he had made could possibly be kept; but the man was impatient, and he felt that he could pace the streets no longer. When the hour arrived—that time for which he had been waiting for more than a year—he must be on the spot, that not a moment might be lost. Even now, as he handed his hat to the man-servant who had hurried forward on hearing his entrance, he asked an impatient question.

"Is the nurse here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "She tells me, sir, that everything is ready; she can take the young lady directly you ring, sir."

Clement Darnford waved the man aside impatiently, took up his letters, and went off into that room which he had designed to be the meeting-place. So preoccupied was he with this one thought in his mind that he tossed the letters on to the table, and began to pace about in the fashion in which he had paced the streets that night. And while he paced his jaw hardened, and his eyes grew brighter and keener; for was not this the end, and was not his the victory?

It had been a long fight for supremacy; but he, the man, had won. When, twelve months before, his wife had gone out of that house, vowing never to return to it, and had taken with her the child, she had left him a broken and dishonoured man. Dishonoured, that is, so far as he believed; for all the world was ready enough to link the woman's name with that of another man. Kate Darnford had this saving grace in her, at least—that the baby girl of three years had stood for more to her than anyone or anything else; the child had gone with her.

That had, in a sense, been the man's heaven, and out of that heaven the woman had unceremoniously thrust him. When first that other man—Victor Manning—had come into her life and had seemed to some extent to absorb her thoughts, Clement Darnford had quite unconsciously consoled himself with the child and with the thought of the child; life had its compensations. Unconsciously, too, he drove the woman farther on that path she seemed to be treading by that worship of the baby; drove her, too, to that business of stealing the child from him when she took her mad flight from the house.

Well, it was all over now; in less than half an hour she was returning to this place, humbled by the powers with which he had been able to threaten her, and was bringing the child back to him. She was not to stay herself; that part of their joint lives was ended for ever. But it had been part of her punishment that he should demand that the child should be brought back there by her; and parted with in the house from which she had stolen it.

And everything was prepared. The nursery that had gaped at him forlorn and desolate for more than a year was ready for the child; a nurse had been engaged, and waited there now. To-night he would stand beside the little bed that had stood there empty too long; to-night childish fingers would close round his, and a little flushed face would lie upon the pillow; a little sleepy voice would murmur to him, as it had murmured how many long, weary months ago! Dear love!—his heart was hungry for it all!

But what a fight it had been! First, the difficulty of finding out where she had gone—a clever ruse on the part of a lawyer, in the shape of an advertisement, had discovered that—and then the Courts had been set to work. At first, flat refusal, then entreaties and prayers, and then another dramatic disappearance. After that, all the work to be done again; until at last it had come to the point when he could tell her that she must come to that place that night and deliver up the child. And she had promised to come.

The rattle of wheels outside; the stopping of a vehicle. The man felt his pulses quicken a little as he drew himself up and waited, first for the ringing of the bell, and then for the voices in the hall; lastly, for the opening of the door of the room. Why did not the child speak, or call out, or ask where he was?

The door opened at last, and with the announcement of her name Kate Darnford entered—alone. The man waited until the door was closed again, and the woman stood looking at him with hard eyes and with a curious droop about the corners of her mouth. He thought only of the child; he asked a question about her at once abruptly —half angrily.

"Well, where is she? Where's Kitty?"

She made a weary gesture to remove her cloak and sank into a chair. He noticed, as the cloak fell from her shoulders, that she was in evening dress, and that, save for that tired look in her face, she was as beautiful as ever. He seemed to notice that with quite other eyes than those that looked past her and waited for the child.

"I'm here to tell you," she replied to his question. "I—I promised to come—didn't I?"

"Why are you all in black?" It was strange and startling; but while the question stabbed the silence of the room it seemed also to stab the man, so that he started at his own words. "Why are you in black, and alone?"

She spread out her hands with a helpless gesture; her mouth was twisted into a laugh that had a sob in it. "The child—the baby's dead," she said.

It never occurred to the man for a moment to question her words; the fact was stated and the fact remained. Her dejected attitude, her dress, the pathetic quivering of her lips, all set the seal of proof upon what she had stated; the child was dead. Clement Darnford stood there, staring at her like a man turned to stone; he was letting the frightful thing sink into his mind bit by bit, word by word. The child was dead.

The first feeling in his mind had nothing to do with the dejected figure of the woman before him; rather a great wave of self-pity swept over him. The house was empty and desolate again; the little bed would never be occupied; the nurse must go. This was the end of his dream; the little figure on which he had set all his hopes had dropped out of life and simply did not exist.

He did not cry out; he made no wild demands upon her for details as to how the child had died, or where. The fact was enough, and the fact was overwhelming. It stunned him, but left him with a sort of consciousness that before his wife, now that it did not matter, he must show some calmness —perhaps even some indifference.

"I'm sorry," he said at last, in a voice that seemed quite unlike his own. "I'm sorry—most of all for you. You will miss her."

The woman looked up at him quickly, and her face hardened. The man had no heart; she had proved that long ago. He could speak now in this calm, polite fashion of his dead child; it had only been a matter of pride with him to snatch the baby from her. All the great battle he had fought; all the strong forces of the Law he had brought to bear to crush her into submission; all had been only that he might humble her—he had not cared about the child. She got to her feet slowly, and drew her cloak about her; answered his remark in a dull voice, without looking at him.

"Yes, I shall miss her," she said. "You see, she was all I had—all I lived for. There's nothing else for me to say to you; I can go away again."

"You are living—alone?" He asked the question with an effort.

Her cheeks flamed; she drew herself up. "As I have lived since I left this house," she replied, quickly, "save for the child."

The blow had softened him a little; from this night he was to be an utterly lonely man. "Was it ever true, Kate, about you and that fellow Manning?" he asked.

"You did not trouble to give me the benefit of any doubt twelve months ago. I shall not tell you anything now," she replied. "Good night!"

She went out of the room and out of the house; he heard the vehicle drive away again. So for a long time he stood in that house of desolation, staring stupidly at the door through which she had gone; then something seemed to break in him, and his rigid attitude changed, and he dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, my baby—my little child!" he sobbed.

All the striving had ended in this. His empty hands grasped nothing after all. Death had beaten him, and this was the end. He was of that nature that sets everything upon a venture—of that great strength that turns to weakness when it is baffled or beaten. He could not bear the thought of what had happened to him. On the day following he laid that nursery waste and turned away all the servants, and left the house. He told himself that he had lived for this hope only; there was now nothing in the world for which he cared.

When a man is in that mood Fate takes him in her hands and works her will with

"CLEMENT DARNFORD STOOD THERE, STARING AT HER LIKE A MAN TURNED TO STONE."

him. Clement Darnford began by rambling uneasily abroad for a few months—a lonely, irritable man; then he came back to London, because it suddenly occurred to him that there were places where the child had been, and he might be able the better to dream of her in these familiar streets than in the streets of foreign cities. Matters had gone wrong with him during these few months: the world that a baby was to have set right had decided to buffet the man a little. This speculation had turned out badly, and that friend had played him false; the very wind that blew at him in the streets was a more bitter wind than it had ever been before. The child was dead; perhaps, despite all that was said, death was best after all. The man was young in years, but the heart in him was old and tired.

He roamed the streets one night, striving to kill time before he should go back to the

dull and cheerless rooms in which he had taken up his residence. It was a bright night, though cold, and the people who jostled him on the pavement seemed for the most part to have attuned their moods to the brightness of the night. Work for the day was over; these hurrying people were out for amusement, and were like children let loose from school. He pitied them a little for the ease with which they could laugh; despised them a little more. Scarcely knowing what he did, or why he did it, he found himself presently walking into a cheap music-hall into which a throng of people were pressing; put down some money, and was shown to a seat. People were laughing and chattering all about him, and men were smoking and drinking; he sat the one gloomy, silent one amongst them.

What did these people know of sorrow such as his? Coarse themselves, they had coarse children, and one more or less that lived or died mattered but little to them. They could come here, and listen to this raucous-voiced fool blaring out a song that had neither point nor wit; if they saw anything finer it would leave them cold and untouched. He closed his eyes, and wondered why he had come to the place.

When he opened his eyes again the place was in darkness. He could hear the people round about him whispering; could hear the strains of the band. Before him on a great white expanse was an announcement concerning a cinematograph then about to be displayed. He hailed the change with a little sigh almost of satisfaction; the noise was over for a time, and his tired eyes could rest a little in the semi darkness.

There was the usual round of pictures depicting foreign scenes, and one or two carefully-arranged comic series. Then on the great expanse was thrown a line that seemed to stir those in the audience who understood it into sudden gleeful anticipation. Men turned in their seats, and muttered a word or two to their neighbours; women laughed and sat up. The line of words stirred something, too, in this man.

"Make way for the baby!"

The scene displayed represented a street crowded with traffic—carts, carriages, and hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly the figure of a policeman stepped out in full view and held up its hand; then down the centre of a lane, with closely-packed vehicles on either side, came a nurse, wheeling a mail-cart in which sat a child, laughing and waving its hands straight at the audience.

It was the dead child. As the man sat there, gripping the back of the seat before him, and staring wide eyed, he saw the thing clearly; saw her coming, as it seemed, straight towards him, with a nurse whose face he remembered wheeling her down towards the audience. Then the picture was blotted out, amid cheering and laughter and the clapping of hands.

Clement Darnford struggled out of the place into the air, he leaned like one drunk against the portico, great dry sobs shook him from head to foot. He had seen his beloved come from the grave—had seen her laughing and happy and waving hands to him. How beautiful she had been; how even those common people had loved her and laughed with her! He was not jealous of that, as he would once have been, he was only proud with a great pride. Even in the sorrow that overwhelmed him he could have cried aloud to the people who were now flocking out of the hall that that had been his baby they had seen—his child that had made them cheer, and clap their hands, and laugh at the very sight of her.

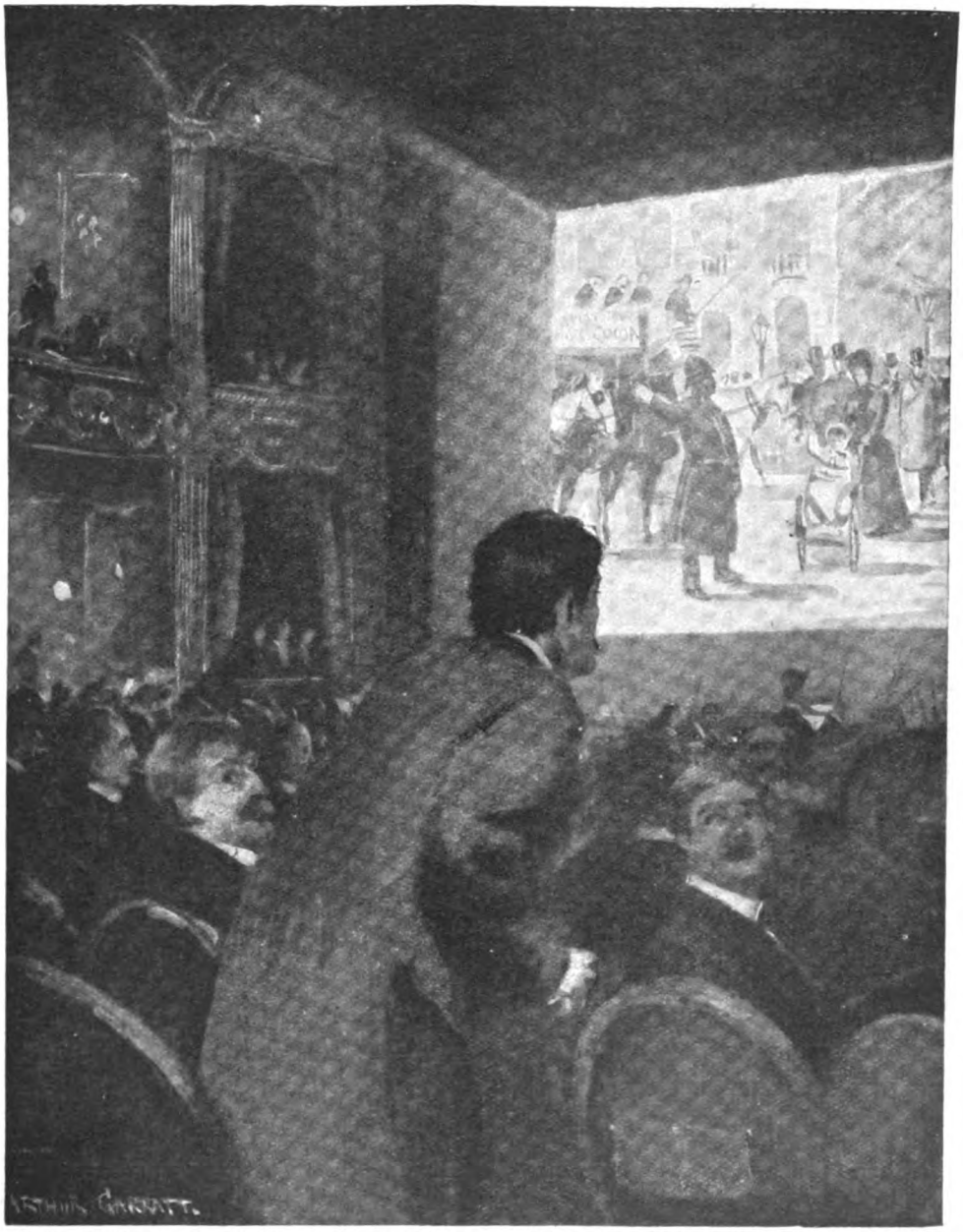
He went every night to the place. For a week he sat there, suffering agonies, and waiting always for that one moment when the white line of letters flashed before his eyes, and he saw again the crowded street, and the held-up lines of traffic, and his dead child coming towards him. Through the long day, while he wandered the streets forlorn and wretched, he looked forward to those few moments each night. The shadows fell about him again when the shadow fell upon the picture.

At last it happened that he went one night and sat through the whole performance, but he did not see the picture. There had been a change in the programme, and that particular cinematograph was gone. He stumbled out of the place like a man bereft; he had lost her!

He went back into the hall and found the manager, and faced him with a request. It was hard for him to steady his voice and to keep back the tears from his eyes; it was as though someone had stolen the actual child from him. Pathetically he pleaded that they would tell him where that particular show had gone.

They were a little surprised, but very kind and patient; the show had gone to a town in the North of England. He thanked them gratefully and went away; morning saw him on his way to the place they had told him of.

He knew what to do now; the game was in his hands. Each night, as by a miracle,



"AS THE MAN SAT THERE, GRIPPING THE BACK OF THE SEAT BEFORE HIM, AND STARING WIDE-EYED, HE SAW THE THING CLEARLY."

it was given him to see the child he loved; truly God had been very good to him. The man was changing with the months; he was thin and haggard, and his eyes were unnaturally bright. But he was softened; all the sternness had gone out of him. More than that, his life was mapped out clearly now; he had but to follow this wherever it went; so much was sufficient for him. He was constantly travelling, for it happened sometimes that the show would be in one town for only three nights—sometimes only for one. His eager inquiries at different places had made him known, and bit by bit the story had leaked out. The man with the haunted face and the craving

eyes sat like a ghost among the merry folk that crowded the places to which he went; people grew to look for him, and sometimes to whisper the story. More than that, with a kindly thought for him they played softer music when that magic line went up, and when the baby rode down each night to meet him.

Now it happened that Kate Darnford, who had never really had out of her mind the remembrance of the man she had loved and left, had begun to feel a stronger interest in him, for a reason he did not know. She wondered if, after all, she had misjudged him; if, by some chance, that had been but a mask he had worn on the night when she had told him that the child was dead, and he had taken the news so callously. While that long battle had been waging between them she could pit her strength against his in the hope for victory—in the hope that she might defeat him after all. But now the battle was over; he had laid down his weapons and had left the field. There was nothing left for her to struggle against; she began to think about the man—began to wonder about him.

Finally, one day she went to the house in which they had both lived, only to find that he had gone away. The caretaker gave her his new address, however, and she set out to find him. Without giving her name she inquired for him of a servant she had not seen before, and discovered that he was out—he was always out in the evening, the man informed her.

A curious insane jealousy began to stir in her. What did she know of his life, or of what he did, or what people he knew? Where did he go each night like this? On an impulse she determined to watch him. On the following night she was lucky enough to see him come out of the place and walk rapidly away.

She was shocked at his appearance. His dress was careless and shabby, his face was lined and worn, and his hair grey. He had some desperate purpose stirring him, or surely he would never walk at this pace, looking neither to right nor left, and going as to a settled goal. She hurried along after him, and presently saw to her amazement that he turned in at the doors of a third-rate music-hall. Puzzled and angry, she hesitated for a moment, and then went in also.

For a long time after she had taken her seat she failed to find him; but at last she saw him sitting below her in the body of the hall, with his arms folded and his eyes closed. The performance was going on, but it was obvious that he had not come for that. She waited and watched, but he spoke to no one, and an attendant who offered him a programme was brushed impatiently aside. Still Kate Darnford waited, and watched the man.

She could not, however, see him when the house was plunged in darkness for the cinematograph; she must perforce watch the stage. Then at last came the line for which the man watched night after night; then the picture. And so she understood.

She went to the place where he lived the next night, with some faint intention of speaking to him; but he did not see her when he hurried out into the streets, and this time he set off in a new direction. He went to another hall in quite another part of London, and once again waited for that picture. When he came out of the place she stood among the crowd and watched him; the face of the man was transfigured; it was wonderful to look upon.

She could not forget that face when, in her own home, she sat that night fighting a battle with herself; beating her hands softly together, and biting her lips to keep them from trembling. She had not understood—she had not understood. That he should have cared like this; that he should have given up all else to get this glimpse of the shadow-child night after night; it was wonderful. She fought her battle with herself for what seemed a long time; at last she sprang to her feet, and with a great hurry upon her rang the bell. It was very late, but a servant answered the summons, and stood waiting.

"Get me a cab at once. Wake the child, and dress her, and have her ready."

The woman withdrew quickly, and Kate Darnford put on her own hat and cloak, and waited impatiently until, presently, the door was opened, and the woman came in with the sleepy child encircled by one arm—the child of the picture, save for the difference of a year.

The mother went down on her knees before her, and held her close for a long minute; then, crooning to her as though she had been ill, she picked her up in her arms, and, with her face laid against the face of the child, went quickly out of the house and into the waiting cab. She was driven straight to Clement Darnford's rooms.

He had not reached home yet, the man informed her; it was his habit to arrive very late. The man would have barred her way, but she was not to be denied. She carried

the child straight in, and laid her down on a couch in the inner room, and then came out again. It was hard, but it must be done; she knew that he would be good to the child, and this was an end of all things for herself.

She was going quickly out of the room when Clement Darnford put his key in the lock of the outer door and entered. The brightness had gone from his face now; he walked dejectedly. He stopped on seeing her, and slowly closed the door, still looking at her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, lamely. Then, on an impulse of tenderness, she added, quickly, as she stretched out a hand to him, "For pity's sake don't be cruel to me any more; you wouldn't be cruel if you understood"

He bowed his head, and laughed a little bitterly in his throat.

"I don't want to be cruel to you, Kate," he said, gently. "We've both suffered — both blundered. I — I'm sorry."

"I've followed you for several nights past," she said at last, hesitatingly. "I've seen the picture."

He looked up at her quickly, with his eyes shining. "Isn't it wonderful?" he exclaimed. "But you haven't done what I've done; she's been mine night after night for months. I've been all over England, following her; I shall follow her till I die. It's all I've got to live for now. I'm glad you've seen her," he said, a little brokenly.

He was turning away listlessly when from that inner room came the sound of a voice — the voice of a child. She had been roused, and, sleepily as it seemed, had heard again the voice of the man who had been lost to her. While Clement Darnford stood there, staring wildly at the woman, the cry came again more clearly: "Daddy!"

Still he waited; as in a dream he seemed to hear the voice of his wife speaking to him; it could, of course, be nothing else but a dream.

"I lied to you, Clem; I was afraid you'd take her from me. The child's alive."

He thrust her aside, and went into the other room; it seemed as if he could never let the child out of his arms again. But when, as they clung together, he heard from the other room the sound of someone sobbing, and then the opening and the closing of the outer door, he set the child down hurriedly, and ran out after the woman, calling her name.

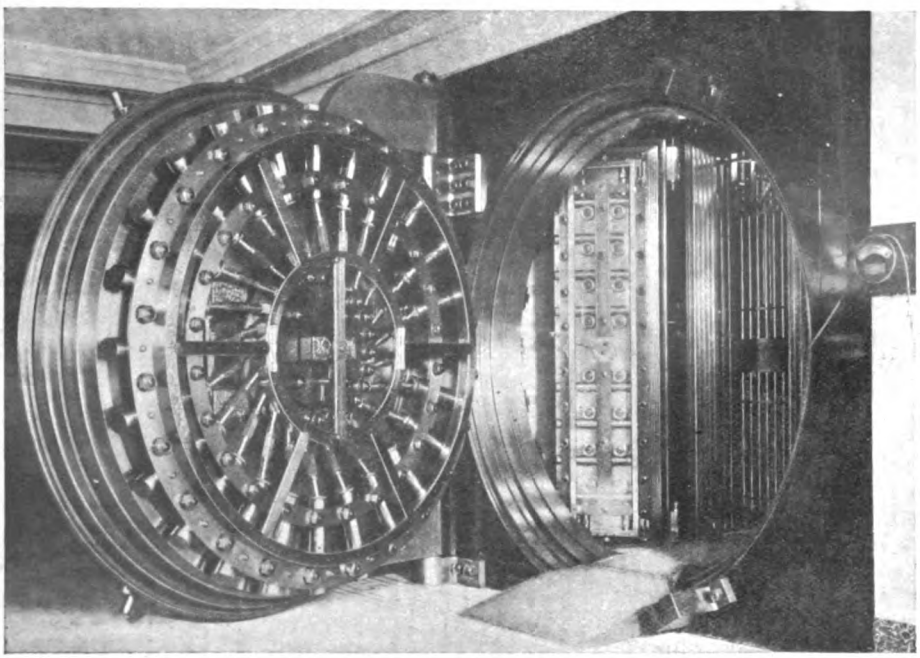
"IT SEEMED AS IF HE COULD NEVER LET THE CHILD OUT OF HIS ARMS AGAIN."

The Romance of Strong-Rooms.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

MUCH has been written about safes, but little has been said about strong-rooms. The reason for this is not difficult to seek. It is principally in the banks of the country where we find these giant rooms of steel, and naturally the banks themselves are not particularly anxious to let all and sundry know the secrets and strength of the devices which they have erected for the safeguarding of their bullion and treasure. Nevertheless, it is possible to record the history of the strong-room, and a fascinating and romantic history it is. It is virtually an account of the continuous fight that has been going on between the strong-room designer and the burglar for the past one hundred years or more.

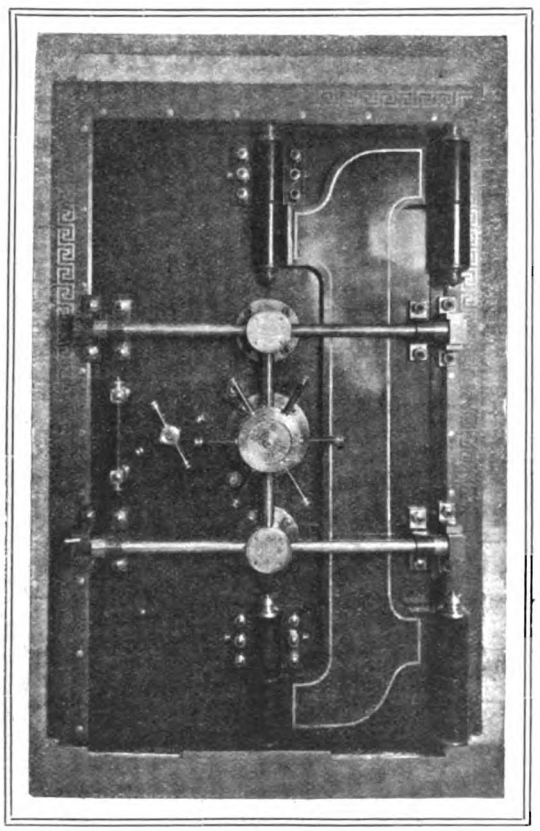
Indeed, that struggle for supremacy is still being waged, and is likely to continue till the end of time. No sooner does the strong-room maker turn out something that is an improvement on his previous efforts than the burglar answers the challenge, and by calling science to his aid often wins. The fact that



THE DOOR OF THE STRONG-ROOM OF A MODERN BANK—THIS DOOR, WHICH IS OF THE CIRCULAR TYPE, CONTAINS TWENTY-FOUR BOLTS, AND HAS BOTH A TIME-LOCK AND A COMBINATION LOCK. ITS TOTAL WEIGHT IS SIXTEEN TONS.
From a Photo. by Byron.

a London bank was broken into only eighteen months ago and its strong-room robbed of a large quantity of gold in the dead of night by two burglars, who did not leave even a finger-print behind, would appear to be evidence of this.

The strong-room had its birth scarcely more than one hundred years ago in the great oak boxes clamped with iron and provided with formidable hasps and locks. In the Bank of England's museum may be seen the old oak chest which was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street's first strong-room. It is a little larger than a common seaman's chest, and in this the Bank stored its cash, notes, and valuable papers. To-day the strong-room is a formidable-looking object, built of armour-plate, boasts of huge doors that weigh many tons, and represents the latest skill and science of the engineer and locksmith.



THE RECTANGULAR TYPE OF STRONG-ROOM DOOR, SHOWING THE COMPLETED MECHANISM WHICH WORKS THE BOLTS—THIS DOOR WEIGHS EIGHTEEN TONS.
From a Photo. by Byron.

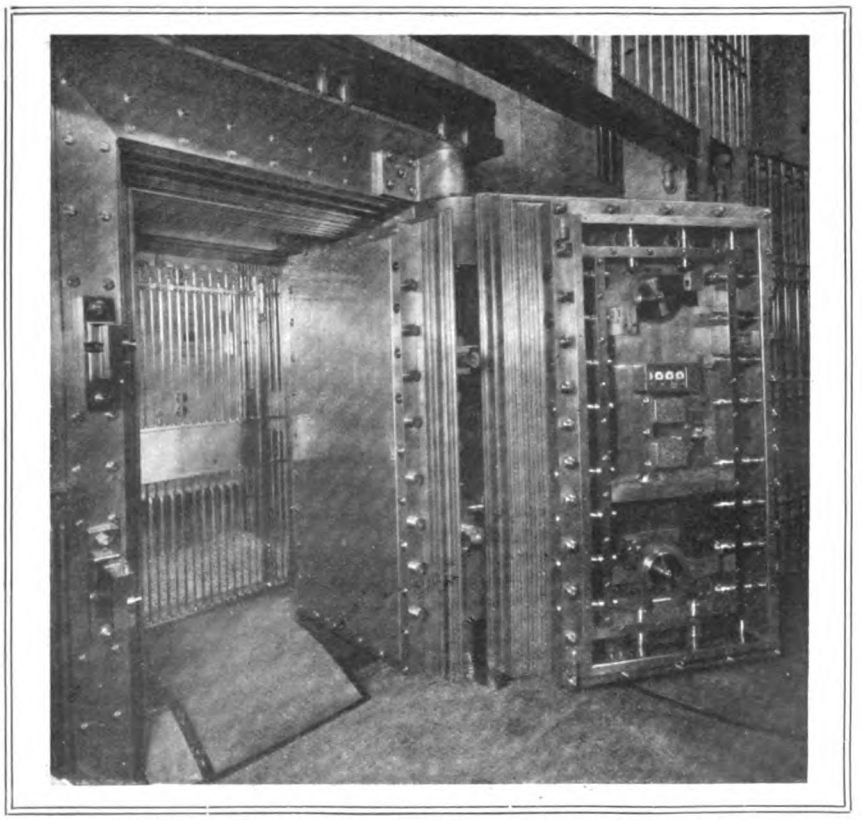
It was not long before man's faith in the strong-boxes of oak was rudely shattered by the ease with which the burglars of those days opened them with a fine saw and a chisel. Then came strong-rooms built of bricks, followed by still stronger receptacles erected of hard Staffordshire blue bricks laid in cement. The openings into these chambers were gained through strong iron doors possessing heavy bolts and locks. But the burglar got through them. To make them as they thought absolutely burglar-proof, the vault-makers built the entire room of steel, the opening consisting of a double door having two locks, double hinges, and many other interesting contrivances calculated to daunt the most persevering thief and force him to admit that at last here was something he could not break open. Special steel plates were made possessing great hardness and toughness. This was to resist the vastly improved drills and "jemmy" of the burglar.

The latter at once called science to his aid, and showed how he could attack and beat down the defence by a small pinch of nitro-glycerine ingeniously applied and carefully exploded. The vault-maker then turned his attention to armour-plate and erected his strong-rooms of this material. In some cases the rooms were built of five layers of steel welded together. Yet again the burglar was successful. He produced a new cutting tool which did the work with even greater ease than dynamite or nitro-glycerine. Now, here was a problem; the burglar had shown his ability to cut through steel plates with comparative ease, and to turn something out that is absolutely proof against all these chemical devices for melting and cutting steel was indeed a tough task.

That some banks possess strong-rooms capable of defying burglars and even armed mobs would appear to be evident from a glance at our photographs. Take, for instance, those which have been erected during the last few years in some of the leading banks by the Mosler Safe Company and the Herring Hall Marvin Safe Company, of which we reproduce several striking photographs. In some instances these vaults have cost as much as twenty-five thousand pounds to erect, the doors alone, in not a few instances, running into a cost of four figures.

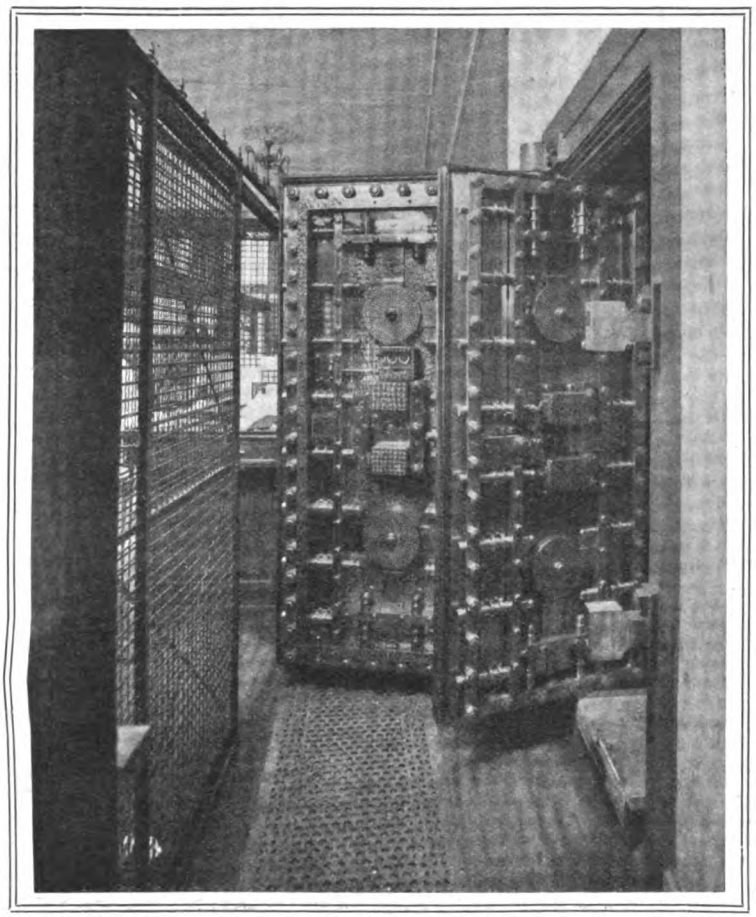
Space does not permit of a description of each, but the vault at the Chemical National Bank of New York may be taken as the latest type of vault-building.

The vault is situated some forty feet below the level of the street. The foundation and walls are of masonry and concrete, and in the vault itself the strong-room rests on a number of concrete piers. A narrow passage runs round three sides, and by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors the watchman passing along the gangway in front can see every part of the back and sides, as well as the open niches under the safe. The safe itself, or rather the strong-room, weighs three hundred tons. The walls are composed of five layers of steel. The outer door—for there are two, as shown in the accompanying photograph—has a weight of six tons, is sixteen feet high, and twenty feet wide, the inner door being of proportionate dimensions. Steam pipes run along the passages, from which, in case of riot and an attack upon the bank, jets of hot steam could play upon the strong-room, scalding the assailants. An equally remarkable device for immediately announcing the presence of an interloper and enterprising burglar is the tell-tale disguised tinfoil curtain, with which electrical wires are connected from the janitor's room in the upper part of the building. Pressure upon the wall of the strong-room will set the bells ringing and promptly announce the presence of would-be thieves. The door has no fewer than twenty-four bolts, arranged like the spokes in the hub of a wheel.



ENTRANCE TO THE VAULTS OF THE CHEMICAL NATIONAL BANK IN NEW YORK.
From a Photo. by Byron.

It will be seen from this that the bank is not relying solely upon the strength of its strong-room, but has incorporated some ingenious devices for defeating would-be robbers. It is much the same in the great national banks of the world. If a mob overcame the guards and "watch clerks" at the Bank of England they could not possibly penetrate into the vaults, for their passage would be blocked by large reservoirs of water. The strong-room here is one of the largest in the world. The foundation, sixty-



A DOUBLE-DOORED BANK STRONG-ROOM, HAVING TWENTY-FOUR BOLTS IN EACH DOOR.
From a Photo. by Byron.

six feet below street level, is a bed of concrete twenty feet thick. Above this concrete is a lake seven feet deep, and above that thick plates of iron specially manufactured to resist both skill and force. Anyone attempting an entrance from above would find a similar bed of concrete, a similar lake, and similar plates of iron. The walls are impenetrable, while the doors are one foot thick, weigh four tons each, and are made absolutely undrillable.

It was certainly not always the case, and the directors' hair must have stood on end when, many years ago, the secretary at a meeting stood up and read the following letter which he had received :—

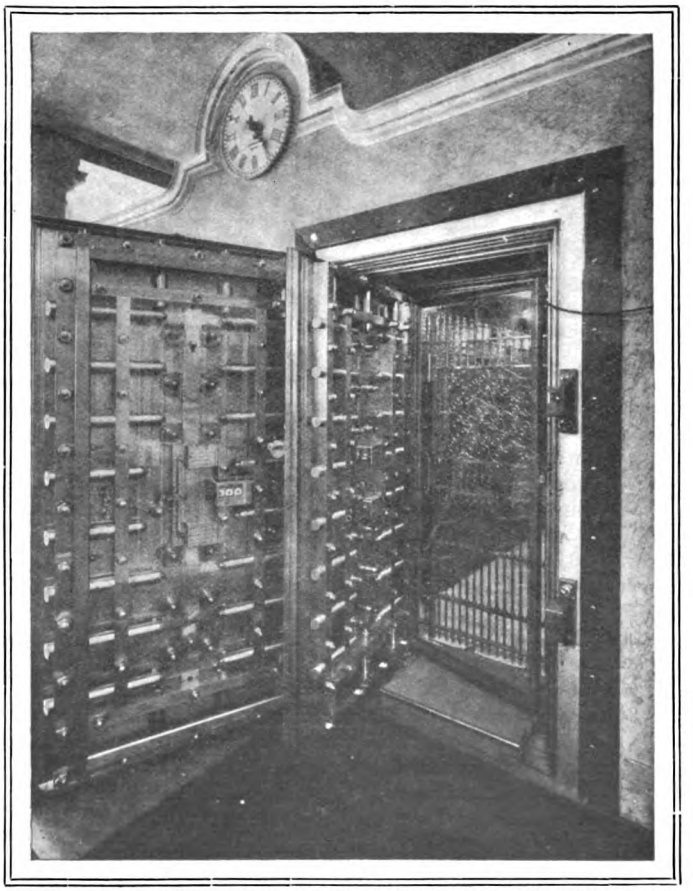
To Gentlemen off Bank England,—You think you is all safe and your bank is safe, but I knows bettur. i bin hinside the Bank these last 2 nites and you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf, so if yer will meet mee in the great squar room with all the moneiys at twelf 2 nite Ile explain orl to yer. Let only 2 cum alown, and say nuffin to nobody.

This letter was looked upon as a hoax; but detectives took a rather serious view of it, and stationed themselves at night in the large room beneath the Bank, called the treasury, where the stock of bullion is kept. This, it was thought, was the room referred to. For a long time nothing unusual was heard or seen; but some days later a heavy chest was received by the Bank authorities, which, on being opened, was found to contain a number of valuable documents which had been deposited in this particular room. With them came a note from the wife of the previous writer, stating that her husband had discovered a secret way of getting into the strong-room, but would not take anything. He would not disclose it whilst detectives were there, but would give the directors one more chance, and would meet a few of them, if they were alone in the room, at midnight.

Very uneasy in their minds, some of them went there accordingly at midnight. When in the vault a voice was heard which they could not locate. It stipulated that lights must be put out, and when this was done a man entered the room with a dark lantern in his hand. It was shown that this man had been in the habit of entering the sewers when the tide was low to see if any articles of value had been washed into them, and one night he discovered a strange opening which led to a large square stone which he could remove, and when he had done so he found himself in the bank treasury. He was an honest man, and, as related, wrote to the directors, and to prove his story abstracted the chest, which he returned to them. He was well rewarded and given a pension for life.

Like the Bank of England, the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers, who do sentry duty outside the building, a watch being likewise kept inside its precincts. But within quite recent times the officials at the French bank resorted to a very novel method for protecting their bullion. This consisted in engaging masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on and kept running until the whole cellar was flooded. A burglar would be obliged to work in a diving-suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officials arrived next morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened. Curiously enough, within a few months after this obsolete manner of protecting the bank's cash was done away with, burglars did actually get into the vaults and decamp with eight thousand eight hundred pounds in gold coins.

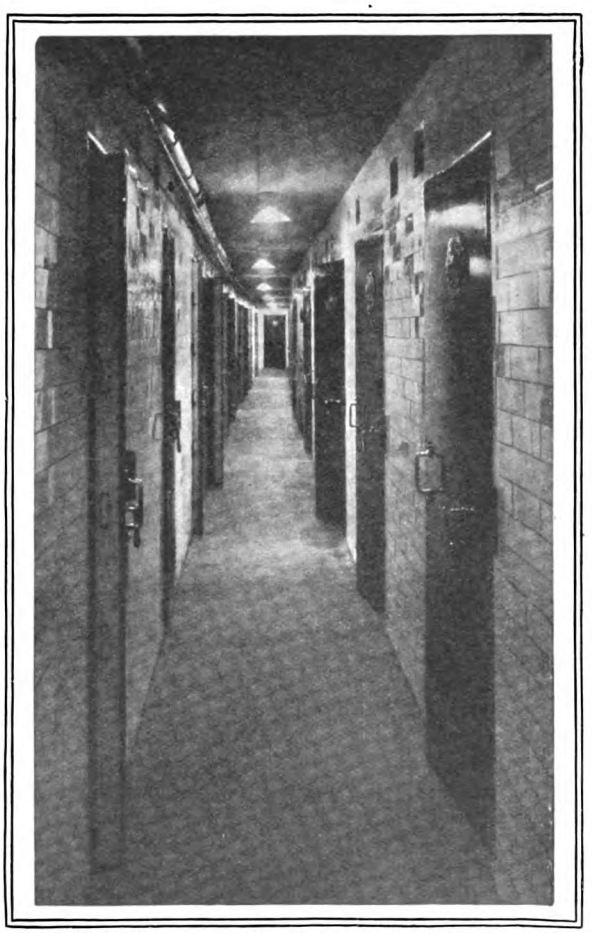
Although the strong-rooms found in the banks in this country are not so elaborate as those en countered on the other side of the Atlantic, it must not be imagined that they are not suitable for the purpose for which they were designed. The Englishman's love for something solid and not showy is evidenced in his strong-room as in other things. The manager of a New York bank will conduct you to the basement and show you the bullion-room, and point out with pride the great circular door which weighs, perhaps, twenty tons, yet is so delicately balanced on its hinges that a child can move it to and fro. Not so your London banker; but this is not because his strong-room is of poor material or design. Far from it. It is a solid mass of steel, and, under normal conditions, impregnable. Through the courtesy of a friend I was permitted to inspect a vault of a well-known bank within a quarter of an hour's walk of the Royal Exchange. The walls were two feet thick, and formed of hard bricks laid in cement, with hasp-iron worked in. The latter were lined throughout with steel plates two inches thick. There were two doors, the outer one of strong steel with two locks, and the inner one of combined iron and steel of extraordinary strength, with two locks throwing twenty bolts. Inside this room was a great safe, where the cash and securities were locked up every night. This safe weighed twenty five tons, and boasted of twenty bolts. In the resident clerk's bed-room, on the second floor of the building, was a powerful gong. If anyone opened the outer door of the strong-room the gong would immediately go off, thus giving the alarm. In addition to this security a watchman patrols the building, and has to pass the



A TIME-CLOCK ENTRANCE, CONSISTING OF TWO DOORS AND AN INNER GRILLE, WHICH OPEN ONLY AT THE HOUR AT WHICH THE DIAL-FINGER IS SET.
From a Photo. by Byron.

outer door of the strong-room every eighteen minutes and register that fact on a special automatic clock device.

This may be taken as a typical example of a British banker's strong-room, though there are no doubt many others even stronger than the one I have described. Messrs. Milners particularly have had great experience in strong-room building, and during recent years have constructed a number of armour-plated strong-rooms in the banks of this country and also in many of the banks in the Colonies. Indeed, all the great safe-makers, such as Chatwoods, Ratners, etc., do this kind of work, the latter firm having built quite a number of the safe deposits found in this country, which are virtually nests of strong-rooms.



THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL STRONG-ROOM IN A BUSINESS FIRM.
From a Photograph.

What banks fear is not so much a burglar gaining access to their premises by forcing doors, but by tunnelling and other equally cunning and daring methods. A few years ago a cashier in one of the national banks of the United States, in New Mexico, was busy at work one evening in the office when his quick ear detected some curious sounds. They seemed to proceed from a subterranean region; and he was not long in concluding that robbers must be tunnelling from an adjoining building to the vault in the bank.

Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Soon they observed the masonry of the bank to be giving way. Meantime the robbers appeared to be hard at work, and quite unaware that they were being watched. At one in the morning a Mexican volunteered to descend into the bank cellar so as to discover the actual situation. Scarcely had he gone a few paces down the stairs than he met someone coming up. The Mexican fired without saying a word, and shot the man dead. It was observed that he was one of the masons who had built the bank, and therefore was acquainted with its vulnerable points. The report of firearms alarmed his accomplices, for they fled, and escaped. The tunnel gave evidence of long and patient work on the part of the would-be thieves. It was sixty feet in length, constructed on scientific principles, contained provisions, water, and a full outfit of mining tools, and must have been three months in operation. The robbery appeared to be planned for the time of the month when the bank received large remittances of currency and coin.

An extraordinary and daring robbery was that which took place at the Central Bank of Western India, at Hong-Kong, in 1865, when the thieves succeeded in getting clear off with gold and specie to the value of nearly fifty thousand pounds. The robbers must have been at work for some weeks before they entered the bank's treasury. Their principal labour was the construction of a tunnel sixty feet in length from an adjacent drain to a spot exactly below the floor of the bank's treasury-vault. A perpendicular shaft of ten feet of sufficient diameter was then made to

permit of the passage of one man to reach the granite boulders on which the floor of the vault rested. These gave way through being undermined, and, a block being forced up, entrance to the vault was at once obtained. Two boxes were removed containing gold bars or ingots marked with the bank's stamp, as well as all the paper money, some boxes of dollars, and a box of ten-cent pieces.

No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspicion. One of them had six thousand dollars in his possession and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark. The robbery was effected between a Saturday and a Sunday; and the first thing that raised suspicion was the fact of a little boy trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawker in one of the bazaars of Hong-Kong. A gentleman who was passing asked where he got the gold, and the boy replied that it had been found at a certain place. He gave the youth what he asked for it—namely, a dollar—and then informed the police.

Some years ago an equally daring robbery took place at the late Cape of Good Hope Bank, at Kimberley. One Sunday morning the manager of this bank opened his cash safe to get a parcel of diamonds which were in his custody, when he found several loose bags of money lying about the strong-room floor. This rather puzzled him; but on looking around he spied an opening in the wall of the room, and came to the conclusion that a burglar had been at work. The police were applied to; and they found that the opening in the wall communicated with a large street drain in the vicinity. The total sum abstracted from the bank was about four thousand pounds; but, on the drain being explored, about fifteen bags of silver, of the value of a hundred pounds each, were recovered.

Messrs. Chubbs sent a representative to South Africa to investigate the scene of the robbery. He found the bank vault was built of masonry and was considered to be the strongest in South Africa. The walls of the room were three feet thick, and to get to these walls the burglars had first to penetrate through an outer wall four feet thick, and through three foundation walls each two feet thick, all these walls being constructed of solid cement and brickwork. There was also about twenty feet of earth to tunnel through, and the hole could not be made in a direct line, but had to be constructed with various turns, so as to enable the burglars with miners' tools to get through the softest places. The large drain opened out into the street. It was believed that a large retriever dog helped in the robbery, as it was seen to run out of the culvert with something hanging round its neck. Two men chased the animal for some distance, but the dog escaped.

Coming to more recent times we have the instance of burglars succeeding in effecting an entrance into the strong-room of a bank in St. James's Street, in the West-end of London. To accomplish this feat they cut their way through a two-foot wall. This happened, too, so recently as May, 1906. Five years ago a man broke into the strong-room of the Selby Smelting Works, at San Francisco, by tunnelling. He carried off thirty-seven bars of gold, all of which were subsequently recovered and the man apprehended and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. In a like manner—namely, by tunnelling—a large insurance company in Massachusetts had its strong-room burgled and five thousand pounds in cash and dollar bills stolen.

During the Civil War in America bank robberies were so frequent that the banks refused to take care of their customers' valuables. One of these institutions referred its clients to its porter as willing to accept the risk. For a small sum he took charge of the boxes and safes, and made a fortune by doing it, and this suggested the safe deposit companies, which at first erected very ordinary buildings, with glass windows, from which the armed guard could be seen patrolling night and day. To-day the safe deposit is acknowledged as a requisite institution which a civilized community could not do without. Quite a number have sprung into existence in London during the last decade, as well as in all the provincial towns.

The pioneer of these institutions in this country was the National Safe Deposit Company, situated in Queen Victoria Street, and within a stone's throw of the Bank of England. It is a veritable fortress of steel, built at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and undoubtedly one of the strongest repositories in the world. In all, there are thirty-two great vaults arranged in four tiers and closed by massive iron doors twelve inches thick, and each weighing between four and five tons.

These doors possess no locks and are simply a solid, undrillable mass of thick steel. They are operated in an ingenious way—namely, by hydraulic power. To close

them it is necessary for four officers of the company holding different positions to be at their post, and once the doors are closed there is no power on earth that can move them until the proper machinery is brought into action. As a further precaution there is above the top of the external building a tank containing fifty thousand gallons of water. When the hydraulic machinery has finished its work for the night and closed the doors the mechanism is, by an ingenious device, disconnected. Anyone attempting to connect it would release the water in the tank at the top of the building, with the result that the whole place, from ceiling to floor, would be instantly flooded with water, yet the vaults and strong-rooms would remain perfectly dry. One should not forget to add, perhaps, that the building is also patrolled at night by armed watchmen.

THE SAFE REPOSITORY IN HARROD'S STORES, LONDON, IN WHICH RENTERS MAY DEPOSIT VALUABLES. *From a] [Photograph.*

In the safes and strong-rooms of this famous repository, which even an earthquake could not shake unless it swallowed it bodily, millions of pounds sterling of securities and valuables are stored by the renters of the numerous receptacles. During the late Russo-Japanese War, noblemen from Russia came to London and stored their valuables in this stronghold, knowing that here they would be safe. On the company's books there are hundreds of titled names, and in the safes there are deeds and documents that are practically invaluable.

One of the best-known, perhaps, of latter-day safe deposits is the one situated in Chancery Lane. Here, in a casing of concrete, iron, and steel, are some forty thousand safes, strong-rooms, and strongholds. It was in this deposit that time-locks were first used in this country. On some doors there are two clocks, and on others as many as three and even four. When the door is closed the apparatus is set to a predetermined time, and until that hour elapses it is impossible to open the door. The reason why a number of timepieces are used is because, should one fail, the other or others would act, and one clock is sufficient to release the mechanism to unbolt the door at the expired time. At six o'clock at night the two-ton doors to the vaults are closed, and the mechanism set for nine o'clock next morning. It is impossible during the intervening hours to open the vault, even with the right key. In the same way the clocks are set from one o'clock on Saturday afternoon to expire at nine o'clock Monday morning.

One could write at great length on the romance of the safe deposit. When I visited the Chancery Lane Deposit I was pointed out one room that contained thirty million pounds' worth of securities. The next strong-room contained a valuable collection of books. There were scores of them, and the owner declares that they are so rare and valuable that if put up for auction to-morrow they would fetch two thousand pounds apiece. Some of the strong-rooms are put to curious uses. For instance, a lady renter pays a hundred guineas a year for a giant house of steel for storing old china. She has collected her treasures from all parts of the world, and

the attendant informed me that there were some lovely things behind the closed steel door. Several titled and wealthy renters store their plate in the vaults at Chancery Lane. When they give a grand dinner they remove the plate from the strong-room, and as soon as the dinner is over it is sent back again to the vault. Another room contains paintings valued at one hundred thousand pounds, and in yet another there are some magnificent examples of tapestry-work which could not be duplicated for fifty thousand pounds. During the trial of the missing-word competition thirteen sackfuls of postal orders were stored in one of the safes. Some of the strong-rooms weigh five hundred tons, and are fitted with doors that turn the scale at two tons apiece. Some renters have had special doors made to their rooms, and have had combination locks fitted to them.

This lock is very much favoured by our American cousins, and in some of them as many as one hundred million combinations may be used. The latest combination lock consists of four sets of twenty-four letters of the alphabet, which can be set to a sentence in most modern languages. When one letter is used in one alphabet, and another in the second set, and so on, it becomes a very complicated matter to detect the combination. Then there is the initial problem of what language it has been keyed in, to be solved by the man who attempts to open the safe. Indeed, it would take thousands of years to work out the whole of the combinations that can be used with these locks. A little while ago at Chancery Lane a renter forgot his combination, and it took the makers a whole week to get the door down.

Another popular London safe deposit is that to be found at Harrod's Stores. One is not surprised to learn that it is well patronized by ladies. The fact that it is in the very centre of the establishment lends additional safety to its users, for the would-be thief has no means of knowing whether a renter leaving the building has come away with an ordinary purchase of no particular value or a diamond necklace from the safe deposit. Then the deposit itself is built of concrete and steel, and is absolutely fire-proof, and, for that matter, burglar-proof. If the whole building was burned down the safe deposit would remain absolutely intact. The entrance is gained through a three-ton door fitted with time-locks, capable of operating from one hour to three days.

Passing the grille one emerges into the manager's office, and is virtually surrounded by large and small safes containing priceless treasures. Undoubtedly, there are many valuable jewels in this deposit. In one safe, rented by the sister of a foreign monarch, there is a magnificent collection of pearls. Another lady renter rigidly locks up in her safe a costly diamond tiara presented to her by the City Corporation. She only removes it to wear on special occasions. She brings it back next morning done up like an ordinary parcel, to deposit it again until the next festive occasion.

Anyone, of course, can hire the safes in the various safe deposits by paying the necessary rent, and it is not surprising to learn that occasionally persons of a more or less suspicious character do so. "A well-dressed gentleman came here," said the manager of one safe deposit to the writer, "a little while ago, and rented one of our biggest strong-rooms. He was an American, and as pleasant-mannered a fellow as you could meet. He did not come often, perhaps once a month, but on one occasion he came in very flurried and anxious, but without his key. When he had gone a Scotland Yard man came and made a few inquiries about him, and waited to see if he would return, but he did not. He came next day, however, with the detective at his heels, and was politely but firmly asked to give up his key and remain in the private room while the detective and an attendant examined the contents of his safe. It was full of valuable jewels which had been stolen from New York."

Before now people have been shut in strong-rooms and have had narrow escapes. On one occasion a locksmith was repairing an interior safe in a strong-room of a New York bank when the cashier closed the vault door. As it was worked by a time-lock it meant that the door would remain closed until the following morning. Fortunately the man knew the secrets of his stronghold, and by opening a manhole was able to obtain a sufficient supply of air. He then made a pillow of a bag of dollar bills and composed himself to sleep until the door was opened next morning. A clerk in a London bank, who was locked in a strong-room some few years ago, was by no means so fortunate. He was brought out at midnight in an unconscious condition. He owed his life to his wife, who, finding his hat and coat at the office, divined that he must be in the building, and the only place they could not search was the strong-room. The manager was sent for and the door opened, and the poor man discovered almost lifeless on the floor of the vault.

THE THIRD DRUG.

By E. BLAND.

I.

ROGER WROXHAM looked round his studio before he blew out the candle, and wondered whether, perhaps, he looked for the last time. It was large and empty, yet his trouble had filled it and, pressing against him in the prison of those four walls, forced him out into the world, where lights and voices and the presence of other men should give him room to draw back, to set a space between it and him, to decide whether he would ever face it again—he and it alone together. The nature of his trouble is not germane to this story. There was a woman in it, of course, and money, and a friend, and regrets and embarrassments—and all of these reached out tendrils that wove and interwove till they made a puzzle problem of which heart and brain were now weary.

He blew out the candle and went quietly downstairs. It was nine at night, a soft night of May in Paris. Where should he go? He thought of the Seine, and took—an omnibus. When at last it stopped he got off, and so strange was the place to him that it almost seemed as though the trouble itself had been left behind. He did not feel it in the length of three or four streets that he traversed slowly. But in the open space, very light and lively, where he recognised the Taverne de Paris and knew himself in Montmartre, the trouble set its teeth in his heart again, and he broke away from the lamps and the talk to struggle with it in the dark, quiet streets beyond.

A man braced for such a fight has little thought to spare for the details of his surroundings. The next thing that Wroxham knew of the outside world was the fact which he had known for some time that he was not alone in the street. There was someone on the other side of the road keeping pace with him — yes, certainly keeping pace, for, as he slackened his own, the feet on the other pavement also went more slowly. And now they were four feet, not two. Where had the other man sprung from? He had not been there a moment ago. And now, from an archway a little ahead of him, a third man came.

Wroxham stopped. Then three men converged upon him, and, like a sudden magic-lantern picture on a sheet prepared, there came to him all that he had heard and read of Montmartre—dark archways, knives, Apaches, and men who went away from homes where they were beloved and never again returned. He, too—well, if he never returned again, it would be quicker than the Seine, and, in the event of ultramundane possibilities, safer.

He stood still and laughed in the face of the man who first reached him.

"Well, my friend?" said he; and at that the other two drew close.

"Monsieur walks late," said the first, a little confused, as it seemed, by that laugh.

"And will walk still later if it pleases him," said Roger. "Good night, my friends."

"Ah!" said the second, "friends do not say adieu so quickly. Monsieur will tell us the hour."

"I have not a watch," said Roger, quite truthfully.

"I will assist you to search for it," said the third man, and laid a hand on his arm.

Roger threw it off. The man with the hand staggered back.

"The knife searches more surely," said the second.

"No, no," said the third, quickly; "he is too heavy. I for one will not carry him afterwards."

They closed round him, hustling him between them. Their pale, degenerate faces spun and swung round him in the struggle. For there was a struggle. He had not meant that there should be a struggle. Someone would hear—someone would come.

But if any heard none came. The street retained its empty silence; the houses, masked in close shutters, kept their reserve. The four were wrestling, all pressed close together in a writhing bunch, drawing breath hardly through set teeth, their feet slipping and not slipping on the rounded cobble-stones.

It was then that Roger felt the knife. Its point glanced off the cigarette-case in his breast pocket and bit sharply at his inner arm. And at the sting of it Roger knew, suddenly and quite surely, that he did not desire to die. He feigned a reeling weakness,

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relaxed his grip, swayed sideways, and then suddenly caught the other two in a new grip, crushed their faces together, flung them off, and ran. It was but for an instant that his feet were the only ones that echoed in the street. Then he knew that the others too were running.

He ran more swiftly—he was running now for his life—the life that he had held so cheap three minutes before. And all the streets were empty—empty like dream-streets, with all their windows dark and unhelpful, their doors fast closed against his need. Only now and again he glanced to right or left, if perchance some window might show light to justify a cry for help, some door advance the welcome of an open inch.

There was at last such a door. He did not see it till it was almost behind him. Then there was the drag of the sudden stop—the eternal instant of indecision. Was there time? There must be. He dashed his fingers through the inch-crack, grazing the backs of them, leapt within, drew the door after him, felt madly for a lock or bolt, found a key, and, hanging his whole weight on it, managed to get the door home and turned the key. Then someone cursed breathlessly outside; there was the sound of feet that went away.

"THE FOUR WERE WRESTLING, ALL PRESSED CLOSE TOGETHER IN A WRITHING BUNCH."

He found himself listening, listening, and there was nothing to hear but the silence, and once, before he thought to twist his handkerchief round it, the drip of blood from his hand.

By and by he knew that he was not alone in this house, for from far away there came the faint sound of a footstep, and, quite near, the faint answering echo of it. And at a window high up on the other side of the courtyard a light showed. Light and sound and echo intensified, the light passing window after window, till at last it moved across the courtyard and the little trees threw black shifting shadows as it

came towards him—a lamp in the hand of a man.

It was a short, bald man, with pointed beard and bright, friendly eyes. He held the lamp high as he came, and when he saw Roger he drew his breath in an inspiration that spoke of surprise, sympathy, pity.

"Hold! hold!" he said, in a singularly pleasant voice; "there has been a misfortune? You are wounded, monsieur?"

"Apaches," said Roger, and was surprised at the weakness of his own voice.

"Fortunately," said the other, "I am a surgeon. Allow me."

He set the lamp on the step of a closed door, took off Roger's coat, and quickly tied his own handkerchief round the wounded arm.

"Now," he said, "courage! I am alone in the house. No one comes here but me. If you can walk up to my rooms you will save us both much trouble. If you cannot, sit here and I will fetch you a cordial. But I advise you to try to walk. That *porte cochère* is, unfortunately, not very strong, and the lock is a common spring lock, and your friends may return with *their* friends; whereas the door across the courtyard is heavy, and the bolts are new."

Roger moved towards the heavy door whose bolts were new. The stairs seemed to go on for ever. The doctor lent his arm, but the carved banisters and their lively shadows whirled before Roger's eyes. Also he seemed to be shod with lead, and to have in his legs bones that were red-hot. Then the stairs ceased, and there was light, and a cessation of the dragging of those leaden feet. He was on a couch, and his eyes might close.

When next he saw and heard he was lying at ease, the close intimacy of a bandage clasping his arm, and in his mouth the vivid taste of some cordial.

The doctor was sitting in an arm-chair near a table, looking benevolent through gold-rimmed pince-nez.

"Better?" he said. "No; lie still, you'll be a new man soon."

"I am desolated," said Roger, "to have occasioned you all this trouble."

"In a big house like this," said the doctor,

"THE DOCTOR WAS SITTING IN AN ARM-CHAIR NEAR A TABLE."

as it seemed a little sadly, "there are many empty rooms, and some rooms which are not empty. There is a bed altogether at your service, monsieur, and I counsel you not to delay in seeking it. You can walk?"

Wroxham stood up. "Why, yes," he said, stretching himself. "I feel, as you say, a new man."

A narrow bed and rush-bottomed chair showed like doll's-house furniture in the large, high, gaunt room to which the doctor led him.

"You are too tired to undress yourself," said the doctor; "rest—only rest," and covered him with a rug, snugly tucked him up, and left him.

"I leave the door open," he said, "in case you should have any fever. Good night. Do not torment yourself. All goes well."

Then he took away the lamp, and Wroxham lay on his back and saw the shadows of the window-frames cast by the street lamps on the high ceiling. His eyes, growing accustomed to the darkness, perceived the carving of the white panelled walls and mantelpiece. There was a door in the room, another door than the one which the doctor had left open. Roger did not like open doors. The other door, however, was closed. He wondered where it led, and whether it were locked. Presently he got up to see. It was locked. He lay down again.

His arm gave him no pain, and the night's adventure did not seem to have overset his nerves. He felt, on the contrary, calm, confident, extraordinarily at ease, and master of himself. The trouble—how could that ever have seemed important? This calmness—it felt like the calmness that precedes sleep. Yet sleep was far from him. What was it that kept sleep away? The bed was comfortable—the pillows soft. What was it? It came to him presently that it was the scent which distracted him, worrying him with a memory that he could not define. A faint scent of—what was it? Perfumery? Yes—and camphor—and something else—something vaguely disquieting. He had not noticed it before he had risen and tried the handle of that other door. But now—— He covered his face with the sheet, but through the sheet he smelt it still. He rose and threw back one of the long French windows. It opened with a click and a jar, and he looked across the dark well of the courtyard. He leaned out, breathing the chill pure air of the May night, but when he withdrew his head the scent was there again. Camphor—perfume—and something else. What was it that it reminded him of?

He stood up and went, with carefully-controlled swiftness, towards the open door. He wanted light and a human voice. The doctor was in the room upstairs; he——

The doctor was face to face with him on the landing, not a yard away, moving towards him quietly in shoeless feet.

"I can't sleep," said Wroxham, a little wildly; "it's too dark and——"

"Come upstairs," said the doctor, and Wroxham went.

There was comfort in the large, lighted room. A green-shaded lamp stood on the table.

"What's behind that door," said Wroxham, abruptly—"that door downstairs?"

"Specimens," the doctor answered; "preserved specimens. My line is physiological research. You understand?"

So that was it.

"I feel quite well, you know," said Wroxham, laboriously explaining—"fit as any man—only I can't sleep."

"I see," said the doctor.

"It's the scent from your specimens, I think," Wroxham went on; "there's something about that scent——"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"It's very odd." Wroxham was leaning his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand. "I feel so frightfully well—and yet—— There's a strange feeling——"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Yes, tell me exactly how you feel."

"I feel," said Wroxham, slowly, "like a man on the crest of a wave."

The doctor stood up.

"You feel well, happy, full of life and energy—as though you could walk to the world's end, and yet——"

"And yet," said Roger, "as though my next step might be my last—as though I might step into a grave."

He shuddered.

"Do you," asked the doctor, anxiously—"do you feel thrills of pleasure—something like the first waves of chloroform—thrills running from your hair to your feet?"

"I felt all that," said Roger, slowly, "downstairs before I opened the window."

The doctor looked at his watch, frowned, and got up quickly. "There is very little time," he said.

Suddenly Roger felt an unexplained thrill of pain.

The doctor went to a long laboratory bench with bottle-filled shelves above it, and on it

crucibles and retorts, test tubes, beakers—all a chemist's apparatus—reached a bottle from a shelf, and measured out certain drops into a graduated glass, added water, and stirred it with a glass rod.

"Drink that," he said.

"You may be giving me poison," Roger gasped, his hands at his heart.

"I may," said the doctor. "What do you suppose poison makes you feel like? What do you feel like now?"

"I feel," said Roger, "like death."

Every nerve, every muscle thrilled to a pain not too intense to be underlined by a shuddering nausea.

"Like death," he said again.

"Then drink," cried the doctor, in tones of such cordial entreaty, such evident anxiety, that Wroxham half held his hand out for the glass. "Drink! Believe me, it is your only chance."

Again the pain swept through him like an electric current. The beads of sweat sprang out on his forehead.

"HE MEASURED OUT CERTAIN DROPS INTO A GRADUATED GLASS."

"That wound," the doctor pleaded, standing over him with the glass held out. "For Heaven's sake, drink! Don't you understand, man? You *are* poisoned. Your wound——"

"The knife?" Wroxham murmured, and as he spoke his eyes seemed to swell in his head, and his head itself to grow enormous. "Do you know the poison—and its antidote?"

"I know all." The doctor soothed him. "Drink, then, my friend."

As the pain caught him again in a clasp more close than any lover's he clutched at the glass and drank. The drug met the pain and mastered it. Roger, in the ecstasy of pain's cessation, saw the world fade and go out in a haze of vivid violet.

II.

FAINT films of lassitude shot with contentment wrapped him round. He lay passive as a man lies in the convalescence that follows a long fight with Death.

"I'm better now," he said, in a voice that was a whisper—tried to raise his hand from where it lay helpless in his sight, failed, and lay looking at it in confident repose—"much better."

"Yes," said the doctor, and his pleasant, soft voice had grown softer, pleasanter. "You are now in the second stage. An interval is necessary before you can pass to the third. I will enliven the interval by conversation. Is there anything you would like to know?"

"Nothing," said Roger; "I am quite happy—quite contented."

"This is very interesting," said the doctor. "Tell me exactly how you feel."

Roger faintly and slowly told him.

"Ah!" the doctor said, "I have not before heard this. You are the only one of them all who ever passed the first stage. The others——"

"The others?" said Roger, but he did not care much about the others.

"The others," said the doctor, frowning, "were unsound. Decadent students, degenerate Apaches. You are highly trained—in fine physical condition. And your brain!

The Lord be good to the Apaches who so delicately excited it to just the degree of activity needed for my purpose."

"The others?" Wroxham insisted.

"The others? They are in the room whose door was locked. Look—you should be able to see them. The second drug should lay your consciousness before me like a sheet of white paper on which I can write what I choose. If I choose that you should see my specimens—— *Allons donc.* I have no secrets from you now. Look—look—strain your eyes. In theory I know all that you can do and feel and see in this second stage. But practically—— Enlighten me—look—shut your eyes and look!"

Roger closed his eyes and looked. He saw the gaunt, uncarpeted staircase, the open doors of the big rooms, passed to the locked door, and it opened at his touch. The room inside was, like the other, spacious and panelled. A lighted lamp with a blue shade hung from the ceiling, and below it an effect of spread whiteness. Roger looked. There *were* things to be seen.

With a shudder he opened his eyes on the doctor's delightful room, the doctor's intent face.

"What did you see?" the doctor asked. "Tell me!"

"Did you kill them all?" Roger asked back.

"They died—of their own inherent weakness," the doctor said. "And you saw them?"

"I saw," said Roger, "the quiet people lying all along the floor in their death clothes—the people who have come in at that door of yours that is a trap—for robbery, or curiosity, or shelter—and never gone out any more."

"Right," said the doctor. "Right. My theory is proved at every point. You can see what I choose you to see. Yes; decadents all. It was in embalming that I was a specialist before I began these other investigations."

"What," Roger whispered—"what is it all for?"

"To make the superman," said the doctor. "I will tell you."

He told. It was a long story—the story of a man's life, a man's work, a man's dreams, hopes, ambitions.

"The secret of life," the doctor ended. "That is what all the alchemists sought. They sought it where Fate pleased. I sought it where I have found it—in death."

"And the secret is?" asked Roger.

"I have told you," said the doctor, impatiently; "it is in the third drug that life—splendid, superhuman life—is found. I have tried it on animals. Always they became perfect, all that an animal should be. And more, too—much more. They were too perfect, too near humanity. They looked at me with human eyes. I could not let them live. Such animals it is not necessary to embalm. I had a laboratory in those days—and assistants. They called me the Prince of Vivisectors."

The man on the sofa shuddered.

"What is the third drug?" Roger asked, lying limp and flat on his couch.

"It is the Elixir of Life," said the doctor. "I am not its discoverer; the old alchemists knew it well, but they failed because they sought to apply the elixir to a normal—that is, a diseased and faulty—body. I knew better. One must have first a body abnormally healthy, abnormally strong. Then, not the elixir, but the two drugs that prepare. The first excites prematurely the natural conflict between the principles of life and death, and then, just at the point where Death is about to win his victory, the second drug intensifies life so that it conquers—intensifies, and yet chastens. Then the whole life of the subject, risen to an ecstasy, falls prone in an almost voluntary submission to the coming super-life. Submission—submission! The garrison must surrender before the splendid conqueror can enter and make the citadel his own. Do you understand? Do you submit?"

"I submit," said Roger, for, indeed, he did. "But—soon—quite soon—I will not submit."

He was too weak to be wise, or those words had remained unspoken.

The doctor sprang to his feet.

"It works too quickly!" he cried. "Everything works too quickly with you. Your condition is too perfect. So now I bind you."

From a drawer beneath the bench where the bottles gleamed the doctor drew rolls of bandages—violet, like the haze that had drowned, at the urgence of the second drug, the consciousness of Roger. He moved, faintly resistant, on his couch. The doctor's hands, most gently, most irresistibly, controlled his movement.

"Lie still," said the gentle, charming voice. "Lie still; all is well." The clever, soft hands were unrolling the bandages—passing them round arms and throat—under and over the soft narrow couch. "I cannot risk your life, my poor boy. The least movement of

yours might ruin everything. The third drug, like the first, must be offered directly to the blood which absorbs it. I bound the first drug as an unguent upon your knife-wound."

The swift hands passed the soft bandages back and forth, over and under—flashes of violet passed to and fro in the air like the shuttle of a weaver through his warp. As the bandage clasped his knees Roger moved.

"For Heaven's sake, no!" the doctor cried; "the time is so near. If you cease to submit it is death."

With an incredible accelerated swiftness he swept the bandages round and round knees and ankles, drew a deep breath—stood upright.

"I must make an incision," he said—"in the head this time. It will not hurt. See! I spray it with the Constantia Nepenthe; that also I discovered. My boy, in a moment you know all things—you are as a god. Be patient. Preserve your submission."

Roger did not feel the knife that made the cross-cut on his temple, but he felt the hot spurt of blood that followed the cut; he felt the cool flap of a plaster spread with some sweet, clean-smelling unguent that met the blood and stanched it. There was a moment—or was it hours?—of nothingness. Then from that cut on his forehead there seemed to radiate threads of infinite length, and of a strength that one could trust to—threads that linked one to all knowledge past and present. He felt that he controlled all wisdom, as a driver controls his four-in-hand. Knowledge, he perceived, belonged to him, as the air belongs to the eagle. He swam in it, as a great fish in a limitless ocean.

He opened his eyes and met those of the doctor, who sighed as one to whom breath has grown difficult.

"Ah, all goes well. Oh, my boy, was it not worth it? What do you feel?"

"I. Know. Everything," said Roger, with full stops between the words.

"Everything? The future?"

"No. I know all that man has ever known."

"Look back—into the past. See someone. See Pharaoh. You see him—on his throne?"

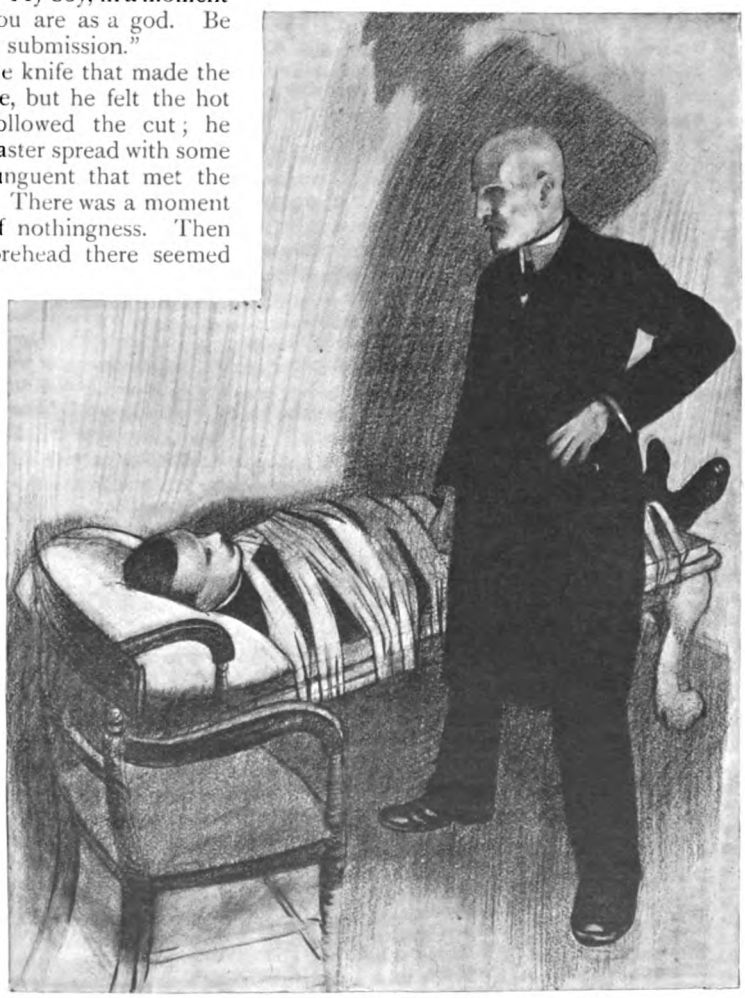
"Not on his throne. He is whispering in a corner of his great gardens to a girl who is the daughter of a water-carrier."

"Bah! Any poet of my dozen decadents who lie so still could have told me that. Tell me secrets—the *Masque de Fer*."

The other told a tale, wild and incredible, but it satisfied the listener.

"That too—it might be imagination. Tell me the name of the woman I loved and——"

The echo of the name of the anæsthetic came to Roger, and "Constantia," said he, in an even voice.



"'I MUST MAKE AN INCISION,' HE SAID—'IN THE HEAD.'"

"Ah!" the doctor cried, "now I see you know all things. It was not murder. I hoped to dower her with all the splendours of the super-life."

"Her bones lie under the lilacs, where you used to kiss her in the spring," said Roger, quite without knowing what it was that he was going to say.

"It is enough," the doctor cried. He sprang up, ranged certain bottles and glasses on a table convenient to his chair. "You know all things. It was not a dream, this, the dream of my life. It is true. It is a fact accomplished. Now I, too, will know all things. I will be as the gods."

He sought among leather cases on a far table and came back swiftly into the circle of light that lay below the green-shaded lamp.

Roger, floating contentedly on the new sea of knowledge that seemed to support him, turned eyes on the trouble that had driven him out of that large, empty studio so long ago, so far away. His new-found wisdom laughed at that problem, laughed and solved it. "To end that trouble I must do so-and-so, say such-and-such," Roger told himself again and again.

And now the doctor, standing by the table, laid on it his pale, plump hand outspread. He drew a knife from a case—a long, shiny knife—and scored his hand across and across its back, as a cook scores pork for cooking. The slow blood followed the cuts in beads and lines.

Into the cuts he dropped a green liquid from a little bottle, replaced its stopper, bound up his hand, and sat down.

"The beginning of the first stage," he said; "almost at once I shall begin to be a new man. It will work quickly. My body, like yours, is sane and healthy."

There was a long silence.

"Oh, but this is good," the doctor broke it to say. "I feel the hand of Life sweeping my nerves like harp-strings."

Roger had been thinking, the old common sense that guides an ordinary man breaking through this consciousness of illimitable wisdom. "You had better," he said, "unbind me; when the hand of Death sweeps your nerves you may need help."

"No," the doctor said, and no, and no, and no many times. "I am afraid of you. You know all things, and even in your body you are stronger than I."

And then suddenly and irresistibly the pain caught him. Roger saw his face contorted with agony, his hands clench on the arm of his chair; and it seemed that either this man was less able to bear pain than he, or that the pain was much more violent than had been his own. And the plump, pale hand, writhing and distorted by anguish, again and again drew near to take the glass that stood ready on the table, and with convulsive self-restraint again and again drew back without it.

The short May night was waning—the shiver of dawn rustled the leaves of the plant whose leaves were like red misshaped hearts.

"Now!" The doctor screamed the word, grasped the glass, drained it, and sank back in his chair. His hand struck the table beside him. Looking at his limp body and head thrown back one could almost see the cessation of pain, the coming of kind oblivion.

III.

THE dawn had grown to daylight, a poor, grey, rain-stained daylight, not strong enough to pierce the curtains and persiennes, and yet not so weak but that it could mock the lamp, now burnt low and smelling vilely.

Roger lay very still on his couch, a man wounded, anxious, and extravagantly tired. In those hours of long, slow dawning, face to face with the unconscious figure in the chair, he had felt, slowly and little by little, the recession of that sea of knowledge on which he had felt himself float in such large content. The sea had withdrawn itself, leaving him high and dry on the shore of the normal. The only relic that he had clung to and that he still grasped was the answer to the problem of the trouble—the only wisdom that he had put into words. These words remained to him, and he knew that they held wisdom—very simple wisdom, too.

"To end the trouble I must do so-and-so and say such-and-such."

Slowly a dampness spread itself over Wroxham's forehead and tingled among the roots of his hair. He writhed in his bonds. They held fast. He could not move hand or foot. Only his head could turn a little, so that he could at will see the doctor or not see him. A shaft of desolate light pierced the persienne at its hinge and rested on the table, where an overturned glass lay.

Wroxham thrilled from head to foot. The body in the chair stirred—hardly stirred—shivered, rather—and a very faint, far-away voice said:—

"Now the third—give me the third."

"What?" said Roger, stupidly; and he

had to clear his throat twice before he could say even that.

"The moment is now," said the doctor. "I remember all. I made you a god. Give me the third drug."

"Where is it?" Roger asked.

"It is at my elbow," the doctor murmured. "I submit—I submit. Give me the third drug, and let me be as you are."

"As *I* am?" said Roger. "You forget. *I* am bound."

"Break your bonds," the doctor urged, in a quick, small voice. "I trust you now. You are stronger than all men, as you are wiser. Stretch your muscles, and the bandages will fall asunder like snow-wreaths."

"It is too late," Wroxham said, and laughed; "all that is over. I am not wise any more, and I have only the strength of a man. I am tired and wounded. I cannot break my bonds—I cannot help you!"

"But if you cannot help me—it is death," said the doctor.

"It is death," said Roger. "Do you feel it coming on you?"

"I feel life returning," said the doctor, "it is now the moment—the one possible moment. And I cannot reach it. Oh, give it me—give it me!"

Then Roger cried out suddenly, in a loud voice: "Now, by all that's sacred, you infernal decadent, I am *glad* that I cannot give it. Yes, if it costs me my life, it's worth it, you madman, so that your life ends too. Now be silent, and die like a man if you have it in you."

Roger lay and watched him, and presently he writhed from the chair to the floor, tearing feebly at it with his fingers, moaned, shuddered, and lay very still.

Of all that befell Roger in that house the worst was now. For now he knew that he was alone with the dead, and between him and death stretched certain hours and days. For the *porte cochère* was locked; the doors of the house itself were locked—heavy doors and the locks new.

"I am alone in the house," the doctor had said. "No one comes here but me."

No one would come. He would die there—he, Roger Wroxham—"poor old Roger Wroxham, who was no one's enemy but his own." Tears pricked his eyes. He shook his head impatiently and they fell from his lashes.

"You fool," he said, "can't *you* die like a man either?"

Then he set his teeth and made himself lie still. It seemed to him that now Despair laid her hand on his heart. But, to speak truth, it was Hope whose hand lay there. This was so much more than a man should be called on to bear—it could not be true. It was an evil dream. He would awake presently. Or if it were, indeed, real—then someone would come, someone must come. God could not let nobody come to save him.

And late at night, when heart and brain had been stretched almost to the point where both break and let in the sea of madness, someone came.

The interminable day had worn itself out. Roger had screamed, yelled, shouted till his throat was dried up, his lips baked and cracked. No one heard. How should they? The twilight had thickened and thickened till at last it made a shroud for the dead man on the floor by the chair. And there were other dead men in that house; and as Roger ceased to see the one he saw the others—the quiet, awful faces, the lean hands, the straight, stiff limbs laid out one beyond another in the room of death. They at least were not bound. If they should rise in their white wrappings and, crossing that empty sleeping-chamber very softly, come slowly up the stairs——

A stair creaked.

His ears, strained with hours of listening, thought themselves befooled. But his cowering heart knew better.

Again a stair creaked. There was a hand on the door.

"Then it is all over," said Roger in the darkness, "and I *am* mad."

The door opened very slowly, very cautiously. There was no light. Only the sound of soft feet and draperies that rustled.

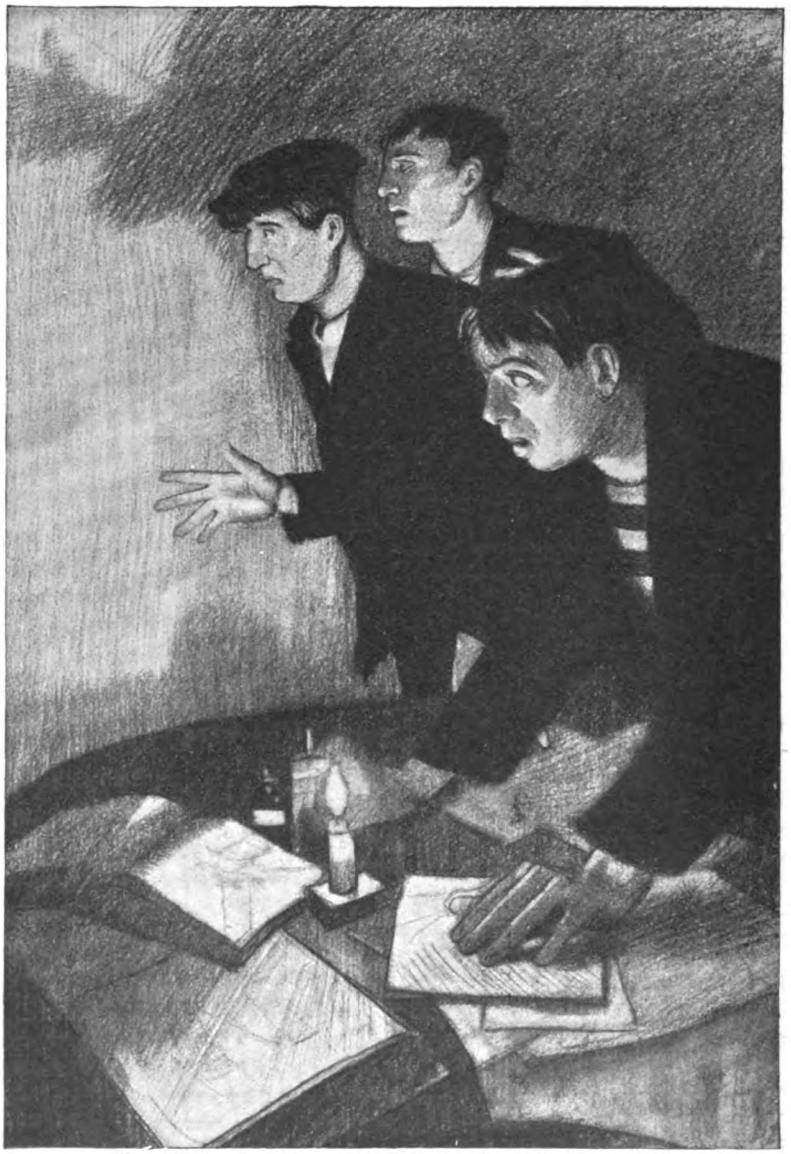
Then suddenly a match spurted—light struck at his eyes; a flicker of lit candle-wick steadying to flame. And the things that had come were not those quiet people creeping up to match their death with his death in life, but human creatures, alive, breathing, with eyes that moved and glittered, lips that breathed and spoke.

"He must be here," one said. "Lisette watched all day; he never came out. He must be here—there is nowhere else."

Then they set up the candle-end on the table, and he saw their faces. They were the Apaches who had set on him in that lonely street, and who had sought him here—to set on him again.

He sucked his dry tongue, licked his dry lips, and cried aloud:—

"Here I am! Oh, kill me! For the love of Heaven, brothers, kill me *now!*"



"THEY WERE THE APACHES WHO HAD SET ON HIM IN THE STREET."

And even before he spoke they had seen him, and seen what lay on the floor.

"He died this morning. I am bound. Kill me, brothers; I cannot die slowly here alone. Oh, kill me, for pity's sake!"

But already the three were pressing on each other at a doorway suddenly grown too narrow. They could kill a living man, but they could not face death, quiet, enthroned.

"For the love of Heaven," Roger screamed, "have pity! Kill me outright! Come back—come back!"

And then, since even Apaches are human, they did come back. One of them caught up the candle and bent over Roger, knife in hand.

"Make sure," said Roger, through set teeth.

"*Nom d'un nom*," said the Apache, with worse words, and cut the bandages here, and here, and here again, and there, and lower, to the very feet.

Then between them the three men carried the other out and slammed the outer door, and presently set him against a gate-post in another street, and went their wicked ways.

And after a time a girl with furtive eyes brought brandy and hoarse muttered kindnesses, and slid away in the shadows.

Against that gate-post the police came upon him. They took him to the address they found on him. When they came to question him he said, "Apaches," and his variations on that theme were deemed sufficient, though not one of them touched truth or spoke of the third drug.

There has never been anything in the papers about that house. I think it is still closed, and inside it still lie in the locked room the very quiet people; and above, there is the room with the narrow couch and the scattered, cut, violet bandages, and the Thing on the floor by the chair, under the lamp that burned itself out in that May dawning.

The Best Trick on the Billiard-Table.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT BILLIARD-PLAYERS.

IN order to afford amusement to those who have access to a billiard-table, either at home, at their club, or in a public room, we have collected from the most eminent players of the day a number of tricks on the billiard-table.

Mr. H. W. STEVENSON

One of the most attractive tricks that may be accomplished by amateurs with a little practice is performed with the aid of the pool basket. The red ball is placed inside the pool basket, which is then laid upon its side on the billiard-table. The white ball is then placed about twelve inches in front of it, not directly in a straight line with the mouth of the pool basket, but rather to the right. This ball is then made to jump into the mouth of the pool basket, and as it does not go straight in it strikes the side of the neck and causes the basket to spin round. This spinning movement has the effect of throwing the red ball out of the basket without touching the white ball, which itself remains inside. The effect is most startling, since a white ball jumps into the basket and appears to jump out again the next instant, having turned red in the meantime.

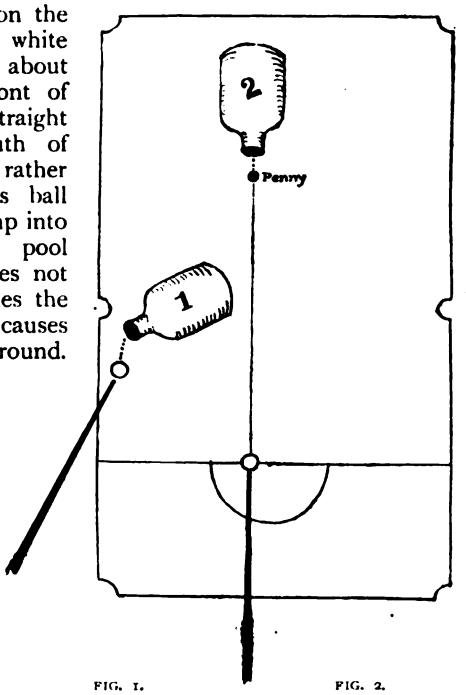


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

The principal difficulty which the amateur has to overcome is to make the white ball jump into the pool basket. To accomplish this he will find it advisable to place the white ball about two inches from a cushion, so that he can make his rest on the cushion and thus get the point of the cue well above the ball.. Fig. 1. The end of the cue must be held well up and the ball should be struck on top with a very hard downward blow. The cue should not be held too near the end, but should be firmly gripped between the thumb and first finger towards the top of the splicing, so as to allow the arm a good backward swing, for a great deal of power is required to accomplish this shot.

For the benefit of those who require a simpler way of making the balls jump into the pool basket I would suggest that they try the expedient of placing a penny on the table several inches away from the mouth of the basket, which in this case should be in the middle of the table. If a ball is then played at the coin, as soon as it hits the edge of the penny it will leap into the mouth of the basket, but a good hard stroke will be required. Apart from this trick, however, a very good catch is to place the pool basket on its side on the pyramid spot facing baulk, and offer to strike a ball from baulk and make it jump into the basket. Although this looks seemingly impossible to those who do not know the penny trick, it may easily be accomplished by placing a coin in front of the basket as described. Fig. 2.

MR. F. H. WEISS.

Several neat and effective tricks on the billiard-table can be performed with the assistance of a dozen wine-glasses. Place the red ball an inch or two behind the pyramid spot, in a line with that spot and the top right-hand pocket. Then put the white ball just behind the red ball, and touching it, so that a line drawn through the white and red balls will strike a point on the left-hand shoulder of the pocket. Then place the spot ball near the top left-hand cushion in a straight line with the white ball and the

left-hand shoulder of the middle pocket at the opposite side of the table. A half-ball shot can now be played with the spot ball off the white ball into the bottom pocket, and it will be found at the same time the red ball will find its way into the top pocket and the white ball into the middle pocket. So much for the shot itself, but the most telling part of the trick comes in when the performer, before placing the balls in position, sets out the wine-glasses upon the table, so as to form avenues of glass for the balls to run through. Practice having made him very familiar with the shot, he can draw imaginary lines over which the balls will run, and he places a wine-glass on each side of the line to be followed by each ball. If there are enough wine-glasses at hand he can put two on each side in each case, allowing the height of a wine-glass between the glasses. Fig. 3. Needless to say, considerable practice is necessary before this shot can be attempted with the glasses on the table, or the result is liable to be destructive.

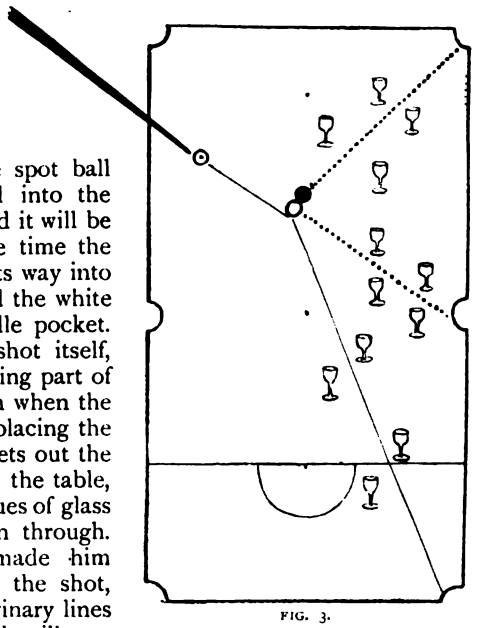


FIG. 3.

There are, of course, many much simpler tricks on a billiard-table which are more in the shape of catches, and can therefore be performed at once without practice by everyone. One very good catch indeed is to take the two white balls and place them side by side tight against the top cushion exactly behind the billiard spot. If they are so placed with a little thump each ball makes a very slight indentation in the cloth, which is just sufficient to prevent them rolling apart when the red ball is balanced on top of them and resting partly on the cushion. A fourth ball is now placed on the centre spot of the D, and all are challenged to make this ball strike the red ball before touching either of the white balls. Fig. 4.

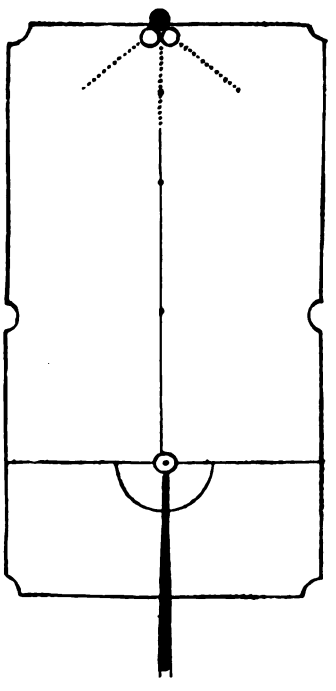


FIG. 4.

All that it is necessary to do is for the striker to bang the table smartly with the flat of his hand. The jar so caused is sufficient to make the two white balls roll apart, so that the red falls on to the table and can easily be struck.

Mr. W. LOVEJOY.

Since I consider that the whole object of billiard tricks is to provide amusement, I will describe one that I feel sure will provide plenty of entertainment. Place the white ball in the jaws of the left-hand top pocket, the spot ball in the jaws of the right-hand top pocket,

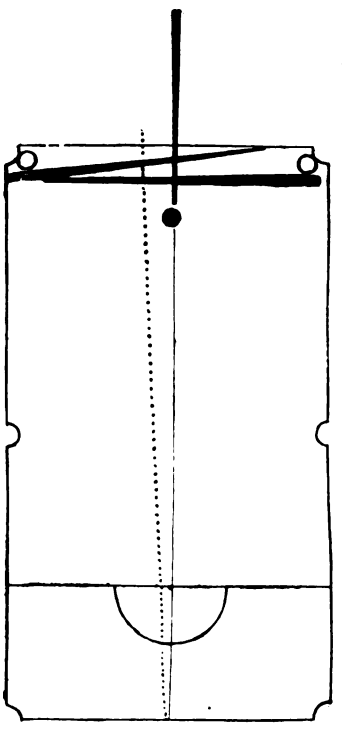


FIG. 5.

and the red ball on the billiard spot, and then challenge any member of the company to pot with one stroke each ball in a separate pocket. Fig. 5.

At first sight this shot looks exceedingly puzzling,

but the solution will probably occur to any reader who remembers that the billiard-table is not the only thing with pockets! To accomplish the trick, it is only necessary to place a couple of billiard cues on the table along the top cushion with their tips overlapping and the butts touching the balls in the jaws of the pockets. The player now strikes the red ball straight down the table at a good pace, and, dropping his cue, holds open the pocket of his coat over the edge of the table just where the red ball will strike the cues. The pace at which it is travelling will cause the red ball to jump off the table directly it strikes the cues, and, at the same time the cue butts are given a jerk which knocks the other two balls into their respective pockets. Thus each ball is put into a different pocket at one stroke.

Mr. W. MITCHELL.

Most tricks on the billiard-table, while they are very amusing, no doubt, are not a very great deal of use to the ambitious young billiard-player who is anxious to improve his game, for positions such as the balls are made to take up in the usual type of trick shot seldom, if ever, occur during the course of the game. I could describe several kiss-cannons which serve useful purposes when they occur in a game, but they are so difficult and the opportunity to employ them occurs so infrequently that I prefer to describe a stroke that is easy to do, is very attractive to look at, and which occurs occasionally in an ordinary game.

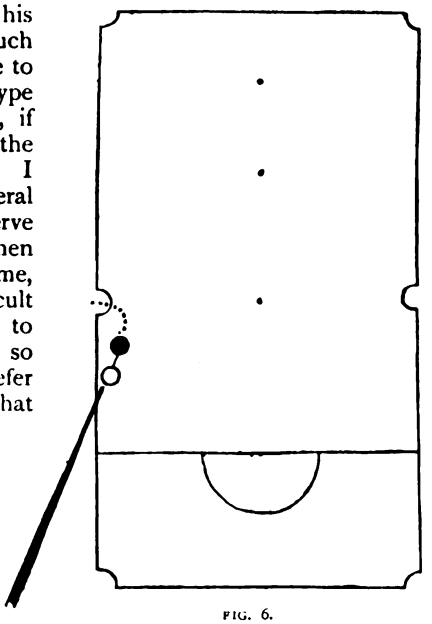


FIG. 6.

Pretty well every amateur who is capable of making a forty-break can play the ordinary type of steeplechase shot, when the cue ball is made to jump over the object ball. This type of jumping stroke can, however, only be played with any certainty when the object ball is in a direct line with a pocket or with the second object ball, which ever happens to be the cue ball's goal. Quite a different type of jumping shot can be played by striking the cue ball on the top with the cue held at an angle of about forty-five degrees. One position in which such a shot helps a player out of a difficulty is when the object ball is close to the shoulder of the centre pocket and the cue ball is a few inches behind it. It is now impossible in the ordinary way to play either a winning or a losing hazard into the middle pocket, but, by aiming three-quarter-ball on to the object ball with the cue held at an angle of forty-five degrees, a powerful stroke will cause the cue ball to jump into the air, touch the top of the red, and fly over the shoulder into the pocket. If the balls are even several inches down the cushion away from the pocket the same stroke may be played, and the cue ball will land on the cushion and run along into the pocket. Only a little practice is required to make this shot quite a simple one. Fig. 6.

A very good catch shot into the middle pocket is the following. Place the red ball an inch from the edge of the pocket, the white ball a quarter of an inch behind it, and the cue ball on the brink of the opposite middle pocket. Then challenge any member of the assembled company to pot the red ball with the cue ball without touching the white ball, which must, however, not be moved from where it is—a condition which, of course, applies equally to the other two balls. All that it is necessary to do is to place the pool basket upside down over the white ball, which then stands inside its mouth. By then playing straight at the neck of the pool basket the red ball is pushed into the pocket without the white ball being actually touched.

Mr. CECIL HARVERSON.

Screw-back shots are among my favourites, and I will describe one that, in addition to being somewhat of a trick shot from the amateur's point of view, is exceedingly useful in a game for gaining position. Place the red ball two feet from the top cushion almost in a line with the spot. Place the white ball six inches from the top right-hand cushion and about a foot away

from the top cushion. Place the cue ball six inches behind the red ball in a line with the centre of the left-hand bottom cushion, and screw back off the red with all the right-hand side you can possibly put on. The cue ball will make a cannon off two cushions, and the red ball will travel round the table and stop near the top pocket. Fig. 7.

There is a very good screw-back catch which always causes much amusement. Place the red ball on the centre spot of the D and place the white ball exactly behind it and only one-eighth of an inch away. The problem is to play an ordinary screw-back shot off the red with the added condition that the white ball must not go over the baulk-line, and that, in spite of this, the shot must be played hard enough to bring the red ball back into baulk. Fig. 8.

The shot looks absolutely impossible, but it is made quite easy if the striker grasps his cue in the middle so that his hand strikes the edge of the table at the same instant that the point of the cue touches the white ball. Don't give too hard a knock at first or you will hurt your hand. It is easy to see where to grip the cue by measuring with the cue the distance between the white ball and the end of the table before making the shot.

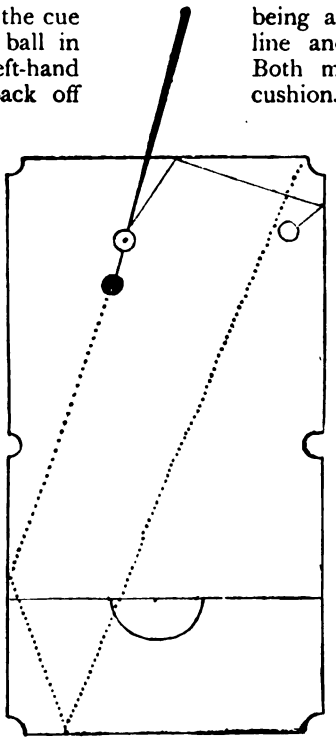


FIG. 7.

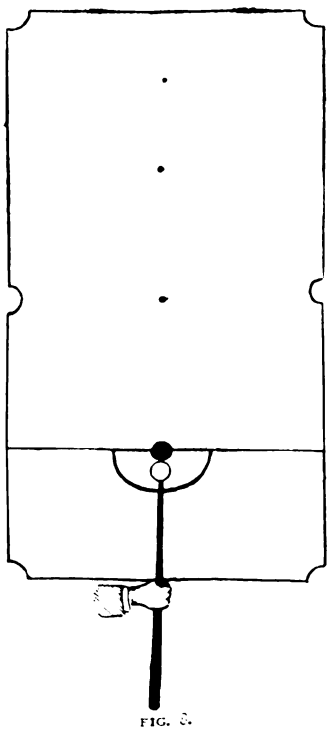


FIG. 8.

Mr. M. INMAN.

Many attractive trick cannons can be made when all the balls are in motion, and, as these strokes are fairly easy to accomplish and are very pretty to watch, I do not think amateurs could do better than attempt them. To instance one, place the red ball and the spot white side by side, touching each other against the left-hand bottom cushion, the red ball being a few inches below the baulk-line and the spot white behind it. Both must be tight up against the cushion. A cannon with all the balls in motion can now be made from a point a few inches below the D, straight in line with the white ball. The cue ball must be struck low and with plenty of left-hand side, and the object white must be struck on the left-hand side rather less than half-ball. The cue ball travels right round the table, while its contact with the object white kisses the red ball straight up the table to meet the object ball in the jaws of the left-hand top pocket. Fig. 9.

I should like to mention one little billiard trick which proves a never-failing source of amusement when performed in private billiard-rooms after dinner. As the trick is one the point of which can hardly fail to be observed by all but the man who tries it, it can, as a rule, only be practised once in an evening, but the fun is often fast and furious while it lasts. The red ball is placed on the billiard spot and a white ball on the centre spot of the D, while a cue is rested against the right-hand bottom pocket ready for the striker to pick it up and use it. A victim having been chosen, the perpetrator of the trick then offers to bet him that he cannot walk round the billiard-table three times, keeping his eye on the red ball all the while, and then, still keeping his eye on the red ball, pick up the cue and strike the white ball so as to make it hit the red ball. The stroke is a perfectly simple one which it looks impossible to miss, yet the unhappy victim fails again and again, until he would begin to blame his host's wine were it not that, hap-

pening to take his eyes for a moment off the red ball as he marches round the table to make his fourth attempt, he notices that one of his tormentors is wetting the palm of his hand and rubbing off every vestige of the chalk with which he himself had just previously been covering the tip of his cue.

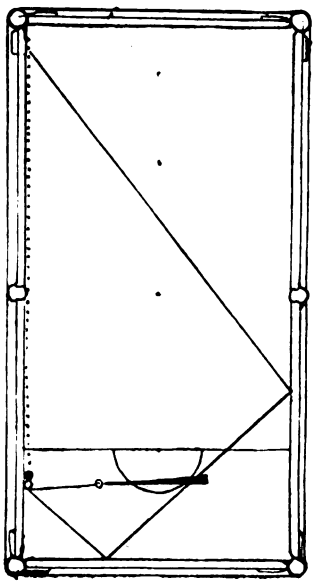


FIG. 9.

Mr. B. ELPHICK.

A very good trick can be performed with the aid of a fourth billiard-ball. Three balls are placed in a row two feet from the top cushion. One of them is put close to the side cushion on the left, and the other two, in a line with the first ball, on the opposite side of the table, about six inches apart. The player places his own ball a few inches behind the ball on the outside right, and plays a square cannon on to the second ball with left-hand side in such a way that the second ball is struck fine, and the cue ball glances back off it on to the top cushion, whence the side carries it sharply on to the remaining ball. Fig. 10.

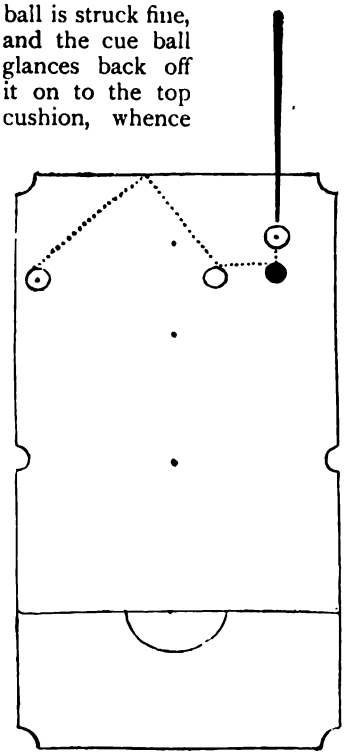


FIG. 10.

A very puzzling problem with a simple solution, which is in the nature of a catch more than a trick, may be presented as follows. The red ball is placed on the centre spot of the table, and the white balls are placed on the centre spot of the D and the pyramid spot respectively. The striker stands behind the middle pocket and is asked to knock all three balls into a different pocket without moving from where he is, it being stipulated that the white balls must go into the corner pockets on the same side of the table as himself. The red ball is potted in the opposite middle pocket in the usual way, after which the striker takes his cue by the wrong end, stretches the butt across the table, and with a sweep to right and left, using his hands as a sort of pivot like the centre of a circle, which is described by the butt of the cue, knocks the white balls into their respective pockets. Fig. 11.

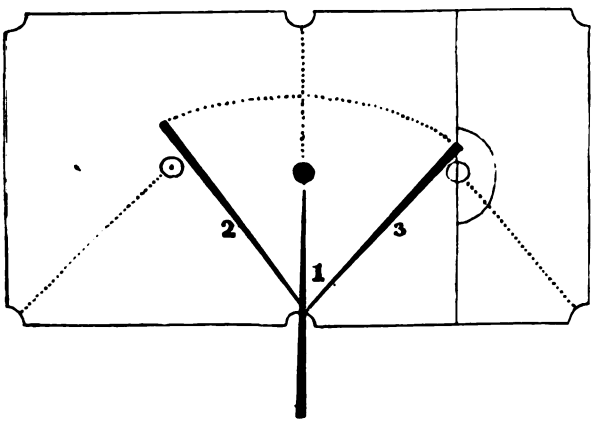


FIG. 11.

Mr. W. COOK.

The shots which always draw most applause at a billiard match are those successfully accomplished by a player whose own ball is in hand while both the object balls are in baulk. One such cannon may be made off three cushions, as shown in Fig. 12, by hitting the cue ball with plenty of right-hand side and sending it round the table to cannon on to the object balls, which are close together behind the left-hand

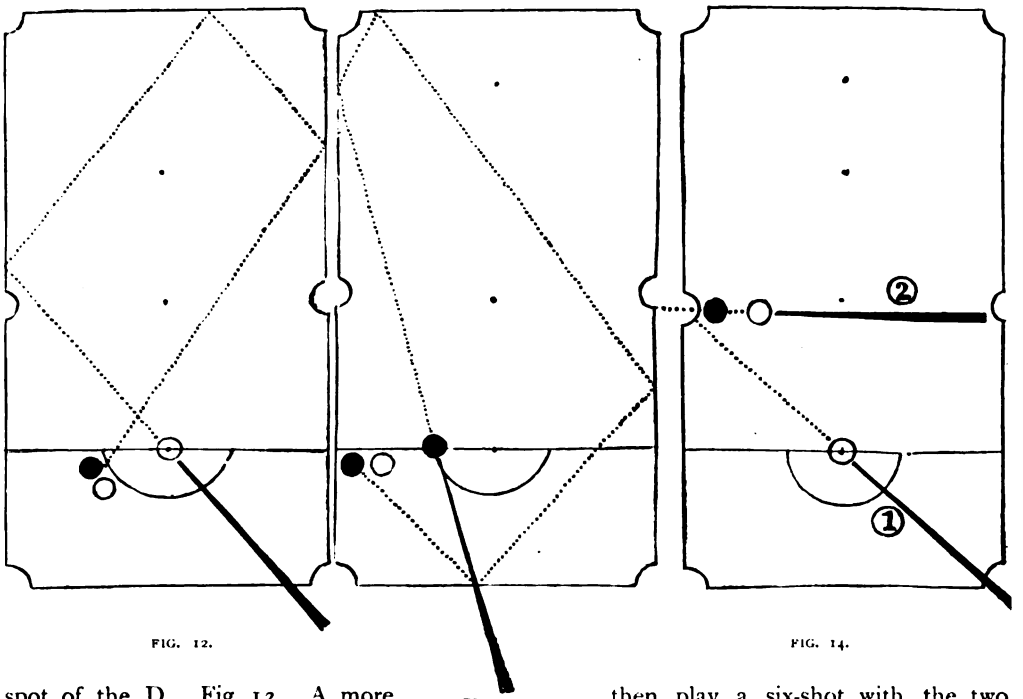


FIG. 12. FIG. 13. FIG. 14.

spot of the D. Fig. 12. A more elaborate cannon may be made off four cushions when the two object balls are close together just behind the baulk-line by the left-hand side cushion. The cue ball is now placed on the left-hand spot of the D and played so as to strike right up in the angle of the top left-hand pocket. It travels back and strikes the right-hand-side cushion just below the centre pocket, travels thence to the bottom cushion, and then makes the cannon. Fig. 13.

A very good catch shot which may lead to plenty of fun may be performed in the following manner. Place the red ball two inches from the mouth of either of the centre pockets, and place the white ball six inches behind it in a dead line with the pocket. The cue ball is then held in hand, and the problem is to place all three balls in the centre pocket near which the red is in two strokes. Anyone who does not know the trick will, of course, attempt to pot the red with a fine stroke, hitting the cue ball just hard enough to make it run down the table and take up a position exactly behind the white ball, so that a four-shot can be made into the middle pocket. Few people, however, would care to bet about succeeding in this way, yet whoever is in the know can confidently lay long odds on himself, for all that it is necessary to do is to run a coup with the cue ball into the centre pocket, and then play a six-shot with the two balls that have already been placed in a line with the pocket! Fig. 14.

Mr. J. P. MANNOCK.

The trick that I choose for such readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE as are billiard-players to attempt is by no means an easy one, but it is such an attractive shot that it will repay the practice that is necessary before it can be accomplished, while it is sure to cause considerable astonishment and win plenty of applause. The problem is to make an eight-shot with one stroke, causing the cue ball to travel in three different directions. The solution is as follows:—

Place the red ball tight against the shoulder of the top left-hand pocket, so that the edge of the red ball is almost exactly level with the edge of the pocket. Place the object white tight against the left-hand cushion, eight inches from the red, and place the cue ball beside the object white as in the following diagram. Any old hand at pool will now see that it is possible to pot the red with a kiss shot by hitting it full in the face. But by hitting the cue ball very hard and by giving it a great deal of top and left-hand side it not only pots the red with a kiss, but flies back to the object white and then rebounds towards the shoulder of the top pocket and is carried into it with the aid of the side. Thus the cue ball travels three ways—

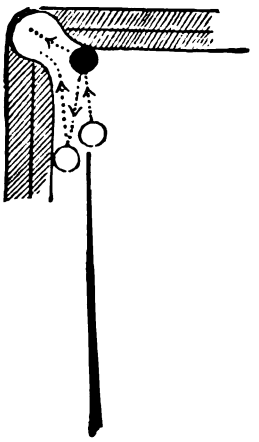


FIG. 15.

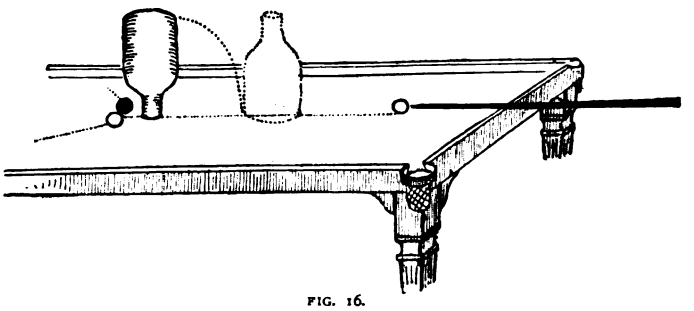


FIG. 16.

forwards, backwards, and forwards again. Fig. 15. Amateurs will probably find it best to practise this shot at first with the object white somewhat less than eight inches away from the red, but after a little while they will find it possible to do the shot at a greater distance.

A much easier, but very effective, trick may be performed by placing a couple of balls side by side, and putting the pool basket just in front of them upside down—that is to say, standing upon its neck. The question is how to make a cannon with the cue ball, at the same time knocking the pool basket on to its proper end. To accomplish this it is only necessary to play the cannon straightforwardly, without taking the least notice of the pool basket. When the cue ball is struck sharply, its contact with the neck of the basket does not alter its course, so that it makes the cannon, while the pool basket is knocked round on to its other end by the force of the stroke. Fig. 16. The trick can be accomplished when the pool basket is quite a long way from the balls.

Mr. ALEC TAYLOR.

One of the prettiest billiard-table tricks I know is performed with the aid of a couple of cues which are laid upon the cloth. The butts of these two cues are wedged in one of the top corner pockets, in such a way that the tips of the cues are about a foot apart. The red ball is then balanced on the butts of the cues and against the rim of the pocket, resting there quite firmly in the little space which is left between the butts and the rim. The white ball is then placed on the pyramid spot, which, owing to the arrangement of the cues, is exactly equi-distant from each cue.

The striker's task is to play from baulk and make a cannon off the red ball on to the white. All that it is necessary to do is to play a fairly sharp stroke up the table, so that the cue ball strikes the first cue at a point just above the white ball. The force of the stroke will be sufficient to make the ball jump the first cue, but on reaching the second cue it runs along up to the red ball, and then, after pausing a moment, slides down the inclined cues and runs on to the white ball, thus making a cannon. Fig. 17.

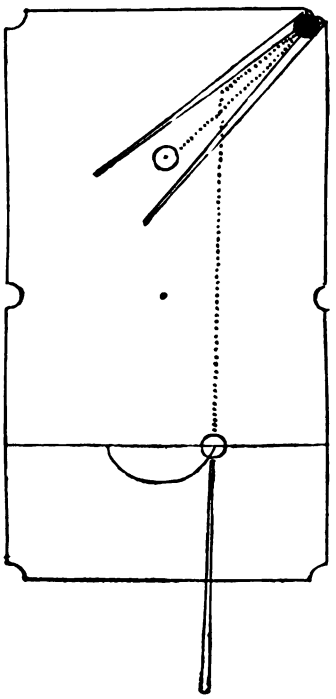


FIG. 17.

SALTHAVEN

BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER VII.

TO the great relief of Mr. Truefitt's imagination, his sister suddenly ceased from all comment upon the irregularity of his hours. Unprepared, by the suddenness of the change, he recited mechanically, for the first day or two, the reasons he had invented for his lateness, but their reception was of so chilling a nature that his voice was scarcely audible at the finish. Indeed, when he came home one evening with a perfectly true story of a seaman stabbed down by the harbour, Mrs. Chinnery yawned three times during the narration, and Captain Trimblett shook his head at him.

"True or not," said the latter, after Mrs. Chinnery had left the room, "it doesn't matter. It isn't worth while explaining when explanations are not asked for."

"Do you think she knows?" inquired Mr. Truefitt, with bated voice.

"She knows something," replied the captain. "I *believe* she knows all about it, else she wouldn't keep so quiet. Why not tell her straight out? Tell her when she comes in, and get it over. She's got to know some day."

"Poor Susan!" said Mr. Truefitt, with feeling. "I'm afraid she'll feel it. It's not nice to have to leave home to make room for somebody else. And she won't stay in it with another woman, I'm certain."

"Here she comes," said the captain, getting up. "I'll go out for a little stroll, and when I come back I shall expect to find you've made a clean breast of it."

Mr. Truefitt put out a hand as though to detain him, and then, thinking better of it, nodded at him with an air of great resolution, and puffed furiously at his pipe. Under cover of clouds of smoke he prepared for the encounter.

Closing the door gently behind him, the captain, after a moment's indecision, drifted down the road. A shower of rain had brought out sweet odours from the hedgerow opposite, and a touch of salt freshened the breeze that blew up the river. Most of the inhabitants of the Vale were in bed, and the wet road was lonely under the stars. He walked as far as a little bridge spanning a brook that ran into the river, and seating himself on the low parapet smoked thoughtfully. His mind went back to his own marriage many years before, and to his children, whom he had placed, on his wife's

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death, with a second cousin in London. An unusual feeling of loneliness possessed him. He smoked a second pipe and then, knocking the ashes out on the bridge, walked slowly homewards.

Mr. Truefitt, who was sitting alone, looked up as he entered and smiled vaguely.

"All right?" queried the captain, closing the door and crossing to a chair.

"Right as ninepence," said Mr. Truefitt. "I've been worrying myself all this time for nothing. Judging by her manner, she seemed to think it was the most natural and proper thing in the world."

"So it is," said the captain, warmly.

"She talked about it as calmly as though she had a brother married every week," continued Mr. Truefitt. "I don't suppose she has quite realized it yet."

"I don't know that I have," said the captain. "This has been the only home I've had for the last ten years; and if *I* feel leaving it, what must it be for her?"

Mr. Truefitt shook his head.

"I'm beginning to feel old," said the captain, "old and lonely. Changes like this bring it home to one."

He took out his pouch, and shaking his head solemnly began to fill his pipe again.

"You ought to follow my example," said Mr. Truefitt, eagerly.

"Too old," said the captain.

"Nonsense!" said the other. "And the older you get, the lonelier you'll feel. Mind that!"

"I shall go and live with my boys and girls when I leave the sea," said the captain.

"They'll probably be married themselves by that time," said his comforter.

He rose, and, going to an old corner cupboard, took out a bottle of whisky and a couple of glasses and put them on the table. The captain, helping himself liberally, emptied his glass to Miss Willett.

"She's coming to tea on Friday, with her mother," said Mr. Truefitt.

Captain Trimblett took some more whisky and solemnly toasted Mrs. Willett. He put his glass down, and lighting his pipe, which had gone out, beamed over at his friend.

"Are there any more in the family?" he inquired.

"There's an uncle," said Mr. Truefitt, slowly, "and——"

"One at a time," said the captain, stopping him with one hand raised, while he helped himself to some more whisky with the other. "The uncle!"

He drank the third glass slowly, and, sinking back in his chair, turned to his friend with a countenance somewhat flushed and wreathed in smiles.

"Who else?" he inquired.

"No more to-night," said Mr. Truefitt, firmly, as he got up and put the bottle back in the cupboard. He came back slowly, and, resuming his seat, gazed in a meditative fashion at his friend.

"Talking about your loneliness——" he began.

"My loneliness?" repeated the captain, staring at him.

"You were talking about feeling lonely," Mr. Truefitt reminded him.

"So I was," said the captain. "So I was. You're quite right; but it's all gone now. It's wonderful what a little whisky will do."

"Wonderful what a lot will do," said Mr. Truefitt, with sudden asperity. "You were talking about your loneliness, and I was advising you to get married."

"So you were," said the captain, nodding at him. "Good night."

He went off to bed with a suddenness that was almost disconcerting. Thus deserted Mr. Truefitt finished his whisky and water and, his head full of plans for the betterment of everybody connected with him, blew out the lamp and went upstairs.

Owing possibly to his efforts in this direction Captain Trimblett and Mrs. Chinnery scarcely saw him until Friday afternoon, when he drove up in a fly, and, after handing out Miss Willett with great tenderness, proceeded with almost equal care to assist her mother. The latter, a fragile little old lady, was at once conducted to a chair and, after being comfortably seated, introduced to Mrs. Chinnery.

"It's a long way," she said, as her daughter divested her of her bonnet and shawl, "but Cissie would insist on my coming, and I suppose, after all, it's only right I should."

"Of course, mother," said Miss Willett, hurriedly.

"Right is right," continued the old lady, "after all is said and done. And I'm sure Mr. Truefitt has been to ours often enough."

Mr. Truefitt coughed, and the captain—a loyal friend—assisted him.

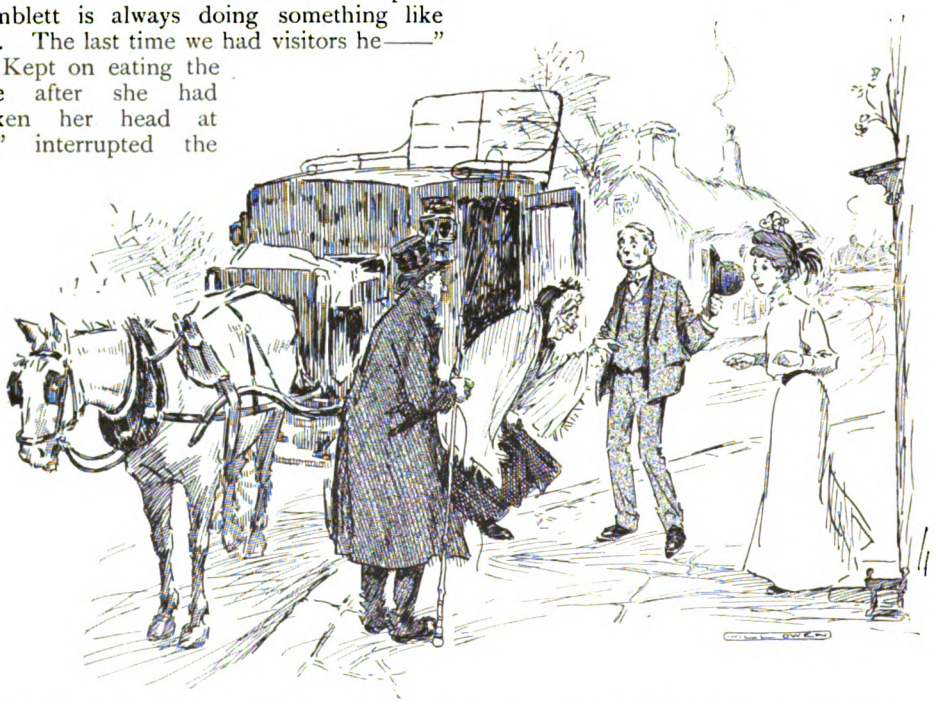
"Night after night," said the old lady, during a brief interval.

Mr. Truefitt, still coughing slightly, began to place chairs at a table on which, as the captain presently proved to his own dissatisfaction, there was not even room for a pair of elbows. At the last moment the seating arrangements had to be altered owing to a leg of the table which got in the way of

Mrs. Willett's. The captain, in his anxiety to be of service, lowered a leaf of the table too far, and an avalanche of food descended to the floor.

"It don't matter," said Mrs. Chinnery, in a voice that belied her words. "Captain Trimblett is always doing something like that. The last time we had visitors he——"

"Kept on eating the cake after she had shaken her head at me," interrupted the captain, who was busy picking up the provisions.



"HE DROVE UP IN A FLY, AND, AFTER HANDING OUT MISS WILLETT WITH GREAT TENDERNESS, PROCEEDED WITH EQUAL CARE TO ASSIST HER MOTHER."

"Nothing of the kind," cried Mrs. Chinnery, who was in no mood for frivolity. "I shouldn't think of doing such a thing," she added, turning to Mrs. Willett, as that lady allowed herself to be placed in a more convenient position. "It's all Captain Trimblett's nonsense."

Mrs. Willett listened politely. "It *is* annoying, though," she remarked.

"He might eat all the cake in the house for what I care," said Mrs. Chinnery, turning very red, and raising her voice a little.

"As a matter of fact I don't like cake," said the captain, who was becoming uncomfortable.

"Perhaps it was something else," said the excellent Mrs. Willett, with the air of one assisting to unravel a mystery.

Mrs. Chinnery, who was pouring out tea, glared at her in silence. She also spared a glance for Captain Trimblett, which made that gentleman seriously uneasy. With an idea of turning the conversation into safer and more agreeable channels, he called the old lady's attention to a pencil drawing of a ruined castle which adorned the opposite wall. Mrs. Willett's first remark was that it had no roof.

"It's a ruin," said the captain; "done by Mrs. Chinnery."

The faded blue eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles inspected it carefully. "Done when she was a child—of course?" said Mrs. Willett.

"Eighteen," said Mrs. Chinnery, in a deep voice.

"I'm no judge of such things," said the old lady, shaking her head. "I only know what I like; but I dare say it's very clever."

She turned to help herself from a plate that the captain was offering her, and, finding that it contained cake, said that she would prefer bread and butter. "Not that I don't like cake," she said. "As a rule I am rather partial to it."

"Well, have some now," said the unfortunate captain, trying to avoid Mrs. Chinnery's eye.

"Bread and butter, please," said Mrs. Willett, with quiet decision.

The captain passed it, and after a hopeless glance at Mr. Truefitt and Miss Willett, who were deep in the enjoyment of each other's society, returned to the subject of art.

"If I could draw like that, ma'am," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the ruined castle, "I should give up the sea."

Mrs. Willett inspected it again, even going to the length of taking off her glasses and polishing them, with a view to doing perfect justice to the subject. "Would you really?" she said, when she had finished.

The captain made no reply. He sat appalled at the way in which the old lady was using him to pay off some of the debt that she fancied was due to Mrs. Chinnery.

"You must see some of my daughter's pictures," she said, turning to him. "Fruit and birds mostly, in oil colours. But then, of course, she had good masters. There's one picture—let me see!"

She sat considering, and began to reel off the items on her fingers as she enumerated them. "There's a plate of oranges, with a knife and fork, a glass, a bottle, two and a half walnuts and bits of shell, three-quarters of an apple, a pipe, a cigar, a bunch of grapes, and a green parrot looking at it all with his head on one side."

"And very natural of him, too," murmured Mrs. Chinnery.

"It's coming here," said Mr. Truefitt, suddenly. "It belongs to Mrs. Willett, but she has given it to us. I wonder which will be the best place for it?"

The old lady looked round the room. "It will have to hang there," she said, pointing to the "Eruption of Vesuvius," "where that beehive is."

"Bee——!" exclaimed the startled captain. He bent towards her and explained.

"Oh, well, it don't matter," said the old lady. "I thought it was a beehive—it looks like one; and I can't see what's written under it from here. But that's where Cecilia's picture must go."

She made one or two other suggestions with regard to the re-arrangement of the pictures, and then, having put her hand to the plough, proceeded to refurnish the room. And for her own private purposes she affected to think that Mr. Truefitt's taste was responsible for the window-curtains.

"Mother has got wonderful taste," said Miss Willett, looking round. "All over Salthaven her taste has become a—a——"

"Byword," suggested Mrs. Chinnery.

"Proverb," said Miss Willett. "Are you feeling too warm, mother?" she asked, eyeing the old lady with sudden concern.

"A little," said Mrs. Willett. "I suppose it's being used to big rooms. I always was one for plenty of space. It doesn't matter—don't trouble."

"It's no trouble," said Captain Trimblett, who was struggling with the window. "How is that?" he inquired, opening it a little at the top and returning to his seat.

"There is a draught down the back of my neck," said Mrs. Willett; "but don't trouble about me if the others like it. If I get a stiff neck Cecilia can rub it for me when I get home with a little oil of camphor."

"Yes, mother," said Miss Willett.

"I once had a stiff neck for three weeks," said Mrs. Willett.

The captain rose again and, with a compassionate glance at Mr. Truefitt, closed the window.

"One can't have everything in this world," said the old lady; "it ought to be a very cosy room in winter. You can't get too far away from the fire, I mean."

"It has done for us for a good many years now," said Mrs. Chinnery. "I've never heard Peter complain."

"He'd never complain," said Mrs. Willett, with a fond smile at her prospective son-in-law. "Why, he wouldn't know he was uncomfortable unless somebody told him."

Mrs. Chinnery pushed back her chair with a grating noise, strangely in harmony with her feelings, and, after a moment's pause to control her voice, suggested that the gentlemen should take the visitors round the garden while she cleared away—a proposal accepted by all but Mrs. Willett.

"I'll stay here and watch you," she said.

Captain Trimblett accompanied Mr. Truefitt and Miss Willett into the garden, and after pointing out the missing beauties of a figure-head in the next garden but one, and calling attention to the geraniums next door, left the couple to themselves. Side by side in the little arbour they sat gazing on to the river and conversing in low tones of their future happiness.

For some time the captain idled about the garden, keeping as far away from the arbour as possible, and doing his best to suppress a decayed but lively mariner named Captain Sellers, who lived two doors off. Among other infirmities the latter was nearly stone-deaf, and, after giving up as hopeless the attempt to make him understand that Mr. Truefitt and Miss Willett were not, the captain at last sought shelter in the house.

"ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ROOM, EACH WITH HER HANDS FOLDED IN HER LAP, AND BOTH SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT, MRS. WILLETT AND MRS. CHINNERY CONFRONTED EACH OTHER."

He found the table clear and a bowl of flowers placed in the exact centre. On opposite sides of the room, each with her hands folded in her lap, and both sitting bolt upright, Mrs. Willett and Mrs. Chinnery confronted each other. With a muttered reference to his ship, the captain took up his stick and fled.

He spent the evening in the billiard-room of the Golden Fleece, and did not return until late. A light in the room upstairs and a shadow on the blind informed him that Mrs. Chinnery had retired. He stepped in quietly, and closed the door behind him. Mr. Truefitt, a picture of woe, was sitting in his usual place at the corner of the stove, and a supper-table, loaded with food, was untouched.

"Gone?" inquired the captain, scenting disaster.

"Some time ago," said Mr. Truefitt. "They wouldn't stay to supper. I wish you had been here to persuade them."

"I wish I had," said the captain, untruthfully.

He gave utterance to a faint sigh in token of sympathy with Mr. Truefitt's evident distress, and drew a chair to the table. He shook his head, and with marvellous accuracy, considering that his gaze was fastened on a piece of cold beef, helped himself to a wedge of steak-pie. He ate with an appetite, and after pouring out and drinking a glass of ale gazed again at the forlorn figure of Mr. Truefitt.

"Words?" he breathed, in a conspirator's whisper.

The other shook his head. "No; they were very polite," he replied, slowly.

The captain nearly emitted a groan. He checked it with two square inches of pie-crust.

"A misunderstanding," said Mr. Truefitt.

The captain said "Ah!" It was all he could say for the moment.

"A misunderstanding," said the other. "I misled Mrs. Willett," he added, in a tense whisper.

"Good heavens!" said the captain.

"She had always understood—from me," continued Mr. Truefitt, "that when I married Susanna would go. I always thought she would. Anybody who knew Susanna would have thought so. You would—wouldn't you?"

"In the ordinary way—yes," said the captain; "but circumstances alter cases."

"It came out—in conversation," said the hapless Mr. Truefitt, "that Susanna wouldn't dream of leaving me. It also came out that Mrs. Willett wouldn't dream of letting Cecilia marry me till she does. What's to be done?"

The captain took a slice of beef to assist thought. "You must have patience," he said, sagely.

"Patience!" said Mr. Truefitt, with unusual heat. "Patience be hanged! I'm fifty-two! And Cecilia's thirty-nine!"

"Time flies!" said the captain, who could think of nothing else to say.

Mr. Truefitt looked at him almost savagely. Then he sank back in his chair.

"It's a pity Susanna doesn't get married again," he said, slowly. "So far as I can see, that's the only way out of it. Cecilia said so to me just as she was leaving."

"Did she?" said the captain. He looked thoughtful, and Mr. Truefitt watched him anxiously. For some time he seemed undecided, and then, with the resolute air of a man throwing appearances to the winds, he drew an uncut tongue towards him and cut off a large slice.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEARLY a week had elapsed since Robert Vyner's failure to give satisfaction as a light porter, and in all that time, despite his utmost efforts, he had failed to set eyes on Joan Hartley. In the hope of a chance encounter he divided his spare time between the narrow, crooked streets of Salthaven and the deck of the *Indian Chief*, but in vain. In a mysterious and highly unsatisfactory fashion Miss Hartley seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

In these circumstances he manifested a partiality for the company of Mr. Hartley that was a source of great embarrassment to that gentleman, whose work rapidly accumulated while he sat in his old office discussing a wide range of subjects, on all of which the junior partner seemed equally at home and inclined to air views of the most unorthodox description. He passed from topic to topic with bewildering facility, and one afternoon got, by a transition easy to himself, from Death Duties to insect powder, and from that to maggots in rose-buds, almost before his bewildered listener could take breath. From rose-buds he discoursed on gardening—a hobby to which he professed himself desirous of devoting such few hours as could be spared from his arduous work as a member of the firm.

"I hear that your garden is the talk of Salthaven," he remarked.

Mr. Hartley, justly surprised, protested warmly.

"That's what I heard," said Mr. Vyner, doggedly.

Mr. Hartley admitted that his borders were good. He also gave favourable mention to his roses

"My favourite flower," said Mr. Vyner, with enthusiasm.

"I'll bring you a bunch to-morrow, if you will let me," said Mr. Hartley, rising and turning towards the door.

The other stopped him with outstretched hand. "No, don't do that," he said, earnestly. "I hate cutting flowers. It seems such a—a—desecration."

Mr. Hartley, quite unprepared for so much feeling on the subject, gazed at him in astonishment.

"I should like to see them, too," said Robert, musingly, "very much."

The chief clerk, with a little deprecatory cough, got close to the door as a dim idea that there might be something after all in Captain Trimblett's warnings occurred to him.

"Yours are mostly standard roses, aren't they?" said the persevering Robert.

"Mostly," was the reply.

Mr. Vyner regarded him thoughtfully. "I suppose you don't care to let people see them for fear they should learn your methods?" he said, at last.

Mr. Hartley, coming away from the door, almost stuttered in his haste to disclaim such ungenerous sentiments. "I am always glad to show them," he said, emphatically, "and to give any information I can."

"I should like to see them some time," murmured Robert.

The other threw caution to the winds. "Any time," he said, heartily.

Mr. Vyner thanked him warmly, and, having got what he wanted, placed no further obstacles in the way of his withdrawal. He bought a book entitled "Roses and How to Grow Them" the same afternoon, and the next evening called to compare his knowledge with Mr. Hartley's.

Mr. Hartley was out; Miss Hartley was out; but at Rosa's invitation he went in to await their return. At her further suggestion—due to a habit she had of keeping her ears open and a conversation between her master and Captain Trimblett on the previous evening—he went into the garden to see the flowers.

"The other one's there," said Rosa, simply, as she showed him the way.

Mr. Vyner started, but a glance at Rosa

satisfied him that there was all to lose and nothing to gain by demanding an explanation which she would be only too ready to furnish. With an air of cold dignity he strolled down the garden.

A young man squatting in a painful attitude at the edge of a flower-bed paused with his trowel in the air and eyed him with mingled consternation and disapproval. After allowing nearly a week to elapse since his last visit, Mr. Saunders, having mustered up sufficient courage to come round for another lesson in horticulture, had discovered to his dismay that both Mr. Hartley and his daughter had engagements elsewhere. That his evening should not be entirely given over to disappointment, however, the former had set him a long and arduous task before taking his departure.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said Mr. Vyner, politely, as the other rose and straightened himself. "What are you doing —besides decapitating worms?"

"Putting in these plants," said Mr. Saunders, resentfully.

Mr. Vyner eyed them with the eye of a connoisseur, and turning one over with his stick shook his head disparagingly. For some time he amused himself by walking up and down the garden inspecting the roses, and then, lighting a cigarette, threw himself at full length on to a garden bench that stood near Mr. Saunders and watched him at work.

"Fascinating pursuit," he remarked, affably.

Mr. Saunders grunted; Mr. Vyner blew out a thin thread of smoke towards the sky and pondered.

"Fine exercise; I wish I could get fond of it," he remarked.

"Perhaps you could if you tried," said the other, without looking round.

"After all," said Mr. Vyner, thoughtfully; "after all, perhaps it does one just as much good to watch other people at it. My back aches with watching you, and my knees are stiff with cramp. I suppose yours are, too?"

Mr. Saunders made no reply. He went on stolidly with his work until, reaching over too far with the trowel, he lost his balance and pitched forward on to his hands. Somewhat red in the face he righted himself, and, knocking the mould off his hands, started once more.

"Try, try, try again," quoted the admiring onlooker.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a turn," said Mr. Saunders, looking round and speaking with forced politeness.

Mr. Vyner shook his head, and, helping himself to another cigarette, proffered the case to the worker, and, on that gentleman calling attention to the grimy condition of his hands, stuck one in his mouth and lit it for him. Considerably mollified by these attentions, the amateur gardener resumed his labours with a lighter heart.

Joan Hartley, returning half an hour later, watched them for some time from an upper window, and then, with a vague desire to compel the sprawling figure on the bench to get up and do a little work, came slowly down the garden.

"You are working too hard, Mr. Saunders," she remarked, after Mr. Vyner had shaken hands and the former had pleaded the condition of his.

"He likes it," said Mr. Vyner.

"At any rate, it has got to be finished," said Mr. Saunders.

Miss Hartley looked at them, and then at the work done and the heap of plants still to go in. She stood thoughtfully tapping the ground with her foot.

"I expect that we are only interrupting him by standing here talking to him," said Robert Vyner, considerately. "No doubt he is wishing us anywhere but here; only he is too polite to say so."

Ignoring Mr. Saunders's fervent protestations, he took a tentative step forward, as though inviting Miss Hartley to join him; but she stood firm.

"Will you give me the trowel, please?" she said, with sudden decision.

Before Mr. Saunders could offer any resistance she took it from him, and stooping gracefully prepared to dig. Mr. Vyner interposed with some haste.

"Allow me," he said.

Miss Hartley placed the trowel in his hands at once, and with her lips curved in a slight smile stood watching his efforts. By almost imperceptible degrees she drew away from him and, attended by the devoted Mr. Saunders, sauntered slowly about the garden. The worker, glaring sideways, watched them as they roamed from flower to flower. The low murmur of their voices floated on the still air, and once or twice he heard Miss Hartley laugh with great distinctness.

Apparently engrossed with his task, Mr. Vyner worked cheerfully for ten minutes. The hand that held the trowel was so far fairly clean, and he was about to use it to take out a cigarette when he paused, and a broad smile spread slowly over his features. He put down the trowel, and, burrowing in

the wet earth with both hands, regarded the result with smiling satisfaction. The couple came slowly towards him, and Mr. Saunders smiled in his turn as he saw the state of the other's hands.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Vyner, standing up as Miss Hartley came close; "I wish you would do something for me."

"Yes?" said Joan.

"I want a cigarette."

The girl looked puzzled. "Yes?" she said again.

Mr. Vyner, grave as a judge, held up his disgraceful hands. "They are in a case in the inside pocket of my coat," he said, calmly.

Miss Hartley drew back a pace. "Perhaps Mr. Saunders could help you," she said, hastily.

Mr. Vyner shook his head. "His hands are worse than mine," he said, mournfully.

He held up his arm so that his coat opened a little more, and Miss Hartley, after a moment's hesitation, thrust a small hand into his pocket and drew out the case.

"SHE PLACED IT BETWEEN HIS LIPS WITH A LITTLE JAB."

"To open it you press the catch," said Mr. Vyner.

Miss Hartley pressed, and the case flew open. She stood holding it before him, and Mr. Vyner, with a helpless gesture, again exhibited his hands.

"If you would complete your kindness by putting one in my mouth," he murmured.

For a few moments she stood in a state of dazed indecision; then, slowly extracting a cigarette from the case, she placed it between his lips with a little jab that made it a failure, as a smoke, from the first. Mr. Saunders, who had been watching events with a brooding eye, hastily struck a match and gave him a light, and Mr. Vyner, with an ill-concealed smile, bent down to his work again. He was pleased to notice that though the conversation between the others still proceeded, after a fitful fashion, Miss Hartley laughed no more.

He worked on steadily, and trampled ground and broken plants bore witness to his industry. He was just beginning to feel that he had done enough gardening for that day, when the return of Mr. Hartley brought welcome relief. The astonishment of the latter at finding this new and unlooked-for assistance was at first almost beyond words. When he could speak he thanked him brokenly for his trouble and, depriving him of his tools, took him indoors to wash.

"He means well," he said, slowly, after Mr. Vyner had at last taken his departure; "he means well, but I am afraid Mr. John wouldn't like it."

Miss Hartley flushed. "We didn't ask him to come," she said, with spirit.

"No," said her father, plucking at his beard, and regarding her with a troubled expression. "No; I'm afraid that he is one of those young men that don't want much asking."

(To be continued.)

The Physiognomist at the Zoo.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

A VISIT to the Zoo should be conducted, if the utmost enjoyment and amusement be desired, in what one may term the Discriminating way. The visitor of discernment, humour, sympathy, and discrimination—the sentimental traveller, in short—has endless opportunities for the making of many pleasant acquaintances (presently to ripen, maybe, into delightful intimacies) with furred and feathered friends —not to mention others whose bald hides make up in toughness what they lack in outer adornment. There is plenty of character amongst the inhabitants of the Gardens, as curious as it is diverse, and the physiognomist who prides himself upon his skill in the analysis of facial characteristics has ample scope for testing his abilities in the reading of tell-tale features at the Zoo.

Readers who are familiar with the satires of "The Book of Snobs" will recollect that inimitable comparison of the pompous after-dinner speaker, who thrusts his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and sticks his arms akimbo, with the ludicrous self-importance of a black-coated, white-fronted penguin. It is not seriously contended that there is anything literally and really in common between the penguin and the snob, yet the whimsical truth of the comparison must be instantly apparent to anyone with a halfpennyworth of humour who has observed the ridiculous little bird's portentous assumption of dignity ashore, and its pompous manner of attitudinizing.

Let us consider the crocodile, whose hypocritical tears have long been proverbial. No one ever yet has seen a crocodile weep, but neither has anyone of sensibility regarded the smug smile upon the face of the brute as it lies indolently in its shallow pool without perceiving in that smile, with instant conviction, a covert revelation of treachery and cruelty. Hideous fangs, one feels instinctively, must lurk within those tight-shut, smirking jaws. The serious person will protest against the fallacy of imputing hypocrisy to an animal of whose mouth the lines happen to have been somewhat cynically and fantastically drawn by Nature. But the fact remains that a creature which is in the habit of approaching its prey by floating down the stream of a muddy river in the exact guise of a drifting log can hardly be acquitted of treacherous and hypocritical instincts, and the counter-argument may be raised whether it is not conceivable that throughout the animal kingdom (man included) there are certain broad facial distinctions which Nature employs to indicate certain broad traits of character.

Angry passions show their traces on the brute not less than on the human countenance, and even in repose the snarling visage of the lynx suggests that latent ill-temper which is ready to blaze forth with fierce

ILL-TEMPER.
THE LYNX.

PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT.
THE CHIMPANZEE.

FALSE DIGNITY.

THE MANTLED GUEREZA MONKEY.

WONDERMENT.
THE SLOW LORIS.

violence upon the slightest irritation. There is malevolent hate in those sullen yellow eyes, and not only in the expression of its face, but in its whole attitude the lynx has the appearance of seeking an affront. Those familiar with the manners of the beast will be aware that it does not belie its looks, as depicted in the first of the accompanying illustrations.

It is to be expected that in the Ape House and the Monkey House the physiognomist should find his greatest opportunities, and representatives of either place are included in the portrait studies which accompany this article. The apes, as being in scientific theory the nearest of brute creation to man, claim first attention. To the writer's mind there is something almost pathetic in the expression of philosophic doubt which ever sits upon the melancholy visage of the chimpanzee. Who can look upon the second of the animal portraits here presented without seeing the tragi-comedy of a mind which can go so far and yet not far enough? It is as though the poor ape were conscious of its designation "anthropoid," and were suffering under the strain of a perpetual effort to be "man-like"—and as perpetual a consciousness of failure. The superiority of the ape's intellect, as compared with that of other animals, only serves to emphasize its deficiencies when compared with the human mind. The mournful gravity of the chimpanzee's lineaments is the outward expression of its intellectual limits.

The mobile face of the famous Sally (who challenges Jumbo for supremacy amongst the historic celebrities of the Zoo) when counting out a given number of straws was a striking illustration of the consciousness of those limits. Up to five she would count with a confidence and certainty that were reflected in her eyes. But let her be requested to select a bunch of straws of greater number than five, and at once anxiety took the place of confidence, certainty was replaced by doubt, and the whole expression of her face was one of puzzled hesitation and vexed annoyance at her own disabilities.

Even in moments of idle amusement the chimpanzee seems unable to throw off its burden of intellectual care. Though ready enough to gambol sportively with its companions, it does so with a certain solemnity and seriousness of purpose which is in remarkable contrast to the joyous abandon and light-hearted thoughtlessness that characterize the antics of its less brainy kinsmen in the Monkey House.

As to the latter, there could be no truer estimate of them than Rudyard Kipling's wonderful analysis of their character—their vanity, frivolity, and chattering irresponsibility—in that chapter of the magic "Jungle Book" which describes the adventures of the *bandar-log*, or monkey tribe. In his portrait study of the mantled guereza monkey—the third in the present collection—the artist has chosen an admirable representative of the type. But for the mercurial vivacity betrayed by the dark but brilliant eyes, our physiognomist might well deem that here he looked upon the absolute personification of sober dignity—a very patriarch of the tree-tops, whose flowing beard alone should command respect. Let but the object of his contemplation remain still, and the illusion is well-nigh complete. Impassivity, however, was never a *rôle* which any member of the *bandar-log* could sustain for long, and an unexpected somersault, or a sudden yielding to an irresistible temptation to tug the pendent tail of a brother guereza, incontinently gives the *poseur* away. The eye, in animals as well as in men, is the most expressive feature, and with the monkey tribe this is especially true.

The Monkey House at the Zoo affords many good instances of the appropriate manner in which an animal's character is suggested by its external features. No more striking examples could be found than the big baboons, the very embodiment of savage strength and ferocity. Whether or not there be foundation in some cases for the suggested tendency to interpret brute features according to previous knowledge of their possessor, it is perfectly certain that in the case of any member of the baboon family a stranger who had never seen or heard of such a creature before would instinctively recoil in fear when confronted by it. Truculence and smouldering rage are expressed not merely in the muscular limbs, the formidable jaws, and the hideous visage, but in the suspicious glances shot by the small eyes and the sullen attitudes which constitute the natural pose of the brute.

By way of contrast take the inmates of the small cages which are ranged along the wall of the Monkey House. Here live the lemurs and the lorises, gentle creatures of retiring habits, whose guileless innocence and timidity are bespoken by the soft, furry faces and round, wondering eyes so strikingly depicted in the last of our illustrations. The loris is an unfamiliar animal to many, but it needs no great skill as a physiognomist

on the part of the reader to deduce from the artist's study of the slow loris the inoffensive nature of this shy little beast.

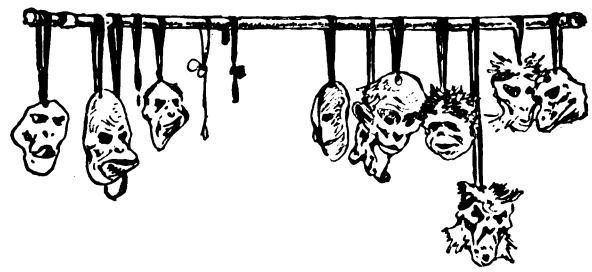
There are tell-tale features, however, on faces less mobile than the simian. The camel's supercilious sneer and general air of discontent belong appropriately to a sullen, obstinate creature which, though domesticated to the uses of man through long ages, remains unsusceptible to the civilizing influence of that intercourse, and incapable of those amenities which the finer natures of the horse or dog have rendered possible.

The prowling lion, despite the undeserved reputation which his tawny mane and terrific voice have earned for him amongst those who have never met him face to face, reveals his true nature in his feline face. Shorn of his shaggy locks, he is no longer the "monarch of the desert"—witness the smooth-coated lioness, who has never been held up to admiration as a majestic queen of beasts. Blind fury, mad and unreasoning, sleeps in the wild eye of the bison; cowardice is betrayed in the shifting glance of the wolf, who can never be induced for even a fleeting moment to meet a steady gaze.

Birds perhaps offer more difficulties to the physiognomist than beasts. To a certain extent this is due to the greater similarity which prevails amongst their features, and especially to the more limited number of those features. The beak is, of course, the principal point of distinction. Certainly the differences in this respect are wide enough, and the beaks to be seen in the Zoo, from the iron hook of the eagle to the long probe of the apteryx, or the capacious pouch of the pelican, would afford ample material for a lengthy essay. Now that most of the feathered inmates of the Gardens enjoy practical liberty in the big aviaries that have been recently erected, the most delightful opportunities are afforded to the amateur ornithologist to study their character and habits, and we commend them to interested readers. He must be a dull dog who cannot find enjoyment thereby.

Reptiles, at first sight, would seem still less easy of analysis than birds, since their faces for the most part preserve one unalterable expression. A contrary allusion, however, has already been made to the crocodile; and if any further demonstration be needed of the human interest (so to put it) which a reptile can afford, let the reader keep a pet toad—the learned will forgive the inclusion of the latter among the reptiles—and enjoy the fun of feeding him. There is character even in a toad, as anyone will admit who has watched the eager stealth with which a luckless worm or fly is stalked, and the sublime expression of content which follows the click that signals the disappearance of the quarry within the capacious maw.

To the writer's mind the most interesting study in physiognomy which the Zoo affords is the giant tortoise in the pen next door to the Reptile House. There is a fascination almost weird in the strange, expressionless face of this uncouth monster, which has lived for who shall say how many centuries past, and will continue its slow existence for who shall say how many centuries to come. It is such a face amongst animals as a Chinaman's face is amongst the faces of men. It has been said, apropos of the antiquity of the Chinese race, and in comment upon the contrast between Chinese and European features, that beside a Western face the face of a Chinaman—of a Chinese babe even—seems centuries old. Again the serious person will protest against the fancy, but one cannot help feeling that what is true of the Chinaman's features in the connection just mentioned is true of the tortoise when compared with other animals. There is the same inscrutability, the same immobility, the same lack-lustre eye. Look a giant tortoise in the face, and one does not need to be told that the creature is centuries old. It is the very symbol of Antiquity.



CYNTHIA.

By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

"NOW please understand, Cynthia," I said, with an irritation that even the lovely face and appealing blue eyes before me failed to allay, "it was bad enough before you were married to be continually assisting you out of fixes and coming to the rescue at any moment, convenient or otherwise; but now that that event has taken place I entirely refuse to undertake any further responsibilities on your behalf. If you have got yourself into what you call a 'tight place,' ask Mr. Peterson to help you out. It is his business now, not mine." I spoke as severely as I could, and Cynthia shook her head with its crown of wavy golden hair, and her pretty mouth drooped.

"But that is just the trouble, Honor." How familiar I was with that particular form of commencement! "It's Bob I have quarrelled with—him and his mother combined. When mothers-in-law come in at the door, love flies out of the window," she said, moodily, "and I'm not surprised; I would, too, if I had the chance."

"It seems to me that is just what you have done."

"I came out at the door," she observed, with another shake of the head, "and I'm not going in again, not till——"—she paused, and I waited for the rest of the sentence—"not till Bob apologizes, and his mother, too. And, as I don't suppose either of them ever will, I expect I sha'n't go back," she finished, composedly.

"And, pray, what do you intend to do?"

"Stop here," was the placid rejoinder.

I raised my eyebrows.

"Do you suppose Aunt Marion will hear of it for a moment? How can you be so foolish as to imagine she will uphold you in running away from your husband?"

"It would depend on the reason."

"You haven't been married three months. There can be no adequate reason!"

"You haven't seen my mother-in-law," Cynthia replied, sweetly.

"Is she the reason, then?"

She puckered her eyebrows, and hesitated.

"Partly; but Bob would have been enough in any case. He has got to apologize, and I have told him so; and he says he won't. So there is an end of it."

I laughed.

"It sounds more like the beginning. What do you intend to do for the rest of your life?"

My cousin took the garden scissors from

the table and began thoughtfully to snip a lily-stem into very small fragments.

"I haven't made any definite plans yet, except that I won't go back to Bob," she replied.

I sighed, the loom of trouble in the near future rising before my mental vision. Cynthia had always been endowed with a perfect genius for getting into what she called a "fix," and was in the habit of relying upon me, although only a few years older than herself, to extricate her. Resolutions and a brave show of determination had availed me nothing; she generally got her own way. I have noticed that people with golden hair and appealing blue eyes generally do; so far it had been I who had paid the price of her inconsequence. I had interviewed lunatics brought down on us by Cynthia, through an experiment with a matrimonial agency; demanded the return of indiscreet letters, written to a perfect stranger; allowed my own character for ordinary prudence to be torn to shreds; and had even been the means of smoothing the path of true love between her and the man she had married. His place being in the same neighbourhood as ourselves, she had settled down within a few miles of us, in easy reach of my aunt's house, which had been a home to both of us (my parents being dead, and Cynthia's in India) for many years. Not without reason, I had hoped that from henceforth my responsibilities had been shifted to other shoulders; and here she was, telling me with the most perfect serenity, after three months of matrimony, that she had left her husband for ever!

"What was the quarrel about?" I asked, as calmly as I could, after a long pause. "Not that it can matter. It's absurd to think that marriage vows can be ignored and you can leave your husband as easily as that."

"But I have," she murmured.

"There must be give and take between the best-natured people in the world. You took him for better or for worse."

"But the marriage service said nothing about the *worst*."

"What do you call the worst?"

"My mother-in-law," Cynthia replied, promptly. I laughed in spite of myself.

"She can't be as bad as all that," I remonstrated, wrestling with a long lily that would tumble over sideways, no matter at what angle I placed it in the vase.

"She is—quite as bad. If it hadn't been for her I am not sure—mind you, I only say I am not sure—that I should have quarrelled with Bob," she said, solemnly.

"What was it about?" I repeated.

Cynthia hesitated, and looked at me doubtfully.

"It doesn't sound much," she began, pulling a sprig of delphinium to pieces bit by bit, "but all the same it's really serious. It was about posting a letter."

"It certainly doesn't sound much of a *casus belli*," I hazarded.

"Don't quote Latin at me, Honor; my nerves are quite sufficiently upset as it is. And it isn't the fact that matters, it's the principle involved. That is why Bob—and his mother—have got to apologize before I consent to go back to him. And he says he won't. Men are so pig-headed."

"You haven't told me yet how it happened."

Cynthia slipped off her hat and stabbed it thoughtfully with a long pin terminating in a bright green frog.

"It happened like this," she said, slowly. "At least, this was the beginning. I was going to walk down to the station last Wednesday—no, it was Tuesday morning—and just as I was on the point of starting Bob came rushing to the door with a letter, which he wanted to go by the early post. It was very important—all men's letters are, in their own opinion—to his stockbrokers or something—and if it reached London on Tuesday night he should get an answer by the midday post on Wednesday."

"Yes?" I remarked, encouragingly, filling with water a glass bowl, ready for a great bunch of Dorothy Perkins roses.

"As you know, the post-box is in the booking-office, close by where you get the tickets. I walked straight in through the door, as if I was going to get a ticket, and posted the letter; and if you were to try and persuade me, Honor, with all the racks and thumb-screws you could find, to say I didn't, I should still say I know I posted that letter, and then fetched the newspapers from the bookstall"—she paused impressively, hat in one hand and pin in the other; "and Bob says I didn't."

"Why?"

She hesitated.

"I can't imagine; except that for some reason or other it didn't go. At least, no answer came."

"But if you really had posted it, Cynthia, it would have gone. You must know that."

"I tell you I did post it, and if it didn't go, as Bob says, it was the post's fault, not

"'IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS,' SHE SAID, SLOWLY."

Cynthia turned her blue eyes to the window and looked out at the sunshine with the ghost of a smile.

"I couldn't have helped it, Honor, not if I'd been on my death-bed! And then Bob was very rude to me—you'd never have believed we'd been married only three months; he was as rude as if we'd been married for years, and told me to tell his mother I did not mean what I said, when I did."

I paused, with a branch of Dorothy Perkins in my hand, to look a moment at the pretty profile half turned away against the dark panelling of the hall.

"And did you?"

"Was it likely?" she retorted, tilting a straight little nose in the air. "On the contrary, I said I never said what I didn't mean, and I was not going to tell a lie for anyone; why should I? And, if you would believe it"—she turned towards me and threw out one hand expressively—"he had the brazen assurance to say that I ought to do it just because he told me!"

She closed her lips with a snap, and but for fear of making matters worse I should have smiled. Then she added, "I simply laughed."

"Perhaps he did not find it as amusing as you did," I ventured.

"I flatter myself he didn't. He said there was nothing to laugh at as far as he could see, and I answered that a sense of humour had never been his strong point. He then said I had promised to love, honour, and obey, and when I refused to do so I was breaking solemn promises. I replied, that with all his worldly goods he had me endowed, and so long as he kept his cheque-book locked up in a drawer I wasn't

mine"—she gave a final stab into the crown of the long-suffering hat, and flung it on the table—"and Bob said it would be just like me to have forgotten it. And then his mother chimed in, and that was the last straw. I might have stood Bob—I don't think I should have, but I might—but when his mother backed him up, saying, in a virtuous tone of voice, she had noticed I was very forgetful, it was more than a saint could bear!"

"And you not being a saint——"

"I didn't even begin to try," was the placid rejoinder.

"What did you do?"

"I said I wished I had married an orphan."

"Cynthia!" I exclaimed; and then laughed.

"There is nothing to laugh at, Honor, I can assure you. There was a terrible scene; fur began to fly in all directions," my cousin said, gloomily.

"I wish you wouldn't be so slangy. I am not surprised Mrs. Peterson was annoyed; you were very rude."

breaking any more promises than he was, and that when he handed the cheque-book over to me I would do what he told me!" She came to a halt from want of breath, and looked at me with the gleam of battle in her eye.

"What did he say to that?" I asked, with growing interest.

"He said the first thing he would tell me would be to give it back again," she replied, gloomily; "so, of course, we were no farther on than before. I had no idea he could be so aggravating—till I saw his mother, and then I supposed it was hereditary."

"I expect you are a little aggravating yourself sometimes, Cynthia," I remarked, gently.

"It's enough to make anyone aggravating, Honor, to be told one hasn't posted a letter when one has," she said, looking at me reproachfully. "If Moses were to drop the Ten Commandments on my head the next minute, I should still swear I had posted that letter! And for Bob, who has promised to cherish me all his life, to say I did not, and let his mother say it too, it's unbelievable! And until he apologizes, I'll never go back!"

"I'LL NEVER GO BACK!"

My heart sank. Cynthia would never be brought to look on the affair from a reasonable point of view, and I foresaw complications and difficulties without end in the future. Aunt Marion, always full of infirmities, had gone with her maid to the seaside for a week, and there was no one to exercise any real authority. If I could even summon up strength of mind to put her out of doors, and refuse to allow her in the house, she was quite capable of camping-out in the garden under a sketching-umbrella so long as the weather was fine. Persuasion was the only weapon to hand, and I knew it, from past experience, to be a poor one.

I finished arranging the flowers, and, leaving bowls and vases standing as they were, flung myself into a chair and faced the situation. Cynthia seated herself on the edge of the table, leaning on her hands, and surveyed me with exasperating serenity.

"Now, seriously," I began again, "you know as well as I do in your heart it's perfectly absurd to even talk of leaving your husband because he says you haven't posted a letter when you say you have."

"As I said before, Honor, it isn't the fact, it's the principle," she replied, blinking at me gravely with her blue eyes as though great issues were at stake.

"And the mother-in-law, I suppose?"

"Partly; but it's mostly Bob. He has only got to apologize, and there's an end of the whole thing."

"But he thinks the apology ought to come from you, and I am not sure he is not right."

"Why?" she asked, with an air of great interest.

"It was very rude to tell his mother you wished you had married an orphan."

Cynthia raised her eyebrows.

"I thought it was rather a nice way of putting it," she said, tapping one heel on the floor. "I could have been much ruder."

"It was quite rude enough. Naturally he did not like his mother to be spoken to in such a way."

"Then he should have a different sort of mother. It's no good, Honor, for you to preach; I never shall get on with Mrs.

Peterson, and I don't suppose she will ever get on with me."

"You certainly have not made a good beginning."

"It's the beginning and the end—the Alpha and the Omega," she said, solemnly, adding, "as they say in Latin," which rather spoilt the dramatic effect.

"It's not Latin," I murmured.

"Then what is it? It isn't French, and what isn't French is mostly Latin. Anyway, I am not going to apologize."

"It is more than possible you didn't post the letter, you know." I had had many years' experience of Cynthia and her ways.

"I did, Honor!" she cried, with an emphatic stamp of one foot. "I can positively swear to it. If I heard the Last Trump sounding this minute it wouldn't shake me—not a particle. If I give way now I shall never have another moment's peace. I have borne with Bob," she said, throwing out her hands tragically, "through everything, even his most ridiculous fads, and he ought not to forget it. I have given way to him over and over again, and even endured his furniture in the drawing-room—you know how he fancies his carpentering—although his tables sit down on the floor if you so much as put a tea-cup on them, and I've sat on his three legged stools till I ached all over—and this is the thanks I get!" She paused, breathless, and I laughed outright at the sight of her indignant face and a vision of collapsing tables. "It's all very well to laugh," she added, "but he has put himself outside the palings now, for good and all."

"I suppose you mean the pale?" I observed.

"Whatever I mean, he is outside it," Cynthia rejoined, "and until he apologizes I stay here." She nodded her head at me to emphasize the determination, and I rose to bear the flower-vases to their destination without further waste of words.

Later in the day I sent a note over to Mr. Peterson telling him of Cynthia's arrival, and suggesting that for a day or two he should leave her severely alone. It is always a delicate performance to interfere between husband and wife; but I knew Cynthia better than he did, or than any man ever would for that matter, and I had a vague idea floating in my brain that I fancied might bring forth good results.

Two days passed, and my cousin showed no signs of relenting, nor did her husband make any advances; an attitude of indifference prompted, as I fancied, less by common sense or my suggestion than from a natural wrath at Cynthia's conduct. I had never met his mother, but from what I had heard I imagined there might be extenuating circumstances to be urged on her daughter-in-law's behalf, and Cynthia had never been of the disposition that bears mothers-in-law meekly. Of course, the whole affair was absurd, but that did not alter the fact that Cynthia had left her husband after three months of matrimony, and declared she would never go back. Cynthia and reasonableness had never marched together.

"Are you going to Mrs. Fox's garden-party?" I asked my cousin, after another day had elapsed, to find matters no further advanced.

She looked up from the comfortable depths of a low straw chair where she had been ensconced for half an hour, reading in the sunshine, and tilted her hat forward to shade her face.

"No, I am not," she replied; "people might ask awkward questions, and it's no good making one's quarrels public property before there is any necessity."

"I am glad to hear you have so much sense of decency," I answered, rather astonished.

"And Mrs. Fox's garden-parties are always so dull," she added, ignoring my remark. "Besides, Bob might be there, not to mention his mother, and I prefer not to meet either of them."

"Just as well, perhaps, if you are never going back to him," I murmured.

"It's his own fault; he has only got to apologize."

"Or you?"

"He began it. He shouldn't have said I didn't post a letter when I did."

"How can you be quite certain? You do forget sometimes, you know."

Cynthia pushed her hat back and sat forward in her chair.

"Honor," she began, "if Michael and all his angels——"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted, with some impatience; "but, as you have been known to forget things, you cannot blame your husband if he sometimes thinks you have done it when you haven't. And, after all, I don't see that it's such a heinous crime to suspect you of."

"It wasn't him," she murmured, staring abstractedly at a butterfly settling on the grass at her feet, "so much as——" But as it seemed fruitless to go into the question again on exactly the same lines, I walked into the house before the sentence was completed.

"IT'S HIS OWN FAULT; HE HAS ONLY GOT TO APOLOGIZE."

Cynthia adhered to her determination not to attend Mrs. Fox's garden-party, and I went alone. She gave me final injunctions to take special note of the guests, and of anything likely to be of interest, and particularly to let her know if Mrs. Peterson appeared, and what she looked like. She made no mention of her husband.

I found her waiting on the doorstep on my return, her pretty face animated by lively curiosity.

"Well, Honor," she said, following me into the house, "were there many people there, and who were they? You are very late, so I suppose you found it amusing?"

"Very," I replied, taking off my gloves. "All the neighbourhood was there, and the gardens were looking lovely."

"I am more interested in the people than the gardens," she observed, sinking into a chair and clasping both hands behind her head. "Did Mrs. Strangways wear that everlasting blue dress again? And who was in attendance on Nora Bridges this time? I suppose Mrs. Peterson was there?" she went on, without waiting for answers to half her questions. "Was she in a good temper, or did she look as if she would turn the very freshest milk sour?"

"Cynthia," I said, reproachfully, "you might remember that, at all events, she is your husband's mother."

"As she otherwise couldn't be my mother-in-law, I am not likely to forget it," she retorted, serenely.

"As it happens, she was not there, and I was told she had gone away."

Cynthia's face brightened, and she sat up.

"Gone away altogether, do you mean?"

"I believe so."

"Was Bob there? What did he look like? Was he very dejected? He seems to droop all over when he is dejected," she said, thoughtfully.

"He seemed all right," I replied, carelessly; "but I had no opportunity of speaking to him."

"Why not?"

"He was too busy talking to somebody else." I crossed the hall to remove my veil at the glass over the fireplace.

"Who was he talking to?" Cynthia asked, with no regard for grammar.

"Nora Bridges; they sat in the corner by the conservatory most of the afternoon."

"That minx!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "What on earth could he find to say to her? She hasn't got an idea in her head!"

"But it's a very pretty one, even though there may be no ideas in it," I remarked.

"Her nose turns up," Cynthia retorted, "and it would be even more hideous if it didn't."

"She is considered a very pretty girl in spite of it."

"She is too dark; her hair is black, and so curly it reminds one of the West Indies," Cynthia rejoined rather crossly, with a glance at her own golden tresses in the looking-

glass, catching the fading light from outside, in rippling waves. "Had Bob gone before you left, Honor?"

"I don't know; they disappeared into the conservatory about five o'clock, and I did not see them again."

This bit of information was received in dead silence, and when I turned round Cynthia had left the hall.

She was rather quiet all that evening, and asked no more questions about the garden-party. After dinner we sat out on the lawn, and once or twice she was so silent I imagined she must have fallen asleep. When she did speak she was inclined to be snappy, and retired early to bed with the excuse of a headache.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Cynthia disappeared, and inquiries elicited the fact that she had taken the dog-cart and a groom and gone for a drive. I had a good many odds and ends to do, the charge of the house during my aunt's absence entailing a certain amount of writing, and was not sorry to have the time to myself, free from interruption. It was not until four o'clock arrived that my thoughts turned again to Cynthia, and I was on the point of going out to inquire if the dog-cart had returned when it appeared on the gravelled sweep before the door, with my cousin on the front seat.

She threw the reins to the groom and jumped down, her face all wreathed in smiles.

"You were quite mistaken about Bob, Honor," she cried; "he wasn't at Mrs. Fox's party at all!"

I raised my eyebrows, and met her glance unflinchingly.

"Then it must have been somebody else I saw. I told you I did not speak to him." If the recording angel had gone through as much at Cynthia's hands as I had he would add "Extenuating circumstances" when he registered my sin.

"But it doesn't matter," Cynthia went on, taking off her hat and flinging it on the table, "because we've made it up. I have only come for my things, and am going back after tea."

"I thought you were never going back to him again?"

"So did I," was the unruffled rejoinder.

"And what has made you change your mind?"

"Bob went down to the station and made inquiries."

I smiled comprehendingly.

"And you apologized after all?"

Cynthia threw her head back indignantly.

"Not at all!" she retorted; "there was nothing to apologize for. We were both right as it turned out. I did post it, so I was right; and it didn't go, so Bob was right. It really couldn't have turned out better. It will be a lesson to my mother-in-law not to doubt me again."

"Why didn't it go?"

"Because I posted it in the 'Widows and Orphans' box by mistake," she said, triumphantly.

"WREATHED IN SMILES."

SENSITIVE PLANTS: Why They are Sensitive, and How They Came to be So.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

ONE of the first caterpillars that we find in our gardens in the early spring is that of the familiar brown "woolly-bear," the larva of the tiger-moth. When we see this animal feeding on our plants, we only need to touch it with a finger to cause it immediately to become a hairy ball, which at once drops to the ground. We may then try to pick it up from amongst the herbage below, but its long, flexible hairs give way so readily to the touch, and are so often left in our fingers that, not infrequently, the caterpillar escapes by means of these ingenious tactics; for, leave it alone for a minute or two and it quickly unrolls its body and travels out of the danger-zone.

There is nothing astonishing in the fact that the caterpillar thus shrinks at our touch. It is as natural as that a hedgehog which we might meet in the lane should assume the defensive and become a prickly ball when we poke it with our walking-stick. It should be quite obvious to us that when we touch the hairs of the caterpillar or the spines of the hedgehog these animals are sensible of the touch; and it is apparent that the subsequent actions of both caterpillar and hedgehog are defensive. This sensitiveness, therefore, by prompting the animal to take measures for its safety, serves a useful purpose in its struggle for existence. Instances of this kind are so familiar in animal life that we often fail to realize how very valuable to an animal is this delicate sense of touch. Indeed, this familiarity with the movements of animals is apt to make us oblivious even to their sensitiveness to external stimuli, and how much more oblivious to their dependence on the possession of such sensibility for self-protection.

Turning now to plants, we should hardly expect to find developed in them the sense of touch, because we regard them as organisms without feeling. Also, we have to recognise that plants possess no nerves and brain-centres, such as we are familiar with in most animals. But, nevertheless, there are numerous plants which are just as sensitive as the caterpillar or hedgehog, or even more so. There are plants so sensitive that if, when standing by them, you should suddenly put up your umbrella or sunshade, it would be quite sufficient to cause them instantly to close together their leaflets and turn down their leaf-stalks, just as if they were startled and alarmed by the movement. Indeed, on a sunny day, when the temperature is sufficiently high, you need not make even so decided a movement; merely your shadow coming in contact with their leaves will often cause them to fall slightly.

In illustration Fig. 1 is shown one of the most celebrated of these sensitive plants (*Mimosa pudica*), a native of Brazil, as it appears when circumstances are favourable. Now I will ask you to look at Figs. 2, 3, and 4, and I may inform you that the movements exhibited from Fig. 1 to Fig. 4 occurred in about one second. The photograph, Fig. 1, having been taken, a slight breath of air was blown at the plant through the lips. The results depicted in Figs. 2, 3, and 4, therefore, were brought about entirely without touching the plant or even shaking the pot—simply by blowing upon it slightly.

Now, when upon our approach to a plant it suddenly folds up its leaves and assumes an altogether different attitude we very naturally ask, or wonder, why it acted so. Of course, in the case of our woolly-bear caterpillar, and

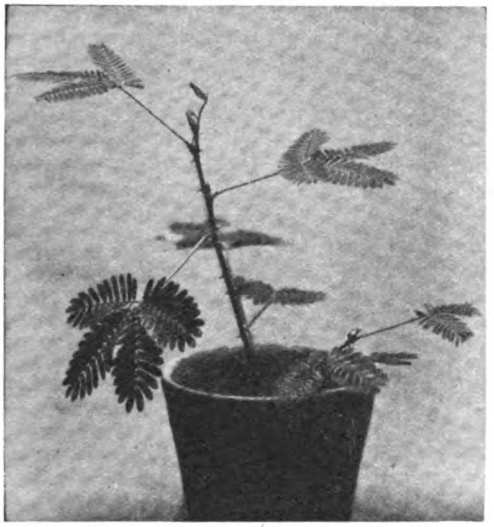


FIG. 1.—The sensitive plant when circumstances are favourable; but if you breathe upon it—

(FIG. 2)—it immediately closes together its leaflets—

(FIG. 3)—lets fall its leaf-stalks, and a second later—

(FIG. 4)—presents this appearance.

also our hedgehog, it was obvious that they derived protective advantages from their movements; but what practical use can this strange tactic of the sensitive plant serve in its economy?

Well, when a plant, without the slightest warning, closes together its leaflets and, as it were, "shuts up shop" in this summary fashion we are naturally rather startled by the performance, and wonder what will happen next; and any grazing animal would have the same feeling. In tropical countries, where such sensitive plants are found, they frequently cover large tracts of land, and wandering grazing animals come upon them; indeed, maybe often attracted towards them by their bright green foliage. But what happens? The very first plants the animal approaches droop their tempting leaves, sensitive even to the vibration of the ground caused by its approach; and should it step in amongst them, the tempting and juicy foliage recedes before it, for one plant conveys the shock to its neighbours by the touch of its own leaves as they drop. Thus, what was a moment before a mass of tempting green leaves becomes almost instantly in appearance very scrubby fare for the animal, whose appetite anticipated much better refreshment.

Some readers may, perhaps, be inclined to doubt if the movements of these plants would protect them from the attacks of grazing animals, but it is interesting to observe that the stems of the example illustrated, and of many other species besides, are protected with strong and sharp spines. This feature alone shows that such plants have had to protect themselves against browsing animals; and now, when they have turned down their leaves out of harm's way, they present to their enemy for its first nibble nothing but prickly stems, so that should the intruder not be awed by their uncanny movements, but proceed with its intention, its first mouthful would scarcely be agreeable after its richer anticipations.

Then, too, let us suppose that a hungry caterpillar climbs the stem of a sensitive plant and endeavours to feed upon its leaves. The caterpillar, of course, has to reach a leaf by its stalk, and in doing so it either gets thrown suddenly to the ground by the prompt falling of the leaf, or, should it succeed in adhering, finds the succulent leaflets gathered in a tightly-closed bundle, most difficult to move upon, let alone feed upon, while the whole arrangement is artfully contrived to conduct it towards the juicy end of this group of leaflets, which are now pointed towards the ground. However, when the caterpillar reaches this area, in which it would naturally commence its meal, the difficulties of feeding there, and the greater difficulty of climbing back again up the slopingly-arranged leaflets, usually results in its dropping to the ground —probably more or less disgusted with sensitive plants and their absurd arrangements. Even should it hold to the stem of one plant and endeavour to feed upon the leaves of another, it is equally beaten, for the leaf it touches immediately shrinks from it and falls out of its reach.

It is clear, I think, that the sensitive plant, like the "woolly-bear" and the hedgehog, gains some considerable protection in its struggle for existence by its sensitiveness. However, there is another question that arises when we consider the quaint movements of these plants. How did they first acquire these highly-evolved tactics which they now exercise with such conspicuous success against their natural foes? There must, of course, have been a beginning, and then a gradual perfecting of the delicate sensitiveness they now exhibit. Apparently a difficult problem is presented when we seek to discover how this habit of shrinking from animal attacks was first acquired.

Before dealing with this point, however, I would ask my readers to glance at illustration Fig. 5. The photograph shows a cultivated species of oxalis, whose relative, the common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*), is familiar in woods almost everywhere in the British Isles during early spring. Its characteristic clover-like leaves (of a pleasant acid taste) and white, purple-veined flowers readily distinguish it. The species shown was photographed just before dusk, and it is seen that the three leaflets of each leaf have turned down towards their stalks, and are now somewhat like partially-closed umbrellas; later on, when darkness comes, they will close still more and become huddled together close round their stalks. This same characteristic of drooping leaflets at night may also be observed in the common British wood-sorrel. When daylight appears the leaflets once more spread themselves out to the sunlight. It becomes quite apparent, therefore, that they have been to sleep, for each night the leaflets fold together, and each morning they open out again.

Here, then, we have the beginning of sensitiveness in leaves. The leaflets of the various species of oxalis are usually very thin and of frail texture, and their function is the same as that of the leaves of other plants, viz., to spread their tissues out to the sunlight, and under its influence to absorb gaseous food from the atmosphere. At night, when sunlight ceases, the leaves can no longer carry on their feeding process, for sunlight is essential.

Seeing, then, that the leaves serve no purpose by being spread out at night-time, it is a very useful device on the part of the plant to close them together at nightfall; for then they are kept warm and their tissues are protected from the chilly night air. If the leaves were fully expanded they would probably accumulate moisture, and at the slightest approach of cold or frost receive a chill which might cause them serious damage. However, with leaflets folded closely together, both in the case of the sensitive plant and the oxalis, rain-drops and moisture are conducted to the earth below. So the first oxalis plant, which, in the natural variation of living things (for no two organisms, and no two habits in an organism, are identical), adopted the habit of drooping its leaves slightly when the temperature was lowered, found that it was beneficial, and it forthwith conveyed the hint to its race; and, being good, the habit became hereditary. Thus the wood-sorrel, and others of its genus,

acquired the habit of sleeping leaves; which, of course, represents sensitiveness to external conditions, such as light and temperature.

The species illustrated in Fig. 5 has brown or copper-coloured foliage, and the leaves of the common wood-sorrel also often develop on their under sides this same reddish hue. This colouring matter has the peculiar property of utilizing the rays of light and converting their energy into heat, which naturally benefits the growing plant. For the same reason the buds of many plants, when they develop in the spring (as the familiar hawthorn of the hedgerows), are red and brown. The colt's-foot, which throws up its flower-bearing stems in February or March, well before its leaves, also clothes its flower-stalks with reddish-coloured scales, and many other examples might be quoted where early growth takes place, and consequently all the available heat of the sun's rays is needed.

FIG. 5.—The common wood-sorrel and its relations droop their leaflets (as shown in the photograph) when night approaches.

This copper colour, then, is but another proof of the delicacy of the leaves of the wood-sorrel family, and it is an additional indication of the sensitiveness of their leaflets and how much they need protection. A species that has evolved and developed a detail of this kind until every leaf has become a deep copper colour is, of course, a progressive one; in this species, too, the sleeping movement is much more readily induced than in the common British species. Furthermore, there are other species of oxalis which, with a little rough handling, will droop their leaflets in broad daylight; and, in the *Oxalis sensitiva* of India, we have another example of the same genus which has evolved its sensitiveness to almost the same stage as those of the mimosas, or true sensitive plants; for its leaves contract at the slightest touch, just as shown in the above illustrations of the sensitive plant. Also, we may note that amongst the mimosas themselves all the species close their leaflets together as night comes on; and amongst the various species we find exhibited every gradation of sensitiveness, just as we do in the wood-sorrel family.

Seeing that the mimosas and the wood-sorrel tribe are distinct groups of plants, their families being in no way related, it is, I think, reasonable to contend that the sensitive characteristic of their leaves was evolved from the sleeping habit. However, it still remains to explain how the plants acquired their habit of shrinking at the approach and the touch of animals.

The explanation is, I think, very simple. A plant that has developed the sensitive or sleep movement to a high degree is necessarily affected when light decreases. Thus, at the approach of a storm, when the sky becomes cloudy and dark, its leaflets quickly close together. The rain pelts down with the characteristic force of storms in the tropical countries where these extremely sensitive plants are found; the leaflets, however, huddle still closer together, for in that position they most readily throw off the water; and the probability of their getting damaged is, of course, comparatively small. So, in the course of time, the leaflets would acquire the habit of drooping at the first spots of rain that touch them, and this quite independently of the influence of light—simply because the leaves benefit by the habit. This, I think, was how sensibility to touch was first acquired and manifested by these leaves. Later on, when the habit was firmly acquired, they quite naturally drooped their leaves also when animals touched them; for they had learned that such was the proper and wise course to pursue whenever anything external came in contact with them.

So the sensitive plant developed its talent

accordingly, and to-day we marvel at its cunning as it surprises and tricks the grazing animals and other of its enemies; but we must not overlook the fact that there is in reality no such subtle discrimination and cunning in its manœuvres. The plant acts exactly the same if a spot of water is dropped

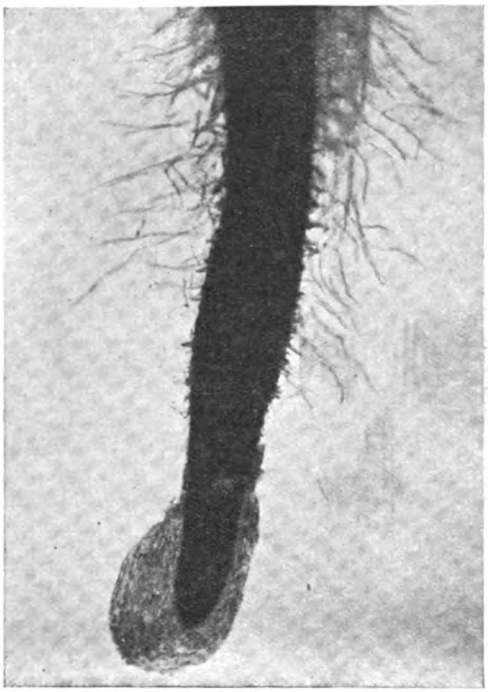


FIG. 6.—A magnified view of the tip of a young root of barley, showing its sensitive root-cap, which directs its path in the soil; above are absorption hairs, which nourish the plant.

upon its leaves as it would if a browsing animal touched them with its nose, or as when I blew at it before taking the photographs; indeed, the plant is quite unable to distinguish between these external influences. But, by the mere fact of these sensitive movements having served so good a purpose in its economy, they became hereditary, and were further evolved until the disturbance of the atmosphere caused by our approach, or by the movement of our umbrella, or by the change of light caused by our shadow being suddenly cast across their leaves, was sufficient to influence them; just as would, in a larger degree, the stronger wind and the greater darkness of an approaching storm.

Sensibility in plants, however, does not begin or end in the leaf structures. It exists in the germinating seed, and in every stage of their subsequent development. From the seed emerges a tiny root which penetrates the soil, but not as a piece of stick might do. The root-tip quite fastidiously selects its path amongst the interstices of the soil, seeking out moist places and avoiding such obstacles as will not provide suitable mineral food. If you examine the tip of a young root by means of a microscope (Fig. 6), you will find that it is protected by a thimble-like mass of loose tissue or a "root-cap," as the botanist terms it. Within this is the true growing tip of the root, but it is the sensitive root-cap which guides the root-tip to suitable quarters, where it can set to work its army of delicate root-hairs, which it carries at its rear (see illustration). It is by means of these root-hairs that the plant is supplied with water and mineral food, for the root-tip does not itself feed, neither does the sensitive root-cap. It is plain, therefore, that

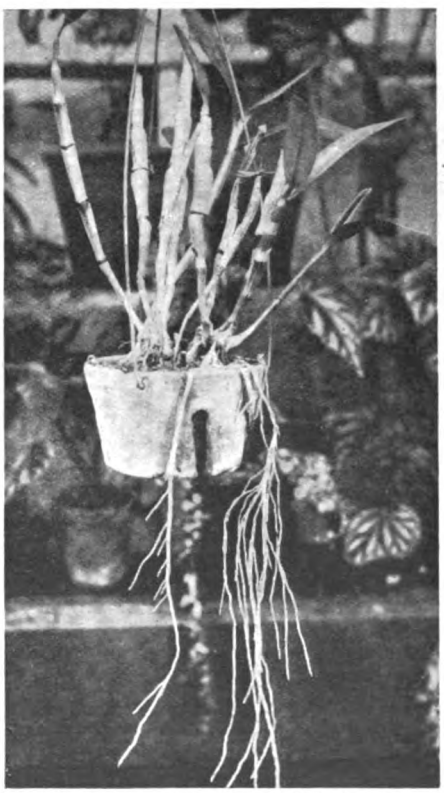


FIG. 7.—An orchid whose sensitive roots leave the pot in which the plant grows and develops in and feed from the atmosphere.

sensibility in plant structure manifests itself at a very early period.

This root sensitiveness is highly developed in some orchids, an example of which is shown in Fig. 7. The roots of the orchid shown are seen to have left the pot which

holds the plant and suspended themselves in the air; in their natural environment these orchids grow on, and adhere to, the bark of trees, but do not feed upon their hosts, simply using their branches as a support. Attaching themselves with a few root fibres, they then throw out into the atmosphere their feeding roots. The aerial roots are clothed with a paper-like covering, and when moisture is absorbed this membranous covering prevents it evaporating from the root tissues; thus the orchids stand the long periods of drought; indeed, they become veritable vegetable camels, storing their water like the "ships of the desert" for a time of need. Yet so sensitive are these roots to their natural environment, the atmosphere, that if they are buried in the soil, or even laid upon it, the plant generally perishes.

Many seedling plants, when they break through the surface of the soil, exhibit striking aspects of sensibility almost immediately. In Fig. 8 is shown a young plant of the common bryony, the sole British representative of the cucumber and vegetable-marrow family, and I will ask you to note how the climbing tendrils are stretching out into the surrounding air in various directions, diligently searching for a friendly grip that shall give them a pull-up in life, that the plant may spread out its leaves to the sunlight. You have only to touch one of these tendrils for a few times at intervals to make it curve in the direction from which it was touched. Thus the young climbing plant springs up and develops its stem and leaves, just as all honest plants should do; but, later, it reveals the worst side of its character, for it then sends out its tendrils, which embrace the stems and leaves of neighbour plants; and then over these stronger plants it scrambles at a reckless pace, spreading out its leaves and holding up its flowers to the fertilizing insects—of course, much to the disadvantage of those plants which are gathered within its coils. Thus, by means of these sensitive tendrils it can, in the course of the summer, readily reach the hedgerow-top with its weak stem and small stock of material; whereas its woody host has taken several years to get its leaves and flowers so high in the world. Most climbing plants present similar interesting aspects of sensibility.

FIG. 8.—A young plant of the common bryony sending out its sensitive tendrils in search of a friendly grip that will give the plant a pull-up in life.

Finally, I will take an example of sensitiveness in a flower. In the common barberry the stamens, or pollen-producing organs, are extremely sensitive; in fact, they probably present the best example of active sensibility amongst British plants. You have but to touch the base of these stamens to make them spring instantly forward, towards the side of the ovary, or central part of the flower, which they press against with considerable pressure. If my reader will look carefully at the central parts of the flowers shown in Fig. 9, the light-coloured stamens will be seen opened out and pressed back against the petals; but if Fig. 10 is carefully observed, the flowers there will be seen to be very different; their stamens have all closed towards the central ovary, and this is simply owing to the fact that I had touched the base of the stamens with the point of a pin—an interesting experiment that my reader may try at any time when the barberry is in flower. Cultivated species of shrubs (such as that illustrated), and the common British species, show alike this interesting feature of sensitiveness.

It remains now to discover what advantages the barberry derives from its sensitive stamens. With this purpose in view, I proceeded one afternoon to investigate. Almost every flower that I examined contained one or more small black beetles, each about half the size of a wheat grain; there were thousands of them at work amongst the flowers, all as busy as it was possible to be. They were rifling the nectar of the twelve honey-glands arranged in pairs at the base of the petals in each flower; but not a single beetle reached those hairy glands without causing some of

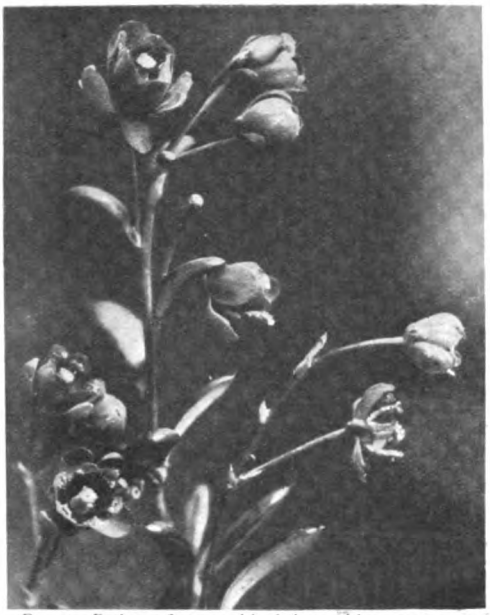


FIG. 9.—Barberry flowers with their sensitive stamens, or pollen-producing organs, opened wide. In the next photograph they are seen to have—

(FIG. 10)—closed down on the ovary, or central part of the flower. Some petals have been removed from the lowermost flower on the right to show the working of the stamens more clearly.

the stamens to suddenly spring forward in the manner previously described. Beetles that were resting on the tops, and the edges, of the ovaries were being continually thrown into the centre of the flowers by the sudden jerk of the closing stamens when touched by another insect below, which had already reached the nectar. And there the dislodged insect would lie on its back struggling to regain its feet until its exertions, together with the movements of other agitated beetles, had brought forward every stamen in the flower. Some of the beetles were gripped between the heads of the stamens and the side of the ovary and held there until they could wriggle out of the clutch. How tightly the stamens can grip an insect I have illustrated in Fig. 11, where I have left the pin used to bring the sensitive stamens into action within the grip of two of them—another interesting experiment that may easily be performed with a little care.

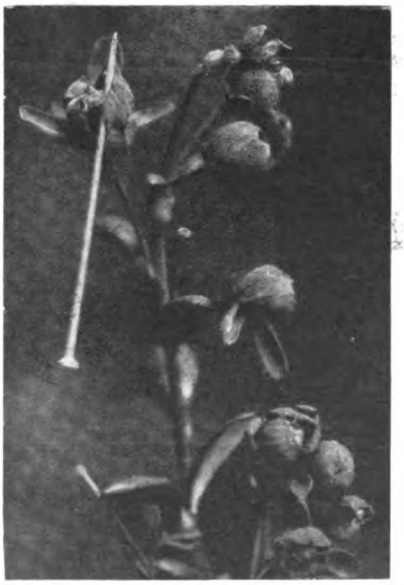


FIG. 11.—How tightly the stamens grip an insect is here shown, where two stamens are holding the pin that irritates them.

The stamens open to shed their pollen by means of a kind of valve at the top, and with the sudden jerk forward the pollen is showered out at the valve, and falls in all directions amongst the struggling beetles within the flower; and therein lies the secret of the whole matter. Those black beetles, after being so roughly treated by the stamens, became yellow beetles, since to almost all parts of their bodies the yellow pollen adhered. That the beetles enjoyed the nectar there was no doubt, but to get it they had to undergo a rough-and-tumble experience, whether they liked it or not. And this was the barberry's device for getting its pollen conveyed to other blooms, and for receiving pollen itself from other stamens for the pollination of its own ovary. Thus cross-pollination is ensured, and that means fertile seed and the strengthening of its race.

THE HOUSE of ARDEN

BY

E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOULDIWARP.

AND it was. It was the living image of the little, pig-like animal that was stamped in gold above the chequered shield on the cover of the white book in which they had found the spell. And as on the yellowy white of the vellum book cover, so here on the thymy grass of the knoll, it shone golden. The children stood perfectly still. They were afraid to move lest they should scare away this little creature which, though golden, was alive and moved about at their feet, turning a restless nose to right and left.

"It *is*," said Elfrida again, very softly, so as not to frighten it.

"*What?*" Edred asked, though he knew well enough.

"Off the book that we got the spell out of."

"That was our crest on top of our coat-of-arms, like on the old snuff-box that was great-grandpapa's."

"This is our crest come alive, that's all."

"Well," said Edred, "it's very tame. I will say that."

"Well——" Elfrida was beginning; but at that same moment the mole also, suddenly and astonishingly, said, "Well?"

There was a hushed pause. Then :—

"Did *you* say that?" Elfrida whispered.

"No," said Edred, "*you* did."

"Don't whisper, now," said the mole; "'tain't purty manners, so I tells 'ee."

With one accord the two children came to their knees, one on each side of the white mole.

"I *say!*" said Edred.

"Now, don't," said the mole, pointing its nose at him quite as disdainfully as any human being could have pointed a finger. "Don't you go for to purtend you don't know as Mouldiwarps 'as got tongues in dere heads same's what you've got."

"But not to talk with?" said Elfrida, softly.

"Don't you tell me," said the Mouldiwarp, bristling a little. "Hasn't no one told you e'er a fairy-tale? All us beasts has tongues, and when we're dere us uses of en."

"When you're where?" said Edred, rather annoyed at being forced to believe in fairy-tales, which he had never really liked.

"Why, in a fairy-tale for sure," said the mole. "Wherever to goodness else on earth do you suppose you be?"

"We're here," said Edred, kicking the ground to make it feel more solid and himself more sure of things, "on Arden Knoll."

"An' ain't that in a fairy-tale?" demanded the Mouldiwarp, triumphantly. "You do talk so free, you do. You called me, and here I be. What d'you want?"

"Are you," said Elfrida, thrilling with surprise and fear, and pleasure and hope, and

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wonder, and a few other things which, taken in the lump, are usually called "a thousand conflicting emotions"—"are you the 'badge of Arden's house'?"

"Course I be," said the mole—"what's left of it; and never did I think he be called one by the Arden boy and gell as didn't know their own silly minds. What do you want, eh?"

"You might tell us where the treasure is," said Edred.

"Dat comes last, greedy," said the mole. "I've got to make you good and wise first, and I see I've got my work cut out. Good night."

It began to move away.

"Oh, *don't* go," said Elfrida; "we shall never find you again. Oh, don't! Oh, this is dreadful!"

The mole paused

"I've *got* to let you find me again. Don't upset yourself," it said, bitterly. "When you wants me, come up on to the knoll and say a piece of poetry to call me, and I'll come," and it started again.

"But what poetry?" Edred asked.

"Oh, anything. You can pick and choose."

Edred thought of "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

"Only 'tain't no good without you makes it up yourselves," said the Mouldiwarp.

"Oh!" said the two, much disheartened.

"And course it must be askin' me to kindly come to you. Get along home."

The two children turned towards the lights of Ardenhurst Station in perfect silence. By the time they reached the house with the green balconies and the smooth, pale, polished door-knocker they had decided, as children almost always do in cases of magic adventure, that they had better not say anything to anyone.

Aunt Edith came home as they were washing their hands and faces. She brought with her presents for Edred's birthday — nicer presents, and more of them, than he had had for three years.

"I've got something for Elfrida too," said Aunt Edith.

It was a book—a red book with gold pictures on back and cover—and it was called "The Amulet."

"And now to supper," said Aunt Edith. "Roast chicken. And gooseberry pie. And cream."

To the children, accustomed to the mild uninterestingness of bread and milk for supper, this seemed the crowning wonder of the day. And what a day it had been!

And while they ate the aunt told them of her day.

"It really *is* a ship," she said, "and the best thing it brings is that we sha'n't let lodgings any more."

"Hurrah!" was the natural response.

"And we shall have more money to spend and be more comfortable. And you can go to a really nice school. And where do you think we're going to live?"

"Not," said Elfrida, in a whisper, "not at the castle?"

"Why, how did you guess?"

Elfrida looked at Edred. He hastily swallowed a large mouthful of chicken to say, "Auntie, I do hope you won't mind. We went to Arden to-day. You said we might go this year."

Then the whole story came out—yes, quite all, up to the saying of the spell.

Aunt Edith laughed, and Edred said quickly:—

"That's all the story, auntie. And I *am* Lord Arden, aren't I?"

"Yes," the aunt answered, gravely. "You are Lord Arden."

"Oh, ripping!" cried Edred, with so joyous a face that his aunt put away a little sermon she had got ready in the train on the duties of the English aristocracy—that would keep, she thought.

"How would you like," asked the aunt, "to go over and live at the castle *now*?"

"To-night?"

"No, no," she laughed; "next week. You see, I must try to let this house, and I shall be very busy. Mrs. Honeysett, the old lady who used to keep house for your great-uncle, wrote to the lawyers and asked if we would employ her. I remember her when I was a little girl; she is a dear, and knows heaps of old stories. How would you like to be there with her while I finish up here and get rid of the lodgers?"

So that was how it was arranged. The aunt stayed at the bow-windowed house to arrange the new furniture—for the house was to be let furnished—and to pack up the beautiful old things that were real Arden things, and the children went in the carrier's cart, with their clothes and their toys in two black boxes, and in their hearts what is called "a world of joyous anticipations."

Mrs. Honeysett received them with a pretty, old-fashioned curtsy, which melted into an embrace.

"You're welcome to your home, my lord," she said, with an arm round each child, "and you too, miss, my dear. Anyone can see

"THE CHILDREN WENT IN THE CARRIER'S CART."

you're Ardens, both two of you. There was always a boy and a girl—a boy and a girl." She had a sweet, patient face, with large, pale blue eyes that twinkled when she smiled, and she almost always smiled when she looked at the children.

The house was much bigger than they had found it on that wonderful first day when they had acted the part of burglars. There was a door covered with faded green baize. Mrs. Honeysett pointed it out to them with, "Don't you think this is all: there's the other house beyond"; and at the other side of that door there was, indeed, the other house.

The house they had already seen was neat, orderly, "bees-whacked," as Mrs. Honeysett said, till every bit of furniture shone like a mirror or a fond hope. But beyond the baize door there were shadows, there was dust, and windows draped in cobwebs, before which hung curtains tattered and faded.

The carpets lay in rags on the floors; on the furniture the dust lay thick, and on the boards of corridor and staircase; on the four-post beds in the bed-chambers the hangings hung dusty and musty — the quilts showed the holes eaten by moths and mice. From the great kitchen-hearth, where no fire had been this very long time, yet where still the ashes of the last fire lay grey and white, a chill air came. The place smelt damp and felt uncanny.

When they had opened every door and looked at every roomful of decayed splendour they went out and round. Then they saw that this was a wing built right out of the castle—a wing with squarish windows, with carved drip-stones. All the windows were yellow as parchment, with the inner veil laid on them by Time and the spider. The ivy grew thick round the windows, almost hiding some of them altogether.

"Oh!" cried Elfrida, throwing herself down on the turf, "it's too good to be true. I can't believe it."

"What *I* can't believe," said Edred, doing likewise, "is that precious mole."

"But we saw it," said Elfrida; "you can't help believing things when you've seen them. Have you made up any poetry to call the mole with?"

"I've tried. And I've done it."

"Oh, Edred, you *are* clever. Do say it."

Edred slowly said it:—

> "Mole, mole,
> Come out of your hole;
> I know you're blind,
> But *I* don't mind."

Elfrida looked eagerly round her. There was the short turf; the castle walls, ivied and grey, rose high above her; pigeons circled overhead; but there was no mole—not a hint or dream or idea of a mole.

"Edred," said his sister.

"Well?"

"Did you *really* make that up? Don't be cross, but I do think I've heard something like it before."

"I—I adopted it," said Edred.

"ELFRIDA BURIED HER HEAD IN HER HANDS AND THOUGHT TILL HER FOREHEAD FELT AS LARGE AS A MANGEL-WURZEL."

"Eh?" said Elfrida.

"Haven't you seen it in books, 'Adopted from the French'? I altered it."

"I don't believe that'll do. How much did you alter? What's the real poetry like?"

"The mole, the mole,
He lives in a hole.
The mole is blind;
I don't mind,"

said Edred, sulkily. "Auntie told me it the day you went to tea with Mrs. Harrison."

"I'm sure you ought to make it up all yourself. You see, the mole doesn't come."

"There isn't any mole," said Edred.

"Let's both think hard. I'm sure I could make poetry—if I knew how to begin."

Elfrida buried her head in her hands and thought till her forehead felt as large as a mangel-wurzel and her blood throbbed in it like a church clock ticking.

"Will this do?" she said at last, lifting her head from her hands and her elbows from the grass; there were deep dents and lines on her elbows made by the grass stalks she had leaned on so long.

"Spit it out," said Edred.

Thus encouraged, Elfrida said, very slowly and carefully, "'Oh, Mouldiwarp'—I think it would rather be called that than mole, don't you?—'Oh, Mouldiwarp, do please come out and show us how to set about it'—that means the treasure. I hope it'll understand."

"That's not poetry," said Edred.

"Yes, it is, if you say it right on—

Oh, Mouldiwarp, do please come out
And show us how to set about
It."

"There ought to be some more," said Edred—rather impressed, all the same.

"There is," said Elfrida. "Oh, wait a minute—I shall remember directly. It—what I mean is, how to find the treasure and make Edred brave and wise and kind."

"There wasn't anything about kind. I'm kind enough if it comes to that," said Lord Arden.

"Oh, I *know* you are; but poetry has to rhyme—you know it has. I expect poets often have to say what they don't mean because of that."

"Well, say it straight through," said Edred, and Elfrida said, obediently:—

"Oh, Mouldiwarp, do please come out,
And show us how to set about
It. What I mean is how to find
The treasure, and make Edred brave and wise and kind.

I'll write it down if you've got a pencil."

Edred produced a piece of red chalk, but he had no paper, so Elfrida had to stretch out her white petticoat, put a big stone on the hem, and hold it out tightly with both hands, while Edred wrote at her dictation.

Then Edred studiously repeated the lines again and again, as he was accustomed to repeat "The Battle of Ivry," till at last he was able to stand up and say:—

"Oh, Mouldiwarp, do please come out,
And show me how to set about
It. What I mean is how to find
The treasure, and make me brave and wise——

If you don't mind," he added.

And instantly there was the white mole.

"What do you want now?" it said, very crossly indeed. "And call that poetry!"

"It's the first I ever made," said Elfrida of the hot ears. "Perhaps it'll be better next time."

"We want you to do what the spell says," said Edred.

"Make *you* brave and wise? That can't be done all in a minute. That's a long job, that is," said the mole, viciously.

"Don't be so cross, dear," said Elfrida; "and if it's going to be so long hadn't you better begin?"

"I ain't agoin' to do no more'n my share," said the mole, somewhat softened though, perhaps by the "dear." "You tell me what you want, and p'r'aps I'll do it."

"I know what I want," said Edred, "but I don't know whether you *can* do it."

"Ha!" laughed the mole, contemptuously.

"I got it out of a book Elfrida got on my birthday," Edred said. "The children in it went into the past. I'd like to go into the past—and find that treasure!"

"Choose your period," said the mole, wearily.

"Choose——?"

"Your period. What time you'd like to go back to. If you don't choose before I've counted ten it's all off. One, two, three, four——"

It counted ten through a blank silence.

"Nine, ten," it ended. "Oh, very well, den, you'll have to take your luck, that's all."

"Bother!" said Edred. "I couldn't think of anything except all the dates of all the Kings of England all at once."

"Lucky to know 'em," said the mole, and so plainly not believing that he did know them that Edred found himself saying under his breath: "William the First, 1066; William the Second, 1087; Henry the First, 1100."

The mole yawned, which, of course, was very rude of it.

"Don't be cross, dear," said Elfrida, again; "you help us your own way."

"Now you're talking," said the mole, which, of course, Elfrida knew. "Well, I'll tell ee what. Don't you be nasty to each other for a whole day, and den——"

"*You* needn't talk," said Edred, still under his breath.

"Very well," said the mole, whose ears were sharper than his eyes. "I won't."

"Oh, don't," sighed Elfrida; "*what* is it we are to do when we've been nice to each other for a whole day?"

"Well, *when* you've done dat," said the mole, "look for the door."

"What door?" asked Elfrida.

"*The* door," said the mole.

"But where is it?" Edred asked.

"In the house it be, of course," said the mole. "Where else to gracious should it be?"

And it ran with mouse-like quickness across the grass and vanished down what looked like a rabbit-hole.

"Now," said Elfrida, triumphantly, "you've got to believe in the mole."

"Yes," said Edred, "and you've got to be nice to me for a whole day, or it's no use my believing."

"Aren't I generally nice?" the girl pleaded, and her lips trembled.

"Yes," said her brother. "Yes, Lady Arden; and now I'm going to be nice, too. And where shall we look for the door?"

This problem occupied them till tea-time. After tea they decided to paint—with the new paint-box and the beautiful new brushes. Elfrida wanted to paint Mr. Millar's illustrations in "The Amulet," and Edred wanted to paint them, too. This could not be, as you will see if you have the book. Edred contended that they were his paints. Elfrida reminded him that it was her book. The heated discussion that followed ended quite suddenly and breathlessly.

"*I* wouldn't be a selfish pig," said Edred.

"No more would I," said Elfrida. "Oh, Edred, *is* this being nice to each other for twenty-four hours?"

"Oh," said Edred. "Yes—well—all right. Never mind. We'll begin again to-morrow."

But it is much more difficult than you would think to be really nice to your brother or sister for a whole day. Three days passed before the two Ardens could succeed in this seemingly so simple thing. The days were not dull ones at all. There were beautiful things in them that I wish I had time to tell you about—such as climbings and discoveries and books with pictures, and a bureau with a secret drawer. It had nothing in it but a farthing and a bit of red tape—secret drawers never have—but it was a very nice secret drawer for all that.

And at last a day came when each held its temper with a strong bit. They began by being very polite to each other, and presently it grew to seem like a game.

"Let's call each other Lord and Lady Arden all the time and pretend that we're no relation," said Elfrida. And really that helped tremendously. It is wonderful how much more polite you can be to outsiders than you can to your relations, who are, when all's said and done, the people you really love.

As the time went on they grew more and more careful. It was like building a house of cards. As hour after hour of blameless politeness was added to the score, they grew almost breathlessly anxious. If, after all this, some natural annoyance should spoil everything!

"I do hope," said Edred, towards tea-time, "that you won't go and do anything tiresome."

"Oh, dear, I do hope I sha'n't," said Elfrida.

And this was just like them both.

After tea they decided to read so as to lessen the chances of failure. They both wanted the same book—"Treasure Island" it was—and for a moment the niceness of both hung in the balance. Then, with one accord, each said, "No—you have it!" and the matter ended in each taking a quite different book that it didn't particularly want to read.

At bed-time Edred lighted Elfrida's candle for her, and she picked up the matches for him when he dropped them.

"Bless their hearts," said Mrs. Honeysett, in the passage.

They parted with the heartfelt remark, "We've done it this time."

Now, of course, in the three days when they had not succeeded in being nice to each other they had "looked for the door," but as the mole had not said where it was, nor what kind of a door, their search had not been fruitful. Most of the rooms had several doors, and as there were a good many rooms the doors numbered fifty-seven, counting cupboards. And among these there was none that seemed worthy to rank above all others as *the* door. Many of the doors in the old part of the house looked as though they might be *the* one, but since there *were* many no one could be sure.

"How shall we know?" Edred asked, next morning, through his egg and toast.

"I suppose it's like when people fall in love," said Elfrida, through hers. "You see the door and you know at once that it is the only princess in the world for you—I mean door, of course," she added.

And then, when breakfast was over, they stood up and looked at each other.

"Now," they said together.

"We'll look at every single door. Perhaps there'll be magic writing on *the* door come out in the night, like mushrooms," said the girl.

"More likely that mole was kidding us," said the boy.

"Oh, *no*," said the girl; "and we must look at them on both sides—every one. Oh, I do wonder what's inside the door, don't you?"

"Bluebeard's wives, I shouldn't wonder," said the boy, "with their heads——"

"If you don't stop," said the girl, putting her fingers in her ears, "I won't look for the door at all. No; I don't mean to be aggravating; but please don't. You know I hate it."

"Come on," said Edred; "and don't be a duffer, old chap."

The proudest moments of Elfrida's life were when her brother called her "old chap."

So they went and looked at all the fifty-seven doors, one after the other, on the inside and on the outside; some were painted and some were grained, some were carved and some were plain, some had panels and others had none, but they were all of them doors—just doors and nothing more. Each was just a door, and none of them had any claim at all to be spoken of as THE door. And when they had looked at all the fifty-seven on the inside and on the outside, there was nothing for it but to look again. So they looked again, very carefully, to see if there were any magic writing that they hadn't happened to notice. And there wasn't. So then they began to tap the walls to try and discover a door with a secret spring. And that was no good either.

"There isn't any old door," said Edred. "I told you that mole was pulling our leg."

"I'm *sure* there is," said Elfrida, sniffing a little from prolonged anxiety. "Look here—let's play it like the willing game. I'll be blindfolded, and you hold my hand and will me to find the door."

"I don't believe in the willing game," said Edred, disagreeably.

"No more do I," said Elfrida; "but we must do something, you know. It's no good sitting down and saying there isn't any door."

"There isn't, all the same," said Edred. "Well—come on."

So Elfrida was blindfolded with her best silk scarf—the blue one with the hemstitched ends—and Edred took her hands. And at once—this happened in the library, where they had found the spell—Elfrida began to walk, in a steady and purposeful way. She crossed the hall and went through the door into the other house; went along its corridor and up its dusty stairs—up, and up, and up——

"We've looked everywhere here," said Edred, but Elfrida did not stop for that.

"I know I'm going straight to it," she said. "Oh, do try to believe a little, or we shall never find anything," and went on along the corridor, where the spiders had draped the picture-frames with their grey crape curtains. There were many doors in this corridor, and Elfrida stopped suddenly at one of them—a door just like the others.

"This," she said, putting her hand out till it rested on the panel, all spread out like a pink starfish—"this is the door."

She felt for the handle, turned it, and went in, still pulling at Edred's hand and with the blue scarf still on her eyes. Edred followed.

"I say!" he said, and then she pulled off the scarf.

The door closed itself very softly behind them.

They were in a long attic room close under the roof—a room that they had certainly, in all their explorings, never found before. There were no windows—the roof sloped down at the sides almost to the floor. There was no ceiling—old worm-eaten roof-beams showed the tiles between—and old tie-beams crossed it so that as you stared up it looked like a great ladder with the rungs very far apart. Here and there through the chinks of the tiles a golden dusty light filtered in, and outside was the "tick, tick" of moving pigeon feet, the rustling of pigeon feathers, the "cooroocoo" of pigeon voices. The long room was almost bare; only along each side, close under the roof, was a row of chests, and no two chests were alike.

"Oh!" said Edred. "I'm good and wise now. I feel it inside me. So now we've got the treasure. We'll rebuild the castle."

He got to the nearest chest and pushed at the lid, but Elfrida had to push too before he could get the heavy thing up. And when it was up—alas! there was no treasure in the chest—only folded clothes.

So then they tried the next chest.

"THIS IS THE DOOR."

And in all the chests there was no treasure at all—only clothes. Clothes, and more clothes again.

"Well, never mind," said Elfrida, trying to speak comfortingly. "They'll be splendid for dressing up in."

"That's all very well," said Edred, "but I want the treasure."

"Perhaps," said Elfrida, with some want of tact, "perhaps you're not 'good and wise' yet. Not *quite*, I mean," she hastened to add. "Let's take the things out and look at them. Perhaps the treasure's in the pockets."

But it wasn't—not a bit of it; not even a threepenny-bit.

The clothes in the first chest were full riding cloaks and long boots, short-waisted dresses and embroidered scarves, tight breeches and coats with bright buttons. There were very interesting waistcoats and odd-shaped hats. One, a little green one, looked as though it would fit Edred. He tried it on. And at the same minute Elfrida lifted out a little straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribbons. "Here's one for me," she said, and put it on.

And then it seemed as though the cooing and rustling of the pigeons came right through the roof and crowded round them in a sort of dazzlement and cloud of pigeon noises. The pigeon noises came closer and closer, and garments were drawn out of the chest and put on the children. They did not know how it was done; but presently there the two children stood in clothing such as they had never worn. Elfrida had a short-waisted dress of green-sprigged cotton, with a long and skimpy skirt. Her square-toed brown shoes were gone, and her feet wore flimsy sandals. Her arms were bare, and a muslin handkerchief was folded across her chest. Edred wore very white trousers that came right up under his arms, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a sort of frilly tucker round his neck.

"I say!" they both said, when the pigeon noises had taken themselves away, and they were face to face in the long, empty room.

"That was funny," Edred added; "let's go down and show Mrs. Honeysett."

The children ran down the passage to the parlour and burst open the door.

There sat a very upright old lady and a very upright old gentleman, and their clothes were not the clothes people wear nowadays. They were like the clothes the children themselves had on. The old lady was sewing a fine white frill; the old gentleman was reading what looked like a page from some newspaper.

"You will commit to memory the whole of the one commencing 'Happy the child whose youngest years receive instruction well.' And you will be deprived of pudding with your dinners," remarked the old lady.

"I say!" murmured Edred.

"Oh, *hush!*" said Elfrida, as the old lady carried her cambric frills to the window-seat.

"But I won't stand it," whispered Edred. "I'll tell Aunt Edith—and who's *she*, any how?"

He glowered at the old lady across the speckless carpet.

"Oh, don't you *understand?*" Elfrida

"'HOITY-TOITY,' SAID THE OLD LADY, VERY SEVERELY; 'WE FORGET OUR MANNERS, I THINK.'"

"Hoity-toity," said the old lady, very severely; "we forget our manners, I think. Make your curtsy, miss."

Elfrida made one as well as she could.

"To teach you respect for your elders," said the old gentleman, "you had best get by heart one of Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs. I leave you to see to it, my lady."

He laid down the sheet and went out, very straight and dignified, and without quite knowing how it happened the children found themselves sitting on two little stools in a room that was, and was not, the parlour in which they had had that hopeful eggy breakfast, each holding a marbled side of Dr. Watts's Hymns.

whispered back. "We've got turned into somebody else, and she's our grandmamma."

I don't know how it was that Elfrida saw this and Edred didn't. Perhaps because she was a girl, perhaps because she was two years older than he.

"Edred," said the old lady, "hand me the paper."

She pointed at the sheet on the brightly-polished table. He got up and carried it across to her, and as he did so he glanced at it and saw:—

THE TIMES.

June 16, 1807.

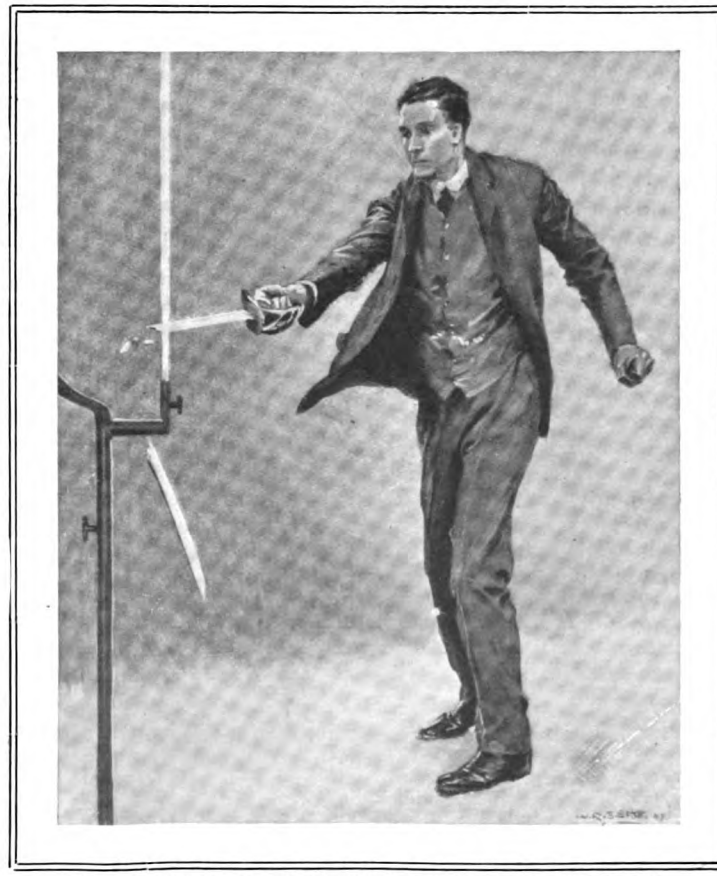
And then he knew, as well as Elfrida did, exactly where he was, and *when*.

(To be continued).

The Lesson of a Jet of Water.

By Dr. Gustave Le Bon.

IN the neighbourhood of Grenoble there is a manufactory which employs the water held in a reservoir situated some sixteen hundred feet up on the mountain. The water is brought to the manufactory by a vertical pipe of this length and somewhat less than an inch in diameter, the force of the falling jet being employed to drive a turbine. If, now, by means of a lateral pipe, the jet be allowed to escape, as shown in the accompanying illustration and diagram, it spurts up with such force into the air, owing to the velocity imparted to it by its long previous



THE JET OF WATER AT GRENOBLE WHICH A SWORD CANNOT CUT THROUGH.

fall, that a strong man armed with a sword may hack at it until he is exhausted or splinters his weapon into fragments, without making the slightest impression upon it. The weapon is checked as effectually as if it had struck against a bar of iron. And yet this jet of water which is so invulnerable to the keen-edged steel is but of the thickness of a man's thumb The speed at which the jet moves, moreover, is, relatively speaking, by no means great, it does not much exceed one hundred yards a second—that is to say, about the tenth of the speed of a cannon ball.

If it were possible to impart to a sheet of water an inch in thickness sufficient velocity, the most powerful bomb-shells would be immediately stopped in their flight when they came into contact with it; it would offer the same resistance as the steel armour of the most modern battleship!

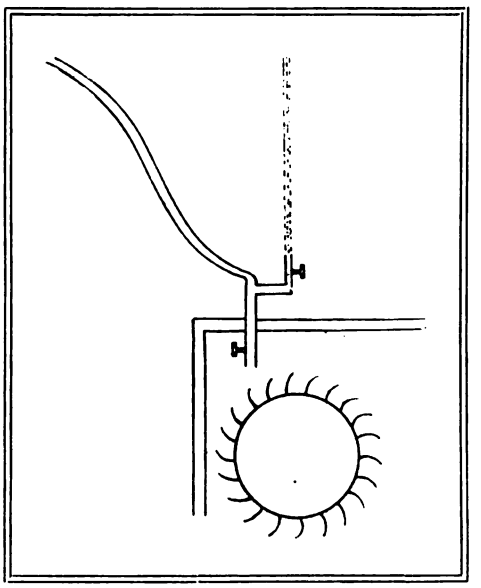


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE PIPES FROM WHICH THE JET ISSUES.

This striking example of the jet of water illustrates one of the most important theories of modern science, *i.e.*, that hardness and rigidity of matter are a result of the speed with which its particles are in motion.

To the scientifically-trained intellect of the savant, the theory, now almost universally held, that all matter, whether in the form of a rock, a block of steel, a diamond, or a drop of water, consists in its ultimate analysis of inconceivably minute particles of ether, each rotating in its allotted sphere with inconceivable velocity, presents no insurmountable difficulty. The atoms of which all matter is composed are, in fact, miniature solar systems. Each atom, on this hypothesis, is composed of a certain number of particles charged with positive electricity, round which there gravitate, as the planets do round the sun, at least a thousand other particles charged with negative electricity. It is to this fact—namely, that it is composed of particles endowed with a rotating movement of enormous velocity — that matter is now held to be indebted for its stability and its very existence as matter at all. Were the movement of its rotating particles to stop, matter would at once vanish and transform itself into invisible ethereal dust. As everybody is aware, the bicycle in motion and the top rotating on its point are both indebted for their stability to a similar movement. Stop the movement, and at once bicycle and top fall to the ground. Delicate laboratory experiments, the details of which it would be out of place to give here, all point to and seem actually to demonstrate these conclusions beyond any reasonable doubt.

That the relative rigidity of the rock and the hardness of the diamond are due to the different speeds at which their infinitesimal particles are revolving, under the influence of natural forces at present beyond our comprehension, may, in fact, be considered proved. If by any means we can endow with sufficient velocity liquid or even gaseous molecules, they acquire a rigidity and a great force of projection. In the case of liquid the jet of water has well demonstrated this.

So far as the rigidity of rapidly-moving gaseous particles is concerned, it is somewhat more difficult to give an experimental demonstration, the velocity necessary to transform so attenuated a form of matter into what is, to all intents and purposes, a solid being tremendous. There are, however, several well-known instances of this transformation. Numerous observations, for example, lead us to suppose that when a sheet of steel is traversed by the bullet from a modern rifle, travelling at the rate of eight hundred yards or so a second, the steel is pierced not in reality by the bullet, but by the particles of air which the bullet drives before it. The bullet, in fact, would appear to traverse the steel without actually coming into direct contact with it at all.

It has even been maintained—though it must be admitted that here the observations made are somewhat lacking in precision—that a smooth disc, if it could be made to revolve with sufficient rapidity, might cut through a block of iron without touching it. The iron here, again, would be cut, not by the disc itself, but by the particles of air carried round by the edge of the rotating disc at a sufficient velocity to render them rigid. Considerations such as these may enable us to comprehend how velocity may produce rigidity. It matters little whether the velocity imparted to a body throws it forward in a straight line or whether it causes it to rotate rapidly on its own axis; in each case the result, for all practical purposes, is identical.

A rotating body possesses, by the very fact of its speed, an energy proportional to that speed. It is consequently an immense reservoir of energy. When we know the mass of any body and its velocity we can very easily calculate how much energy it possesses, experience having proved that such energy is equal to half the product of the mass and the square of the speed.

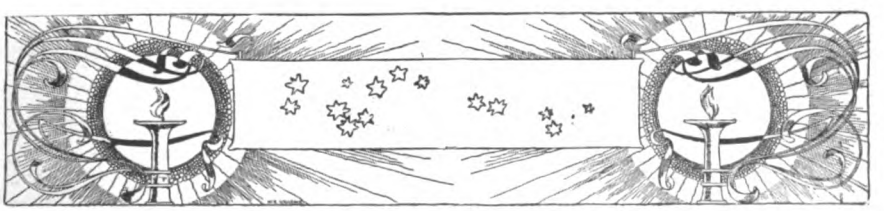
If it were possible—as it may be some day—to entirely dissociate the particles of matter, the amount of energy we should then have at our disposal would be incalculable. The energy, for instance, contained in a small piece of bronze no larger than half a farthing would represent about seven thousand million horse-power—that is to say, sufficient force to drive an immense goods train four times round the circumference of the globe. To obtain a similar result from the combustion of coal we should have to expend something like three thousand pounds. We may thus consider that three thousand pounds represents the commercial value of the energy contained in half a farthing.

Unfortunately, we at present are only able to dissociate completely quite infinitesimal portions of matter—a few thousandth parts of a milligram at the outside. There are indications, however, that the day is now not very remote when some means may be discovered to easily dissociate appreciable quantities of matter. When that day does come we shall be able to draw upon a source of energy immeasurably superior to that which we now obtain by the laborious extraction of coal from the bowels of the earth. Need I add that the change such a state of things may produce in the conditions of human existence is likely to be more radical than any we can even imagine at present?

All the great natural forces, notably electricity and solar heat, result from the liberation of intra-atomic energy. The provision of such energy, doubtless, is immense, but, however immense it may be, it cannot last indefinitely. Slowly but surely, in liberating its energy in the form of heat and electricity, matter necessarily ages. In the incandescent stars, such as our sun, the quantity of energy is naturally far greater than in those globes in which the cooling process has proceeded farther, such as the earth.

A consequence of this expenditure of intra-atomic energy is a diminution in the velocity with which the elements of the atoms rotate. Let such velocity be reduced below a certain point, the atoms would lose all their stability, in which case there must ensue a veritable explosion, thus putting a final term to a more or less prolonged period of old age.

It may be that the temporary stars which from time to time we see appear and disappear in the firmament are the products of the sudden explosion of worlds, the substance of which has reached a limit of age which they cannot pass without perishing.



CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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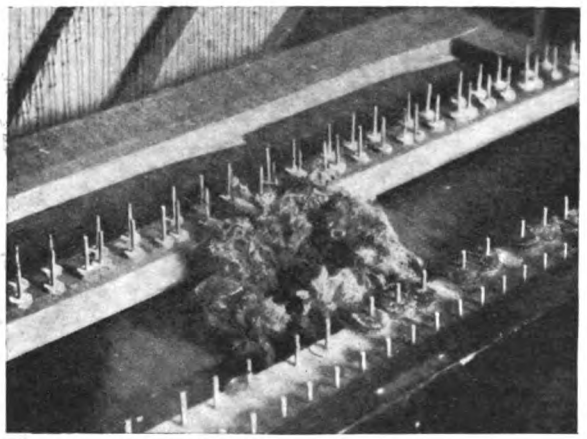
MUSICAL MICE.



HERE is a photograph of a mouse's nest which was found beneath the keyboard of my piano when the keys were removed for renovation. The nest was composed of pieces of felt, lace curtain, etc., and several young mice were found in it. The piano had been in constant use, which had not apparently disturbed the mice at all. The photograph was taken by Mr. Jackson.—Mr. T. F. Charlton, 13, White Street, Coventry.

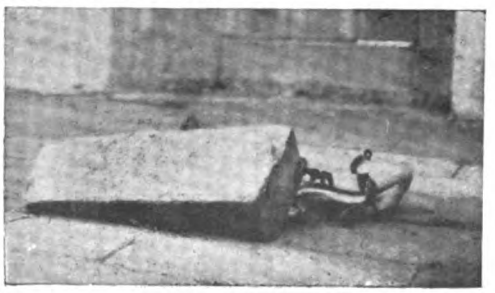
A SEA-MONSTER WHICH FRIGHTENED THE DIVERS.

THE accompanying photograph does not represent the sea-serpent or a fossil creature, as might at first be supposed. It was, however, procured beneath

the surface of the sea in about three fathoms of water at the Island of Dominica, B.W.I. It is in reality a branch of the common West Indian madrepore coral, which by a freak of Nature has assumed the form of an animal's head, closely resembling the accepted appearance of the sea-serpent—crest, open jaws, and eyes complete. Remarkable as is the resemblance in the photograph, the coral when seen in its native state, projecting from a rock at the bottom of the sea, presented an even more surprising aspect. The slight motion of the waves and the refractive power of the water caused the coral to appear to sway slowly back and forth, and it was with difficulty that a diving boy could be induced to go down for it. Among many thousands of specimens seen and collected by the writer no other has ever been met with which resembled a creature's head in so striking a manner.—Mr. A. H. Verrill, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

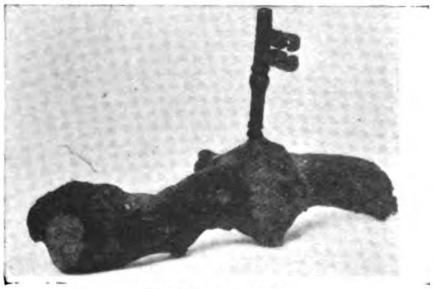
THE MARVELLOUS LIFTING POWER OF FUNGI.

THESE photos. show the power of fungi in raising bricks from a stable floor which had been laid on a level bed of mortar. The pictures are taken from east and west respectively. In the first photograph it will be seen that a second brick is being similarly raised. The second one was taken about two or three days after, showing the fungus in full bloom. The coachman, who noticed the first brick gradually rising from the surrounding bricks, was much puzzled, as it was quite contrary to the common experience of seeing bricks sinking from their original level owing to a subsidence of the soil. On raising the brick he discovered the cause. — The Rev. W. E. Tourtel, Holt, R.S.O., Norfolk.



A DOWNWARD PORTRAIT.

I SEND you a photograph I took last summer. If you think it funny enough to be inserted I should be happy to see it appear in your magazine. The picture explains itself.—Mr. Alfred Ravin, 31, Rue Cler, Paris.

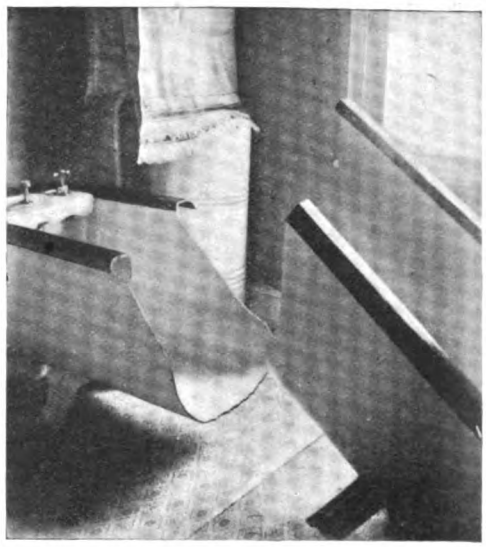


WOOD *v.* IRON.

THE key shown embedded in this piece of wood was hung by a relative of mine on the twig of an apple-tree about twenty-one years ago, in an orchard in the County of Sussex. One night when he wanted it he went to the tree, but could not find it, and about sixteen years after that, when he was cutting dead wood out of the same apple-tree, he came across his key with the handle quite overgrown with wood. The photograph was taken by Mr. J. Wheeler.—Mr. G. Duffin, 162, New Street, Horsham, Sussex.

THE DISORDER OF THE BATH.

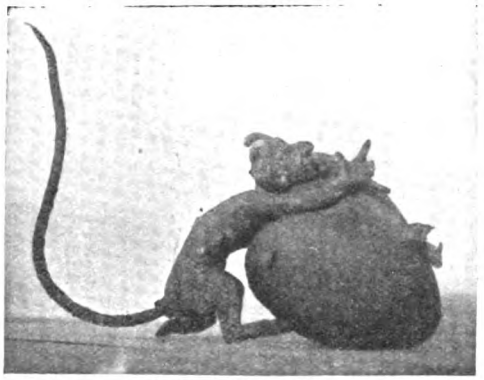
THE following photograph illustrates a most remarkable accident which happened to a bath, which parted suddenly with a loud report as the hot water was flowing in. Luckily no one was in the bath at the time, but your readers will easily imagine the mess caused as the water found its way all



over the floor and through the ceiling of the room below. Although the bath was a new one, it had been used for several weeks without showing any sign of a flaw.—Mr. G. H. Heapy, 3; Madeley Street, Derby.

STOPPING THE DANUBE.

THE next photograph represents the source of the Danube, which has its origin in the Black Forest. The man in the centre is putting his finger over the pipe which carries the water into the basin, thus actually stopping the source of the Danube.—Mr. R. Francklyn, 7, Avenue des Alpes, Lausanne, Switzerland.

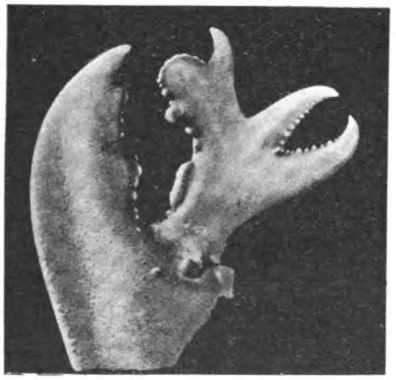


LOST AND FOUND.

ABOUT two years ago Mr. Geo. Hatherley, of Penn Street, Oakham, missed the ornament shown in the photograph. He thought it probable that one of his children had been playing with it and lost it. However, it was not forthcoming, and he forgot all about it after a time. While digging potatoes last year he suddenly came across it grasping the potato, as in the photograph. Showing it to one of the masters, he was persuaded to ask me to take a photograph of it and send it to you.—Mr. J. H. Jerwoode, School House, Oakham.

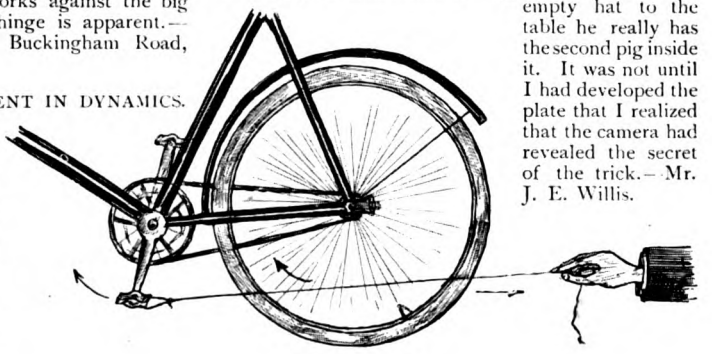
AN ABNORMAL LOBSTER'S CLAW.

THIS curious claw belonged to a lobster which came up to Gow's well-known shop in Broad Street in the usual way of business. It was rescued, however, as being a most remarkable specimen. There is an outgrowth representing a pair of nippers on the little joint which works against the big one, but no trace of an extra hinge is apparent.—Mr. Hugh Main, Alm ndale, Buckingham Road, S. Woodford, N.E.



AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN DYNAMICS.

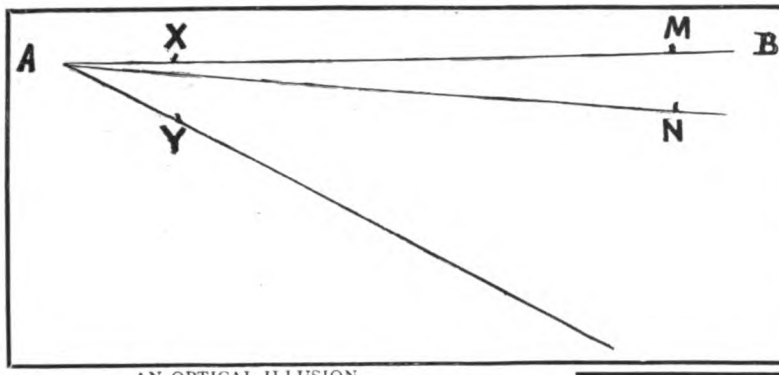
THE sketch reproduced here illustrates an interesting experiment which can be tried with any bicycle. The cycle is placed on the ground with the pedals in the position shown, with a cord attached to the lower pedal. If the cord be pulled from the rear of the cycle, one would naturally expect to see the machine go forward—*i.e.*, away from the hand. The reverse action happens, however; the cycle moves backwards and the pedal forwards, in the opposite direction to which it is being pulled. The explanation is that the whole machine is being pulled backwards and the rear wheel drives the pedals, instead of being driven by them, as in riding.—Mr. Oliver Hensley, 123, Edwards Road, Erdington, Birmingham.



THE CONJURER AND THE CAMERA.

THE interest in this photograph of a conjurer is that it reveals the secret of his trick in producing two guinea-pigs from one. His method of procedure is to first place a pig upon the table, covering it with his hat; he then lifts it to show there is only one guinea-pig there, and before replacing the hat he removes the pig from the table and places it on the grass. On returning the hat to the table he explains that by taking one little hair from the pig on the grass, and placing it on the top of the hat and making a pass with his wand, he is able to produce the second

pig, which he does upon lifting the hat. The explanation is that, when lifting the hat to show there is only one pig underneath, the action being a natural and momentary one, it is not noticed by the spectators that the operator brings the hat to the corner of his coat, which the photograph shows him in the act of doing. There he has another pig concealed, which he easily grasps from the outside of his hat, it being a soft one, so that when he apparently returns the empty hat to the table he really has the second pig inside it. It was not until I had developed the plate that I realized that the camera had revealed the secret of the trick.—Mr. J. E. Willis.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

ON first glancing at this drawing it would appear that the distance between X and Y is greater than that between M and N. However, if both distances are measured, it will be found that they are equal, each being one-third of an inch in width.—Mr. Ivan A. Edwardes Evans, Ringway Vicarage, Altrincham, Cheshire.

WHERE THE CHAMPION DIAMOND WAS FOUND.

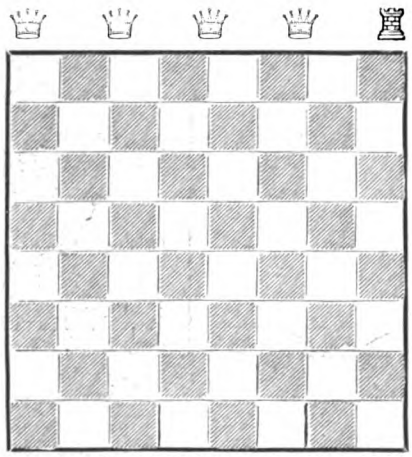
IN April, 1905, I was travelling in South Africa and visited the Premier Diamond Mines. It was not long after the Cullinan diamond, which was presented to the King recently, was found, and the exact spot was pointed out to me; I also saw Mr. Cullinan, and was told that he was paid two thousand pounds for his magnificent find. The actual spot where the diamond was found is shown on the photograph by means of a cross.—Miss Kerr, 6, Liverpool Road, Ealing, W.

"MONSIEUR YOURS TRULY."

I SEND you an envelope the address on which is rather curious. The envelope was received by a friend of mine who had a slight business connection with a Frenchman who, having no knowledge of our language, evidently thought it policy to write the fullest address possible, with the result that the complimentary ending appears as the name and my friend's name as part of the address, the whole finishing with E. G. instead of E. C.—Mr. B. R. Rogers, 112, Craven Park Road, Harlesden, N.W.

A BUTTON-HOLE CUTTING.

I BEG to send you a photograph of a rose (William Allan Richardson) which was worn as a button-hole last June. After the bloom had died and was thrown away the remaining stalk was carelessly stuck into a flower-pot, and at the end of October it had struck and again bloomed, measuring two and a half inches across. This I photographed on October 31st.—Mr. Cecil Walter, 89, Brockley Grove, Crofton Park.



ANOTHER INGENIOUS CHESS PROBLEM.

THE above problem consists in placing four queens and a castle so that they command every square on the board. It is an improvement by Mr. Blackburne, the British Chess Champion, on a problem by Mr. Sam Loyd, who used five queens for the same purpose. The solution will appear in our next number.

WHO OWNS THIS SIXPENCE?

ABOUT three months ago I received for a tip this sixpence which I send you. You will notice that a small pearl has been inset by a clever jeweller. It is my firm belief that the owner of the coin gave it to me by mistake, as it very probably is a keepsake of some sort. If you care to publish a photograph of it I shall be glad to restore the coin to the owner if he or she cares to have it back. Perhaps the owner may turn out to be one of your readers?—Mr. Frederick Marten, Jun., 15, Shap Street, Pearson Street, Kingsland Road, N.E.

A WOODEN WATCH.

I SEND you two photographs, one of the front, the other of the back of a watch made by a Russian peasant, entirely of wood, including the works, chain, case, etc. When given to me it used to keep fairly good time. The photograph was taken by Mr. Horace Mew, of Shanklin, I.W.—Mr. C. Binns, Thorncliff, Sandown, I.W.

THE MANAGER

GUP-SUP.

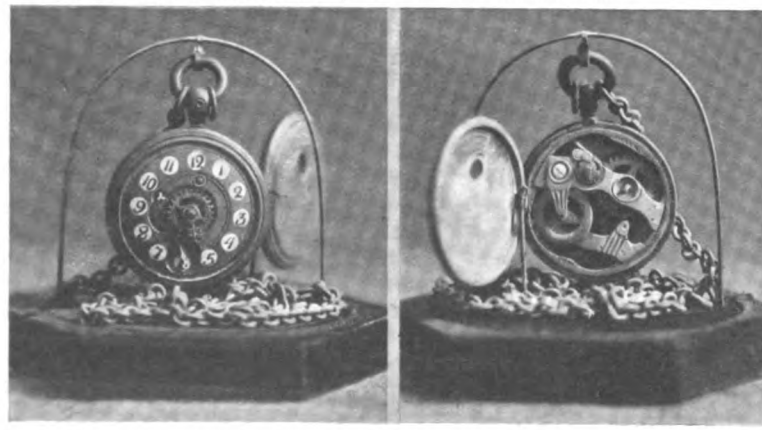
Dear Sir

I was comming yesterday from Mussoorie. I holt at half way dak bungalow for my afternoon tea as time was 4 p. m. I saw there six european lads runs from the age 18 to 23 years. They had a party and all of them were drinking ginger ale & lemonades, and ofcourse they are eating like curry & rice from soup plates there ware two plates like that and to my great surpriced what I saw is that they are eating like dhan dar. Nothig but conversation lozenges. At once is struck me why should I not give in Gup-Sup, I therefore sujest as follows, that in your tit-bit of India kindly put this *question in english.* as answer must get in english & to the right man, I will give revord of rupees 7-8 ofcourse this can be given to only one man & not to every one as usal lotry system, if you agree to me kindly write me at the following adress I will send you by M. O. Rs 7-8 from before hand.

Yourse faithfully.

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

I ENCLOSE another sample of English as she is murdered. I came across this funnily-worded letter in an Indian vernacular journal. The word "Gup-Sup" in Hindustani is equivalent to "gossip" in English.—Mr. C. H. Brooks, Sea View, Queen's Road, Kurrachee, India.



"'FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T TOUCH THE CAVIARE!' HE CROAKED."

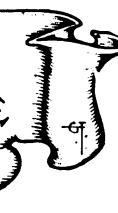
(*See page* 250.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxv. MARCH, 1908. No. 207.

THE POT OF CAVIARE

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



It was the fourth day of the siege. Ammunition and provisions were both nearing an end. When the Boxer insurrection had suddenly flamed up, and roared, like a fire in dry grass, across Northern China, the few scattered Europeans in the outlying provinces had huddled together at the nearest defensible post and had held on for dear life until rescue came—or until it did not. In the latter case, the less said about their fate the better. In the former, they came back into the world of men with that upon their faces which told that they had looked very closely upon such an end as would ever haunt their dreams.

Ichau was only fifty miles from the coast, and there was a European squadron in the Gulf of Liantong. Therefore the absurd little garrison, consisting of native Christians and railway men, with a German officer to command them and five civilian Europeans to support him, held on bravely with the conviction that help must soon come sweeping down to them from the low hills to eastward. The sea was visible from those hills, and on the sea were their armed countrymen. Surely, then, they could not feel deserted. With brave hearts they manned the loopholes in the crumbling brick walls outlining the tiny European quarter, and they fired away briskly, if ineffectively, at the rapidly advancing sangars of the Boxers. It was certain that in another day or so they would be at the end of their resources, but then it was equally certain that in another day or so they must be relieved. It might be a little sooner or it might be a little later, but there was no one who ever ventured to hint that the relief would not arrive in time to pluck them out of the fire. Up to Tuesday night there was no word of discouragement.

It is true that on the Wednesday their robust faith in what was going forward behind those eastern hills had weakened a little. The grey slopes lay bare and unresponsive while the deadly sangars pushed ever nearer, so near that the dreadful faces which shrieked imprecations at them from time to time over the top could be seen in every hideous feature. There was not so much of that now since young Ainslie, of the Diplomatic service, with his neat little 3·3 sporting rifle, had settled down in the squat church tower, and had devoted his days to abating the nuisance. But a silent sangar is an even more impressive thing than a clamorous one, and steadily, irresistibly, inevitably, the lines of brick and rubble drew closer. Soon they would be so near that one rush would assuredly carry the frantic swordsmen over the frail entrenchment. It all seemed very black upon the Wednesday evening. Colonel Dresler, the German ex-infantry soldier, went about with an imperturbable face, but a heart of lead. Ralston, of the railway, was up half the night writing farewell letters. Professor Mercer, the old entomologist, was even more silent and grimly thoughtful than ever. Ainslie had lost some of his flippancy. On the whole, the ladies—Miss Sinclair, the nurse of the Scotch Mission, Mrs. Patterson, and her pretty daughter Jessie, were the most composed of the party. Father Pierre, of the French Mission, was also unaffected, as was natural to one who regarded martyrdom as a glorious crown. The Boxers yelling for his blood beyond the walls disturbed him less than his forced association with the sturdy Scotch Presbyterian presence of Mr. Patterson, with whom for ten years he had wrangled over the souls of the natives. They passed each other now in the corridors

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as dog passes cat, and each kept a watchful eye upon the other lest even in the trenches he might filch some sheep from the rival fold, whispering heresy in his ear.

But the Wednesday night passed without a crisis, and on the Thursday all was bright once more. It was Ainslie up in the clock tower who had first heard the distant thud of a gun. Then Dresler heard it, and within half an hour it was audible to all—that strong iron voice, calling to them from afar and bidding them to be of good cheer, since help was coming. It was clear that the landing party from the squadron was well on its way. It would not arrive an hour too soon. The cartridges were nearly finished. Their half-rations of food would soon dwindle to an even more pitiful supply. But what need to worry about that now that relief was assured? There would be no attack that day, as most of the Boxers could be seen streaming off in the direction of the distant firing, and the long lines of sangars were silent and deserted. They were all able, therefore, to assemble at the lunch-table, a merry, talkative party, full of that joy of living which sparkles most brightly under the imminent shadow of death.

"The pot of caviare!" cried Ainslie. "Come on, Professor, out with the pot of caviare!"

"Potz-tausend! yes," grunted old Dresler. "It is certainly time that we had that famous pot."

The ladies joined in, and from all parts of the long, ill-furnished table there came the demand for caviare.

It was a strange time to ask for such a delicacy, but the reason is soon told. Professor Mercer, the old Californian entomologist, had received a jar of caviare in a hamper of goods from San Francisco, arriving a day or two before the outbreak. In the general pooling and distribution of provisions this one dainty and three bottles of Lachryma Christi from the same hamper had been excepted and set aside. By common consent they were to be reserved for the final joyous meal when the end of their peril should be in sight. Even as they sat the thud-thud of the relieving guns came to their ears—more luxurious music to their lunch than the most sybaritic restaurant of London could have supplied. Before evening the relief would certainly be there. Why, then, should their stale bread not be glorified by the treasured caviare?

But the Professor shook his gnarled old head and smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Better wait," said he.

"Wait! Why wait?" cried the company.

"They have still far to come," he answered.

"They will be here for supper at the latest," said Ralston, of the railway—a keen, birdlike man, with bright eyes and long, projecting nose. "They cannot be more than ten miles from us now. If they only did two miles an hour it would make them due at seven."

"There is a battle on the way," remarked the Colonel. "You will grant two hours or three hours for the battle."

"Not half an hour," cried Ainslie. "They will walk through them as if they were not there. What can these rascals with their matchlocks and swords do against modern weapons?"

"It depends on who leads the column of relief," said Dresler. "If they are fortunate enough to have a German officer——"

"An Englishman for my money!" cried Ralston.

"The French commodore is said to be an excellent strategist," remarked Father Pierre.

"I don't see that it matters a toss," cried the exuberant Ainslie. "Mr. Mauser and Mr. Nordenfeldt are the two men who will see us through, and with them on our side no leader can go wrong. I tell you they will just brush them aside and walk through them. So now, Professor, come on with that pot of caviare!"

But the old scientist was unconvinced.

"We shall reserve it for supper," said he.

"After all," said Mr. Patterson, in his slow, precise Scottish intonation, "it will be a courtesy to our guests—the officers of the relief—if we have some palatable food to lay before them. I'm in agreement with the Professor that we reserve the caviare for supper."

The argument appealed to their sense of hospitality. There was something pleasantly chivalrous, too, in the idea of keeping their one little delicacy to give a savour to the meal of their preservers. There was no more talk of the caviare.

"By the way, Professor," said Mr. Patterson, "I've only heard to-day that this is the second time that you have been besieged in this way. I'm sure we should all be very interested to hear some details of your previous experience."

The old man's face set very grimly.

"I was in Sung-tong, in South China, in 'eighty-nine," said he.

"It's a very extraordinary coincidence that you should twice have been in such a perilous situation," said the missionary. "Tell us how you were relieved at Sung-tong."

The shadow deepened upon the weary face.

"We were not relieved," said he.

"What! the place fell?"

"Yes, it fell."

"And you came through alive?"

"I am a doctor as well as an entomologist. They had many wounded; they spared me."

"And the rest?"

"Assez! assez!" cried the little French priest, raising his hand in protest. He had been twenty years in China. The Professor had said nothing, but there was something, some lurking horror, in his dull, grey eyes which had turned the ladies pale.

"I am sorry," said the missionary. "I can see that it is a painful subject. I should not have asked."

"No," the Professor answered, slowly. "It is wiser not to ask. It is better not to speak about such things at all. But surely those guns are very much nearer?"

There could be no doubt of it. After a silence the thud-thud had recommenced with a lively ripple of rifle-fire playing all round that deep bass master-note. It must be just at the farther side of the nearest hill. They pushed back their chairs and ran out to the ramparts. The silent-footed native servants came in and cleared the scanty remains from the table. But after they had left the old Professor sat on there, his massive, grey-crowned head leaning upon his hands and the same pensive look of horror in his eyes. Some ghosts may be laid for years, but when they do rise it is not so easy to drive them back to their slumbers. The guns had ceased outside, but he had not observed it, lost as he was in the one supreme and terrible memory of his life.

His thoughts were interrupted at last by the entrance of the Commandant. There was a complacent smile upon his broad German face.

"The Kaiser will be pleased," said he, rubbing his hands. "Yes, certainly it should mean a decoration. Defence of Ichau against the Boxers by Colonel Dresler, late Major of the 114th Hanoverian Infantry. Splendid resistance of small garrison against overwhelming odds. It will certainly appear in the Berlin papers."

"Then you think we are saved?" said the old man, with neither emotion nor exultation in his voice.

The Colonel smiled.

"Why, Professor," said he, "I have seen you more excited on the morning when you brought back *Lepidus Mercerensis* in your collecting-box."

"The fly was safe in my collecting-box first," the entomologist answered. "I have seen so many strange turns of Fate in my long life that I do not grieve nor do I rejoice until I know that I have cause. But tell me the news."

"Well," said the Colonel, lighting his long pipe and stretching his gaitered legs in the bamboo chair, "I'll stake my military reputation that all is well. They are advancing swiftly, the firing has died down to show that resistance is at an end, and within an hour we'll see them over the brow. Ainslie is to fire his gun three times from the church tower as a signal, and then we shall make a little sally on our own account."

"And you are waiting for this signal?"

"Yes, we are waiting for Ainslie's shots. I thought I would spend the time with you, for I had something to ask you."

"What was it?"

"Well, you remember your talk about the other siege—the siege of Sung-tong. It interests me very much from a professional point of view. Now that the ladies and civilians are gone you will have no objection to discussing it."

"It is not a pleasant subject."

"No, I dare say not. Mein Gott! it was indeed a tragedy. But you have seen how I have conducted the defence here. Was it wise? Was it good? Was it worthy of the traditions of the German army?"

"I think you could have done no more."

"Thank you. But this other place, was it as ably defended? To me a comparison of this sort is very interesting. Could it have been saved?"

"No; everything possible was done—save only one thing."

"Ah! there was one omission. What was it?"

"No one—above all, no woman—should have been allowed to fall alive into the hands of the Chinese."

The Colonel held out his broad red hand and enfolded the long, white, nervous fingers of the Professor.

"You are right—a thousand times right. But do not think that this has escaped my thoughts. For myself I would die fighting, so would Ralston, so would Ainslie. I have talked to them, and it is settled. But the others, I have spoken with them, but what are you to do? There are the priest, and the missionary, and the women."

"Would they wish to be taken alive?"

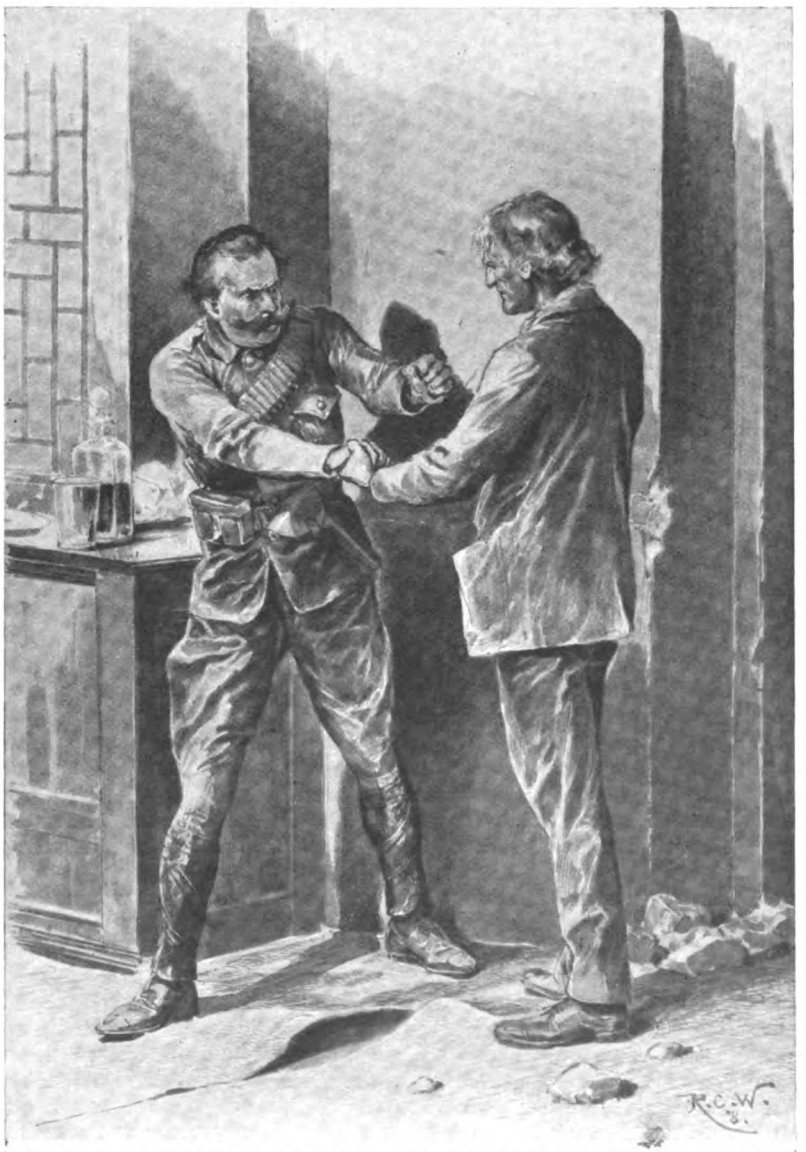
"They would not promise to take steps to prevent it. They would not lay hands on

their own lives. Their consciences would not permit it. Of course, it is all over now, and we need not speak of such dreadful things. But what would you have done in my place?"

"Kill them."

"Mein Gott! You would murder them?"

"In mercy I would kill them. Man, I have been through it. I have seen the death of the hot eggs; I have seen the death of the boiling kettle; I have seen the women—my God! I wonder that I have ever slept sound again." His usually impassive face was working and quivering with the agony of the remembrance. "I was strapped to a stake with thorns in my eyelids to keep them open, and my grief at their torture was a less thing than my self-reproach when I thought that I could with one tube of tasteless tablets have snatched them at the last instant from the hands of their tormentors. Murder! I am ready to stand at the Divine bar and answer for a thousand murders such as that! Sin! Why, it is such an act as might well cleanse the stain of real sin from the soul. But if, knowing what I do, I should



"'YOU SPEAK SENSE,' SAID HE. 'YOU ARE A BRAVE, STRONG MAN WHO KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.'"

have failed this second time to do it, then by Heaven! there is no hell deep enough or hot enough to receive my guilty craven spirit."

The Colonel rose, and again his hand clasped that of the Professor.

"You speak sense," said he. "You are a brave, strong man who know your own mind. Yes, by the Lord! you would have been my great help had things gone the other way. I have often thought and wondered in the dark, early hours of the morning, but I did not know how to do it. But we should have heard Ainslie's shots before now. I will go and see."

Again the old scientist sat alone with his thoughts. Finally, as neither the guns of the relieving force nor yet the signal of their approach sounded upon his ears, he rose, and was about to go himself upon the ramparts to make inquiry when the door flew open, and Colonel Dresler staggered into the room. His face was of a ghastly yellow-white, and his chest heaved like that of a man exhausted with running. There was brandy on the side-table, and he gulped down a glassful. Then he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Well," said the Professor, coldly, "they are not coming?"

"No, they cannot come."

There was silence for a minute or more, the two men staring blankly at each other.

"Do they all know?"

"No one knows but me."

"How did you learn?"

"I was at the wall near the postern gate—the little wooden gate that opens on the rose garden. I saw something crawling among the bushes. There was a knocking at the door. I opened it. It was a Christian Tartar, badly cut about with swords. He had come from the battle. Commodore Wyndham, the Englishman, had sent him. The relieving force had been checked. They had shot away most of their ammunition. They had entrenched themselves and sent back to the ships for more. Three days must pass before they could come. That was all. Mein Gott! it was enough."

The Professor bent his shaggy grey brows.

"Where is the man?" he asked.

"He is dead. He died of loss of blood. His body lies at the postern gate."

"And no one saw him?"

"Not to speak to."

"Oh! they did see him, then?"

"Ainslie must have seen him from the church tower. He must know that I have had tidings. He will want to know what they are. If I tell him they must all know."

"How long can we hold out?"

"An hour or two at the most."

"Is that absolutely certain?"

"I pledge my credit as a soldier upon it."

"Then we must fall?"

"Yes, we must fall."

"There is no hope for us?"

"None."

The door flew open and young Ainslie rushed in. Behind him crowded Ralston, Patterson, and a crowd of white men and of native Christians.

"You've had news, Colonel?"

Professor Mercer pushed to the front.

"Colonel Dresler has just been telling me. It is all right. They have halted, but will be here in the early morning. There is no longer any danger."

A cheer broke from the group in the doorway. Everyone was laughing and shaking hands.

"But suppose they rush us before to-morrow morning?" cried Ralston, in a petulant voice. "What infernal fools these fellows are not to push on! Lazy devils, they should be court-martialled, every man of them."

"It's all safe," said Ainslie. "These fellows have had a bad knock. We can see their wounded being carried by the hundred over the hill. They must have lost heavily. They won't attack before morning."

"No, no," said the Colonel; "it is certain that they won't attack before morning. None the less, get back to your posts. We must give no point away." He left the room with the rest, but as he did so he looked back, and his eyes for an instant met those of the old Professor. "I leave it in your hands," was the message which he flashed. A stern set smile was his answer.

The afternoon wore away without the Boxers making their last attack. To Colonel Dresler it was clear that the unwonted stillness meant only that they were reassembling their forces from their fight with the relief column, and were gathering themselves for the inevitable and final rush. To all the others it appeared that the siege was indeed over, and that the assailants had been crippled by the losses which they had already sustained. It was a joyous and noisy party, therefore, which met at the supper-table, when the three bottles of Lachryma Christi were uncorked and the famous pot of caviare was finally opened. It was a large jar, and,

though each had a tablespoonful of the delicacy, it was by no means exhausted. Ralston, who was an epicure, had a double allowance. He pecked away at it like a hungry bird. Ainslie, too, had a second helping. The Professor took a large spoonful himself, and Colonel Dresler, watching him narrowly, did the same. The ladies ate freely, save only pretty Miss Patterson, who disliked the salty, pungent taste. In spite of the hospitable entreaties of the Professor, her portion lay hardly touched at the side of her plate.

"You don't like my little delicacy. It is a disappointment to me when I had kept it for your pleasure," said the old man. "I beg that you will eat the caviare."

"I have never tasted it before. No doubt I should like it in time."

"Well, you must make a beginning. Why not start to educate your taste now? Do, please!"

Pretty Jessie Patterson's bright face shone with her sunny, boyish smile.

"Why, how earnest you are!" she laughed. "I had no idea you were so polite, Professor Mercer. Even if I do not eat it I am just as grateful."

"You are foolish not to eat it," said the Professor, with such intensity that the smile died from her face and her eyes reflected the earnestness of his own. "I tell you it is foolish not to eat caviare to-night."

"But why—why?" she asked.

"Because you have it on your plate. Because it is sinful to waste it."

"There! there!" said stout Mrs. Patterson, leaning across. "Don't trouble her any more. I can see that she does not like it. But it shall not be wasted." She passed the blade of her knife under it and scraped it from Jessie's plate on to her own. "Now it won't be wasted. Your mind will be at ease, Professor."

But it did not seem at ease. On the contrary, his face was agitated like that of a man who encounters an unexpected and formidable obstacle. He was lost in thought.

The conversation buzzed cheerily. Everyone was full of his future plans.

"No, no, there is no holiday for me," said Father Pierre. "We priests don't get holidays. Now that the mission and school are formed I am to leave it to Father Amiel, and to push westwards to found another."

"You are leaving?" said Mr. Patterson. "You don't mean that you are going away from Ichau?"

Father Pierre shook his venerable head in waggish reproof. "You must not look so pleased, Mr. Patterson."

"Well, well, our views are very different," said the Presbyterian, "but there is no personal feeling towards you, Father Pierre. At the same time, how any reasonable educated man at this time of the world's history can teach these poor benighted heathen that——"

A general buzz of remonstrance silenced the theology.

"What will you do yourself, Mr. Patterson?" asked someone.

"Well, I'll take three months in Edinburgh to attend the annual meeting. You'll be glad to do some shopping in Princes Street, I'm thinking, Mary. And you, Jessie, you'll see some folk your own age. Then we can come back in the fall, when your nerves have had a rest."

"Indeed, we shall all need it," said Miss Sinclair, the mission nurse. "You know, this long strain takes me in the strangest way. At the present moment I can hear such a buzzing in my ears."

"Well, that's funny, for it's just the same with me," cried Ainslie. "An absurd up-and-down buzzing, as if a drunken bluebottle were trying experiments on his register. As you say, it must be due to nervous strain. For my part I am going back to Peking, and I hope I may get some promotion over this affair. I can get good polo there, and that's as fine a change of thought as I know. How about you, Ralston?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've hardly had time to think. I want to have a real good sunny, bright holiday and forget it all. It was funny to see all the letters in my room It looked so black on Wednesday night that I had settled up my affairs and written to all my friends. I don't quite know how they were to be delivered, but I trusted to luck. I think I will keep those papers as a souvenir. They will always remind me of how close a shave we have had."

"Yes, I would keep them," said Dresler.

His voice was so deep and solemn that every eye was turned upon him

"What is it, Colonel? You seem in the blues to-night." It was Ainslie who spoke.

"No, no; I am very contented"

"Well, so you should be when you see success in sight. I am sure we are all indebted to you for your science and skill. I don't think we could have held the place without you. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to drink the health of Colonel Dresler,

"I ASK YOU TO DRINK THE HEALTH OF COLONEL DRESLER, OF THE IMPERIAL GERMAN ARMY."

of the Imperial German army. Er soll leben—hoch!"

They all stood up and raised their glasses to the soldier, with smiles and bows.

His pale face flushed with professional pride.

"I have always kept my books with me. I have forgotten nothing," said he. "I do not think that more could be done. If things had gone wrong with us and the place had fallen you would, I am sure, have freed me from any blame or responsibility." He looked wistfully round him.

"I'm voicing the sentiments of this company, Colonel Dresler," said the Scotch minister, "when I say——but, Lord save us! what's amiss with Mr. Ralston?"

He had dropped his face upon his folded arms and was placidly sleeping.

"Don't mind him," said the Professor, hurriedly. "We are all in the stage of reaction now. I have no doubt that we are all liable to collapse. It is only to-night that we shall feel what we have gone through."

"I'm sure I can fully sympathize with him," said Mrs. Patterson. "I don't know when I have been more sleepy. I can hardly hold my own head up." She cuddled back in her chair and shut her eyes.

"Well, I've never known Mary do that before," cried her husband, laughing heartily. "Gone to sleep over her supper! What ever will she think when we tell her of it afterwards? But the air does seem hot and heavy. I can certainly excuse anyone who falls asleep to-night. I think that I shall turn in early myself."

Ainslie was in a talkative, excited mood. He was on his feet once more with his glass in his hand.

"I think that we ought to have one drink all together, and then sing 'Auld Lang Syne,'" said he, smiling round at the company. "For a week we have all pulled in the same boat, and we've got to know each other as people never do in the quiet days of peace. We've learned to appreciate each other, and we've learned to appreciate each other's nations. There's the Colonel here stands for Germany. And Father Pierre is for France. Then there's the Professor for America. Ralston and I are Britishers. Then there's the ladies, God bless 'em! They have been angels of mercy and compassion all through the siege. I think we should drink the health of the ladies. Wonderful thing—the quiet courage, the patience, the—what shall I say?—the fortitude, the—the—by George, look at the Colonel! He's gone to sleep, too—most infernal sleepy weather." His glass crashed down upon the table, and he sank back, mumbling and muttering, into his seat. Miss Sinclair, the pale mission nurse, had dropped off also. She lay like a broken lily across the arm of her chair. Mr. Patterson looked round him and sprang to his feet. He passed his hand over his flushed forehead.

"This isn't natural, Jessie," he cried. "Why are they all asleep? There's Father Pierre—he's off too. Jessie, Jessie, your mother is cold. Is it sleep? Is it death? Open the windows! Help! help! help!" He staggered to his feet and rushed to the windows, but midway his head spun round, his knees sank under him, and he pitched forward upon his face.

The young girl had also sprung to her feet. She looked round her with horror-stricken eyes at her prostrate father and the silent ring of figures.

"Professor Mercer! What is it? What is it?" she cried. "Oh, my God, they are dying! They are dead!"

The old man had raised himself by a supreme effort of his will, though the darkness was already gathering thickly round him.

"My dear young lady," he said, stuttering and stumbling over the words, "we would have spared you this. It would have been painless to mind and body. It was cyanide. I had it in the caviare. But you would not have it."

"Great Heaven!" She shrank away from him with dilated eyes. "Oh, you monster! You monster! You have poisoned them!"

"No, no! I saved them. You don't know the Chinese. They are horrible. In another hour we should all have been in their hands. Take it now, child." Even as he spoke, a burst of firing broke out under the very windows of the room. "Hark! There they are! Quick, dear, quick, you may cheat them yet!" But his words fell upon deaf ears, for the girl had sunk back senseless in her chair. The old man stood listening for an instant to the firing outside. But what was that? Merciful Father, what was that? Was he going mad? Was it the effect of the drug? Surely it was a European cheer? Yes, there were sharp orders in English. There was the shouting of sailors. He could no longer doubt it. By some miracle the relief had come after all. He threw his long arms upwards in his despair. "What have I done? Oh, good Lord, what *have* I done?" he cried.

It was Commodore Wyndham himself who was the first, after his desperate and successful night attack, to burst into that terrible supper-room. Round the table sat the white and silent company. Only in the young girl who moaned and faintly stirred was any sign of life to be seen. And yet there was one in the circle who had the energy for a last supreme duty. The Commodore, standing stupefied at the door, saw a grey head slowly lifted from the table, and the tall form of the Professor staggered for an instant to its feet.

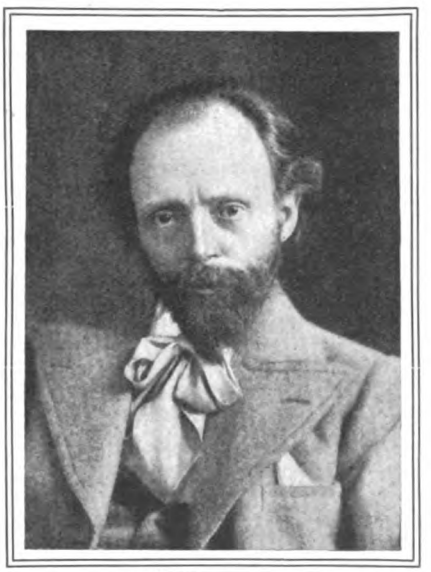
"Take care of the caviare! For God's sake, don't touch the caviare!" he croaked.

Then he sank back once more and the circle of death was complete.

HOW NOVELS ARE WRITTEN.

A Symposium of Leading Novelists.

IT has been said that in everybody's life there is the material for one good novel. But how to use the material? That is the practical question which must thwart the attempt to put the axiom to the test. Method in the art of fiction is even more important than material, and as to method there would seem to be room for great divergence of view. What is the more usual practice of the most successful masters of the art? How do they prepare themselves for the writing of a novel; how make a beginning; in what way is the plot woven together; how do they create their characters and draw their scenery? With these questions in mind we have induced a number of our leading novelists to reveal some of the secrets of their literary workshops.



MR. HALL CAINE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Various accounts have been published from time to time of Mr. HALL CAINE'S method of work, but they have been mostly apocryphal. We are able to describe — for the first time, we believe — fully and authentically how his novels are written.

Mr. Hall Caine first evolves an idea—a *motif* relating to the life of the time. The "Votes for Women" demonstrations, for instance, as an outburst of the woman movement of the twentieth century, would present themselves to him, not as of very great importance in themselves, but as an indication of great forces behind them. Having turned over such a theme in his mind, he would think out some central character in whose person it could be illustrated. Then would come the subordinate characters, usually two groups—two families—in whose lives he would introduce the incidents which make up the story.

The novelist then writes out what he calls his first scenario, or synopsis, of the book. This is written at great length without the slightest regard for literary form, so much so that some of the sentences will probably be unfinished. It is dictated to a typist in hot haste, the novelist working almost continuously until he has unburdened himself of all that is in his mind regarding the *motif*, the characters, and the incidents. On one occasion Mr. Hall Caine thus dictated twenty thousand words — and this first scenario has sometimes extended to forty thousand words— in the course of two days, working right on through the night. It is like an artist making the rapid first sketch of a big picture, throwing the paint on to the canvas in order that he may at once put his ideas of form and colour into a tangible form.

Then comes the making of a second scenario — eliminating, developing, clarifying. This work Mr. Caine does with the pen in his hand. A fair copy is made on the typewriter, a wide margin being left on one side of the paper.

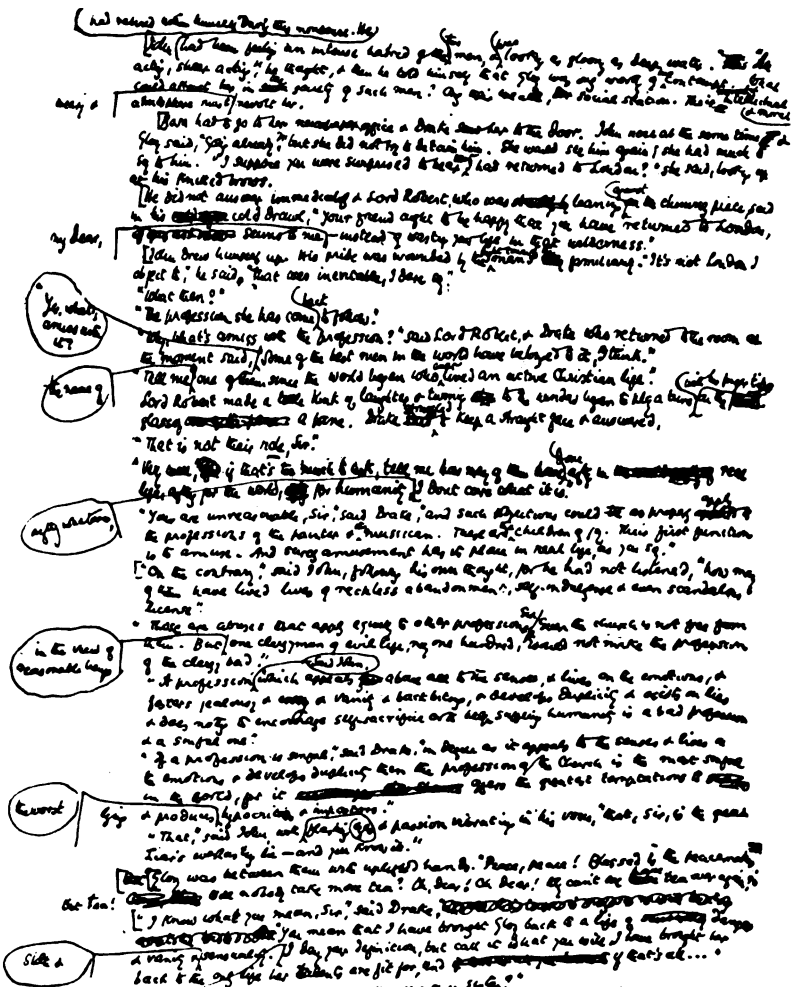
At this point the novelist's hardest work begins. He has to gather the material with which to ensure the life-like accuracy of his characters and scenery. His method of doing this is laboriously conscientious. If his chief character is a Labour leader, he would take steps to become personally acquainted with several Labour leaders; he

would read everything he could lay his hands upon respecting them, carefully noting every little trick of speech, every peculiarity of dress, and so forth. When he was writing "The Eternal City," Mr. Caine obtained an introduction to the Papal secretary, and through him secured permission to spend some time in the Pope's private chambers. He would note down every detail in a room, down to the smallest article of furniture; this not because he expected to use all these details, but in order that he might feel, when writing, that he knew the Pope's chambers as well as he knew his own flat in Whitehall Court.

In this way the novelist accumulates an enormous pile of material. He goes through it with the second scenario by the side of him, putting in all the necessary details on the margins.

Then—and not till then—comes the actual writing of the novel. Mr. Caine writes it with his own hand, bit by bit, from day to day. For two or three hours before putting pen to paper he thinks out every word until he has the whole passage engraved, so to speak, on his mind. He writes rapidly for twenty or thirty minutes and his day's work is done.

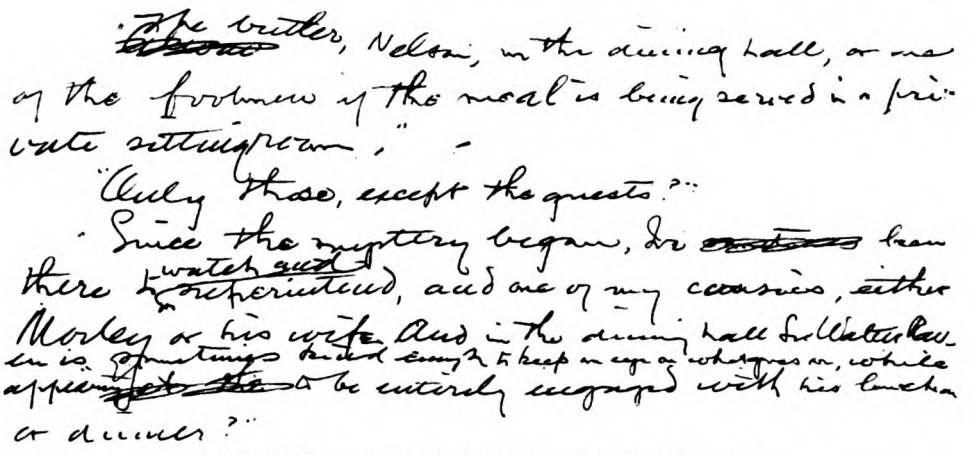
When the manuscript is complete a typewritten copy is made, and on this copy Mr. Caine makes a final revision—striking out a word here, changing one there—before it is sent to the printers. From first to last the making of the novel has occupied from two to three years.



A PAGE OF THE MS. OF "THE CHRISTIAN," BY MR. HALL CAINE.
Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher of Mr. Hall Caine's books.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON have made their names in collaboration, and they make a joint statement with reference to their methods of work.

"Our motoring books we wrote from enormous quantities of notes, which we make even whilst travelling in the car—jotting down impressions before they have time to fade. Then, when we finish a tour, we sort out all our notes, and, in a way, classify them. The plot of the story we always decide on before beginning the tour into the account of which it is to be woven, and I think all



A SPECIMEN OF MRS. WILLIAMSON'S MS. FROM "THE SCARLET RUNNER."

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MR. C. N. WILLIAMSON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

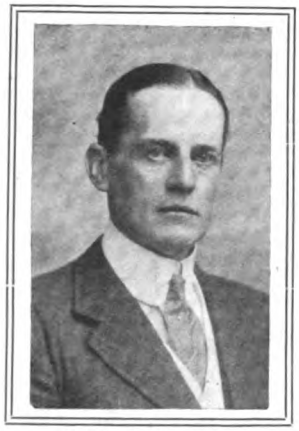
our ideas for the stories have been thrashed out while taking long, lonely, country walks. One of us has always sketched a plan while lying awake at night, and during the long walk tells it to the other. Then the other adds something to it, and after an afternoon or two among the heather in Surrey, or by the sea, or on the mountains near Cap Martin, the plot gets itself ready to be put down on paper in condensed form, 'lest we forget.'

"After that, though, the book has still to be written, and we like best to write out of doors. There is a summer-house where we love to write at our little Surrey place. There is a lovely view which we fancy gives us inspiration. And at the Châlet des Pins, a tiny villa we have between Cap Martin and Menton, there's a much queerer summer-house built up in a big pine tree, where we are very fond of working. Neither of us can bear to write if we think there is any chance of being disturbed, so no one is allowed to come near us. If we are very keen on our work we go on with it hour after hour and hate to stop. We don't tie ourselves down to regular hours for writing, but seldom a day passes without our doing three or four hours' work at least. I can't write if I have ugly surroundings. It upsets me completely and spoils my thoughts to be in an ugly room. Where I can write best I write fastest, but my husband finds it rather the other way. He has no superstitions; but I would not write unless I had on a quaint thumb-ring I bargained for of a Bedouin gipsy at Bethlehem, when I was in the Holy Land. It was his 'Lucky Ring,' and it is mine. I feel quite lost without it."

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is popularly supposed to have been "coached" in the novelist's art by his mother, the venerable "Miss Braddon," with whom he lives at Richmond.

People had said that she wd. go out driving before dusk, & they had waited by the Castle gates. They, with the waiting crowd, had run from point to point under false alarms that she had come forth through some unexpected portal. Then the tidings had flown that there wd. be no drive today; & they had given up hope & gone for a walk through the park.

A PASSAGE FROM THE MS. OF MR. W. B. MAXWELL'S NOVEL, "VIVIEN."



MR. W. B. MAXWELL.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

And this fact—if fact it be—gives an added interest to his confession.

"I begin always with the characters, endeavouring, in notes, to build them up as substantially as possible before trying to construct the book. My characters are altogether imaginary. Of course, all writers, consciously or unconsciously, must use such materials as their own observation of life has provided. But I have always avoided any attempts to make a word-portrait of a real personage.

"I have always taken trouble about what is termed 'detail,' collecting on each subject dealt with as much information as I could obtain—much more than one could safely let loose on the long-suffering reader. Having been for a considerable time interested in the prevailing conditions — good and bad — of English shop-life, employment of girls in towns, and kindred matters, I found the collection of study of London shops for 'Vivien' an easy and congenial task."

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell tells us:—

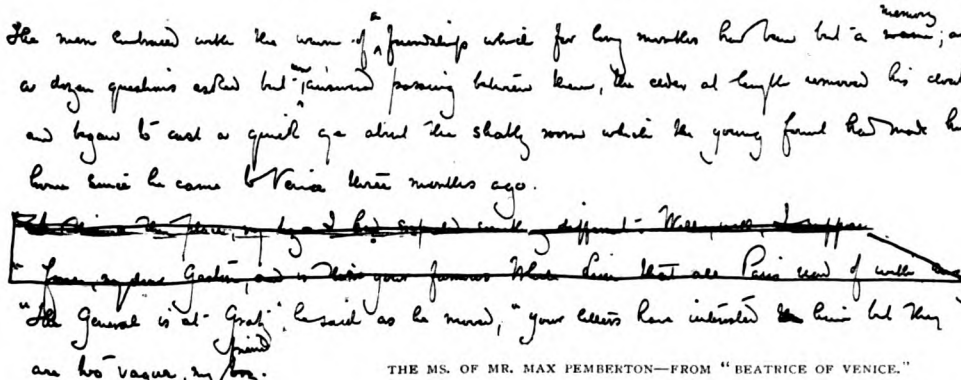
"I always work in the morning, generally from nine to ten. After tea I may put in another hour. I don't trust to the inspiration of the pen, although I clutch at it if it comes from that source or any other.

"As a general rule, I work out my stories very carefully, long before I put them on paper. One gets an idea, a possible theme for a novel, and then one, so to speak, pigeon-holes it. After that, for a year or two, one collects, consciously or subconsciously, the material best likely to nourish that theme. I suppose a number of men work in this way. When the period of incubation ends I go seriously to

MR. H. A. VACHELL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

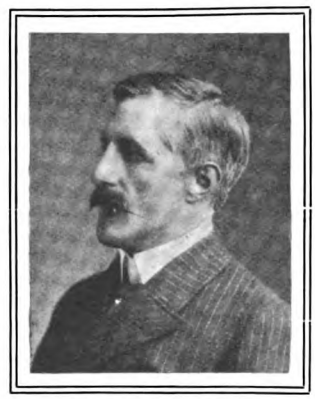
The wind had ceased. Outside, in silence, the snow kept on falling, spreading its pall upon the world, while the cold grew more and more intense. The crystals were forming upon the pane, and despite the big peat fire the temperature in the room fell point after point.

MR. H. A. VACHELL'S MS.—A PASSAGE FROM "BROTHERS."



THE MS. OF MR. MAX PEMBERTON—FROM "BEATRICE OF VENICE."

work and work hard. I write and rewrite until the book is finished in the rough; then I revise with great care, adding and subtracting."



MR. MAX PEMBERTON.
From a Photo. by Killick & Abbot.

"I do my work," explains Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, "between eleven and one o'clock in the morning and five and seven in the evening. The two hours before dinner are the best in the day, but I generally get my ideas when I first awake in the morning. This is all very commonplace, but it is true. My experience tells me that you can do, in the country, a good day's work in three hours, whilst in London you do a bad day's work in seven. That is why I have cut myself free from telephones and gone where the taxes are at rest."

As to the construction of a novel, he adds:—

"I begin a novel with the plot in most cases. The central character occasionally supplies the plot; but in the case of a writer of adventure stories not always.

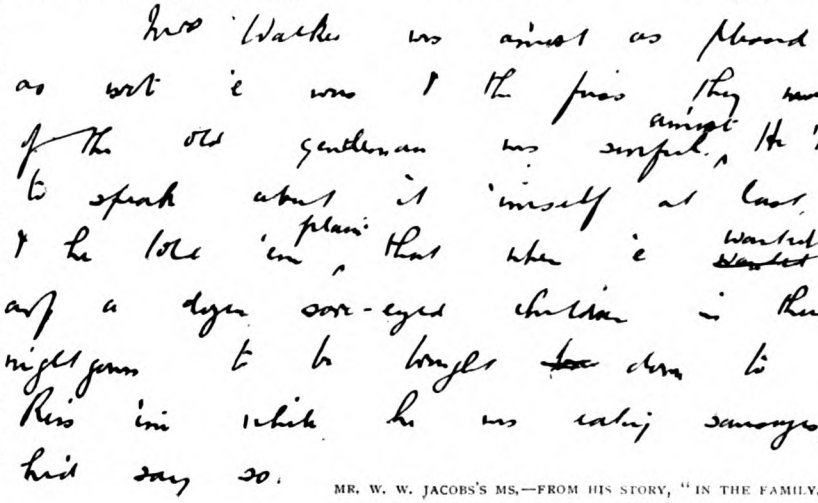
"My characters are taken both from life and imagination.

"My history is worked up by reading the best books on the subject — and the rarest books I can find.

MR. W. W. JACOBS.
From a Photo. by Francis.

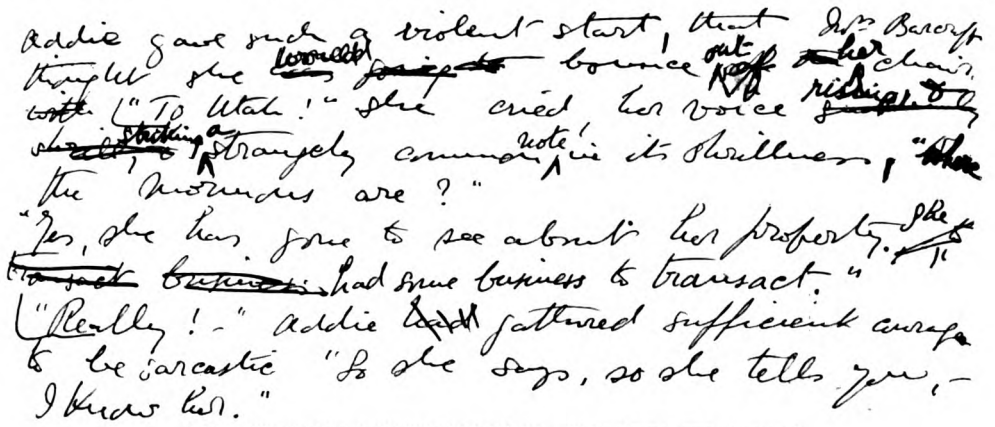
"All the places used to any extent in my novels are those I have personally visited, except in the case of the purest and obviously imaginative romances."

"A character in a play I saw



MR. W. W. JACOBS'S MS.—FROM HIS STORY, "IN THE FAMILY."

some years ago," said Mr. W. W. JACOBS, in a laconic reply to our query, "in answer to a question whether he always twiddled his thumbs that way, replied, 'No; I sometimes twiddle 'em this way and sometimes I twiddle 'em that way.' This, I suppose, is my method for writing stories. I suppose that I generally start with an idea of some sort, and then write it out with the assistance of the characters as I go along. Some of the characters are partly taken from life, and the scenes are generally founded, more or less, on the places I have visited. Generally speaking, I put my pen to paper at the last possible moment and remove it at the earliest—although I need not tell *you* this."



A SPECIMEN OF MISS WINIFRED GRAHAM'S MS.—FROM "EZRA, THE MORMON."

MISS WINIFRED GRAHAM.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

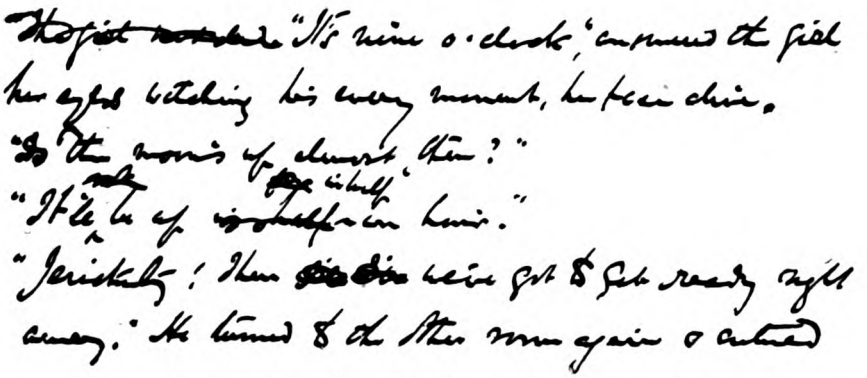
"In commencing a novel," states Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM, whose name will be familiar to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "I only want to have the chief idea in my mind, the main pivot around which the whole matter revolves. As in each novel methods are bound to differ, I will take as the most important my latest, 'Ezra, the Mormon.' I met a world-famed traveller at Cimiez early last spring. He had been staying with the Mormons at Salt Lake City, and excited my curiosity by describing them as 'the wickedest people on earth,' though inwardly the most religious. From many facts which came under my notice, the plot of 'Ezra' gradually formed in my mind. The book was begun in the open air last February, among orange groves, roses, and carnations. Its progress at first was slow, for the subject was vast, and at every turn difficulties hindered my efforts towards Mormon research. By one mail fourteen secret books from Utah reached me, and so much secrecy was connected with their coming and the manner in which they were obtained that even now I half fear to speak of them in print. These books gave into my hand the initiation rites and polygamous marriage ceremony of the Mormons, who still defy the Government and carry on strange customs which may only be practised under the rose. The novel occupied me till late autumn. It was continued in London during the season, on the Thames at Hampton, in Bath, South Wales, and Scotland. Even when completed, an after-thought caused a whole fresh chapter to be written in, which delayed publication till November. In all my books the characters work out their own destiny, and the plot grows with them, created from an original skeleton. I always write quickly, but correct and alter slowly, treating my manuscript with all the

harshness I can muster. I prefer to describe scenery from personal knowledge, but I have, when this has been impossible, managed to become intimate with a locality through studying photographs, and colouring them with imagination by talking to people who know the very spots I would describe, and pestering them with so many questions that for the time they wish their eyes had never beheld those coveted scenes. It may be remembered that in 'World Without End' I described each room and all that takes place in the great Mahommedan shrine at Mashad, in Persia, the sacred precincts of which are supposed never to have been visited by European eyes. It has puzzled many Persian travellers, who have tried to draw from me the source of my knowledge, while a learned sheikh wrote from the East a solemn condemnation and religious denunciation of this novel, in his most flowery Arabic. After hotly speaking of my calumnies about the sacred countries which are 'far from the eyes of Christian dogs,' he assures me I shall bring upon myself the displeasure of Almighty God, and He will punish me. I wish I could say how my information was obtained, as it would be of great interest, but, unfortunately, the secret must die with me."

SIR GILBERT PARKER.
From a Photo. by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

By way of explaining the beginnings of a novel SIR GILBERT PARKER recalled the circumstances under which "The Seats of the Mighty" came to be written. An historian of Quebec, Mr. James Lemoine, excited his interest in a certain Captain Robert Stobo, who was an intimate personal friend of George Washington, a Glasgow man by birth, and a descendant of the great Montrose. "I hunted up some old records," Sir Gilbert says, "and found that not only was his life singularly fascinating in the matter of adventure, but that he played an important part in the history of the Empire.

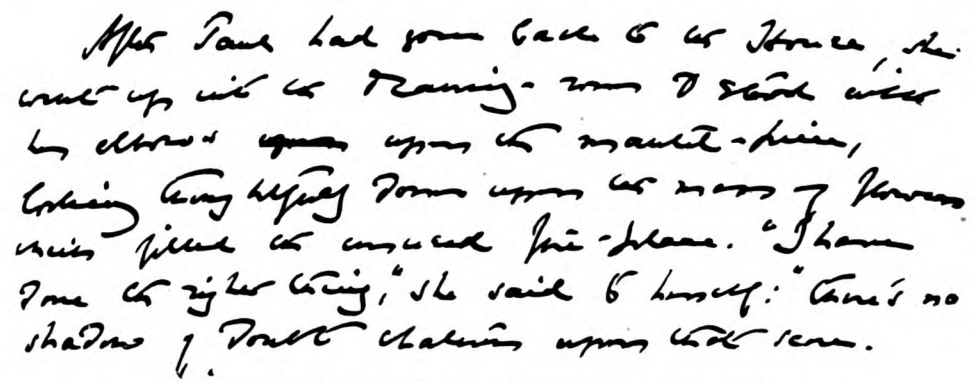
"In my story I show the real reasons why this man was obliged to endure sufferings for his country which his country did not attempt to relieve. In fiction one would naturally attribute some of his disasters to a woman, and, in truth, I discovered, through some old letters in the possession of a certain family in Quebec, that his troubles were intensified in consequence of his love for a French lady.



SIR GILBERT PARKER'S MS.—FROM "ONCE AT RED MAN'S RIVER."

"After I had thus got the groundwork of my story it took me two years to write. Usually I write with comparative ease and facility, and if a thing does not seize me I drop it for a time. Once absorbed in a novel, and I can write under almost any circumstances. One of the concluding chapters of 'The Trail of the Sword' I wrote in a railway train; two chapters of 'The Translation of a Savage' I wrote between London and New York. Some of my short stories have been written among crowds of people; one was written at a railway station when I was waiting for a train.

"But I have first to call up all my will to force myself, as it were, into a separate atmosphere from my surroundings, and to concentrate all my faculties on the pictures which I see with my mind's eye; and when once I have my characters clearly before me, they hold me in spite of the gossip of the passing crowd. Naturally I prefer to work in perfect quiet; yet there are times when absolute silence is painful to me, and then a hand-organ under my window is a positive relief."



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S MS.—FROM "IN SUBJECTION."

From a Photo. by] MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. *[Alice Hughes.*

Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER described her method as follows:—

"I begin a novel by making a sketch of the plot, and never alter the main points of such afterwards. I never begin to write until the plot is absolutely complete in my own mind. Then I set about drawing characters and filling in details.

"I draw my characters almost entirely from imagination. I may now and then endow them with a quality as a mannerism which I have seen in real life, but I have never put a real person wholesale into any of my books.

"The whole story is—as I have said above—planned in my own mind before I put pen to paper; and I also make a rough sketch of the chapters, and what each is to contain. But this latter sketch is subject to modifications, as one cannot always know definitely beforehand exactly what length any particular incident may be.

"The time I prefer for working is from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning. I do not mind working also from four until six in the afternoon, provided that the weather is not fit for being out of doors; but I never let my work interfere with going out of doors twice a day, weather permitting. I do not in the least mind where I write, given that people will not talk to me and distract my thoughts.

"But the thing that utterly paralyzes my pen and makes writing impossible is hurry of any kind. If I am pushed for time I cannot write a line. I work quickly when there is no need to do so, but when there is I cannot work at all.

"It takes me about a year to write a book; or, rather, it usually takes from September to Easter, as I never do much work in the summer. I write quickly when I am in the mood, and I do not write at all when I am not. When I am in full swing I consider

fifteen hundred words, or from that to two thousand words, a good day's work.

"I think my scenery is all described beforehand. Though I never take *people* from real life, I always take *places*. But there is no need for me specially to visit a place before writing about it, as I never forget what I have once seen, but can always call it up before my mind's eye whenever I choose. I always visualize everything, and I cannot *write* about things or places or people without inwardly *seeing* them. All my thoughts, so to speak, are illustrated."

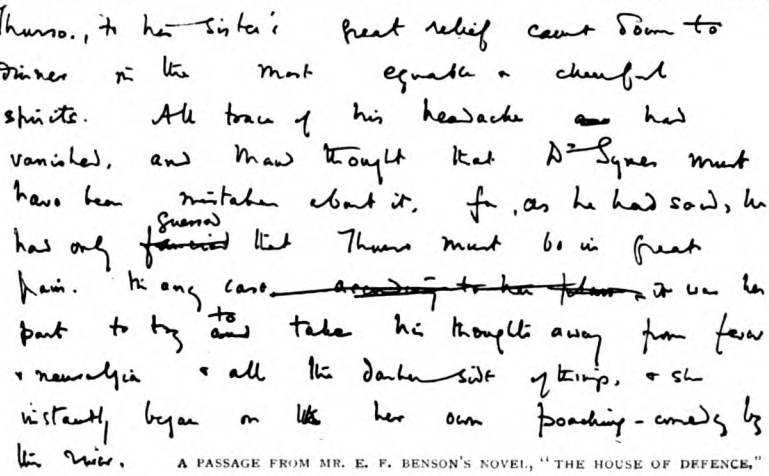
Mr. E. F. BENSON thus explains his methods:—

"I begin with an idea—the main idea of a story. Then I make a rough draft of my plot; but it is only a rough draft, liable to much alteration when I get to the actual writing. I made a synopsis of the first ten chapters of the novel I have now in hand, but on comparing them with the synopsis I find every one has worked out quite differently. What I thought would go into a page has taken an entire chapter, and, *vice versa*, what I thought would fill a chapter has occupied only a page. Only two or three of the leading characters are thought out at the outset. The rest develop with the story. Sometimes a character will take the bit between its teeth, so to speak, and drag me along with it—and that is best of all. There is a general impression that my characters are usually taken from life, Dodo, I suppose, being the most notorious example. That is quite wrong. I have never consciously drawn any important character from life. As regards Dodo, I have got quite tired of telling people who talk to me on the subject that I had been working at the novel quite six months before I met the lady whose personality is supposed to have suggested it. My subordinate characters are introduced as the need for them arises, and sometimes I have taken them from living persons, because it saved trouble and ensured realism.

"My scenery, on the other hand, is almost invariably described from actual places with which I am familiar. That is to say, I may take a house, for instance, from one place and give it a garden from another place. In this way, whilst having exactly the kind of house and garden that I want, I can make sure of accuracy. I never take note either of scenery or anything else for the purpose of my books. I rely upon memory, but if I am in doubt about an important point respecting any place I make a point of revisiting it.

"Having put pen to paper the progress of my work depends upon circumstances. If I am in London for a month with nothing particular to do, I work at a book day by day and then put it aside for a month, perhaps. I find it almost impossible to work in the country—I am too fond of outdoor pursuits."

MR. E. F. BENSON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



A PASSAGE FROM MR. E. F. BENSON'S NOVEL, "THE HOUSE OF DEFENCE."

The Man Who Knew.

By MARGARET STRICKLAND.

GILLIAN IREDELL placed both hands on her sister's shoulder.

"Peggy," she said, "what did the doctor say about mother?"

Peggy hesitated, and her big, childish eyes clouded over.

"She's in a very low state," she replied. "Of course, we knew her heart was weak, but this collapse is entirely due to worry and insufficient nourishment. He says she ought to have wine and be well fed up—and oh, Gill!" she ended, piteously, "you don't know how hard it is not to be able to give her all the good things she ought to have!"

"But I *do* know!" the elder girl cried, passionately. "I know it every minute of the day, and it nearly drives me mad!"

Peggy smiled wanly. Life is not easy when the family income is only eighty pounds a year, especially when doctors become necessary.

Things had gone from bad to worse since Mr. Iredell died. One company after another, in which his money was invested, had failed, and now they were reduced to living on the top floor of this tall, dingy house, off the Edgware Road.

With great difficulty Gillian had managed to obtain a post as companion-accompanist to a lady singer, which brought her in twenty-five pounds a year, and every shilling she could spare she gave to her mother.

Gillian had been dismayed, when she rushed in on her little surprise visit, to find her mother ill in bed and Peggy sitting without a fire, for her own lot was luxury compared with this.

"Look here, dear," she said at last, as she drew a shabby purse from her muff. "Take this half-crown. I was going to buy some lace to furbish up my evening dress for to-night, but you need it far more."

Peggy looked wistfully at her sister.

"But—your dress, Gill?" she began.

"Oh, that can't be helped," Gillian answered, lightly. "And, after all, I'm only Madame's 'hired girl'—no one will notice me. But I quite forgot to tell you about to-night; we're going to a swell 'At Home,' and *I'm* to play the accompaniments, so Madame said I was to look as smart as I possibly could."

"Oh, Gill, dear!" said Peggy, fingering the half-crown dubiously.

"Don't look so serious, child!" laughed Gillian. "By the way, Peg, I wonder whether you'd lend me your real lace berthe to wear?"

Peggy's face flushed and her eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away.

"I would gladly—but——"

"What?" cried Gillian, quickly.

Peggy shook her head. "It has gone! I—I sold it—yes," as Gillian gave a little scream. "I *had* to—to pay for the medicine and things. Oh, I don't mind much, but I'm *so* sorry about your dress."

"Peggy, you're a brick!" said Gill, huskily, as she squeezed her sister's hand; then she picked up her muff. "Oh, I'm forgetting all about the time, and I've no end of errands to do for Madame this morning. Good-bye, dear; I won't disturb mother again."

"You'll look in whenever you can?" said Peggy, eagerly, as she followed Gillian to the door; "won't you?"

"Of course I will," was the prompt reply. "And Peggy, dear, you're *not* to worry. I'm going to see what *I* can do—mother shall have the wine and things if I have to beg in the streets for them!"

Then Gillian ran swiftly down the stairs and disappeared.

Ten minutes' sharp walk brought her into the Edgware Road, when she sprang into a passing bus and was soon at Oxford Circus.

"We *must* get mother well again!" she murmured, desperately, as she turned down New Bond Street to execute her last commission. "I shall have to raise some money somehow."

And then she thought of the lace Peggy had sacrificed and her brave pretence of not minding.

"What could *I* sell?" she asked herself eagerly; and as she entered Chappell's her brain was working rapidly.

She had only one article of any real value left—a small brooch of lapis lazuli, set round with rather fine pearls, which had been in the Iredells' family for several generations.

Her heart beat fast as she stepped out on to the pavement again. There was a jeweller's a little lower down on the opposite side of the street—she would try there.

The place was crowded, and for some minutes she could not get near the counter. One fat, wealthy American, in a magnificent fur coat, seemed to be commanding a considerable amount of attention.

"Put that diamond necklace aside for me," Gillian heard him say; "the one at a thousand guineas. And now let me look at some pendants and brooches."

"SHE STOOD QUITE CLOSE TO THE PORTLY CRŒSUS, WATCHING WITH DEEP INTEREST AS HE OVERHAULED ONE TRAY AFTER ANOTHER."

Just then someone left the shop and Gillian moved nearer, until she stood quite close to the portly Crœsus, watching with deep interest as he overhauled one tray after another of scintillating gems.

She was just wondering vaguely what it felt like to be as rich as this man, when suddenly her eye fell on something bright and sparkling close by. A small diamond pendant had got accidentally brushed aside by the massive fur cuffs of the American, and now lay on the edge of the counter, half concealed by his elbow.

Gillian was just about to call attention to this, when a movement from the man beside her sent the trinket off the counter. Instead of falling to the ground, however, it caught in the shaggy fur of Gillian's Tibet-skin muff, and it took her two or three seconds to disentangle it.

"Guess I'll have that diamond and emerald brooch," the Yankee was saying. "And earrings to match, if you've got them."

And then, as Gillian turned to the smiling jeweller to hand back the pendant, she realized that neither he nor his wealthy patron had missed it.

Swiftly her eye travelled along to the two assistants. Both were busily engaged with other customers—no one had seen!

Ah! "How oft the sight and means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!"

An overwhelming temptation suddenly seized her. She thought of Peggy's wan face and her mother lying ill in bed, and the die was cast. Her hand tightened on the pendant and slid down into her muff. The whole thing was but the work of a minute; but Gillian Iredell had taken an irrevocable step.

Quietly she edged out of her corner, then caught her breath in sudden terror; for, as she turned towards the door, she met the fixed, accusing gaze of a man who was standing just behind her. How long he had been there she had no idea; but that he had seen she knew the instant their eyes met.

What—what was he going to do?

There was an awful pause—not more than a second, yet in that short space he had seen deep down into the girl's soul.

"Here, Ralph," said a woman's voice close by; "we can get to the counter at last."

Then Ralph Lorimer stood aside and Gillian Iredell passed out of the shop.

Her head reeled as she tottered across the pavement and climbed into the first passing bus. A cold dew gathered on her brow as she sank down on the seat.

Why had he let her escape? She did not know; but as the bus rattled into Oxford Street she knew that she had been saved from a great and horrible disgrace.

By the time she reached Mme. Perino's flat she had bitterly regretted her rash act. With a heavy heart she hastened upstairs to her room and hid the pendant away in her trunk.

Fortunately she was not allowed much leisure to brood over the matter, for her afternoons were always fully occupied, and to-day there were the songs to practise for the evening. It was not Gillian who accompanied Mme. Perino in public. A long-haired German usually filled that office, but, as this was not a professional engagement, she thought it a good opportunity to test Gillian's powers. And Gillian had been so delighted at first, and determined to prove herself worthy of the task. Now all her enthusiasm seemed to have evaporated. The evening of Lady Glenhugh's "At Home" had arrived, and neither in her work nor her personal appearance did she feel the faintest interest.

"Why do you look so dull to-night?" asked Madame. "Are you not well?"

Gillian tried to smile. "Thank you, I am all right."

"And your dress—how plain! Did I not tell you to get some trimming or flowers?"

"I could not afford it," answered the girl, simply. "My mother is ill, and needs all the money I can spare."

Madame stared at her for a moment in surprise. "Well, well, I am sorry to hear it," she said at last, for, under her somewhat austere manner, she hid a kind heart. "Never mind, child; get my lace fichu out of that drawer. Now," and she draped it gracefully round Gillian's shoulders. "Fix it so with your brooch, and take this bunch of violets—there! Ah, it makes all the difference. See!" And she drew Gillian before the mirror. "Really, you look quite *distinguée*, my dear!"

During the drive to Lady Glenhugh's Mme. Perino kept up a string of instructions, consisting chiefly of "Don'ts," which the girl listened to patiently and promised to remember.

This was the first function of the kind Gillian had ever been to, and the throngs of laughing, chattering people quite bewildered her when she entered the brightly-lighted rooms. She felt strangely out of it all, and it was a relief to her when the time came for Mme. Perino to sing.

Many eyes were turned upon the girl as she walked across the room to the piano, and the general hubbub subsided instantly as the opening bars of the song arose. The magic powers of Mme. Perino's voice were well known.

The first verse ended brilliantly and a hushed murmur of admiration ran through the room. Suddenly Gillian felt an irresistible desire to look up and see the effect. Desire? Nay, it was a magnetical force controlled her, for as her glance travelled rapidly over the sea of faces one only stood out for her in all that crowd. One pair of eyes alone compelled her gaze—*the eyes of the man who knew!*

A hand of ice seemed to strike her across the brow. Her fingers trembled over the keyboard, wavered—and then a horrible discord crashed out.

Mme. Perino looked sharply round, while the young man who was turning over the music stepped forward in alarm. For a moment Gillian swayed on the piano-stool, and they thought she was going to faint; but with a supreme effort she mastered herself, and began the second verse.

How she got through the rest of the song correctly she never knew; but when it was ended she made no attempt to move. She just sat there, motionless, looking neither to right nor left.

At the awful moment when she had met those eyes, fixed so strangely upon her, she had imagined that he had purposely tracked her to this house. Now she knew it was merely her own wild and guilty conscience made her fancy it. His being here was but a coincidence—a hideous trick of fate.

Would he give her away, she wondered—would he, now that he could find out her name and all about her—would he denounce her as a thief, and get her turned away from her post and disgraced?

"What is the matter with you?" said Madame's sharp voice at her elbow. "Are you ill?"

Gillian started violently. "Oh, no, no; I am all right. I—I felt a little queer while playing. I——"

"Ah, it may be the room is rather warm," put in Lady Glenhugh, who had just then

"GILLIAN SWAYED ON THE PIANO-STOOL, AND THEY THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO FAINT."

approached, and she turned kindly to Gillian. "My dear, you don't look well. Let me take you into the conservatory; it is nice and cool there."

"Thank you very much," murmured Gillian, gratefully, and she rose and followed her hostess across the room.

A number of people had already found their way into this charming retreat, and just inside the doorway they came upon a large group, standing talking.

"Ah, Mrs. Brough, this looks like gossip," cried Lady Glenhugh, merrily, to a lady who appeared to be the centre of the group. "What is it?"

"I was telling them of rather an exciting incident that occurred when my brother and I were shopping this morning," answered Mrs. Brough. "It was in Verrall's."

"Yes?" said Lady Glenhugh. "And what happened?"

"There was a valuable diamond pendant stolen. A rich American had been buying thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery; then, when they began to put away the things he'd been looking at, they missed this pendant. It was soon after Ralph and I entered the shop."

"And did they catch the thief?" put in Lady Glenhugh, with interest.

Mrs. Brough shook her head.

"No; it was most curious. Of course, there was a search and a fuss. I believe some of them actually suspected the American

himself of having palmed it; but I remembered there was a girl standing next him in the corner when we went in—quite a plainly-dressed person—and I drew their attention to the fact. One of the assistants said he'd noticed a lady standing there for some time, but no one had served her, as they were all busy. Then she disappeared suddenly."

"And can no one identify her?" asked one of the guests.

"No; that's the difficulty—but I'm *certain* it must have been that girl. Don't you remember, Ralph, someone pushing past us, out of the shop, just before we got to the counter?"

Ralph Lorimer looked up quickly on being addressed, but his glance fell, not on his sister, but on the pale, tragic face of the girl who stood behind her.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm afraid that's not much help to them, anyway," he replied; "*someone* is so very vague."

Mrs. Brough looked rather annoyed at her brother's lack of interest in the subject.

"At any rate," she said, turning to her hostess again, "unless the thief disposed of it at once, she'll find a difficulty in selling it now, because they've got a description of it in all the evening papers, and every pawnbroker will be on the look-out."

Lady Glenhugh nodded. "Oh, yes, she'll be caught, I expect. The police *are* so clever!" Then she suddenly caught sight of Gillian. "Oh, you poor child! I brought you in here to have a quiet rest and have left you standing all this time! Come along."

And no one but Ralph Lorimer noticed the dumb agony in those sweet lavender eyes.

"Ah, there is a nice cosy corner!" exclaimed Lady Glenhugh, as she pointed to a comfortable lounge overshadowed by palms.

Gladly the unhappy girl sank into the seat, deaf to the noises around her—oblivious to everything except one pair of deep, dark, compassionate eyes. One fact alone filled her brain now—he had spared her! He knew, and yet he refused to do his duty. Why?—why?

Meanwhile Ralph Lorimer had followed Lady Glenhugh back to the drawing-room.

"Do you mind telling me who the girl is who accompanied Mme. Perino?" he asked her.

Lady Glenhugh looked at him quizzically.

"You're not the first who has asked me that question to-night, Captain Lorimer," she said. "Really, Mme. Perino must look after her companion, for she's certainly a charming-looking girl."

"And her name?"

"Let me see—I ought to know—something beginning with I—*Iredell*, that's it, of course."

"I wonder whether you would introduce me?"

Lady Glenhugh cast a searching glance at him. It was so unlike this quiet, grave man to contract a sudden fancy for a chance pretty face. However, she answered readily:—

"Certainly I will. Come with me. I left her in the conservatory."

They found Gillian still sitting like one in a dream. She had not heard the approaching footsteps, and when Lady Glenhugh suddenly addressed her she looked up like some startled animal.

"My dear, I have brought Captain Lorimer to introduce to you."

But almost before the words were spoken Gillian's eyes had turned instinctively to the tall figure standing in the background, and her face went a shade paler.

For a moment there was a singing in her ears, and Lady Glenhugh's voice sounded a long way off. It was not until Captain Lorimer had quickly seated himself beside her and addressed her by name that her swimming brain returned to working order. She realized then that she sat alone with the man who *knew*.

"I'm afraid you're rather tired," he was saying, gently. "A glass of champagne would do you good."

Then she raised her eyes and the crimson colour flooded back into her face as she met his kind, intent gaze.

"Thank you," she answered, simply; "I—I think I should be glad of it."

And the next minute he had her hand within his arm and was leading her off to the refreshment-room.

"We're rather early for supper," he remarked, cheerfully. "But that's all the better; it's less crowded."

And almost before Gillian knew it she was sitting opposite him at a small table in a quiet corner of the room.

"I'm going to order for us both, Miss Iredell," said Lorimer, with his rare smile.

Gillian looked back gratefully at him, with a wonderful feeling of gladness and contentment growing in her heart.

"Your services will be required again soon at the piano, I suppose?" he said, presently.

She nodded, and he went on chatting pleasantly, till Gillian almost forgot the nightmare that had oppressed her. The wine had brought back the sparkle to her eye and the

colour to her cheeks, and before they rose from the table she felt as if she had known Ralph Lorimer all her life.

Not until she was returning to the drawing-room did the strangeness of it all strike her—that this charming, courteous man, now smiling down at her, had actually seen her steal from a shop! He *could* not have seen, she told herself at length—it was only her guilty conscience that made her think so. Would he have treated her as he had done if he had known?

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed Mme. Perino's voice, close beside her. "I had just sent someone to look for you."

This time there was no hitch in Madame's song, and, although the accompaniment was a particularly difficult one, Gillian had never before played with such sympathetic grace and skill. The result of this was that, before they left Lady Glenhugh's that night, Mme. Perino had determined to dispense with the services of the long-haired German altogether.

As they drove homewards Gillian was a prey to the strangest mixture of feelings. That mysterious glow, which she had first felt warm through her veins in the supper-room, was still uppermost; yet behind it lurked the dreadful skeleton of the morning. Truly, tragedy and romance had entered this girl's life hand in hand.

All through the following day she was haunted by Ralph Lorimer's face—by the look in his eyes when he bade her good night. Then, with a rush of remorse, her thoughts would fly back to Peggy and her mother and the miserable trinket that lay hidden in her trunk.

If only she could return the thing, at least her fault would be half expiated.

"I will—I will!" she said to herself, when on the third morning she rose from her sleepless bed. "I'll send it back this very day!"

Before going down to breakfast she packed the fatal jewel in a small box with the following note, written in a disguised hand:—

"SIR,—I return the pendant which, in a moment of temptation and madness, I took from your shop on Tuesday morning."

That afternoon she dropped the parcel safely into a letter-box in Regent Street, and went home with a lighter heart.

"I shall be out all day on Sunday," Madame informed her that evening. "So you can go home and see your mother if you wish."

Gillian thanked her, but her spirits sank. How could she face little Peggy empty-handed after her promise about the wine? The money she had hoped to have for her had never been realized. After all, there was still the brooch—of course there was!

So on Saturday morning, after she had done her usual commissions for Mme. Perino, Gillian walked quickly down Oxford Street in search of a likely shop. She dared not venture into Bond Street again—it had proved too horribly unlucky.

At length she came to an antique jeweller's, and, after some little hesitation, went in.

Now it happened that Captain Lorimer chanced to be walking on the other side of the street, and had caught sight of Gillian when she first stopped before the shop.

His keen eye noticed at once the girl's nervous manner, and a sudden fear shot through his breast.

He felt he could not leave the spot, and lingered about until he saw the tall, slim figure reappear.

With heightened colour she stepped quickly out on to the pavement, and hastened off in the direction she had come.

For some minutes Ralph Lorimer stood looking after her retreating form, his handsome face strained and anxious.

"Is it possible?" he murmured. "No, no—I will not believe it!" Then, with firm tread, he crossed the road and walked straight into the jeweller's shop.

It was empty, save for the owner, who was standing behind the counter, with a glass in his eye, examining something in his hand.

But for the moment Ralph remained dumb, staring with fixed and eager gaze at a small brooch of lapis lazuli and pearls lying on the counter. He had recognised it instantly as the one ornament Gillian had worn at Lady Glenhugh's.

"Is that brooch for sale?" he asked, abruptly.

The jeweller stared. "Well, sir, as a matter of fact, I've only just purchased it. Still, I could name you a price."

"How much?"

The man looked searchingly at him.

"It belonged to a friend of mine," said Lorimer, stolidly. "I particularly wish to get it back."

"You shall have it for three pounds ten, sir."

Without a word Lorimer produced the money, picked up the brooch, and marched out of the shop.

"Poor girl!" he murmured, and his eyes were soft and humid. "Poor girl! How glad I am that I happened to see her!"

And, with a deep feeling of thankfulness in his heart, he went on his way towards his sister's house.

Three weeks passed—weeks of mingled joy and agony to Gillian. The two pounds she had got for her brooch made Peggy almost weep with delight, and proved exceedingly helpful. But Mrs. Iredell was still very ailing, and the doctor's opinion was that a thorough change of air was the only thing to benefit her, and recommended a sea voyage. Naturally, the two girls were full of despair, for nothing seemed more impossible.

But despite all her troubles these days were strangely sweet to Gillian. She hardly dared acknowledge, even to herself, that Ralph Lorimer was the cause of this, yet in her innermost heart she knew it.

Since that eventful night she had met him on several occasions, for Madame, true to her resolution, had more than once required Gillian's services at concerts and "At Homes," and, curiously enough, Captain Lorimer was always there.

One day Mrs. Brough, who had taken a great fancy to Gillian, persuaded Madame to bring the girl to her next "Afternoon." Of course, Lorimer was there, and Gillian, in consequence, inordinately happy. But she was not destined to remain so long, for during tea Mrs. Brough turned suddenly to Lady Glenhugh, who was present.

"You remember that diamond robbery at Verrall's I told you about the other evening?"

Lady Glenhugh nodded.

"Well, it has turned out most curiously. I was in there again this morning, and asked Mr. Verrall if he had ever got to the bottom of the affair, and——"

"Yes?" put in several voices, with interest. "And had he?"

"*The thief returned the pendant anonymously!*" was Mrs. Brough's astounding announcement. She paused to see the effect of her words, then added: "It was without doubt that girl, as I said from the first!"

"How *very* odd!" exclaimed Mme. Perino. "One doesn't often meet with such honest thieves."

At this there was a general laugh, and no one noticed the strained look on Gillian's face, or the eager light which had leapt into Captain Lorimer's eyes.

"Sudden temptation, you know," said Mrs. Brough, "followed by swift repentance. One can forgive that."

And then they fell to discussing various cases of robberies they had known, and Gillian sat in a rigid silence, until Ralph Lorimer quietly seated himself beside her and drew her into conversation.

One wet, miserable evening, a week later, Gillian was standing at the corner of Brompton Road, waiting for an omnibus. Her pretty face looked tired and anxious, as one after another went by, full up.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured; "ten minutes wasted already, and I'm getting soaked!"

She was just moving back to shelter in a shop doorway, when she collided with a tall man who was hurrying by.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed politely, then stopped short. "Gillian!—Miss Iredell!"

The girl started in surprise, then all the colour rushed to her face as she recognised Ralph Lorimer.

For some moments they remained dumbly staring at one another; then, "What terrible weather for you to be out in!" he exclaimed, in deep concern.

"I am waiting for a bus, but they are all full," she answered, simply.

"You want to get back to Mme. Perino's?"

She shook her head. "I am going to see my mother."

"Well, anyway, I can't allow you to stand here and get wet through—I'm going to call a cab," he said, in a quiet, masterful manner which admitted of no argument, and he walked to the edge of the pavement and gave a sharp whistle.

A four-wheeler responded to the summons, and Gillian, seeing that any protest would be useless, entered. Then, to her surprise, Lorimer stepped in and seated himself beside her.

"I'm coming with you," he said, gently laying his hand upon her arm. "Where shall I tell the man to drive to?"

For a second Gillian hesitated, striving to hide the gladness that filled her; then, in a voice that trembled a little, she gave him her mother's address.

The cab started off, and for some time there was absolute silence between them. Suddenly Lorimer leant forward and took both her hands in his own.

"Gillian," he said, "look at me!"

And obediently she raised her eyes to his.

"Do you know why I am with you?"

She shook her head.

"Do you not know that I love you, dear—that I have always loved you?"

She would not speak, but her face shone with a great joy.

"You love me, darling? Yes, I know it," as he smiled into her eyes. "But I want you to tell me so."

Then the colour faded from her cheeks; her hands dropped limply away from him.

"No, no," she answered, with a strangled sob. "It is impossible; you do not know——"

"I know that you are the only girl I have ever loved!" he said, passionately. "I will marry no one but you! Listen, dear," and he again got possession of her hands. "There must be no more of this drudgery. You belong to me now, and I'm going to look after you and your mother and sister as well. We can be married at once, and——"

"Don't, don't!" cried Gillian, piteously, turning aside that he might not witness the terrible struggle that was going on within her. Oh, how she longed to accept the happiness he held out to her! But he did not *know*—and if he did, his love would probably turn to scorn. Need she tell? Oh, surely, for the sake of her mother and Peggy, she might keep silence and retain his love?

"Gillian!" he said, hoarsely, "why do you turn away from me? Can it be that you *do not* love me?"

Then she raised her tragic eyes to his, dim with the agony of a great self-sacrifice. "I love you so much," she said, "that I cannot — I — I — there is something I must tell you, Ralph—something that, when you know, will alter everything! Oh, it kills me to give you up, but—but I cannot deceive you! Ralph, I——"

But the words she would have spoken were arrested on her lips. "You need not tell me, dear," he said, very gently. "I know."

For a moment she stared at him speechless, the hot blood tingling in her cheeks.

"Ah!" she said. "I thought so once—I thought so at first, but afterwards it seemed impossible!"

"Dear," he said, in the tenderest voice in the world, "do you think I would judge a life by one moment's rash act? Do you think I did not read the truth the instant I looked into those sweet, tell-tale eyes? Ah, you poor child, how you have suffered! It has made my heart ache to see you. But that is over, thank God, and we will never speak of it again."

Just then the cab pulled up.

"Come, darling," he said, "let us go up and see your mother and Peggy."

And together they went up.

"FOR A MOMENT SHE STARED AT HIM SPEECHLESS."

SHABBY PEOPLE.

Some of the Supers in the Drama of London.

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

MY friend, Mr. Cherwell, who now comes seldom to town, finding an ever-increasing employment for his interests and affections in a Hampshire garden, tells me that he is more and more struck on every occasion of these decreasing visits to the Metropolis by the multitude of shabby people he encounters in the streets.

"You can have no idea," he said to me the other night, shifting the candles to obtain a better view of the effect produced upon my countenance by his words, "how marvellously shabby the Londoners appear in the eyes of a confirmed countryman. As they pass me by in the street I can almost persuade myself that I am witnessing a procession of hungry tramps from one workhouse to another. Their clothes are dirty, their linen is grimy, their boots are without a shine, and the brims of their hats are thick with London dust. There is a strange greyness, too, even in their faces, as though the reeky atmosphere had permanently soiled the vesture of mortality. The old cheerfulness is gone; gone, too, are the briskness and alacrity of the moving drama. If I see a well-dressed person I find myself turning round to look at him; if I meet a smiling, good-humoured man I am tempted to think he has issued from a wine-bar."

I learned from my friend that he attributes this squalid, dusty, unbrushed, and grimy appearance of the London streets to the prevalence of cheap clothes. He complains that men who a generation ago would have worn with a notable air one good suit of honest woollen till it dropped honourably from their backs, must now have three or four suits of pretentious shoddy which go to shabby ruin in the London atmosphere almost as soon as they are put on. Instead of a few very finely-dressed people, a multitude of respectably-dressed people, and a picturesque lower orders in weather-tinted corduroys, we have, so my friend puts the matter, a population arrayed in one monotonous shabbiness of shoddy make-believe. He goes so far as to declare—I know not what the tailors will say about so revolutionary an idea—that cloth is unsuited for town wear, and that men should apparel themselves in strong linens dyed to rich browns, deep reds, and profound blues. A tough linen, he says, will never throw off a shabby appearance.

It was this conversation, started after dinner by my venerable friend in his Hampshire library, that inspired me, upon my return to the Metropolis, to a study of shabby people. I do not mean the multitudes of merely dusty black-coated and silk-hatted mortals who peregrinate such thoroughfares as the Strand and Fleet Street, and whose unhandselled appearance is due far more to the atmosphere of the town than to any lack of convenient guineas; I mean rather those broken gentlemen who mix in the moving pageant of the great city, and who declare in every spreading seam of their garments, in every broken thread of their shoe-leather, in every crumpled angle of their hats' brims, and in every smudge and smear and smoky raff upon their frayed linen, that they have gone under in the struggle for existence and are become the solitaries of disaster.

"What has brought these men to their

poverty and despair?" I asked myself. "What were they five and ten years ago? And where is it, and how is it, that they now manage to drag out their existence?"

The reader, if his walks have ever taken him through Whitehall and along the Strand towards the alleys of Fleet Street, may have seen a tall and handsome man shuffling along in the crowds, with such an air of distinction in his countenance that the sorry clothes, the napless billycock, and the broken boots in which he went could but accentuate the dignity of his bearing. And if the reader is familiar with the facial traits of English aristocracy he must have been struck by the compelling likeness which this poor gentleman bore to one of our ducal families. The prominent, staring, light-coloured eye, the heavy face, the long and rounded chin, the gradual curve of the head to a broad neck and high shoulders—these, and the man's shuffling gait, loose-hanging hands, and a habit of swinging the head slightly from side to side as he walked, all conspired to breed in the mind the assurance of some near relationship to a family of the greatest distinction and inexhaustible wealth.

"THIS MAN WAS TRAMPING THE STREETS OF LONDON ON AN ALLOWANCE OF TWENTY SHILLINGS A WEEK."

This man was tramping the streets of London on an allowance of twenty shillings a week through a blind and insensate passion for a wicked and worthless woman. At one time he had given promise of a distinguished career. He had an ample allowance from his father, he was happily married, the House of Commons was open to him. Then came a day when he fell under the magic spell of a creature nearly fifteen years his senior, and honour, duty, loyalty, the present and the future, were cast to the winds for her appeasement. He not only broke the heart of his wife, a favourite of his father, but on the day of her funeral he was dining in one of the principal London hotels with his evil genius. His father heard of this, and immediately cut off his supplies. He sold his wife's jewels, gambled frantically for fortune, and at last, clumsily enough, forged his father's name to a bill. The result was not imprisonment, but ruin none the less bitter for his pride and hope. The woman indignantly cast him off, and only one member of his family, an affectionate maiden aunt, could be found to help him. She purchased for him an annuity of a pound a week and closed her doors to him. Ostracized by all his world, too broken and embittered to attempt any recasting of his ruined life, the miserable man surrendered to the poverty of his condition. He rented a garret in a dreadful alley between Fleet Street and Holborn, and spent his days between visits to free libraries and in walking about the streets. He was fond of French literature, and spent much of his money in purchasing soiled, paper-covered copies of his favourite authors. He cultivated no acquaintances, was extremely sober in his habits, and made no effort whatever to win back the support and interest of his family. He was his own cook and valet, dusted and cleaned his room himself, fetched and carried everything that came into it. How often he opened his lips in his twelve years of ostracism I cannot say, but if there was one man in London like to a Trappist monk it was this middle-aged cornet of an illustrious house. When they found him dead on the floor of his garret a French novel

lay open on the arm of his chair, and a half-eaten orange stood upon the table. Apoplexy struck him down, apparently, as he rose from his reading to open a window.

A more sociable and an infinitely brighter vagabond was a man of my acquaintance who once haunted the steps of newspaper offices in Fleet Street. He was a huge fellow, with broad shoulders and long, far-reaching arms, which reminded one of the claws of a lobster. He had small, sand-speckled eyes, a blunt and rosy nose, a huge red moustache burned away into blackened gaps by the stumps of cigarettes, and a short chin which twitched with some nervous affection. His clothes were of the dreadfullest kind, not only threadbare, but torn and patched in fifty directions, while his boots were usually laced with odds and ends of knotted string. He was in the habit, winter and summer, of wearing upon his hands a pair of woollen gloves, and he always carried with him a mighty stick, which was more like a giant's cudgel than a gentleman's cane. In spite of his tramp-like garments, his battered billycock hat, his broken boots, and the grimy silk handkerchief bound for collar round his throat, there was something so genial and pleasant in his intonation that I never really failed to derive pleasure from his society.

"THIS GENTLEMAN WAS AN IRISHMAN OF DECENT FAMILY."

This gentleman was an Irishman of decent family, and had soldiered in a regiment of Dragoons. A taste for Bohemianism had induced him to leave the Army and throw himself into the lesser ways of journalism. For some years he was a regular contributor to one of the sporting papers, famous for its irreverence and popular with young men for its hinted indecencies. He fell among tipplers, and his great book remained unwritten. He composed his jests at the counter of a wine-bar. Day by day he sank deeper into the mud. Day by day his natural powers abated and his earnings decreased. At length he came to the common lodging-house, and subsisted on the half-crowns grudgingly paid by the daily newspapers for what are sometimes called "items of intelligence."

"I've just sent a beautiful story to the '——,'" he once said to me. "On my word, I believe my genius is sprouting again, the old buck! To-day, you must know, is the anniversary of Nelson's birthday; he was a countryman of mine, but he was born by accident in England and never quite recovered from it; at any rate, he only had one arm and one eye, and in Ireland all the boys are born with two of each; but, as I am telling you, this Nelson was born down in Norfolk at a place called Burnham Thorpe, in the year 1758, where his father was the rector and the family a large one. My boy, I've never been to Burnham Thorpe in my life, but I've written to the paper saying that as I was gazing at the sacred rectory this afternoon I heard a little sob beside me, and there was a gentleman all the way from Nova Scotia showing the place to his little boy in a Scotch suit. 'Oh, papa,' sighed the little boy—you'll understand I heard the remark in Burnham Thorpe in half an hour's time from now—'Oh, papa,' said he, 'do you think that Nelson is looking down at us from heaven?' 'Twill be quoted in all the provincial papers, all the Colonial papers, and translated into fifty languages, till I've got a circulation as big as Shakespeare, who had Irish blood in his veins. An' what will I get for it at all? Half a crown! By George, but it's bad times for authors!"

He sent as many *canards* flying round the world as any journalist who ever set pen to paper, but nothing could ever bring a blush of shame to his cheeks. "Sure," he would say, "I am what they call an imaginative writer, and my paragraphs all have a moral in them; and that's what the world wants more than money — morality. Look how they pay me, for instance; 'tis immoral."

I missed him for many weeks, after an absence abroad, and, making inquiries about him on my return, discovered that he had long passed out of Fleet Street's knowledge. The paragraphs in the newspapers have been duller ever since. How he died, or where he died, no man can tell me; but he died in the harness of Apollo, an imaginative writer to the last. It was his custom, when an idea occurred to him, to pull half a sheet of note-paper out of his pocket, and write rapidly with the vanishing stump of a lead-pencil oft wetted at his lips. I have seen him writing on the counter of a wine-bar, on the crown of his hat on a seat by the Thames, even with the paper leaned against a shop window in Fleet Street. He wrote for the flying hour, and did not even look sufficiently ahead to write an epitaph for his own tomb. Somewhere in a gloomy London cemetery this poet of the pavement lies in a nameless grave.

Shop-walkers and 'bus-conductors, it seems to me, disappear immediately they reach middle age. Old 'bus-drivers you may see on every other 'bus that goes by, but a whiskered conductor is so great an incongruity that one almost starts to behold him. Where do they go to, these men who vanish from their accustomed places with middle age? Many a poor father lives bitterly on the charity of a poorer son, himself struggling with a young family. Many, after months and months of searching advertisement columns, take to tramping the streets in search of any chance and sometimes doubtful work by which they can live. They become odd-job men, and their wives, by needlework or painting for toy-makers, help to keep the wolf from getting farther than the threshold. You may see these shabby men at all hours of the day posting through the streets with stern faces, as though charged with some important mission. To wear the appearance of idleness is a shame to them; they must counterfeit activity even if they scarcely know how to get through the long day. And, I repeat, these men—the victims of middle age—seldom lapse into evil habits, and practise their code of respectability to the grave's edge.

But in London, which holds all the variations of humanity, there are many shabby people who indulge themselves in their slovenly habits. I think everybody must have seen the extraordinary man who, stiff as a poker, walks like lightning through the streets, with a shabby frock-coat buttoned tightly over his chest, light check trousers turned up above boots thicker than any worn by a plough-boy, and whose old silk hat has been greased and pomatumed till it looks like the coat of a drowned rat. This clean-shaven, pale-faced, white-haired young man, so I am told, imagines himself to be the victim of a world-wide conspiracy, and under his clothes wears a complete set of chain armour. He has given notice to Scotland Yard that they must protect him from assassins; and the blue foolscap which he so often carries under his arm is a document declaring to posterity the secret reasons for the assassination which is about to overtake him.

Then there is an old man who goes about

"THE EXTRAORDINARY MAN WHO, STIFF AS A POKER, WALKS LIKE LIGHTNING THROUGH THE STREETS."

Piccadilly, Park Lane, and the Edgware Road wearing such clothes as might persuade a workman to toss him twopence for a bed in a common lodging-house. He carries a small sack in his hand, and often stoops in the gutters to pick up scraps of refuse. His face is well-nigh fleshless, his eyes are so dim that he can scarcely see, his body is so ill-nourished that he has hard work to drag it about with him. But, far from suffering poverty, this old man is an owner of London property, and is said to have amassed by his hideous frugality a handsome fortune, for which he has no heirs. He has a garret in the neighbourhood of the Edgware Road, will not have a soul to look after him, and clings with all the passion of a lover for his mistress to an indigence which keeps him friendless, and a penury which afflicts his body with pain and suffering.

Another shabby person whom I ran to earth was a once flourishing Army tutor, and a man of some family distinction. He might have stepped out of a Cruikshank drawing or from the pages of Dickens. He was a sad sloven, and yet by a swaggering manner and a rich flavour of conversation conferred a kind of dignity upon his rags. He was a man of middle height, with a fat, round, flabby face, a loose, jovial mouth, shrewd little pig's eyes, and a square, well-set-up figure. He was bald, but plastered across his he d a plait of hair which was always slipping backwards and forwards, and which would sometimes stick up in the air like the crest of a cockatoo. He wore a black cut-away coat which age had tinted a bottle-green, and his waistcoat, which had a habit of wrinkling up over his chest, betrayed a leather belt round his middle, from whose control his greasy trousers were perpetually slipping down. He wore a cheap pair of spectacles with a bad crack across one of the glasses, and usually talked to one with these glasses pushed up on his forehead. He had a rollicking manner, and during conversation was wont to pace up and down the room brandishing a long black ebony ruler.

"THIS FINE FELLOW EARNED A PRECARIOUS LIVING BY TEACHING SHORTHAND."

This fine fellow earned a precarious living by teaching shorthand and making a book on horse-races. He would take a stake of a shilling or half a crown with the air of a Cabinet Minister receiving his salary. Standing before a blackboard, flourishing a piece of chalk in his hand, and lecturing on the mysteries of Pitmanic hieroglyphics to three or four half-starved clerks who paid him a few pence for a lesson, he would pause every now and then to answer a tap at the door, and receive from some shopman or clerk on the landing a scrap of paper and a coin. All this he did with a fine, careless rapture, never losing a fraction of his dignity, and never giving the humblest of his students an impression of broken fortunes. He appeared to be teaching shorthand because he loved it, and he took a shilling stake on a horse as if he were labouring his hardest to better the backer's fortune.

To this strange and shabby life my friend had descended, step by step, from a sheer inability to stick to anything for a long time. He had given up his Army tutoring because it bored him, and had embarked on the career of a speculator because he thought himself sure of financial genius. Failing here, he had devoted himself to the life of an inventor, and had taken out more patents for useless contrivances than even he could remember.

Then he had gone in for authorship, and his religious novels, his problem novels, his crime novels, his society novels, and

his political squibs (all unpublished) are as numerous a progeny as the children of Dumas. Always he was dreaming of making a fortune, and always—dragging down with him a wife and three daughters for whom he professed the tenderest affection—he was sinking deeper and deeper in the scale. And yet no man ever walked the London streets with a jauntier step or preserved such high and generous spirits through all the chances of this mortal life.

But while men of this kind are numerous enough in London—and if one had the time one might well encounter among them some of the strangest and rarest characters ever met with in fiction—still the vast multitude of shabby people belong to an infinitely depressing and monotonous brigade of social failures, whose tragedy is their age rather than any kink, interesting or amusing, in their dispositions.

"THE OLD CURATE, THREADBARE AND BROKEN, PACING THE STREETS WITH EYES THAT SEE NOTHING."

Let the reader keep his eyes open as he walks about London, and he will see on every side of him the broken soldiers of this innumerable army. The old journalist, the old clerk, the old actor, the old shopman, the old nondescripts of those odd and multifarious employments whose very names are unknown to most of us—there they go, pensionless, comfortless, and homeless, living on the gratuities of their children and seeking in chance employments to earn a casual sixpence for their hunger.

Among these people you may see often enough the old curate, threadbare and broken, pacing the streets with eyes that see nothing. Down—down—down, till a stage is reached at which hunger is only a numbing sensation so constant as to arouse no suffering, and the blood becomes so habitually chilled that frost and bitter winds make little difference to normal discomfort. The common lodging-houses, the miserable garrets in court and alley, and the cheap bedrooms in small suburban streets are always full of London's shabby people. And in the streets, jostling shoulders with them, move the respectably-dressed, middle-aged men in constant employment, before whose eyes is the perpetual menace of discharge and poverty.

My old friend in Hampshire will have it that a false idea of respectability is at the bottom of this tremendous, if sordid, tragedy. "People," he says, "have given up thrift to cut a petty figure in the social world. They live in houses whose rents are too dear for them, and wear clothes which are unsuited to their employments. Instead of saving up for a rainy day, instead of a wise insurance and a healthy humility of outlook, the masses of men and women in London are always pushing on to a nearer and nearer imitation of the rich, which, while it brings them no real comfort of soul, infallibly leads them into ultimate ruin and despair."

Whatever the cause, for him who has eyes to see the streets of London are crowded with the derelicts of social progress, and only the angel of pity knows how much sorrow, how much patience, and how much heroism are concealed under the fading and threadbare shoddy of the city's shabby people.

Snorkey Timms, His Marks.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

THIS is another tale of Snorkey Timms, the disreputable acquaintance of whom I have written in other places. It is now years since I saw Snorkey, and I never had the faintest excuse for such an acquaintanceship, except that he was an amusing scoundrel and full of information that cannot be derived from any person of the smallest respectability. Many of his adventures he has told me himself; some I have learned from other sources; this came to me in hints and instalments, both ways.

It was at a time long after Snorkey's adventure with the bags of bricks at Liverpool Street, after he had told it me in a faro-house at Whitechapel; the time, in fact, was when the banker at that same faro-table was the envy of Snorkey's soul and his ideal of sublunary good fortune. From Snorkey's point of view, indeed, there was reason. Snorkey was a mere Cockney picker-up of trifles — and other things—that were not too carefully watched; Mr. Issy Marks during the day was a wholesale merchant with a fancy-goods warehouse in a little turning out of Houndsditch, and in the evening he sat at the receipt of custom at the faro-den, the only man at the table who always won. Indeed, he paid the proprietor fifteen shillings an hour for the privilege of sitting banker, and made a very handsome thing of it on the top of that. Why Snorkey and others like him should have persisted in contributing nightly to Mr. Issy Marks's income was not a question easily to be resolved by the impartial observer; the language wherewith they signalized their regular losses wholly precluded the supposition that they did it out of sheer benevolence to Mr. Marks. Yet they were far from being fools in the ordinary sense, and, in fact, were rather apt to pride themselves on their general knowingness; still they came, stood before the eight squares chalked on the table, saw their stakes decrease and vanish by a system which plainly and obviously must benefit the banker all through, and nobody else, went away poor and angry, and came again the next night and all the nights after that to lose more money. There was no reason in it, but there was the phenomenon, and Mr. Marks did very well out of it, as did many another "banker" in many another gambling-house in those parts.

For this, and for the presumed wealth in the fancy-goods business, Mr. Issy Marks was regarded with much envy. The business had its place in a humpbacked little old house that stood uncomfortably shouldered and squeezed between two larger buildings, not so old but quite as dirty, in a rather grimy little street that led from Houndsditch to some undiscovered region beyond. There were bigger houses among them than Mr. Marks's, and busier; but his had the reputation—at least among his humbler admirers — of carrying a solid trade of the sort called "snug."

Now, it was the quaint and interesting custom of Snorkey, and all his friends of like habits, to inspect very often and with loving care the premises of prosperous persons who aroused their respect and envy, as Mr. Marks had done Snorkey's. They counted the windows and speculated on the probable interior fastenings of doors. They peeped through keyholes unobserved, affectionately patted shutters, and groped inquiringly about their iron fastenings. Their kindly interest even extended to the houses adjoining, the roofs, ladders, trap-doors, and possible means of intercommunication. They have been known to stand in cold streets for hours watching the lights on the window-blinds that screened the objects of their solicitude, and even the most careless of them never omitted to make sympathetic, if unostentatious, inquiries as to the comings and goings of the inmates and the exact positions of their sleeping apartments.

Snorkey, therefore, was aware that Mr. Issy Marks's warehouse was locked up and left to itself at night. He knew, also, that the back of the place could be reached from a paved alley by the scaling of an easy wall; that packing-cases littered the back-yard; and that any person standing on one or two of the largest could reach a window that was not barred. Such things as these were always among the first noticed by

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Snorkey in any house in which he took an intelligent interest. And, as regards this particular house, observation had taught him other things also. For instance, although the stock generally was not of a costly description, there was a good deal of cheap, thin, showy silver, which would melt down just as well as the same metal in heavier and more expensively-finished pieces. There was a little safe in the back room on the ground floor, and there was all the possibility of a little jewellery. On the whole, Snorkey decided that he had fallen in love with Mr. Marks's warehouse, and must take an early opportunity to scrape a closer acquaintance.

The opportunity, in fact, seemed to be occurring every night; so that between the moment when Snorkey fully realized the state of his affections and the evening on which he seized his opportunity very few hours elapsed.

It was Mr. Marks's habit to bolt and bar his warehouse at seven each evening and bid it and its business farewell till the next morning — for he lived at Mile End. On the evening of Snorkey's venture he left as usual, and Snorkey, from a convenient entry, saw him go. So much being ascertained, the adventurer loitered an hour amid the society of the Three Tuns, and then leisurely took his way to the faro "club."

"THE DOOR-KEEPER SAT ON A PAIR OF STEPS WITHIN, WITH HIS EYE NEAR THE FANLIGHT."

This place was reached by way of an innocent-looking door, with a very respectable electric bell, at the end of a little court of newly-built offices and shops. If you were known, the door instantly opened to your ring; if you were not, you might ring the battery down without effect. That was because the door-keeper sat on a pair of steps within, with his eye near the fanlight. Snorkey Timms was no stranger, and with no more delay than sufficed for the silent opening and closing of the door and a careful groping through a long passage he emerged into the light and noise of the gambling-room. Mr. Marks was there as usual, with a cigar in his mouth, his hat at the back of his head, and his eyes on the cards he was shuffling and dealing on the table before him. An eager little crowd was clubbed thickly round the other three sides of the table, the rear rank climbing on the backs of the ranks before them, every man with his hand thrust out to its fullest reach, following the fortunes of his stake where it lay on the chalked diagram, and eager to snatch at the winnings that came so sparsely.

Snorkey staked a shilling, partly because he was always ready to gamble, and partly because, in view of the possible events of the night, it was not "the game" to make himself conspicuous by a change in his usual habits on this particular evening. The shilling went into Mr. Marks's heap, followed quickly by another, and two more, and some others after that.

"Banker's 'avin' all the luck again," remarked a friend to Snorkey. "Turns up the card with most agin it every time, an' 'e's halved stakes eight times since I come in."

Snorkey tried a double chance with two shillings, and lost them in successive turns.

"No good—it's givin' 'im yer money to-night," remarked the friend. "There's a chap over there's bin puttin' down half quids

an' quids, and never savin' a stake. Marks's luck's in to-night."

As a fact, the banker's luck always is in at faro, but to-night it was favouring him so well that even the punters noticed it; and punters at faro must either be blind in general to the banker's luck or take it as a matter of course. As his loose silver dwindled and Mr. Marks's heap of money rose, Snorkey grew the more resolved on his project for the night, and more and more persuaded that his claim on the Marks estate was a justifiable and, indeed, almost a legal one.

He stayed about the faro-table till near eleven, and then sauntered quietly out. It was scarce more than five minutes' walk to the house by Houndsditch, and the street, the warehouse, and the alley behind were all quiet and dark. But there was a light in a top window in the house to the left of Marks's, and, as Snorkey had the whole night before him for his adventure, he waited, and took a turn about the streets to kill time.

When he returned it was nearer twelve than eleven, and the lodger in the next house was in bed. Snorkey wasted no more time, but hurried into the paved alley and scaled the wall.

Mr. Marks's back-yard was an uncomfortable place to traverse by night, short as the distance was; for unseen boxes and cases met the shins and knuckles of the explorer, and, while the quietest possible progress involved some amount of noise, there was always the danger of knocking over something with a thunderous clatter.

Snorkey was cautious and slow, for there was no need to hurry. He reached the wall of the house and stood to listen. It was a still night—too still for such an enterprise as Snorkey's; small sounds were very clear. But then, if every burglar refused to work except in perfect conditions, the whole industry would come to a standstill.

There was no sound to cause uneasiness. There was the tread of a policeman, of course, but that was reassuring. It is a pleasant sound in the ear of a burglar, audible for an enormous distance, giving him confidence; when he cannot hear it he is never sure that the policeman isn't watching him. This friendly sound came from Houndsditch, harmoniously beating time for the now subdued hum of London. The sky was clear and cloudless above, though dark; and a few stars looked down on Snorkey's experiment and winked encouragingly.

"IT IS NOT EASY TO SET ONE ROUGH PACKING-CASE FIRMLY ON ANOTHER, ON A DARK NIGHT, WITHOUT NOISE."

It is not easy to set one rough packing-case firmly on another, on a dark night, without noise; and when you have done it, even with a little noise, it is still more difficult to climb on the top case without a great deal more noise still, and more than a chance of a clamorous tumble. But these difficulties were surmounted, and once the window was reached, that offered no difficulties at all. For Snorkey had brought his tools. First, a catch-'em-alive-oh paper, doubled inward, so as to go safely in the pocket. This, being carefully opened out, was spread over the pane nearest the sash fastening and

smacked in the middle with the flat hand. The pane was abolished, and came away in a hundred fragments, all sticking to the paper, and all quiet. Then it needed but the insertion of a hand to open the catch, and the window was conquered.

Snorkey climbed in, shut the window quietly, and pulled down the blind—a thing that Mr Marks had neglected. Then he produced some more tools. First, a lantern made of a little tin box with a stump of candle in it, so that light was only thrown where needed, and a puff would quench it.

Now when the scrap of candle was lit, the first thing revealed to his sight was not at all what Snorkey was looking for. It was, in fact, a heap of shavings on the floor—wet shavings. It was partly under a table which was piled above with cardboard boxes, many of them broken. The boxes seemed damp, too, and when Snorkey approached to examine them he grew aware of a distinct smell of paraffin oil. There was nothing in the boxes, it would seem, but more shavings, and paper—also wet. Snorkey's eyebrows lifted and his lips pursed. But he saved the whistle for a future occasion.

He looked about the room. The walls were lined with shelves and stacked with boxes, but there seemed very little in the boxes. Mr. Marks appeared to be stocking a deal of straw and dirty paper; also shavings, again. But there was one box of hair-brushes which much interested Snorkey. He knew that Marks sold many of those cheap, silver-backed hair-brushes whereof the silver covering behind, thin as paper, was stamped into much highly-relieved ornament, with a view to a spurious massiveness of appearance; and he had designed to rip off those silver backs with a jack-knife and roll them up for easier transport. Well, here were the very brushes. But the silver backs had been ripped off already!

Snorkey dropped the lid on the box and saved up another whistle. Then he went out on the landing (where there were more shavings) and down the narrow stairs almost into another heap of shavings at the bottom. He made straight for the little safe, pulling from his inner coat pocket as he went the "stick" whose Christian name is James or Jemmy.

It was an elegant little weapon, with a fine chisel end, and he began by thrusting that chisel end in the crack of the door near the top. There are some of these cheap safes from which you may tear off the outer plate of the door in this very elementary way. This, however, did not seem to be one of them, for the immediate result was nothing but the breaking of a fragment from the point of the "James."

Snorkey gazed ruefully at the broken point, for he had borrowed the tool, and then gave a twist to the cross handle in the middle of the door. The safe was unlocked!

The door swung open and disclosed account-books and nothing else. At the bottom were two little drawers, which were certainly locked, but came open with bent fronts at the first wrench of the "stick." They were empty.

Snorkey looked round the room and shook his head despondently. There was a perfect wealth of common shell boxes and cheap sponges here, but that was not the sort of wealth he had come for. The room also had its heap of shavings, piled against a stack of the shell boxes, and a three-gallon can of paraffin oil stood near it.

He entered the shop very quietly, for now he might be heard from the street. The stock he disregarded, but tried the till. It contained not so much as a button. Clearly this was not the venture Snorkey had looked for. He shook his head again and returned to the back room. Then he very deliberately pocketed his tools, blew out his candle, and sat on the stairs to wait for Mr. Marks. For he had seen things that made him expect him.

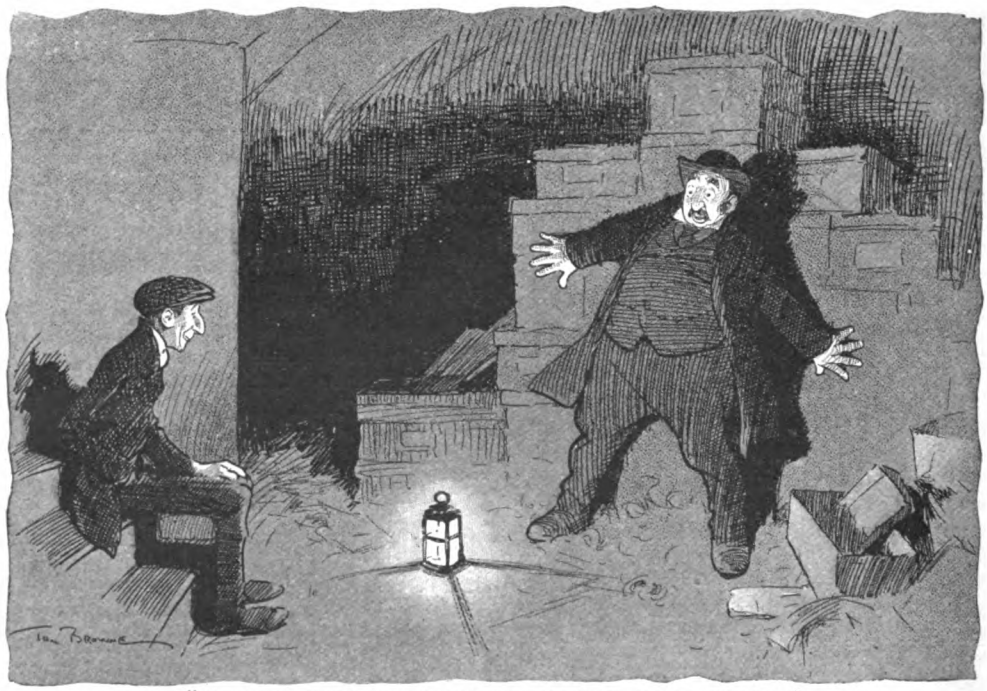
It was very quiet, and more than a little dull. But presently the humour of the situation so presented itself to Snorkey that the silence was broken by a chuckle, which grew into something rather like a snigger. Mr. Marks would find an unexpected card had turned up, this deal!

The church clocks began to strike twelve, some near, some far, and presently St. Botolph's, clanging loud and close. In the midst of the strokes there was a thump at the front door; startling for the moment, but only a policeman testing the fastenings. His receding tramp was quite clear, now that the clocks had ceased to strike.

Mr. Marks was very slow, and more than once Snorkey was in danger of falling asleep. He was listening for the stroke of one, and wondering if he might already have missed it by dozing, when at last there came the expected click in the lock, and with extra-ordinary suddenness Marks was in the shop with the door closed behind him. Plainly he must have been watching his opportunity, and had reached the door and turned the familiar lock swiftly and quietly. And in another moment he was groping in the

back room, within two yards of his visitor. Snorkey felt for his matches and his lantern, but as he did so a match was struck in the middle of the room, and revealed Marks in the act of lighting a lantern of his own. Snorkey waited till the flame was well established and the lantern closed, and then said, cheerfully, "Ah! Good mornin', Mr. Marks!"

With a bounce and a faint yelp Mr. Marks sprang back against a pile of boxes, livid



"MR. MARKS SPRANG BACK AGAINST A PILE OF BOXES, LIVID AND GASPING."

and gasping, with a terrified whimper in his throat.

"All right, Mr. Marks! Don't jump! It's only me! Quite a old friend!" And Snorkey lifted the lantern and held it by the side of his face, whereon flickered something vastly like a grin.

"Vat d'you—d'you vant?" gasped Marks, panting with the shock. "Vat d'you vant?"

"Want to give meself up," answered Snorkey, crisply. "Burglary—breakin' an' enterin'; I'm a 'orrid criminal. I broke in."

Marks gulped twice before he got a word out. "You broke in?" he repeated.

"Burglariously busted your back window, an' been waitin' 'ere about an hour an' a 'alf to confess. I've repented."

"You—you—vat?"

"I've repented. Anybody would as didn't come for shavings. If I'd wanted shavings I'd ha' made a good stroke o' business to-night; shavings, or waste paper, or paraffin. Not wantin' 'em I've repented. Lock me up."

Mr. Marks clapped his hand distractedly to the side of his head. "You go—go avay!" he said.

Snorkey shook his head, put down the lantern, and sat on the edge of the table. "Couldn't think of it," he said. "Couldn't think o' goin' away now, after all the wickedness I've committed. My conscience wouldn't stand it. You fetch the p'lice an' 'ave me punished proper."

Mr. Marks looked up and down the room and toward the shop and up the stairs, thoughtfully. The shock of surprise was passing, to be succeeded by a desperate perplexity.

"All right," he said at length. "I don't want to punish you; you can go."

"No, no," Snorkey replied, cordially. "Don't you let your feelin's get worked on, Mr. Marks. You dunno what a 'orrid chap I've bin. O' course, I've repented now, but that was only 'cos of the shavings. You can't rightly count a repentance 'cos of shavings—not by the proper rules."

"Go along," answered Marks, with a furtive lowering of voice. "I tell you I von't say noddin' about it. Ve understand each other."

Snorkey shook his head. "I doubt it, Mr. Marks," he sighed. "It ain't easy for a gent like you to understand a thorough wrong 'un like me; anyhow, it seems a bit 'ard this time. You don't mean to say you forgive me—goin' to take mercy on me?"

"Yes; go on."

"Mr. Marks, you're a nobleman. I'm willin' enough; I can be took mercy on—on very reasonable terms. My little—er—commission, as you might say, for bein' forgiven ought to be about fifty quid, I should say, this time."

"Vat?"

"Fifty quid, I said. You see, it wants rather a lot o' forgiveness for a burglary as wicked as this. The drawers in your safe's all bent anyhow, an' your first-floor back window's quite shockin'."

"You've got a fine cheek," snarled Mr. Marks, by this time much recovered. "Vy you expect me to pay anyting? You're lucky not to be took up!"

"What I said meself!" replied Snorkey. "Fetch the p'lice. Or I'll go an' fetch 'em if you like."

"No, no! But fifty quid's ridic'luth! Besides, I got no money here!"

"All right; I'll wait here for it till the mornin'. It's warmer 'ere than out in the cold, unfeelin' streets."

"No, no! You must go! Now, come, be reathonable, Mr. Thnorkey. I'll see you to-morrow an' make it all right. Tholemn vord I vill!"

Snorkey winked and shook his head inexorably. "You don't understand the wicked feelin's of a 'ardened criminal, Mr. Marks. D'ye know, I'm sunk that low I wouldn't take your word for it! I wouldn't! Shockin', ain't it?"

"But fifty's out o' reathon. It'th abthurd!"

"Well, beat me down, Mr. Marks. Offer me forty."

"No, no—ridicl'uth. I've got a quid vid me; p'r'aps thirty bob."

"Ridic'lous, too, ain't it? Why, I've broke the point of a tool as is worth as much as that. And if I 'adn't turned up the place might 'a' 'bin afire! It might, the dangerous way things like paraffin is left about! It might 'a' broke out any minute if it 'adn't bin for me."

"I'll give ye five quid, come!"

"Can't be done at the price. My conscience won't allow it; it's a special good conscience, is mine. It comes a lot dearer than that!"

"But ven I've got no more vat can I do?"

"Just now you 'adn't got no more than thirty bob; now it's growed to five quid. If I stop 'ere you'll be a millionaire by the mornin', Mr. Marks, Exquire, an' all through me. I'll stop."

"No, no; be a thport, Mr. Thnorkey, an' give a man a chance. Vat'll you take—reathonable?"

"Ah, you see, it's growed a bit more a'ready. I said it would. You'd better let me stop, for your own sake. But if you'd really rather not, why, I think I can make a better guess at what you've got on you than you can yourself. If you've got five quid, an' a bit more, on ye, it means you 'aven't took your winnin's home from the club yet. You always change the silver afore you come away, I know. I guess twenty quid. If there's more—why, you can keep it for your honesty. But that's my charge—ab-so!"

Time was going, and as a fact the sum in Mr. Marks's pockets was well above his tormentor's estimate. He thought for a moment, looked into Snorkey's eyes with a gaze of agonized reproach, turned his back, and counted out the money in gold. Then he turned again with a sigh and paid it over.

"He seemed quite out o' temper payin' over that little bit," Snorkey said, long afterward, relating the adventure. "Quite rusty he was. 'Adn't got what you might call a sense of 'umour, I s'pose. Some people ain't. But I told 'im very cheerful to be careful about strikin' matches an' such, with all them com—combustious things about, an' I come away. I come down the street, an' turned into Houndsditch, an' there what should I see but a fire-alarm post You know where it is—just at the corner. Well, you know, I felt a bit nervous about Mr. Marks. It was a dangerous kind o' place for anybody to be about in with a light, an' somehow I 'ad a 'orrid sort o' presentiment that the 'ouse might catch afire after all. You know the way one o' them presentiments gets 'old of you, sometimes. Well, this 'ere one o' mine was that strong that I took my chance with the alarm. I smashed the glass, an' I tugged the 'andle till I very near tugged it out, an' then I ran 'ome fast, 'cos it was late.

"An' the most re-markable co-in-*ci*dence about the 'ole thing was—when the fire-engines got round there, there *was* a fire! There was, on my solemn davy! Wasn't it wonderful? An' Mr. Marks got in sich a muddle explainin' 'ow the accident 'appened that they gave him two years' hard!"

ARTISTS AND BEAUTY.

The Opinions of Eminent Painters.

Illustrations from Photographs by Lafayette, Ltd., 179, New Bond Street, London, W.

THE beauty of women appeals to all men, but not to all men alike; and artists, particularly those who have devoted themselves to the limning of the human figure, are supposed to have strongly-pronounced preferences of their own. With a view of putting these preferences to the test, we have submitted a selection of the photographs of eight of the most beautiful women of to-day to a number of representative figure-painters. The result is indicated in the following pages.

One of these photographs, which we have numbered "3," is awarded the palm by no fewer than five artists, these being Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. Byam Shaw. The one point on which all these authorities were agreed was the beauty of the lady's eyes.

"Her eyes," said Mr. Hacker, "are most feeling and expressive. Of course, I am not looking at any of the portraits from the point of view of costume or photography. I am simply having regard to the face. As photographs and examples of photography one or two of the others rather attract me, but the features are either simpering or stupid."

"If I had to select one of these ladies," said Mr. Waterhouse, "as a model for painting, I should have no hesitation about my choice. The lady of my preference, indeed, reminds me very much of one of my models. After she had been sitting to me for some time she went on the stage, and, succeeding in obtaining fairly important parts, she naturally did not care to resume her former profession, and for some time I have lost sight of her. She sat only for the face. The face, as in this photograph, is so singularly beautiful that I was very sorry to lose the opportunity of painting it, and I have written once or twice lately to the lady's old address, but without obtaining a reply."

The following was the Hon. John Collier's comment on the series of photographs. "This" (indicating No. 3) "is the one which appeals to me," said the painter, whose subject-pictures of ladies belonging to what is called "the Smart Set" have been a feature of the Royal Academy during the past few years. "She has a really fine face with plenty of character about it."

Mr. Byam Shaw kindly examined the photographs submitted to him, and made a most careful comparison between them, but when his choice was made in favour of No. 3 he had practically nothing to say in explanation of it. But it was made with something like enthusiasm, and as he said good-bye he exclaimed, "I shall look out for my beauty in THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Sir Luke Fildes was equally emphatic in his judgment, but he also gave it almost without comment.

The other most popular candidate proved to be No. 2. She secured the votes of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., and Mr. Ellis Roberts, who,

No. 1

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 8.

though not numbered in the ranks of the Academicians, has won renown as a painter of beautiful women's portraits.

Mr. Stone at once made the criticism that several other artists had done when he passed the batch of photographs in review before him. "There is not, in my opinion," he said, "sufficient individuality about any of these photographic examples. For one thing they are nearly all dressed in the fashion of to-day. One lady's photograph, indeed, would serve admirably as a fashion-plate. The presentment of women in a more abstract way is what appeals to an artist, I think. In two or three years portraits painted as these photographs have been taken would become obsolete. I am, fortunately, not a portrait-painter, but if I were I should always try to induce my sitters to allow themselves to be painted in costumes which are not distinctively of the moment. Our best portrait-painters do this, I believe, but, of course, they are sometimes obliged to give way to ladies who desire to be painted in the most up-to-date fashion. What I mean is well illustrated in some of the later portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The ladies are painted in drapery or some other kind of dress which looks as well to-day as when it was painted."

Mr. Solomon in replying took the trouble to "place" all the eight photographs according to the order of his preference, the first position, as already indicated, being given to No. 2.

Mr. Ellis Roberts was frankly enthusiastic in their praise. "I fear you have set me an impossible task," he complained. "How *can* I make a selection when *all* are beautiful?

"The real difficulty, however, lies in the fact that an exceedingly beautiful woman sometimes makes an indifferent photograph. Again, some ladies look beautiful from every point of view, whilst others are limited to one or two positions.

"In awarding the 'golden apple' to the most beautiful woman, one ought to see the ladies themselves. If I *must* make a selection among the eight photographs, I would name No. 2."

"I should say," remarked Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., "that the one marked '4' was taken from the best-looking girl. The 'cauliflower' style of dressing the hair now in fashion is very trying to the beauty of most young ladies. Hair is lovely, but the shape, size, and situation of the padded masses at present worn are entirely out of graceful harmony with natural beauty."

"You have set me a difficult task," said Sir James Linton, late President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, when the photographs were submitted to his critical judgment, "as all the ladies are beautiful, and all have, as is natural, some little drawback—even the one I select. No. 4 is overpowered by the enormous mass of hair; she would do much more justice to her beautiful features if her hair were more closely dressed. I have drawn a line in pipeclay, easily removed by a piece of dry bread, to show what I mean."

Thus dealt with, the lady's coiffure, as shown on the photograph, was reduced in its dimensions by more than one half. In this criticism, it will be observed, Sir James Linton and Mr. Leslie were at one.

"Still, in spite of the hair," continued Sir James, "I think she is the most beautiful, though so closely run by two or three of the others as to have made it difficult for me to definitely select."

Of the eight photographs, it will thus be seen that only three have obtained the favour of any of the Royal Academicians and other artists who have consented to pass judgment upon them. No. 3 is supported by five votes, No. 2 by three, while two artists declare for No. 4.

We wonder whether this award is in accordance with predominant opinion on the part of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Whilst some have hesitated to express any preference of all these living subjects of the camera, others have found great difficulty in doing so owing to the high standard, judged by the same criterion, to which they all attain. The least enthusiastic opinion of all, moreover, to which any of the artists give expression happens to be bestowed upon the photograph of the lady who secures from his brother painters the largest measure of approval.

The truth, perhaps, is that the ideal beauty of the artist is never, or scarcely ever, embodied in one woman. When he paints his ideal beauty it is usually with the assistance of several models, one woman sitting for eyes and nose, another for mouth and neck, and so on. There are instances to the contrary, of course, such as Rossetti's "Miss Siddal," the lady who afterwards became his wife, and Lord Leighton's "Dorothy Dene." But many artists have recorded how impossible they have found the search for any one model to embody all the graces and charms of womanhood as they exist in the ideal woman of their imagination. A painter has this

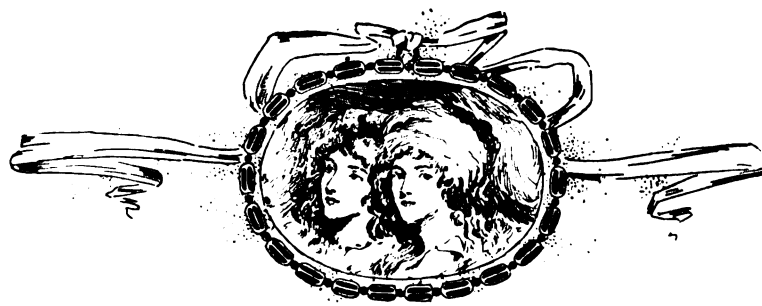
among other advantages over the photographer—that he can quite conveniently produce his picture from several models. The photographer, in the production of his picture, is limited by the mechanical action of the camera to one. To him may, therefore, well be denied that presentment of a perfect vision of loveliness which becomes almost a commonplace achievement on the part of the painter.

By way of contrast, the eight photographs were submitted to a jury of laymen chosen indiscriminately from friends and acquaintances. Their verdict was more or less favourable to the whole eight. The ladies favoured by the artists were also favoured by them in equally eulogistic terms, whilst those which had made no appeal to artistic eyes were the subject of obviously sincere encomiums.

Of No. 1 it was said—or implied—that the photograph was an example of beauty in repose, the beauty which, apart from the uniformity of the physical features, owes so much to placidity of temperament and serenity of soul. "This is evidently the portrait of a woman," it was said, "who unites a beautiful character with a beautiful face. It is not the beauty, perhaps, which would carry men off their feet—metaphorically speaking, of course—in the whirl of the ball-room. She could never exercise the fascination of the coquette, but she could excite the love which is stronger than death."

Of the more dazzling kind of personal charm, it was agreed that there was ample manifestation in the photograph of No. 6. There was the slightest suggestion of self-will, perhaps, about the lips, but it was more than redeemed by the urbanity expressed in the eyes. The delicate poise of the nose accorded well with the perfect contour of the neck—so excellently set off by the corsage—and with the tresses of luxuriant hair combined to present a picture of fair womanhood such as one might not see twice in the course of a London season.

Of the more generous physique of No. 7 praise equally unstinted came from other members of our lay jury. The rounder features of this lady were of a softer and, to them, even more attractive type of beauty, which was brought into admirable relief by the Greek drapery in which the sitter or the photographer had chosen to have the picture taken. The half-turned face, perhaps, did not do the lady full justice. It suggested a charming, warm-hearted creature of the kind which can fulfil with equal success the *rôle* of social queen or devoted mother. Finally, the graceful, well-proportioned figure of No. 8, with the half-wistful, half-smiling countenance, was not without its admirers. Thus the case stands between the artist-judges and the lay jury. The appeal is now to the *vox populi* as represented by the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.



THE WHITE WIZARD.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

ONE day, carrying a long instrument bag, he came out of the little surgery above the chemist's shop, and made his name. Before that it had been hard going with him. Young, poor, without prestige, a new name in the town, his office in a mean quarter, the only patients he had were those who did not pay. But after he accomplished that miracle-like thing by the railway track, where a great crowd saw him bring back to life a boy who had been pulled out of a tank-car, presumably long dead from oil fumes, the broad way rose easily for him to a dizzy summit of success.

No more now of the little surgery, with its scant furniture, dingy windows, and the smoke-belching engines thundering by outside. No more rye-sandwiches and beer at the free lunch counter. No more meandering about the streets in a cheap top-buggy in mock response to calls. No further agonies of fear lest remunerative work should never come—moments far worse than those in the garret-rooms at college, where he had acted as janitor, cooked his meals on an oil-stove, studied far into the night by a kerosene-lamp, and arrayed himself on Saturday evenings in such poor state as he could command, to go across the river and play a violin in a drinking-hall for money.

All this, though in reality not very distant, seemed so far away as to be unreal. Now, instead of an agony of waiting, it was an agony of work. One triumph in surgery had followed another, until they called him "The White Wizard"—"white" because of the marble-like pallor of his face, "wizard" because the things he did had never been done before by man in that part of the world. "Why," said the community—and it spoke truly—"he opens men's bodies and takes out whatever threatens to kill. He gives people new skin, and puts fresh blood in their veins. By virtue of his novel skill those sweet girl-twins of the rich man—loved and pitied of everyone because of their beauty and their infirmity—scarcely remember the sad years of their crooked and useless legs. It is even claimed that, by some magic with the skull, he can banish idiocy and insanity, and turn a thief into an honest man. Parents throughout the city, in the country, and in distant towns, thinking of their little ones, ask themselves, with a pang of terror, 'What should we do if death snatched away this white-faced antagonist of deformity and disease?'"

And yet, with all this chorus of praise—this practical deification—most people said that Dr. Kregg was a hard man—as hard as he was clever. Sometimes his thin-lipped mouth sputtered oaths as a Gatling-gun sputters missiles. His face, in addition to its whiteness, was memorable for much: the sharp definition of the jaws, the nose, and the brow-lines; the steady glow of the grey eyes; the irresistible cast of the whole expression. And this face, individual to the last degree, was exquisitely true to the spirit behind it. Terribly intense was Dr. Kregg, terribly determined, terribly difficult to deflect or defeat. Well might they call him hard, for he *was* a good deal like a piece of iron—

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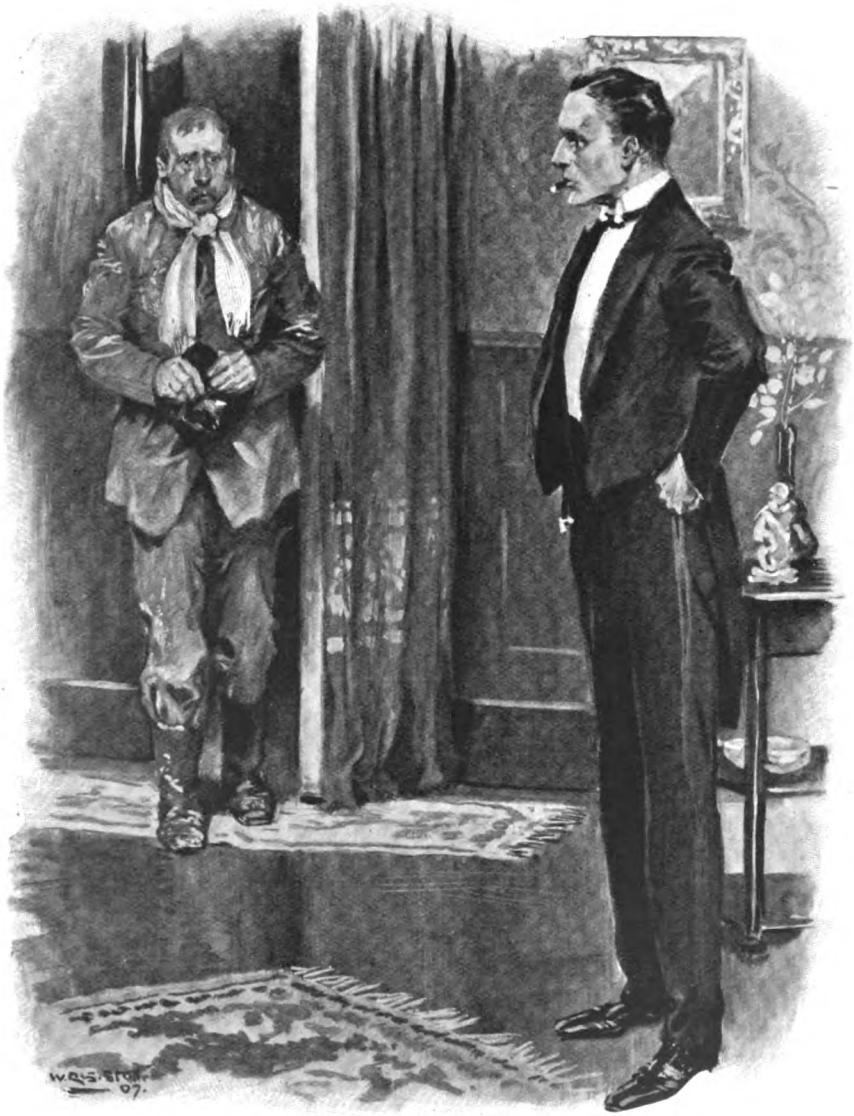


"'MY LITTLE GIRL, DOCTOR, IS DYING OF DIPHTHERIA,' SAID SHONTS."

hammered close and smooth on the anvil of poverty and labour and pain. His body was the merest detail—dwarfed to nothing by the imperious and luminous quality of his mind.

New Year's Eve, and without a snowstorm, thick, a-sparkle, and softly murmurous. Dr. Kregg, in full evening dress, walked up and down in his warm drawing-room, biting at the stump of a cigar. Early in the evening he had spoken at a physicians' banquet, holding young and old alike in a charmed spell by his lucid and metallic eloquence. Later he had hurried to the hospital to carve potential death out of the frame of a stricken man. Tired he was beyond words. His eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow, his face preternaturally white. His mind was oscillating between the scene at the banquet—the brilliancy of the lights, the intensity of the circling faces—and the poor anæsthetized mortal on the operating table, with the white-clad physicians and nurses clustering about.

"Come in!" he cried, sharply, at a knock on the door.

"A gentleman to see you, doctor."

"Who is it, Halls?"

"Richard Shonts, doctor."

"Dick Shonts, Halls — not Richard! What's he want?"

"He says his little girl is dying, doctor."

"What's the matter with her? He's probably lying."

"Diphtheria, he says, doctor."

"Eh? Show him in."

Through the doorway shambled a red-faced man of middle age, clad in a tightly-buttoned jacket suit, with a huge woollen muffler wound about his neck, and his trousers tucked in the tops of his boots. There was snow on his boots and clothes, and he was shivering from a long ride through the cold. His cap was in his hand, and his air was one of mingled grief and apology. Clearly all was not right between this man, a dissolute-looking countryman, and Dr. Kregg.

"What's this you say?" demanded the doctor, with asperity.

"My little girl, doctor, is dyin' of diphtheria," said Shonts, shuffling from one foot to the other, and crumpling his cap between his big-knuckled hands.

"And you have the 'brass' to come again to me—you loafer and sot! Have I not treated you and your wife and your children for years for nothing—not even thanks — not even immunity from your insolence?"

"Drink, doctor—only drink. It sends a man crazy."

"And are you really silly enough to expect me to drive twenty miles through this winter night to try to save one of your brats?"

"Doctor!"

"Are you such a fool? Halls! Show this man out!"

"My wife sent to tell you she specially begged you to come, because the country doctors have given Vertie up."

"Halls!"

"This way, please," said Halls, and Shonts turned to follow.

"Get some doctor with whom you haven't played the insolent dead-beat for ten years!" shouted Dr. Kregg after the retreating countryman.

The street door closed after Shonts, and Halls returned to know whether the doctor had any further orders for the night.

"Bar that street door and muffle the telephone," said Dr. Kregg. "We're going to bed in this house now. Don't disturb me until ten in the morning. Do you hear?"

"Yes, doctor," and Halls silently withdrew.

Dr. Kregg continued his restless pace to and fro, chewing nervously at his cigar, his face angry and gloomy. It was near midnight, the time when pandemonium would be let loose in the tooting and shrieking of whistles, the blowing of horns, and the ringing of bells, by way of greeting to the New Year. Dr. Kregg's look, instead of relaxing, grew more contracted, his pace quicker. Drawing out his thin gold watch, he glanced thoughtfully at its beautiful face. Suddenly then, swinging round, he pressed a button.

"Yes, doctor?" said Halls, after a little delay.

"Tell the chauffeur to bring the big car to the front door at once. Tell him to bundle up snugly, and to lose no time. Quick now!"

Dr. Kregg stepped into the hallway, examined the contents of his instrument bag, took some medical and surgical paraphernalia from a cabinet and packed them in the bag, slipped on wool-lined overshoes, wrapped a heavy silk scarf about his neck, put on a great fur-lined overcoat, drew a seal-skin cap over his head, lit the remnant of his cigar, picked up the bag, and stood just inside the drawing-room door, waiting. As he stood there the storm regathered on his face. Gradually the reflection of anger dominated that of all other emotions, and out of his mouth burst a volley of oaths. He replaced the bag in the hall, took off and hung up his coat and cap, and was re-entering the drawing-room, biting and puffing at his cigar, when the manservant appeared.

"The car is waiting, doctor."

"The deuce it is! Tell the chauffeur to go back to the garage! Halls, have you barred the door and muffled the telephone? I'll be hanged if I leave this house again to-night!"

All about that lonely grey cottage, on this death-night of the old year, fell the feathery, muffling snow. Within those narrow confines there were only two persons who really counted—the mother and her eldest daughter, Mrs. Shonts and Vertie. These were they who kept the wolf from the door, and held the lonely home together. The other children were too young to be much else than a care. Dick, the husband and father, sometimes worked a bit in the coal-mines, sometimes on one farm or another, sometimes in the timber. But after every pay day it was the same ignominious story—drinking and brawling in the bar-room, and staggering home in the small hours of the

morning, to collapse into days of sullen inertia.

Through it all toiled and endured heroically Mrs. Shonts and Vertie, each the picture of the other, frail and sad and sweet and old-looking. In the bygone days, when life was radiant, when young Richard Shonts, galloping to see her of a Sunday evening on his lustrous-eyed dapple-grey, seemed to the girl the very romance of gallantry and manhood—in those long-vanished days she who was to become Mrs. Shonts was celebrated for her beauty. To the seeing eye she was beautiful yet—strangely, holily beautiful. Her cheeks and eyes were hollow, her hands red and not so shapely as before, her frocks no longer dainty and white, with trimmings of lace and ribbon; but through all rough appearances, past all obstructions, burst the fineness and the sanctity of her character. When she looked at one, spoke, she was the living picture of quiet-eyed, kindly, all-enduring patience.

And in the daughter the mother lived again—but so pathetically! Aged only ten, yet Vertie was already a woman. Indeed, no one could remember when she was not a woman. On the very day of her birth she sighed audibly, and seemed distinctly careworn. From the time she could toddle she worked. The story of the activities of her little feet and hands would have made a big and crowded book. She milked, and sewed, and washed, and ironed, and cooked. She chopped and carried firewood, and fed the chickens and pigs, and—occasionally—spent a little time at the one-roomed white schoolhouse on the hill two miles away. In the early and late summer she picked strawberries, gooseberries, blackberries, peaches, pears, and apples, for jam, for jelly, and for canning Hardly a wild thing in the woods but knew her quaint, busy little figure; her thin, quick hands, all pricked and berry-stained, her curly brown hair, swarthy face, arched lips, and sky-blue eyes.

And now, in mid-winter, this little denizen of the hedgerows and the thickets, this woman of ten, this prop and stay of a toppling home and a broken heart, seemed like to die. The old doctor of the thick girth and the heavy moustache said there was no hope, and it appeared that he was incontestably right. He brought another doctor, a still older man, from another village, and this man acquiesced in the hopeless view. As night was falling on this New Year's Eve, Vertie lost the power of further speech with her mother, and the latter, rushing to Dick in an uncontrollable access of terror, bade him borrow a swift horse from a neighbouring farm and ride with all his might to the city, to venture a last appeal to Dr. Kregg to overlook the past, and to make a final effort to save their sore-smitten first-born.

In the little grey cottage, as the deepening snow transfigured the world without, Mrs. Shonts bent over her child. The light in the room, coming partly from an oil-lamp and partly from blazing logs in the yawning fireplace, showed the mother and daughter in one corner; the doctor, with folded hands and solemn mien, in front of the fire; a cat in a knot on the hearth; a kettle simmering on a crane. On the mantelpiece, and on a round table close to the bed, were bottles and glasses and spoons. Obviously much had been done to arrest the disease—dosing and swabbing and cauterizing and ice-packing. But all the devices and medicines, like the mother's wild, sob-shattered prayers, had failed.

Mrs. Shonts, for some hours, had hoped that Dr. Kregg would come. But now she was hopeless. Recalling more clearly, as she meditated, the doctor's intense feeling against Dick, she grieved that she had not kept him at home and gone herself. She knew he would fail—of the very warp and woof of his life was failure. It was towards two in the morning when began the final struggle. Breathing had become steadily more difficult since midnight. Cradled in a crucible, Vertie was not easily daunted, still less easily vanquished. The fight she had made had been almost superhuman in its ever-recurring rallies, its dogged, indomitable, pathetic tenacity. But at last the spirit of the child was yielding; the rallies came less frequently—they had practically stopped.

As the hands of the clock pointed to two the mother noticed something that sent her grief-wrung heart to the lowest depths that may be reached in life—the winsome little face was growing black. With a shrill, unhuman cry she sprang to the doctor's side, and caught his lapels in a tigress-like grip.

"Doctor!" she screamed, "Vertie cannot breathe!"

"No, Mrs. Shonts," answered the doctor, tenderly, brushing the wild-flung hair back from her forehead; "it is the end."

"The end!"

"Yes, poor woman!—the end."

"Vertie will die?"

"She cannot live."

"She must not die! I cannot have her die! Do something, doctor! Cut that obstruction away!"

"'DOCTOR!' SHE SCREAMED, 'VERTIE CANNOT BREATHE!'"

"Poor woman!"

She released her hold and fell back, with an awful look in her tragedy-haunted face.

"You will let Vertie die," she said, slowly, her voice unrecognisable, her hands clenching and unclenching. "You will not cut—not give antitoxin—call it a 'new-fangled poison.'" Then, hissingly: "I could kill you for your cowardice and your incompetence!"

"Mrs. Shonts!" exclaimed the doctor, rising, his great bulk seeming to fill half the room.

"Do something!" she reiterated. "Don't stand there idle! Do something—or leave Vertie and me alone!"

Without another word, putting on his hat and coat, he went out. She turned back and stood above the struggling child. As in a clear light she saw Vertie's restless life from the cradle to this cruel moment, and with all her will, with all her soul, she determined that the child should not go alone. She loved the smaller children—she pitied, even loved, her self-indulgent, weak-willed husband

—but she could not stay in the world without Vertie; without Vertie she could not support her back-breaking load. She would stand there, frozen, until the little body quit writhing; until the sweet, blackened face were white again; until Vertie were free. Then she would let go the frail spar to which she clung, and drift with the worn-out little berry-picker into the limitless unknown.

All at once, as she stood thus, in Mrs. Shonts's ears grew up, expanded, gathered tone, a noise not unlike the hum of the big saws up the ravine, as they tore their way through the thick logs of pine and poplar. Then she saw snowflakes careering about the room, and felt the icy wind on her cheek. Quickly she turned round, and before her, piercing and brilliant, shone the unmistakable, unforgettable face of the White Wizard. He had shut the door, set down his bag, removed his cap, and was moving towards her, throwing off his huge fur-lined ulster as he came. He was still in evening dress, and it marked acutely the burnished steel of his eyes, the marble of his skin, and the wire-drawn thinness of his frame. His familiar glance, alight with questioning, burnt into her dead-cold stare.

"How's Vertie?"

No reply.

Brushing the stiff figure aside, he caught the dying girl in his arms and lifted her sharply erect.

"Sit in that chair," he cried, "and take the child on your lap. Fold her arms and hold them tightly."

Automatically Mrs. Shonts obeyed.

Tearing open his bag, Dr. Kregg drew out an instrument and sterilized it. Then he pried apart the tight-shut teeth and introduced the instrument into the throat. To Mrs. Shonts it looked like a silver tube. Hope faintly stirred in her heart. The breath of the White Wizard was in her face, the firm pressure of his body against her arms. She could see his tapering fingers deftly plying the silver. Slowly, by very gentle stages, it slipped down, down. The patient did not struggle, could not struggle. At last, the tube in the trachea, the child gave a slight quiver. Securely the doctor held the instrument, and waited. All at once, a slight, increasing, swelling inhalation; then a corresponding exhalation. Then another, and another, and the White Wizard heaved a deep sigh. Mrs. Shonts wanted to look at his face, to see what it said, but she merely clung to Vertie's hands, and did not move.

"Now we'll put her back into bed," said the doctor, just above a whisper.

Again on the pillow, Vertie went on breathing — not regularly, but breathing. Mrs. Shonts tried to catch a glimpse of the doctor's face, but it hung too close above the child. Finally he stood up, his hands at his sides, still gazing down, and Mrs. Shonts read into his look a slight ray of hope. Then she, too, fixed her eyes on Vertie — dotingly, longingly, a tempest of emotion beginning once more to shake her whole body.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, suddenly, "the black is going!"

"Yes."

"Isn't that a little colour in the lips?"

"Yes."

Loudly the doctor's watch ticked off the seconds in his pocket. Then again the mother:—

"Her eyelids are twitching!"

"Yes."

"They're going to open, doctor!"

"I hope so—believe so."

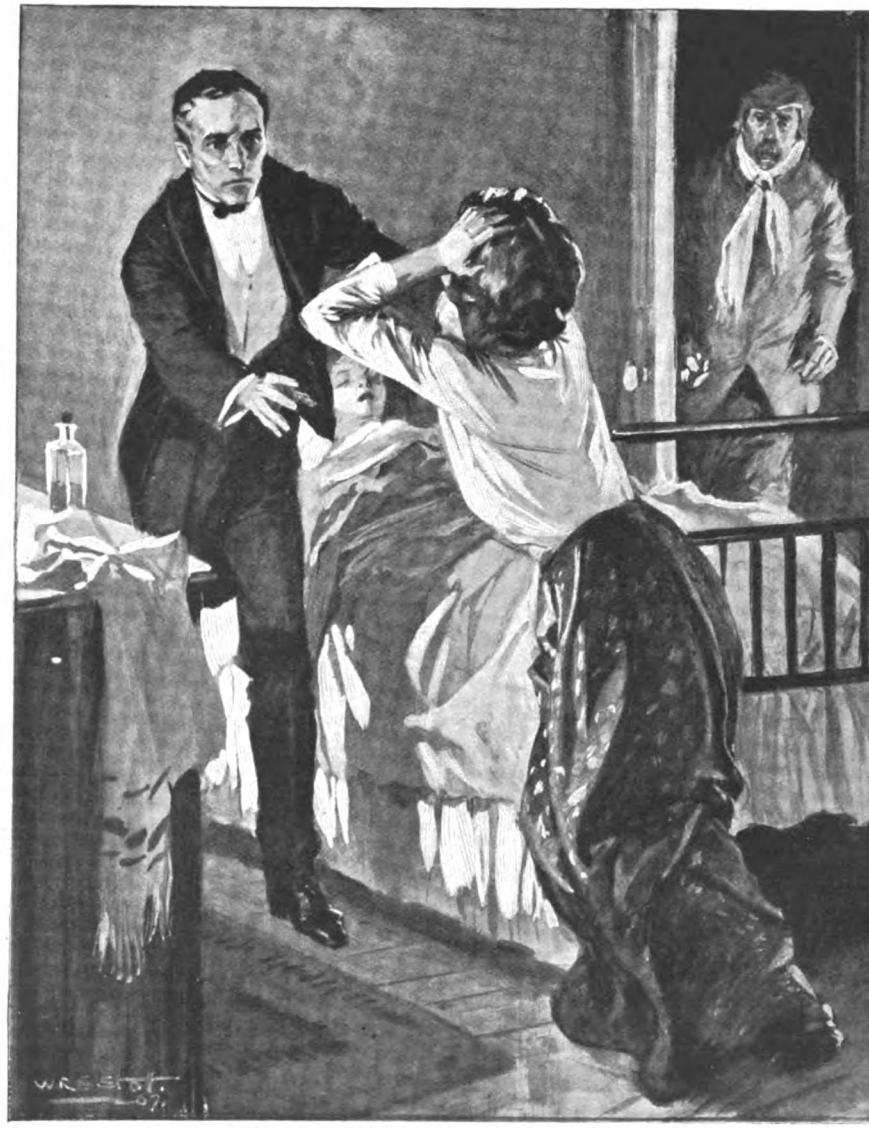
"She's trying—oh, doctor! doctor! Vertie is half smiling at me!"

Briefly, she stood trembling from head to foot, woe and joy battling for the mastery of her features, and then, wildly clasping her head, fell like a plummet to the floor. As he sprang to her assistance, Dr. Kregg saw the door pushed timidly open, and Dick, pinched and numb from his long ride, tip-toed in.

"Here, Dick!" cried the doctor, snatching a flask of brandy from his bag, "give your wife some of this and put her to bed. When she is conscious, tell her to go to sleep—that I will watch Vertie. Then come back to me."

Dr. Kregg returned to the child, feeling her pulse, noting her breathing, while Dick drew his wife near to the fire, and forced the brandy between her livid lips. After he had carried her away, to lay her beside the babies, Dr. Kregg sterilized another instrument, and injected a quantity of antitoxin into Vertie's tissues. By and by, breathing naturally, the child slept.

The White Wizard took a turn about the room, glancing at the bare floor and walls, of which he had known more or less ever since he began the practice of medicine. Taking the lamp from the mantel, he went into the kitchen, observing more bareness here—the small table, with its cheap red and white cloth; the plain wooden chairs; the old cook stove, warped and broken; the empty



"WILDLY CLASPING HER HEAD, SHE FELL LIKE A PLUMMET TO THE FLOOR."

arder. Returning to the sick room, he threw more logs on the fire, and watched the black smoke and showers of sparks rush up the wide chimney. The kettle had boiled dry; he swung it clear of the fire. His eyes fell on the cat, knotted tightly close by the chimney wall.

"Even the cat," he muttered, "is half famished."

"Dick," said the doctor, as the chilled and spiritless man re-entered the room, "I have given Vertie an injection of antitoxin——"

"Antitoxin, doctor? The village physician said it was poison!"

"Happily, it is," replied Dr. Kregg; "if it were not, it would be powerless to antidote that other poison which was killing the child. We'll let the tube stay where it is for a few days, when the diphtheric membrane will come away, leaving the air-passage free."

The White Wizard put on his cap and ulster.

"Dick," he said, reaching into his waistcoat pocket, "here is something I wish to entrust to you. Go to the village early to-day, and buy the nicest New Year's present you can find. Give it to Vertie, with Dr. Kregg's compliments and love.

Also get something for the babies, some clothes for your wife, and some food for that larder. And, Dick," he added, "I'll be back in a day or two, to see Vertie—and *you*. Meanwhile, a Happy New Year!"

"Gad, Halls," said the chauffeur to the butler the next morning, "you should 'a' been with Doc and me last night!"

"Yes?" responded Halls, sleepily. "What happened?"

"We had the time of our lives!"

"Blamed if I don't think we're always havin' the time of our lives about this house. No more jobs in a doctor's service for me."

"Cheer up, old man! You're gettin' cranky. We touched only the high places, Halls. Forty miles in the dark over a dirt road, with the car snortin' and groanin' like a wounded rhinoceros. About half the time, I guess, we was in the cornfields. I killed at least three dogs, scared a herd o' browsin' cows into a river, and knocked an inquisitive billygoat through the front window of a cross-roads grocery."

"You idiot!" exclaimed Halls. "Why didn't you slow down?"

"Slow down!" retorted the chauffeur, doubling up with laughter. "I did slow down—once or twice, only to have Doc poke his head out and threaten to pull me off the car by the scruff o' the neck."

Entering the main hall, the butler saw an anxious face on the stairway—that of the mistress, Dr. Kregg's wife. She had just come from the doctor's room, where she had found the bed untouched. It seemed to her that the big motor-car had been buzzing at brief intervals all through the night, and her heart ached for her husband. Two or three times she had risen and looked out, always to find the snow falling thickly and ceaselessly from a sullen sky.

"Where's the doctor, Halls?" she cried.

"Why, madam, I suppose in his room."

"At what hour did he come in?"

"Finally, at daybreak, madam."

"Was he well?"

"I think so, madam—although he acted somewhat strangely during the night, ordering the car out and back twice, after midnight, before at last deciding to go to the home of Richard Shonts in the country."

Without speaking again Mrs. Kregg hurried down the steps, noting the muffled telephone as she passed. In the drawing-room, entering noiselessly, she saw a bulky object on the great couch—the doctor, wrapped in his ulster, and with the sealskin cap drawn low on his brow. In the semi-darkness she crept close and listened. Was he breathing? Her heart stood still, and she darted nearer, placing her ear almost against his lips. It was a peaceful sleep. Two hours later she returned, noiselessly, as before. The light was better now, and she could distinctly see a thin streak of white face between close-muffling wings of fur. The doctor was still asleep, and when his wife reappeared in the hall, where the high-risen New Year's sun lavished its genial splendour, there was a great and peculiar joy in her amethyst eyes. She had had a long and proud and loving look at him whom she had so adored as a fair-haired, roguish, ruddy boy—him whom she still worshipped as the hard, impatient, imperious, but golden-talented and golden-hearted surgeon—and not before, in months and months, had she seen so happy, so tender an expression on his tired and beautiful face.

MOMBASA—"THE STARTING-POINT OF ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC AND MOST WONDERFUL RAILWAYS IN THE WORLD."
From a Photo. by D. V. J. Figueira, Mombasa.

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

I.—THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

THE aspect of Mombasa as she rises from the sea and clothes herself with form and colour at the swift approach of the ship is alluring, and even delicious. But to appreciate all these charms the traveller should come from the North. He should see the hot stones of Malta, baking and glistening on a steel-blue Mediterranean. He should visit the Island of Cyprus before the autumn rains have revived the soil, when the Messaoria Plain is one broad wilderness of dust, when every tree—be it only a thorn bush—is an heirloom, and every drop of water is a jewel. He should walk for two hours at midday in the streets of Port Said. He should thread the long red furrow of the Suez Canal, and swelter through the trough of the Red Sea. He should pass a day among the cinders of Aden, and a week among the scorched rocks and stones of Northern Somaliland; and then, after five days of open sea, his eye and mind will be prepared to salute with feelings of lively and grateful delight these shores of vivid and exuberant green. On every side is vegetation, moist, tumultuous, and varied. Great trees, clad in dense foliage, shrouded in creepers, springing from beds of verdure, thrust themselves through the undergrowth; palms laced together by flowering trailers; every kind of tropical plant that lives by rain and sunshine; high waving grass, brilliant patches of purple bougainvillea, and in the midst, dotted about, scarcely keeping their heads above the fertile flood of Nature, the red-roofed houses of the town and port of Mombasa.

The vessel follows a channel twisting away between high bluffs, and finds a secure anchorage, land-locked, in forty feet of water at a stone's throw from the shore. Here we are arrived at the gate of British

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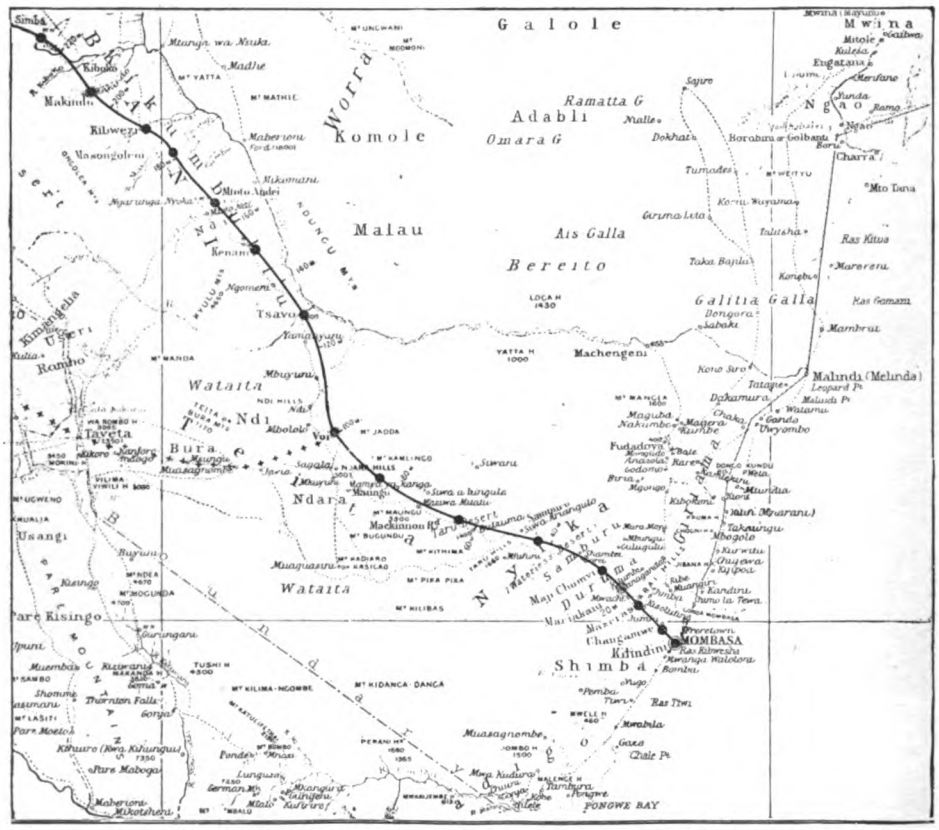
Simba
Kibuyo
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Kingwana
Usangi
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Mt Kasigau
Mt Jadda
Mt Kamlingo
Mt Maungu
Mt Bugunda
Mt Kadiaro
Mt Pira Pira
Mt Kilibas
Mt Kilima-Ngombe
Mt Kidanca-Danca
Mt Yatta
Mt Mathie
Mt Unchwani
Mt Mcomoni
Mt Manda
Mt Ugweno
Mt Lasiti
Mt Mbogoda
Mt Sambo
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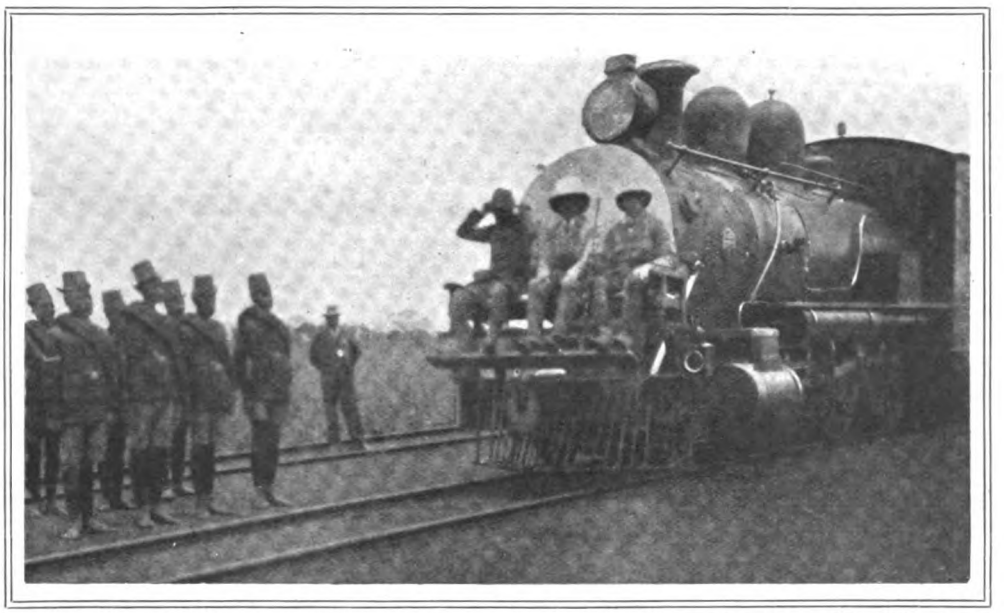
Mt Ugweno
Mt Lasiti
Mt Mbogoda
Mt Sambo
Galole
Komole
Malau
Adabli
Ramatta G
Omara G
Ais Galla
Bereito
Galitia Galla
Mwina
Ngao
Machengeni
Malindi (Melinda)
Mombasa
Kilindini
Shimba
Mombasa Island
Kisauni
Mtoroni
Mtoroni
Mtoro

across the plateau to the deep waters of Port Victoria, it fell by the way into the shallow gulf of Kavirondo, lucky to get so far. It is easy to censure, it is impossible not to criticise, the administrative mistakes and miscalculations which tarnished and nearly marred a brilliant conception. But it is still more easy, as one traverses in forty-eight hours countries which ten years ago would have baffled the toilsome marches of many weeks, to underrate the difficulties in which unavoidable ignorance and astonishing conditions plunged the pioneers. The British art of "muddling through" is here seen in one of its finest expositions. Through everything — through the forests, through the ravines, through troops of marauding lions, through famine, through war, through five years of excoriating Parliamentary debate, muddled and marched the railway; and here at last, in some more or less effective fashion, is it arrived at its goal. Other nations project Central African railways as lightly and as easily as they lay down naval programmes; but here is a railway, like the British Fleet, "in being"—not a paper plan or an airy dream, but an iron fact grinding along through the jungle and the plain, waking with its whistles the silences of the Nyanza, and startling the tribes out of their primordial nakedness with "Americani" piece goods made in Lancashire.

Let us, then, without waiting in Mombasa longer than is necessary to wish it well and to admire the fertility and promise of the coastal region, ascend this railway from the sea to the lake. And first, what a road it is! Everything is in apple-pie order. The track is smoothed and weeded and ballasted as if it were the London and North-Western. Every telegraph-post has its number; every mile, every hundred yards, every change of gradient has its mark; not in soft wood, to feed the white ant, but in hard, well-painted iron. Constant labour has steadily improved the grades and curves of the permanent-way, and the train — one of those comfortable, practical Indian trains—rolls along as evenly as upon a European line.



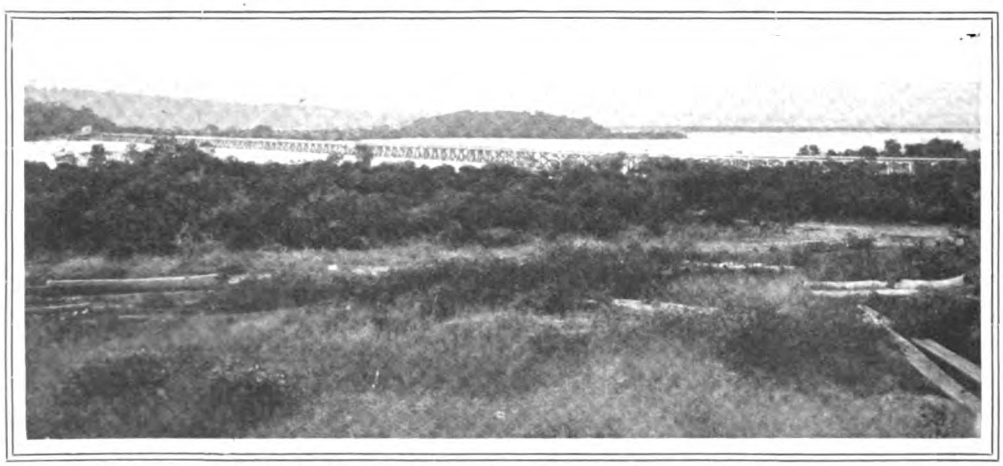
"WE START FROM MOMBASA STATION, TAKING OUR PLACES UPON AN ORDINARY GARDEN SEAT FASTENED ON TO THE COW-CATCHER OF THE ENGINE." *From a Photograph.*

Nor should it be supposed that this high standard of maintenance is not warranted by the present financial position of the line. The Uganda Railway is already doing what it was never expected within any reasonable period to do. It is paying its way. It is beginning to yield a profit—albeit a small profit—upon its capital charge. Projected as a political railway to reach Uganda, to secure British predominance upon the Upper Nile, it has already achieved a commercial value. Instead of the annual deficits upon working expenses which were regularly anticipated by those most competent to judge, there is already a substantial profit of nearly eighty

thousand pounds a year. And this is but the beginning, and an imperfect beginning; for at present the line is only a trunk, without its necessary limbs and feeders, without its deep water head at Kilindini, without its full tale of steamers on the lake; above all, without its natural and necessary extension to the Albert Nyanza.

We may divide the journey into four main stages—the jungles, the plains, the mountains, and the lake, for the lake is an essential part of the railway, and a natural and inexpensive extension to its length. In the early morning, then, we start from Mombasa Station, taking our places upon an ordinary garden seat fastened on to the cow-catcher of the engine, from which position the whole country can be seen. For a quarter of an hour we are still upon Mombasa Island, and then the train, crossing the intervening channel by a long iron bridge, addresses itself in earnest to the continent of Africa. Into these vast regions the line winds perseveringly upon a stiff up-grade, and the land unfolds itself ridge after ridge and valley after valley, till soon, with one farewell glance at the sea and at the fighting-tops of His Majesty's ship *Venus* rising queerly amid the palms, we are embraced and engulfed completely. All day long the train runs upward and westward, through broken and undulating ground clad and encumbered with superabundant vegetation. Beautiful birds and butterflies fly from tree to tree and flower to flower. Deep, ragged gorges, filled by streams in flood, open out far below us through glades of palms and creeper covered trees. Here and there, at intervals, which will become shorter every year, are plantations of rubber, fibre, and cotton, the beginnings of those inexhaustible supplies which will one day meet the yet unmeasured demand of Europe for those indispensable commodities. Every few miles are little trim stations, with their water-tanks, signals, ticket-offices, and flower-beds complete and all of a pattern, backed by impenetrable bush. In short, one slender thread of scientific civilization, of order, authority, and arrangement, drawn across the primeval chaos of the world.

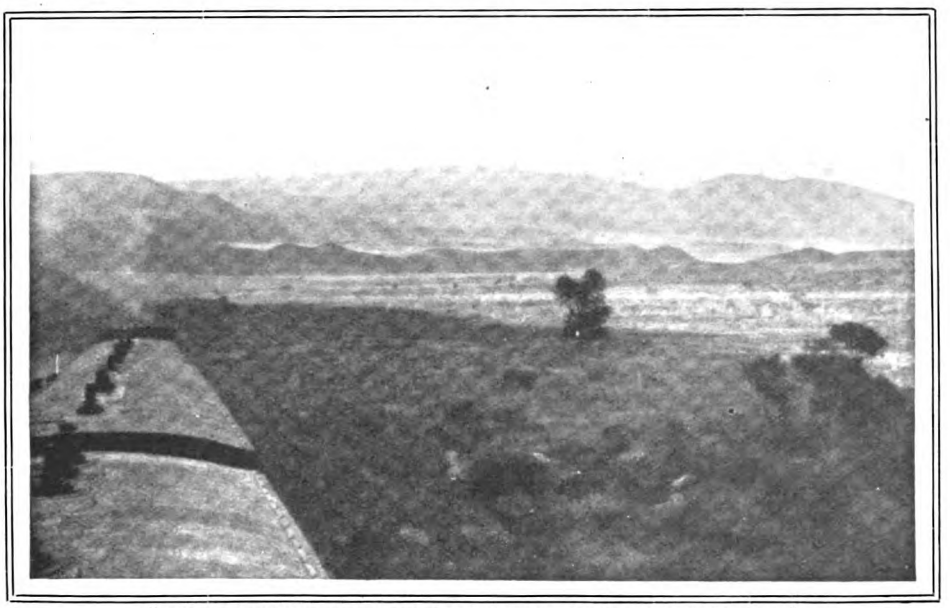
In the evening a cooler, crisper air is blowing. The humid coast lands, with their glories and their fevers, have been left behind. At an altitude of four thousand feet we begin to laugh at the Equator. The jungle becomes forest, not less luxuriant, but distinctly different in character. The olive replaces the palm. The whole aspect of the land is more friendly, more familiar, and no less fertile. After Makindu Station the forest ceases. The traveller enters upon a region of grass. Immense fields of green pasture, withered and whitened at this season by waiting for the rains, intersected by streams and watercourses densely wooded with dark, fir-looking trees and gorse-looking scrub, and relieved by bold upstanding bluffs and ridges, comprise the new panorama. And here is presented the wonderful and unique spectacle which the Uganda Railway offers to the European. *The plains are crowded with wild animals.* From the windows of the carriage the whole zoological gardens can be seen disporting itself. Herds of antelope and gazelle, troops of zebras—sometimes



"THE TRAIN, CROSSING THE CHANNEL BY A LONG IRON BRIDGE, ADDRESSES ITSELF IN EARNEST TO THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA." *From a] [Photograph.*

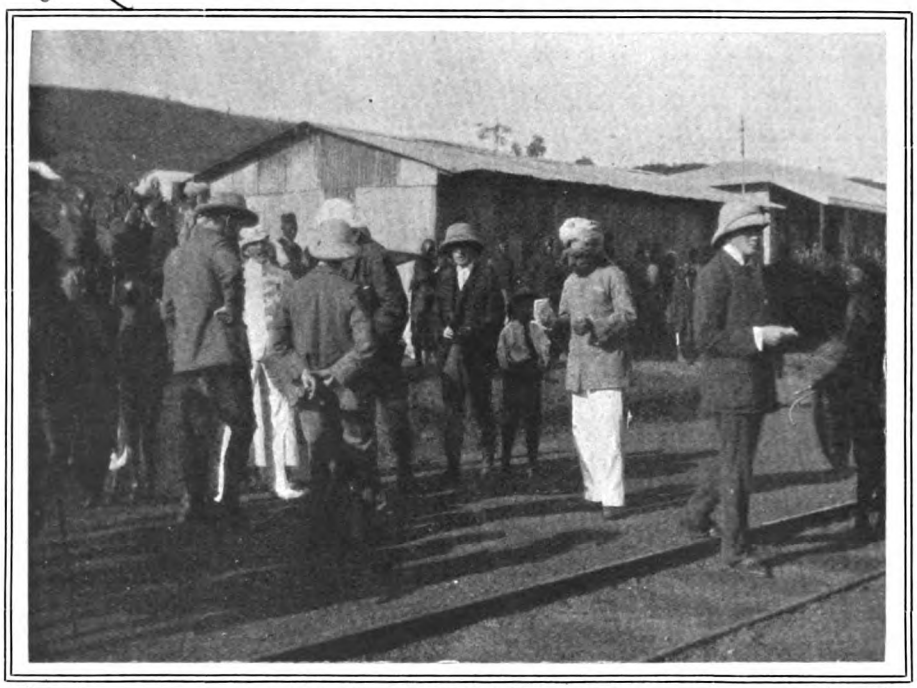
four or five hundred together—watch the train pass with placid assurance, or scamper a hundred yards farther away, and turn again. Many are quite close to the line. With field-glasses one can see that it is the same everywhere, and can distinguish long files of black wildebeeste and herds of red kongoni--the hartebeeste of South Africa—and wild ostriches walking sedately in twos and threes, and every kind of small deer and gazelle. The zebras come close enough for their stripes to be admired with the naked eye. We have arrived at Simba, "The Place of Lions," and there is no reason why the passengers should not see one, or even half-a-dozen, stalking across the plain, respectfully observed by lesser beasts. Indeed, in the early days it was the custom to stop and sally out upon the royal vermin whenever met with, and many the lion that has been carried back to the tender in triumph before the guard, or driver, or anyone else could think of time-tables or the block system, or the other inconvenient restrictions of a regular service. Farther up the line, in the twilight of the evening, we saw, not a hundred yards away, a dozen giraffes lollopping off among scattered trees, and at Nakuru six yellow lions walked in leisurely mood across the rails in broad daylight. Only the rhinoceros is absent, or rarely seen, and after one of his species had measured his strength, unsuccessfully, against an engine, he has confined himself morosely to the river-beds and to the undisturbed solitudes which, at a distance of two or three miles, everywhere engulf the Uganda Railway.

Our carriage stopped upon a siding at Simba Station for three days, in order that we might more closely examine the local fauna. One of the best ways of shooting game in this part of the world, and certainly the easiest, is to get a trolly and run up and down the line. The animals are so used to the passage of trains and natives along the one great highway that they do not, as a rule, take much notice, unless the train or trolly stops, when their suspicions are at once aroused. The sportsman should, therefore, slip off without allowing the vehicle or the rest of the party to stop, even for a moment; and in this way he will frequently find himself within two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards of his quarry, when the result will be governed solely by his skill, or want of skill, with the rifle.



"THE LAND UNFOLDS ITSELF, RIDGE AFTER RIDGE AND VALLEY AFTER VALLEY."
From a Photograph.

There is another method, which we tried on the second day in the hopes of finding a waterbuck, and that is, to prowl about among the trees and undergrowth of the river-bed. In a few minutes one may bury oneself in the wildest and savagest kind of forest. The air becomes still and hot. The sun seems in an instant to assert his just prerogative. The heat glitters over the open spaces of dry sand and pools of water. High grass, huge



From a] A WAYSIDE STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY. *[Photograph.*

boulders, tangled vegetation, multitudes of thorn bushes, obstruct the march, and the ground itself is scarped and guttered by the rains into the strangest formations. Around you, breast high, shoulder high, overhead, rises the African jungle. There is a brooding silence, broken only by the cry of a bird, or the scolding bark of baboons, and the crunching of one's own feet on the crumbling soil. We enter the haunt of the wild beasts; their tracks, their traces, the remnants of their repasts, are easily and frequently discovered. Here a lion has passed since the morning. There a rhinoceros has certainly been within the hour—perhaps within ten minutes. We creep and scramble through the game paths, anxiously, rifles at full cock, not knowing what each turn or step may reveal. The wind, when it blows at all, blows fitfully, now from this quarter, now from that; so that one can never be certain that it will not betray the intruder in these grim domains to the beast he seeks, or to some other, less welcome, before he sees him. At length, after two hours' scramble and scrape, we emerge breathless, as from another world, half astonished to find ourselves within a quarter of a mile of the railway line, with its trolly, luncheon, soda water, ice, etc.

But if one would seek the rhinoceros in his open pastures, it is necessary to go farther afield; and accordingly we started the next morning, while the stars were still shining, to tramp over the ridges and hills which shut in the railway, and overlook remoter plains and valleys beyond. The grass grows high from ground honeycombed with holes and heaped with lava boulders, and it was daylight before we had stumbled our way to a spur commanding a wide view. Here we halted to search the country with field-glasses, and to brush off the ticks—detestable insects which infest all the resorts of the game in innumerable swarms, ready to spread any poison among the farmers' cattle. The glass disclosed nothing of consequence. Zebra, wildebeeste, and kongoni were to be seen in troops and herds, scattered near and far over the plains, but never a rhinoceros! So we trudged on, meaning to make a wide circle. For an hour we found nothing, and then, just as we were thinking of turning homewards before the sun should get his full power, three beautiful oryx, great, dark-coloured antelope with very long, corrugated horns, walked over the next brow on their way to water. Forthwith we set off in pursuit, crouching and creeping along the valley, and hoping to intercept them at the stream. Two passed safely over before we could reach our point. The third, seeing us, turned back and disappeared over the hill, where, a quarter of an hour later, he was stalked and wounded.

It is always the wounded beast that leads

Here the shepherd lad passed many a happy hour, carving odd designs and figures in the nuts or bits of wood around him.

A day of trouble came, however, to the peaceful household. The milch-cow and the sheep must be sold! Denys, then a lad of twelve, had never wandered beyond the limits of his native village. He begged hard to be allowed to accompany his father to the neighbouring town of Estaing, and the two set out together to the fair.

As they descended the high land into the smiling valley beyond the lad's heart beat high with excitement and pleasure. Thrilled with the beauty around he paid small heed to his former charges, who wandered into forbidden pastures till recalled by the tired voice of the father.

At length they reached the bridge on the outskirts of the town, where the little Denys was awestruck on beholding for the first time a man in stone, who appeared to his childish eyes of superhuman beauty. The stone face was turned towards the lad, and seemed to smile and call him forward. The boy could scarcely tear his eyes from the figure. Many times during the day he stole away from fair-grounds and sheep to gaze his full upon the new marvel.

Returning home at nightfall with his father, the lad felt he could never more be happy till he too had made stone men; and he swore to himself that he would do so. We shall see how he kept his word.

THE MEADOWS OF GAVERNAC, WHERE THE GREATEST LIVING SCULPTOR OF FRANCE WAS ONCE A SHEEP-BOY.
From a Photograph.

Some days afterwards, when the inhabitants had gone to hear "Mass" in the neighbouring village, and the hamlet was deserted, the would-be artist gathered armfuls of coarse, damp earth and set to work in such good earnest that by the time the villagers returned a giant, with arms outspread and threatening gesture, stood before them in the roadway.

The women were paralyzed with fear, and the men stood open-mouthed. At last the good curé, realizing whose the work must be, reassured the frightened crowd, and, pointing out the culprit, exclaimed, "We shall one day be proud of our village lad!"

After the fair at Estaing the two elder boys (whose fortunes interlinked for many years) worked together on a neighbouring farm, saving all they could from their meagre wages, till, in a year or two, the elder was able to leave Gavernac and enter, as a law-student, the seminary at Rodez.

Denys, who had not forgotten either his stone man or his resolution, worked early and late, till at last he followed his brother to Rodez. He was then eighteen, but the seminary could not teach him the one thing he craved to learn. He must seek elsewhere.

He wandered round the old cathedral precincts. The curiously-carved saints in their niches and the reliefs in wood or stone, fixed here and there to the weather-stained pillars, were so many precious models on which to feast his hungry eyes.

At length he came upon an old stone-cutter who undertook orders from time to time for the neighbouring churches. The good man, struck by the frank simplicity of the lad, acceded to his earnest prayer, and accepted the few little wooden figures (carved in earlier shepherd days in the shade of the old chestnuts) in payment of lessons, and promised a few francs daily when orders should be plenty. So the lad spent many happy days with old Mahoux.

At length an order, more important than usual, came from the village of Cahors. As it would require many months to complete it, the old man sent his apprentice to do the work. It was not without a pang that Denys

bade farewell to his old friend and the workshop in the shade of his beloved cathedral. Soon after his arrival at Cahors news came from his brother, who had successfully passed his examination and was now a law-student in Paris.

"Come," he wrote to Denys; "though I have but an attic and a bed they are enough for two!" Denys, however, had started on his work and was not to be tempted thus. Nor was it till the task was completed that he set out for the city of his desire. Paris, that cradle of modern art, claimed him for her own! Thus the brothers were united once more.

Louis spent his days at the law school, while Denys worked from seven till twelve for an ornamentist at two francs per day. His afternoons were spent at one or other of the free classes, where drawing and modelling are often admirably taught. The brothers met every night in the library of Sainte-Geneviève, where the one could read law books, beyond his means of purchase, while the other devoured all he could find which might in any way develop his knowledge of art.

At ten the gates were closed, and the brothers wended their way to the heights of Belleville, there to share their modest room till early morning.

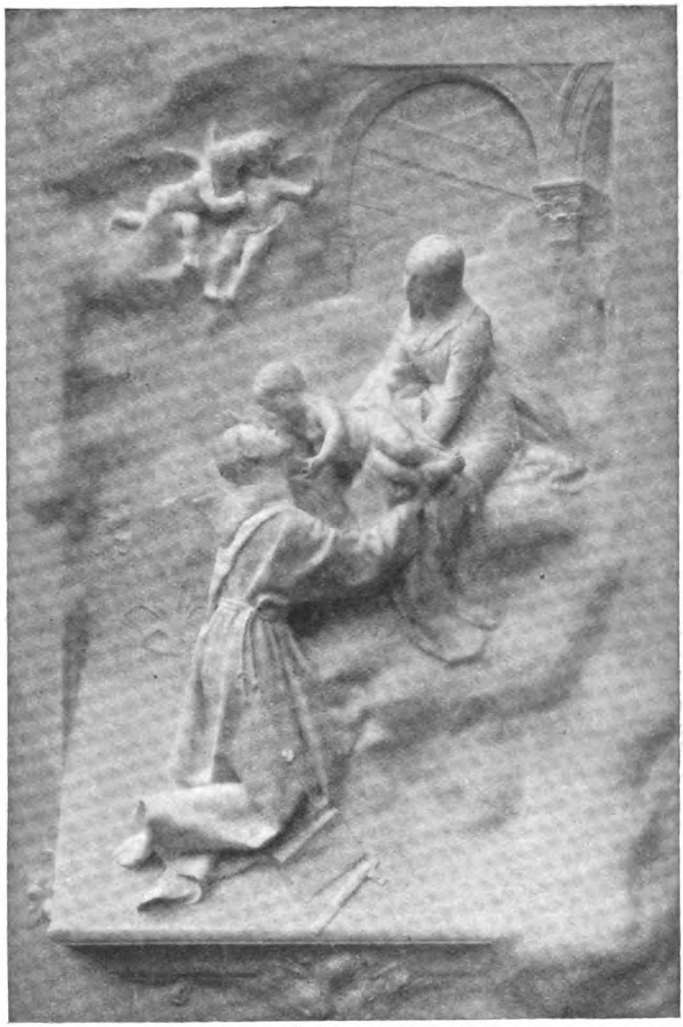
After working some years in the free schools Denys became the pupil of Jouffroy, then of Chapu, and finally of Falquière. The "service militaire," however, soon separated the brothers, but our student continued to work, snatching time between his "exercices de tir" to prepare the composition which won for him the "Grand Prix de Rome."

It was during one of the short holidays accorded him while a student at the Villa Medicis that he first visited London, and, although Paris had charmed him by its grace and beauty, London left an indelible souvenir upon his mind. He thus describes his first impressions. On arriving in the mighty city he exclaimed: "Quel sentiment de grandeur, d'immensité, on éprouve ici; quelle puissance merveilleuse; c'est, en vérité, le pouls de l'univers." And the student from Rome, with its treasures of the Vatican; from Florence, with its Santa Croce, was so struck on entering the Abbey at Westminster that the cry burst from him unawares, "I have found it at last! This is indeed the Sanctuary of Beauty; the Nécropole where the student may follow the history of centuries of Art; the Temple Venerable, indeed, where the soul must realize the absolute unity of all things and the power of a 'Love Divine.'"

FIGURES CARVED BY PUECH WHILE A SHEEP-BOY.
From a Photograph by permission of the Artist.

The Elgin Marbles, the National Gallery, and, finally, Burlington House, with its yearly exhibition, engrossed his attention. The National Gallery he could never tire of; and it was the *English* School of Painting, as represented there, which charmed him most. Not so, however, at Burlington House.

"Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hogarth, Turner, Constable—these men," said Puech, "were painters. They *drew in colour*. Your English artist of to-day is a marvellous draughtsman; but he has not the courage, the *feu sacré*, of his predecessors. He seems to me to have made an over-conscientious, skilful drawing, perfect in the very smallest detail, and then to have cleverly coloured it. One day he will go back to the glorious freedom of the earlier school, which has so largely inspired modern art in France."



From a Photograph] "ST. ANTONY OF PADUA," ONE OF PUECH'S FINEST WORKS. *[by permission of the Artist.*

"La Sirène," the result of Puech's second year in Rome, has been universally admired.

Soon after this his mind seems to have undergone a change. Leaving the classic and symbolic, he braved all the traditions of that academic school whose offspring nevertheless he was. Seduced by the memory of Paris, where he had suffered and conquered so much already, he produced the lovely figure of "La Seine," his third "Envoie de Rome." This, with his masterpiece "St. Antony of Padua" (here reproduced), completed his studies at the Villa Medicis.

On his return to Paris the former student found himself welcomed as a master. He is the first "Prix de Rome" who has had four of his studies bought by the State. Puech is justly regarded by his countrymen as their greatest sculptor.

One day, while President Loubet was sitting for his portrait, he drew some photographs from his pocket and handed them to Puech, saying, "The Czar will soon be here. I must have a present ready to offer him. I can think of nothing original worthy of the august visitor which can be done at such short notice. Can you not make a portrait from these photographs without seeing the original?"

Puech promised, and the bust was duly presented to Nicholas II. Both the Czar and Czarina were delighted with the pleasant surprise the President had prepared for them. At their request the bust (of which a photograph is next reproduced) was immediately

THE CZAR — COMMISSIONED BY PRESIDENT LOUBET AS A PRESENT TO THE CZAR.
From a Photograph by permission of the Artist.

forwarded to the Winter Palace, where, amongst numerous other portraits, it occupies the place of honour. The artist received the cross of "Commander of the Order of St. Stanislas" as a token of appreciation from his Imperial model.

The monument for the tomb of Chaplin—*le peintre de la femme*, and decorator of the former palace of the Tuileries—is one of the most pleasing of its kind, and was a worthy tribute to the memory of a faithful friend.

It would be impossible in this short space to mention all the groups, monuments, and portraits which have sprung from the fertile brain and gifted hand of Denys Puech. There is one, however, which must be mentioned, as it is a work to excite universal comment. It is a monument presented to the Prince of Monaco by the crowned heads of Europe collectively. Its position is in front of the museum, where the Prince has placed the numerous treasures brought with him from his scientific expeditions. The Emperor William promised his subscription on the understanding that his name should head the list of subscribers to be engraved on the pedestal. The Prince is represented on the deck of his yacht in thoughtful attitude; his eyes are fixed on the blue at his feet—he fain would tear their secrets from the depths below. The pedestal is ornamented by reliefs—rare shells and curious deep-sea creatures dear to the heart of the princely explorer.

Denys Puech was three times candidate for promotion to the Academy. The first time he received but six votes, and eighteen the second time. The third time he was elected with a majority of nineteen. But neither admiration, flattery, financial success, nor his nomination as "Membre de l'Institut de France"—the highest honour his country can bestow on her illustrious sons — has changed him much. We recognise the shepherd lad of earlier days in the simple, courteous gentleman who is also a great artist.

A STUDY OF A CHILD'S HEAD.
From a Photograph by permission of the Artist.

The Colonel's Gem Collection.

AN INDIAN STORY.

By EMMA BROOKE.

LATE one afternoon Colonel Danvers, of Thierthally, Mysore, sat in his veranda awaiting more or less patiently the arrival of his nephew, Bob Iverson, to dinner. Bob was a lieutenant in the — M.N.I., and it happened that his company had come into camp at Thierthally. The year was 1878 and the day was hot and close.

Colonel Danvers was one of the deputy-commissioners who, last century, were appointed to administer the affairs of Mysore during the minority of the Rajah. The head-quarters of his court was at Thierthally, and there he had built his bungalow.

Round about the veranda was a low parapet wall; the Colonel, from his seat in a shady corner, looked across the compound towards a group of handsome, heavy-shadowed tamarind trees. The fragrance of champaka flowers filled the air, and the silence was only broken by the shrill "tret-tret" of a beautiful white-tailed bird which flew uneasily in and out of a pepper-vine. The vine twined about a betel-nut tree that lifted its crest close to the tamarinds.

The uneasy flight of the bird puzzled the Colonel, and, watching narrowly for a cause, he became aware that the heavy shadows under the tamarinds suffered a slight modification, such as might be occasioned by stealthy movements within them. Then came a gleam of something white, and almost immediately a dark-skinned native passed from them into the open, near the betel-nut tree. He wore a turban and a loin-cloth, and had a small leathern wallet slung over his shoulder by a strap. To the Colonel's surprise, he advanced straight towards the veranda, pausing some six feet from the wall to salaam silently.

"What's your business here?" asked the Colonel.

The man made no reply, but, looking steadily at him, slipped his hand into the wallet and advanced nearer the parapet.

"What do you want?" cried the Colonel in the Kanarese dialect.

"Nothing, O sahib!"

And as in illustration of his words he drew from his wallet a handful of silver coins of the heavier kind.

"Now, what the deuce does this mean?" muttered the Colonel.

The native, with imperturbable indolent dignity, laid his coins in a row upon the wall, fastened his eyes briefly but piercingly upon the Colonel, raised his hand, and began to make passes in the air. Then the Colonel became aware of a most stupefying and unprecedented fact. As the man continued his passes the coins visibly stirred; then they rose and stood upon their edges and began to spin, slowly at first, by degrees with rapidity, and at last fell back to their places with a silvery clash. Whereupon the owner clapped his hands and extended them, and the coins flew through the air and returned, with a hustling jingle, into his open palms. With a gleam of triumph in his eye he glanced at the Colonel, quietly replaced the coins in his wallet, and turned on his heel.

"Stop!" cried the Colonel.

The man paused without approaching.

"Come back! I want you to do that again. I will pay you to do that again."

The man faintly smiled, shook his head, and, at a run, sought the shade of the tamarind trees, where he disappeared.

The Colonel had witnessed many strange phenomena in India, and had found them inexplicable, but never had he been so far from a satisfactory explanation as at present. Had the whole thing been an illusion produced by a mesmeric influence of which he was unconscious? Or was it merely an extraordinarily clever use of a concealed magnet by an expert conjurer? Above all, why should the man have risked his intrusion into the compound to exhibit his skill unpaid?

His reflections were broken by the clank of a spurred foot on the veranda and the voice of his nephew.

"I am sorry to be late," said the young lieutenant; "I've been detained in camp by a case of cholera."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, rising; "that means you are fast here in cantonment for weeks, if not for months."

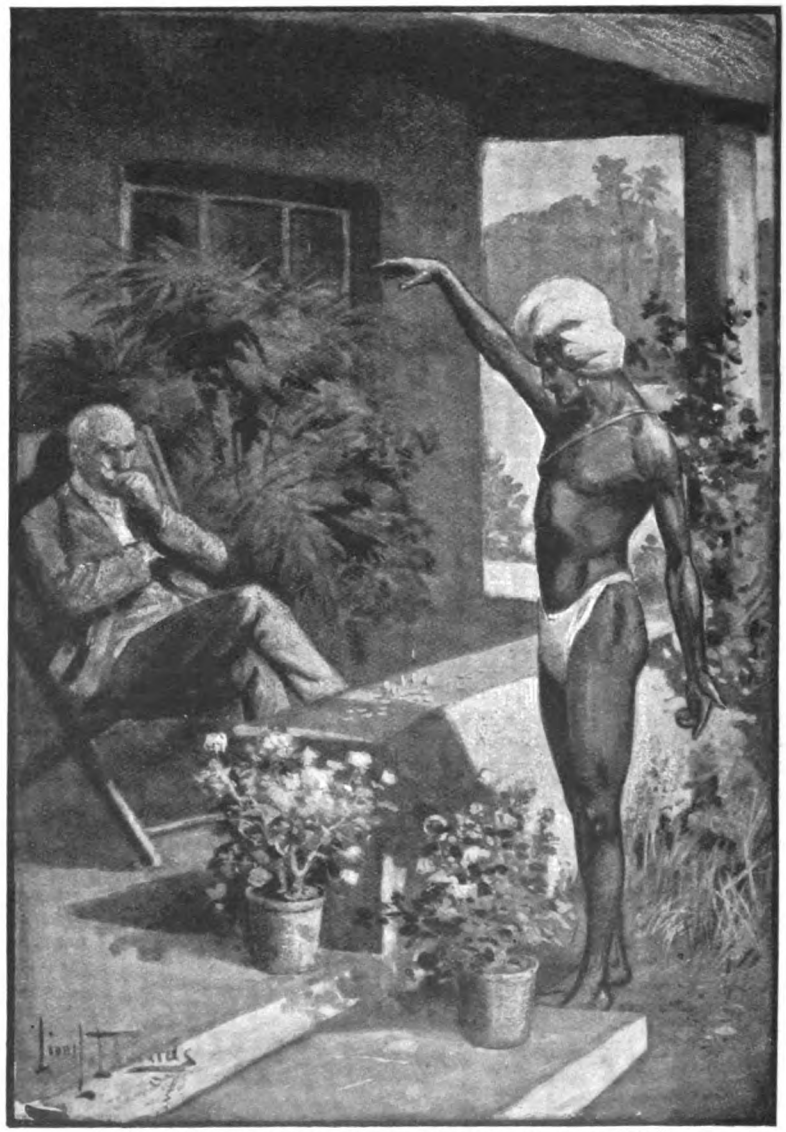
"I suppose it does," said Bob.

He spoke gloomily, for his aim was Bangalore—cheerful, gay Bangalore! To be trapped in dull Thierthally seemed the very malice of fate.

"Come in, my boy," said the Colonel, kindly. "At least I can give you a good dinner."

During dinner came the hour of sunset, and a blaze of glory gathered over the landscape; as an appropriate frame and foreground to the picture were the creeper-hung veranda and the figure of a white-turbaned, white-coated peon, who had slid to a corner there to be in readiness if wanted.

"Your prolonged stay here would have been a godsend to my lonely life," said the Colonel, when dessert was on the table and, save for the peon, they were alone. "But, unfortunately, I go on Jummabundy* shortly."



"AS THE MAN CONTINUED HIS PASSES THE COINS VISIBLY STIRRED."

"That's bad luck," said the young man, absently.

"The most I can do is to offer you my bungalow and my servants during my absence."

Bob thanked him heartily and dropped into silence. Inwardly he was questioning whether it would be permissible in an impecunious lieutenant, and one, moreover, in debt, to write to the loveliest girl in Bangalore and acquaint her with the disaster to the — M.N.I. at Thierthally. He regretted his debts. They were a heavy weight upon his mind. Raising his eyes wearily he missed the figure of the peon.

"The peon's gone!" he exclaimed.

"He had no business to leave until dessert is over. Clap your hands, Bob."

Bob clapped as he was ordered, but clapped in vain. Some fifteen minutes passed without response; then Appao, the butler, appeared on the veranda at the open windows and salaamed.

"Where has that rascally peon gone, Appao?" asked the Colonel, as he and Bob stepped out on the veranda together.

* Taking a court on circuit.

Appao spread his hands and became voluble in explanation. It appeared that the godowns (servants' quarters) were in excitement, owing to the unprecedented arrival of a yellow-cloaked traveller, who was entertaining them with stories of the far country whence he came.

"There's no objection to the servants listening to the tales of the holy man," said the Colonel; "but the peon should have waited until his duties were over. Where does the traveller hail from?"

"The yellow-cloaked one say he come from very far, sahib—even from Trichinopoly," said Appao. And in his solemn eye lurked the hint of a sly twinkle.

"He calls that a far country, does he?" laughed the Colonel; and he waved his hand in dismissal. But Appao did not move.

"The sacred yellow cloak is a disguise, O sahib. This man no traveller."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, quickly.

"No traveller," repeated Appao; "I saw him with the pack-bullocks and the betel-nut drovers on the hills. O sahib, he a Korchar."

The face of the Colonel became grave. It is a peculiarity of the wandering tribe of the Korchars that, by long-inherited custom, they bind themselves to thieving as a by-occupation, adding this nefarious pursuit to more honest callings; and in the practice, prolonged through generations, they have acquired inconceivable dexterity. Of all this the Colonel was not ignorant; moreover, it happened that, for various reasons, the man's connection with the betel-nut drovers struck him unpleasantly.

"See him off the premises at once!" said he, sharply.

The butler shook his head.

"No good, sahib; let not Appao drive the thieving Korchar away. Give Appao leave, O sahib, to take him into the dwelling as a servant."

Bob removed the cigarette from his lips and grinned. The Colonel stroked his moustache and mused. Appao waited in dignity, his arms crossed upon his shoulders.

"Why should I do that, Appao?"

"If the Korchar eat salt in the house of the sahib, he protect the goods of the sahib. But if the sahib drive him away, he lick the walls of the house bare as the plate of a hungry dog."

"Then take him on as an under-gardener," said the Colonel.

And the butler, well pleased, salaamed and departed.

"Uncle," said Bob, "are you mad?"

"No," said the Colonel, slowly; "it is possible that what Appao says is true, and that my only chance lies in taking into my service a man whom I suspect to be an emissary sent to rob me."

"*Sent?*"

"Have you never heard that I am a gem-collector?"

"There's a rumour going round that you are."

"Well, a few days ago I purchased from a wealthy merchant of Gubbi in Toomgoor, interested in the betel-nut trade, this stone."

He drew from his pocket a small packet, opened it, and laid the gem in his nephew's hand.

"Gemini!" cried Bob. "What a ruby! It fairly burns and spits fire. I expect you gave a fortune for it, sir?"

"I gave what would be a fortune to many a rogue in debt," said the Colonel, smiling.

Bob coloured and glanced at his uncle with a startled air.

"I shall be sorry to leave any unusual responsibility on your shoulders when I go away," continued the Colonel, "but will you undertake something for me?"

"Of course," said Bob; "anything you like and that I can do for you."

"It relates to that merchant of Toomgoor. I think he wants his stone back as well as keeping the price. Perhaps he would like other gems besides."

"You don't mean that you house the gems here?"

"That's where the trouble comes in. I do; and I shall have to leave them in your charge. Come! Light the lamps for me in the dining-room, and I will show you."

In the dining-room was a recess in which stood a cabinet of inlaid wood; it was on castors, and the Colonel wheeled it easily aside. In the wall behind were two small iron doors, which on being unlocked showed a steel panel whose spring acted upon receiving a certain number of deft touches, each one lighting in a particular spot in a particular rotation. The fingers of the Colonel went through the operation with lightning-like rapidity, and the panel slid back, displaying the velvet-lined shelves with their treasure. He laid the ruby amongst the other gems, closed the panel and the iron doors, and replaced the cabinet. His actions throughout were marked by a certain dispatch.

"I didn't see how you manipulated the spring of the panel," exclaimed Bob.

"It takes time to learn," returned the Colonel, smiling, "and I don't care to linger over the affair. I wanted to put the gem in safety while I am certain that no one is about."

As he spoke he remembered his conjuring visitor of the early evening, and stepped out on the veranda to make sure that he was not lurking near. Night had fallen, and there was no moon; but the lights from the windows streamed into the compound, and he satisfied himself that no one was at hand.

The next morning when walking early in the compound he encountered there a small, lithe man at work; he was thin to emaciation, and the Colonel surmised in him one of the sufferers from the drought, followed by famine, which had afflicted Mysore in the years between 1875 and 1877, and from which disaster the district was only now beginning to recover.

"Hast thou eaten food this morning?" asked the Colonel, kindly.

At this the man turned with a hoarse exclamation and, prostrating himself at the feet of the old soldier, muttered unintelligible sentences in Kanarese. Then the Colonel, not without some inward amusement at his own predicament, remembered the thieving Korchar who had entered his service on the previous evening.

"Appao has taken thee into my service, as I know," said he. "Do thy duty; be true to thy master."

Two or three days later he set off with his court on circuit.

The circuit was an unusually busy and harassing one; drought and famine had left behind, not only disease and suffering, but a plentiful crop of petty attempts at extortion. In the mass of business the Colonel forgot the incidents immediately preceding his departure. But presently they were brought to mind by a singular personal affliction, which added to the exhaustion entailed by a pressure of affairs. He began to suffer from depression, waking morning by morning in a spirit of heavy foreboding, and in time found that this distressing mental cloud was attached to a recurring dream. It was some time before he could summon to his waking hours any clear presentment of the vision that harassed him by night; but at last, on a sudden and with a great mental shock, he had the picture clear. He saw the wooden cabinet in the recess of his dining-room at Thierthally, and before it the figure of Bob in an attitude of absorbed reflection. Was this perturbing and recurring phantasy a trick of an over-fatigued brain; or was it a warning of disaster—of some trouble connected with his nephew and the gems? The dream persisted and robbed him of peace.

Finally he determined to hurry on his work and, leaving the minor cases to a subordinate, to return unannounced to Thierthally.

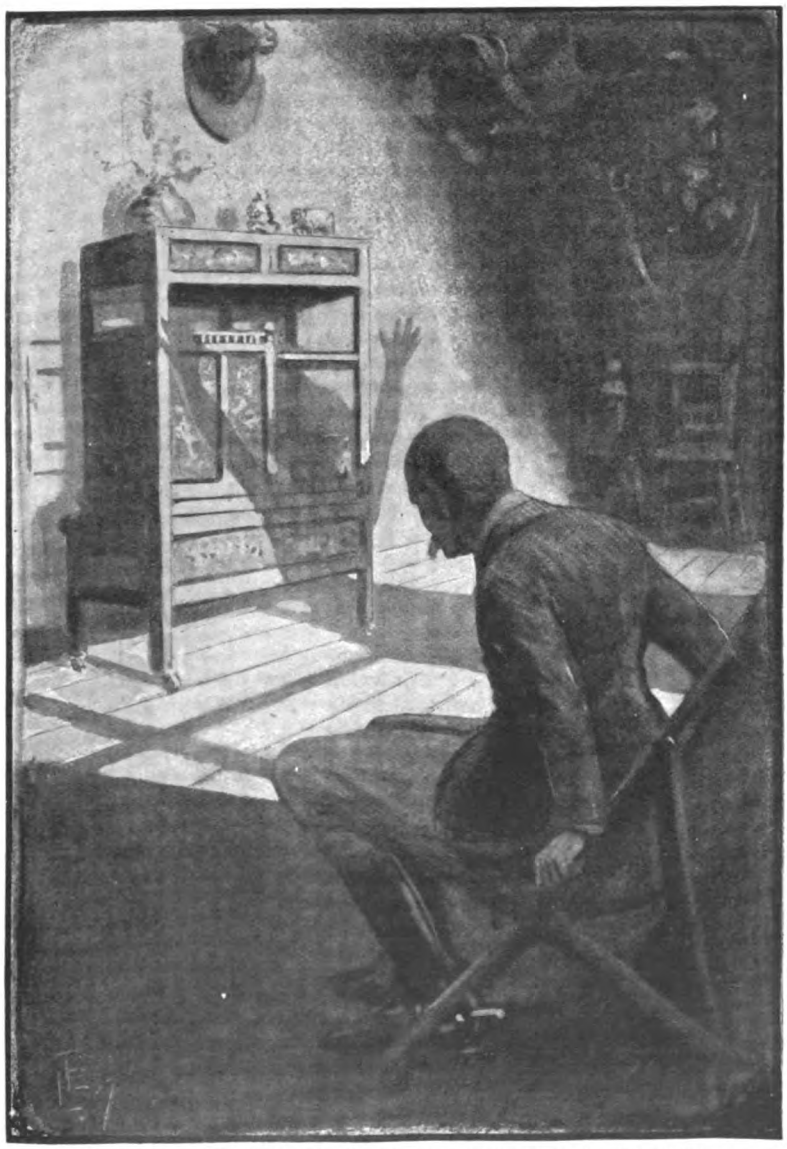
A few days later he rode into the town an hour before sunset, and dismounting gave the horse to his syce, with directions to place it in the public stables for the night; and walking to the bungalow came unnoticed to the front. The day had been sultry and the cuscus mats hung over the windows—over all the windows save one; the French windows of the dining-room stood wide open, and one half had been left uncovered. No one was within; on looking into his bedroom he saw no one there, and, passing on to the office, found that also deserted. The absence of the servants did not surprise him, for at this hour they were usually in their quarters. But if Bob was not dining at the bungalow, why had he left the place open and unguarded?

The office was gratefully cool and dark in the shade of the cuscus-tattys, whereas over the dining-room floor fell a broad streak of light from the uncovered window. He remained, therefore, in the office, and, drawing a lounge chair near the open door, so as to command a view of the dining-room, sat down to await events, but shortly fell into a deep slumber, from which he wakened to find that the night had come, and that the streak of light had changed to the strong glare from a full moon. And still the place was deserted.

This circumstance renewed his uneasiness, and convinced him that mischief was afloat.

In India the peculiar brilliancy of the moonlight is accompanied by shadows of contrasting depth; the spot where he sat was heavy with them, so was the near corner of the dining-room between the outer wall and the door of the office. Into this corner he stepped and there seated himself, slipping his hand into his pocket as he did so, to make sure of his revolver. From his position he had command of every part of the room, including the bedroom door which stood ajar; by turning his head slightly he could have seen the office door out of which he had come, had not that part lain in impenetrable shadow. He knew not what he waited for, but sat on in indomitable patience, finding for some time no change—save, indeed, that the strip of moonlight moved nearer the recess.

At last came that thrill which is apt to seize the nerves of anyone standing on the brink of an unusual event. He had heard nothing—not the slightest rustle of a sound—but became aware of a diminution of the light, and perceived that through the uncovered window a shadow was cast upon the floor, having the shape of a turbaned head and the bare arms and shoulders of a man; it moved over the threshold and into the room slowly, and then paused. There was no more than the head and shoulders, so that he knew the body casting the shadow stood a little distance back. Then he saw that the arms rose and that the hands moved rhythmically, making regular passes in the air. There was no sound; but so weird and stealthy was the effect of the shadowy, snatching fingers, marking their mysterious movements on the moonlit floor, that he felt his heart grow cold and his breath almost stop. So far, not for an instant had he thought of the conjurer; now he remembered him. It was more than probable that with him he had to do.



"THEN HE SAW THAT THE ARMS ROSE AND THAT THE HANDS MOVED RHYTHMICALLY, MAKING REGULAR PASSES IN THE AIR."

But for what purpose was he here? He could form no faint idea of his aim, and therefore waited on the event, until a slight sound came which brought him the first indication of what his seasoned courage might expect.

The sound came from the recess, and he perceived—or was it an illusion of the sight?—that the cabinet was moving on its castors, not lightly as he himself had been wont to move it, but slowly and, as it were, unwillingly. Presently he was sure of the fact, for he found that the iron doors became gradually visible behind. Could it be that the gems were the conjurer's object? From some unknown source he had received knowledge of them? If that were so, his former visit was explained as a forced opportunity for reconnoitring.

The Colonel's nerve was steady enough; he even felt a profound interest, and determined that—in so far as he could permit it without danger—the man should play his game unhindered. Hardly had he formed this resolve when the cabinet, whose progress had been of the slowest, gave a quick run forwards and stopped dead. The iron doors were now completely revealed; also more of the shadow was thrown over the floor.

But had there been some other sound in the room? A breath, a stir of life, so far unperceived? With an almost unconscious impulse the Colonel's glance leapt to the bedroom door, which stood open some ten inches, and, settling there with a snap of the eyelids at the unwelcome surprise, perceived, through the aperture, a black face whose eyes glared like a sulky tiger's.

He stole his hand to his hip pocket. There was an accomplice, and he was in a tighter fix than he had dreamed. Well, he had been in many an awkward corner before this, and had brought himself safely from it. But the intricacy of the matter was somewhat heightened, the question no longer being simply when he should interfere, but rather—if firing became necessary—in which direction he should aim his revolver first.

He was debating this nice point when from the recess came a fresh sound—very small, very strange. It resembled the turning of the lock in the iron doors under the key. Yet no more than the shadow of the conjurer's hands was upon the safe, moving there quiveringly, rapidly, with a shocking suggestion of greed. It could hardly be a surprise, and yet it was in a kind of spell-bound stupor that he heard the lock reluctantly yielding; it slid back with a creaking, grinding noise, and the iron doors moved forward on their hinges. Nothing now save the steel panel and its ingenious spring lay between the conjurer and the gems. The Colonel glanced towards the bedroom to see what accompanying change he might find there. He discovered that the expression of the black face had intensified to savagery, that a bare foot was planted forward in the moonlight, while in the uplifted hand a knife glittered. At the same moment the glaring eyeballs, roving over the room, seemed to rest upon and scoop out the secret of his own dark corner. At once the Colonel came to his decision, and, easing his arm, he brought his revolver into aim upon him.

Then it was that the unexpected, the totally unexpected, occurred. As an officer of the British Army and an official of Her Majesty's Government, the Colonel found time to reproach himself that in his mental equipment a serious flaw should be discovered. He had forgotten, clean forgotten, the office door! He was reminded of it with a jolt. For as he raised his revolver it was dexterously twisted from his fingers by the hand of another, while his throat was caught in the vice-like grip of a hooked elbow, and before he could emit a gasp of astonishment a hand upon his mouth prevented him.

The Colonel knew when he was defeated. The plot to rob him of his gems was more extensive and better engineered than he had thought; as, obviously, his life was not worth a moment's purchase. He remained absolutely quiet, even making shift to notice that almost the whole of the conjurer's shadow was now in the room; and with that found place for a hope that the hooked elbow would fall short of throttling him until he had time to test the perfection of his complicated spring. The spring was his own invention, and, since mind was here measured against mind, it was a point to his pride that the uncanny powers should prove powerless against it.

His hope, however, was short-lived. The faintest rustle close at hand admonished him of some new movement on the part of his assailant, and a hot breath came upon his cheek. Ah! where was Bob? He closed his eyes in expectation of some swift death, then as suddenly opened them again. The pressure on his throat had relaxed, and he became aware of an almost voiceless whisper in his ear.

"Don't shoot; keep still."

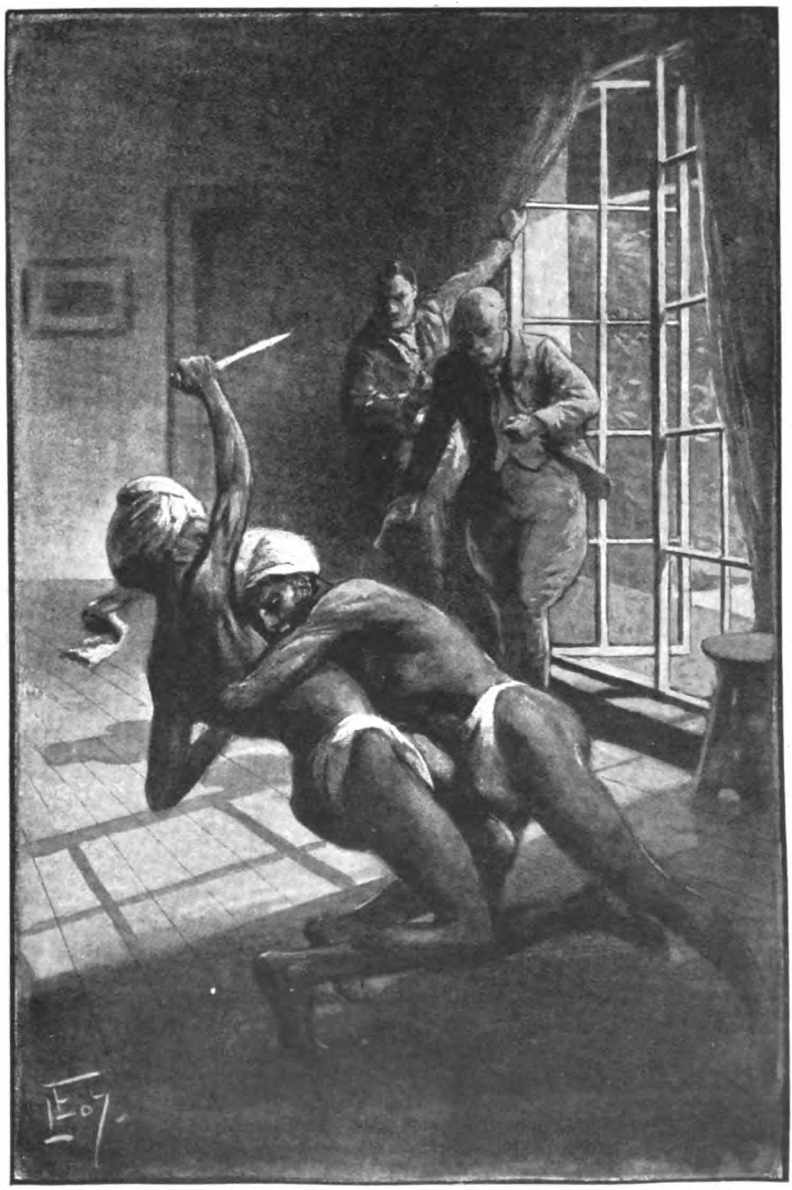
The revolver was pushed back to his fingers and the hooked elbow withdrawn. In the immensity of his relief he felt more stunned than he had been by the terror. For the whispering voice was Bob's.

By now the conjurer himself had appeared upon the threshold. His eyes were fixed, his aspect was as one undergoing excessive and prolonged effort, and almost lost to consciousness of a world outside himself. He paced slowly into the room, the control of his steps being in contrast to his hand movements, which seemed, in shadow, to pluck and grip at the steel. In the bedroom the attitude of the accomplice had not altered; obviously he had not detected the presence of the watchers in the corner. But would the spring yield or would it hold? The Colonel asked the question in an incredible glow of interest, but was destined never to

receive a reply. For at the very height of the excitement, when the movements of the hands had reached a point resembling frenzy, the man in the bedroom leapt from his concealment, and by the sheer impetus of his assault brought the conjurer to the ground. At the moment Bob jerked the cuscus-tatty from the near window, flooding the room with moonlight, and on the floor the two natives were plainly visible, rolling together, struggling, snarling, and gasping like wild animals. Presently it was clear that he of the bedroom got the better in the fight; at last he so far freed himself as to be able to raise his knife for a blow. But there Bob interfered.

"Halt, there!" he cried.

Not too willingly the victor rose and stood aside, while the Colonel hauled the exhausted conjurer to a chair and kept him prisoner while he with great minuteness examined his gaunt, dark features.



"ON THE FLOOR THE TWO NATIVES WERE PLAINLY VISIBLE, ROLLING TOGETHER, STRUGGLING, SNARLING, AND GASPING LIKE WILD ANIMALS."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, when his scrutiny was over, "once you visited me as a merchant of Gubbi in Toomkoor. A second time you had thrown off that disguise and came as a conjurer to exhibit your skill. Now I see you in your true character as a thief. I shall not forget your features."

At these words the native, whose exhaustion was not so great as he feigned, gave a sudden upward spring, and, when the Colonel would have seized him again, slipped like an eel from his hands and fled into the night.

"Let him go!" cried the Colonel, as Bob ran forward. "Even if you caught him you could not take him, for the man is oiled."

He turned towards the second native, who stood patiently waiting his notice. When the eyes of the Colonel fell on him, the man instantly prostrated himself on the

ground and murmured broken sentences in Kanarese. At that the Colonel's memory stirred, and a sudden light broke upon him.

"The Korchar!" he exclaimed.

"The sahib's gardener, O protector of the wretched!" corrected the man, anxiously. "The sahib say, 'Do thy duty. Be true to thy master.' I eat the sahib's salt. I true to my salt. I watch, and I see thief about. He man of the Lambadi tribe; he great thief. He steal a man's teeth from his mouth. I watch him as I garden; he not know I watch. At night he hide in the tamarinds and come near and make his magic. He has devil inside. I watch to-night, for the moon at full and I know he come. I find the young sahib gone and the windows open. I lift the cuscus-tatty and creep to the bedroom on my hands and knees and hide, before he drop from the tree."

The Korchar's story was corroborated by Bob over a late supper. Early in the Colonel's absence the young lieutenant had become persuaded that a plot to rob his uncle was at work; for returning one day unexpectedly from camp he noticed that the cabinet was displaced from its right position. This displacement of the cabinet occurred more than once, and his suspicions fastened on the Korchar, whose persistency in gardening towards sunset in the front had puzzled and annoyed him. But in time he altered his surmise. One night he caught sight of someone lurking near the veranda; then the Korchar, like a noiseless shadow, glided from a concealed corner and the would-be thief fled. The Korchar, then, was also on the watch? By degrees he became convinced of the man's fidelity, and presently found a kind of sporting interest in his game.

"But, apart from this interest," continued Bob, "I had an anxiety of my own. How could I tell whether the gems were safe on the shelves or not? The thief might remove them and leave no trace. I had heard of the neatness and finish of Indian thieves in this respect. It was only the continued watchfulness of the Korchar which allowed me to hope I was still guarding a treasure and not the empty shelves. I regretted that I did not know the use of the spring. Many a time have I stood before the cabinet in great anxiety, trying to reproduce in memory some vision of your manipulation of it, but in vain. The gems might be there or they might not; I could not tell. And then some fresh assiduity on the Korchar's part would reassure me for a day or two. At last the matter got on my nerves, and I resolved to arrange a trap by which, if possible, to resolve my doubt. I had remarked that the appearance of the stealthy figure was more frequent when the moon was full, so I planned my trap for this evening. First I managed to rid myself of the solicitous attentions of your excellent Appao and the rest, then I openly departed from the bungalow, leaving the windows as you found them. Afterwards I secretly returned and climbed up the veranda and hid there. Presently I ascertained that the Korchar was at hand. I did not see him enter. Before the moon rose I dropped down and got into the office. Here, to my amazement, I found you sleeping. That bothered my plans a little, but I decided to let things take their course and to act as events might direct. I followed you when you stepped into the dining-room; but only when you aimed your revolver at the faithful Korchar did I think it necessary to act at all."

"Ah, my boy," cried the Colonel, ruefully, "it was then I got my bad five minutes!"

A few days later the — M.N.I. marched on to Bangalore. Some little time afterwards Lieutenant Iverson sailed from India on leave, wearing about his person a belt in which were sewn his uncle's priceless gems; these he brought with him for safe deposit in an English bank. Also next his heart he carried a letter from the prettiest girl in Bangalore, while in his mind he had the cheering knowledge that his debts were paid and his future secured by his good uncle.

As for the Korchar, he was promoted to the post of matey, and served at the Colonel's table under Appao, the butler, and wore a good white suit and a crimson belt.

The Character of the Polar Bear.

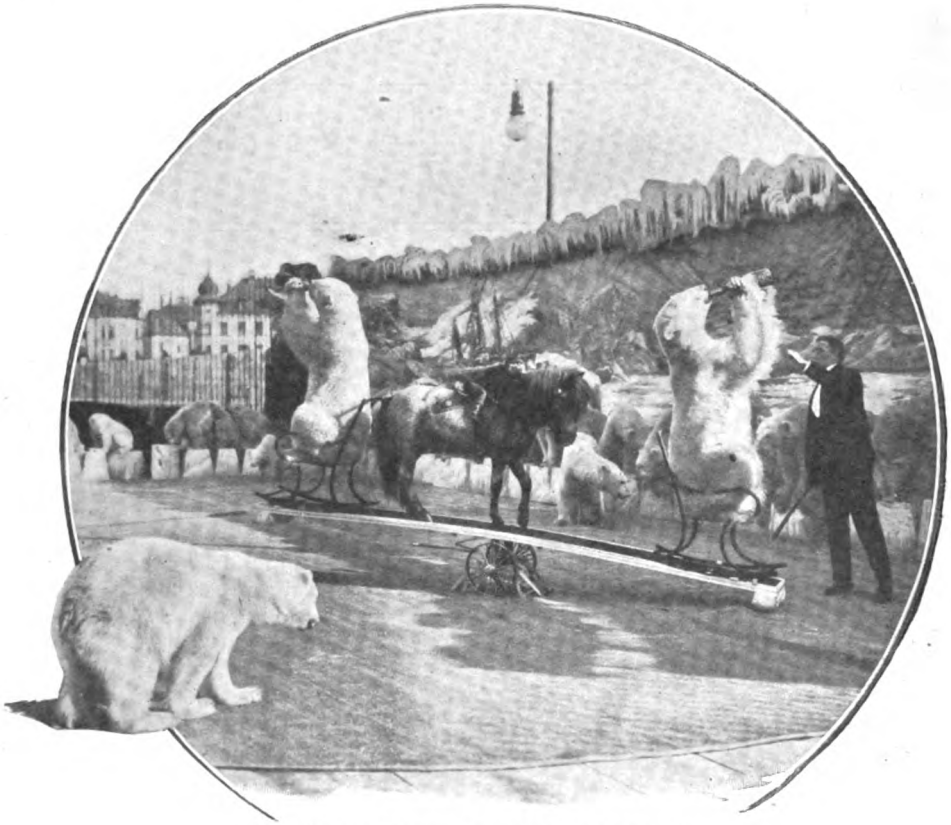
Photographs by] By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE. [*M. Obergassner.*

A SPECTACLE that is attracting more than ordinary attention on the Continent just now is a company of seventy-five performing Polar bears. Now, to train a single specimen of these beautiful, snowy-white creatures of the Far North to go through certain evolutions for the amusement of the public is no light task. All professional trainers are agreed that one of the most difficult beasts to train, and one of the most unreliable, is the Polar bear. To train a whole company of these creatures, therefore, and not merely a small group, to perform together and do all kinds of tricks and feats, must rank as a wonderful and a daring accomplishment.

BEARS ENTERING THE ARENA.

The individual who has succeeded in this great task is Mr. Wilhelm Hagenbeck, a brother of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the celebrated animal dealer of Hamburg. His troupe of performing Polar bears represents the latest and the greatest animal exhibition ever placed before the public. No one, except those acquainted with the modern methods of training wild beasts, can grasp the enormous amount of patience and the disappointments encountered in getting together such a large number of performing animals. Indeed, it has virtually taken fifteen years to collect and train this one group of giant white bears. Every now and again a valuable performing animal would die or get disabled in a fight with its companions, or develop a dangerous temper, and another beast had to be secured. Suddenly a bear, for no apparent reason, would refuse to perform with another member of the troupe, and had to be supplied with a companion with whom he would agree.

It is quite a fascinating spectacle to watch the bears enter the arena. To the ordinary spectator the animals look alike, so far as build and size are concerned, yet they vary in age from one to seventeen years. "Although I know every animal in



"DRINKING OUT OF BOTTLES ON THE SEE-SAW."

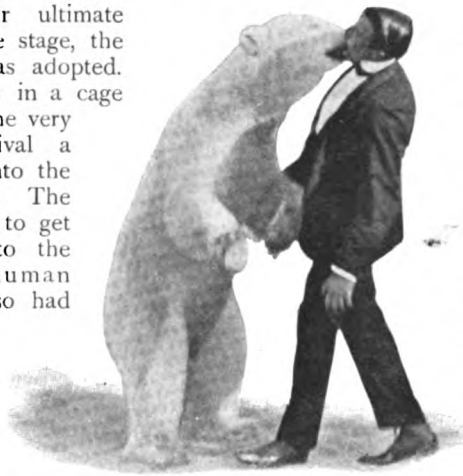
the company," said Mr. Hagenbeck, "and have taught each one to recognise its name, and have been among many of them fifteen years, I cannot now tell by their expressions the mood of the animals. This is one of the characteristics of the Polar bear. Their expression remains the same, and it is impossible to detect, by watching their faces, whether they are pleased or cross. Now in most wild animals, such as the lion, you can tell by the expression of the beast's face and by its actions whether it is in a good temper or not. But not so with the Polar bear. Then one bear's head and face are exactly like another's, and all through their performances the expression on their faces remains the same.

"In the company there are seventy-five bears, seventy of which are performing animals. The remaining five sit about, and at present are merely an ornament to the arena. By and by, however, they will be trained as understudies, to take the place of any that may fall ill or die. Some of the bears I have taught to do their tricks in a few months, while others have required a couple of years of patient tuition. The truth is, the Polar bear is a most awkward beast to train. In the first place, his character is difficult to understand. He is by nature very suspicious, and without the least warning is apt to turn against his trainer. Among the seventy bears that have been taught to do tricks, only two of them are really fond of their work."

Before describing the wonderful performance given by these Polar bears, it is not without interest to note how they were originally obtained. Their trainer secured them from his brother, Mr. Carl Hagenbeck. The latter obtained them from his hunters, who made special journeys to the far frozen North to hunt for these animals. They only took the little ones, as it is practically impossible to handle a full-grown Polar bear. The baby bears were then placed in strong wooden boxes or big round casks and shipped to Hamburg.

When they arrived at their destination, twenty-five to thirty at a time, they were about seven or eight months old and very

savage. As their ultimate destination was the stage, the following course was adopted. They were all put in a cage together, and on the very day of their arrival a keeper was sent into the cage to feed them. The object of this was to get the bears used to the presence of a human being, while it also had the effect of somewhat taming them. In almost every instance they flew at the intruder, but a few pats from a long stick or whip always sent them back to their corners. After a few weeks they realized the uselessness of attacking their keeper, and allowed him to enter and leave their dens as he pleased. He then carried them sugar and sweet fruit, of which they are very fond. After some seven or eight months of this kind of treatment most of the animals got so tame that they would crawl up to the man and take sugar and other dainties from his hands. The bears were then handed over to the trainer, and their stage schooling actively commenced.



MONK, THE WRESTLING BEAR, GREETS HIS OPPONENT WITH A LICK OF HIS TONGUE.

The bears have been taught to form pyramids and groups, climb ladders, drive about in carriages drawn by ponies with monkeys as outriders, draw sledges containing their companions, drink out of bottles, and a host of other tricks. They perform in a specially-erected arena surrounded by Polar scenery.

MANŒUVRING FOR A GOOD GRIP.

MONK GETS A GOOD HOLD.

A HOLD—BUT NOT WRESTLING.

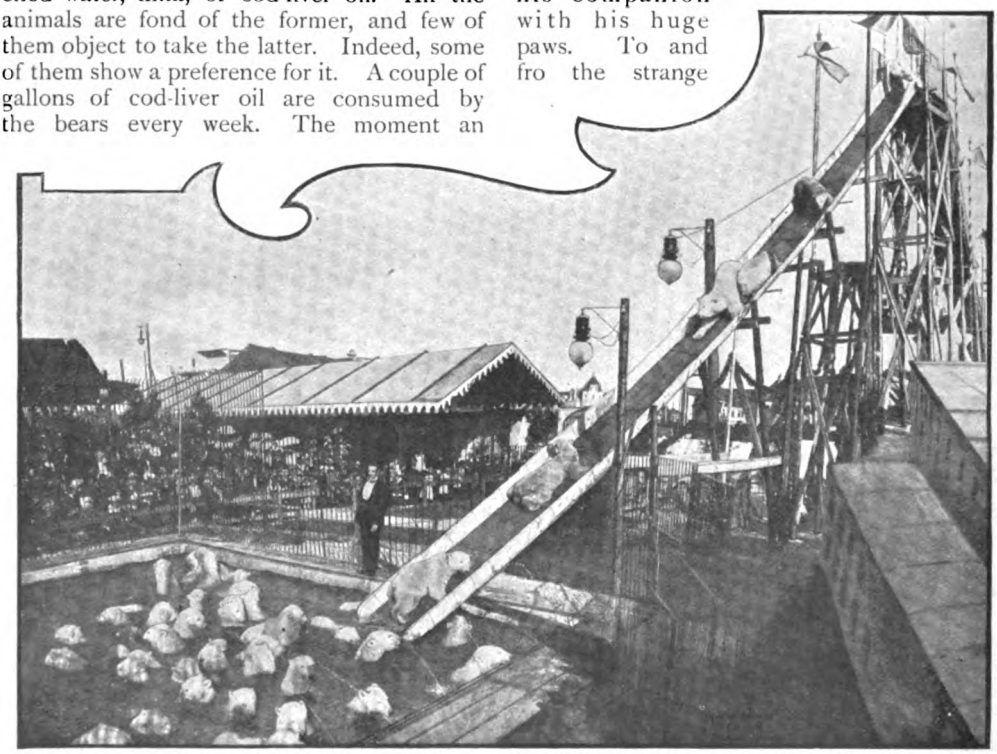
The clown in the company is a black bear, who has received the somewhat inappropriate appellation of White Raven. He has been taught to follow his master about the arena and generally to act the comic as all

THE END OF THE BOUT ON THE FLOOR—BRUIN IS VANQUISHED BY ROLLING HIM OVER ON HIS BACK.

good clowns do. He loves swinging, and if he had his way would spend the whole of his time on the swings. The majority of the bears have been taught to drink out of bottles by holding them to their mouths with their fore-feet. It is most amusing and comical to watch an enormous white bear, measuring seven feet in length, suddenly sit on a chair, grasp a stone bottle in his great paws, lift it to his mouth, and drain its contents, while the band plays a popular song, entitled "Have Another Drink." One of the bears, Daisy, is very fond of lying down on her back while drinking. The bears' drinks consist of sweetened water, milk, or cod-liver oil. All the animals are fond of the former, and few of them object to take the latter. Indeed, some of them show a preference for it. A couple of gallons of cod-liver oil are consumed by the bears every week. The moment an animal shows signs of a cough it is at once induced to take cod-liver oil, and this generally has the desired effect. On one occasion the trainer forgot to put the sweetened water into the bottle which he handed to Daisy. The bear tipped the bottle up once or twice, and when she discovered there was nothing in it she was so angry that she threw the receptacle at the trainer's head. Fortunately, it missed him and smashed into a hundred pieces on the floor.

The star of the company is Monk, the wrestling Polar, and the trainer's favourite bear. Standing on his hind legs he wrestles with his master in quite the approved fashion. Taking up his position in the centre of the mat he greets his human competitor with a lick of his tongue, as Monk cannot master the knack of shaking hands. Then the contest starts in real earnest, the bear doing his utmost to put the man on his back, while the trainer endeavours to prevent the throw.

The whole performance is very life-like, Monk appearing to put his heart into it, every now and again giving an ominous growl as he endeavours to get a good grip of his companion with his huge paws. To and fro the strange combatants sway until one manages to break away. In an instant they are at it again. This time Monk has got his companion round the waist, the trainer's arm being thrown round the bear's neck. Monk opens his great mouth and snarls, and to the onlooker things begin to look dangerous. But Monk knows the rules, and never bites. At the same time he has a knack of digging his claws rather deeply into one's clothes, and to prevent scratches Mr. Hagenbeck wears a very thick leather waistcoat. Even with this stout garment on he gets an occasional scratch. Monk turns the scale at



POLAR BEARS SHOOTING THE CHUTE—THEY SLIDE DOWN INTO THE WATER IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE STYLE AND ATTITUDE.

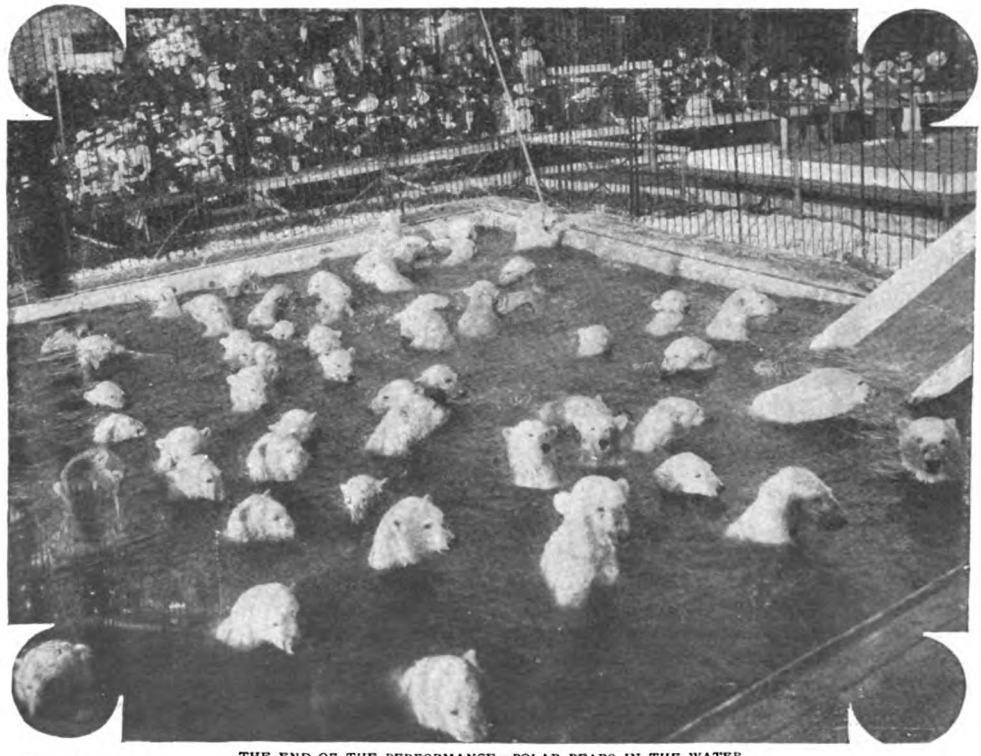
nearly a ton, and, as weight frequently tells in wrestling, the bear often gets the first throw. But a throw is not a victory, and on the mat the combatants push and shove until the shoulders of one touch the ground.

But the most interesting and amusing feat, and one that never fails to call for much applause, is the manner in which the bears have been taught to "shoot the chute." The animals climb up an inclined plane until they reach a platform some sixty feet above the ground. Immediately in front of them is the chute, and, to tell the truth, the bears do not care much about venturing on it. Once on the chute there is no coming back, and it is certainly very comical to watch them slide down into the tank of water below.

Some grasp the side of the chute and endeavour to cling there, only to lose their hold when a companion thunders up against them from above. Some reach the water by sliding down backwards, others go head first, others sideways, and, indeed, in every conceivable position and attitude. It takes nearly twenty minutes for the whole of the bears to reach their destination, one or more animals being on the chute the whole of this time. Some go down quickly, while others spread themselves right across the course, and only reach the bottom after a more or less lengthy period. Once in the water, however, the animals are instantly at home.

Mr. Wilhelm Hagenbeck has had twenty-five years' experience as an animal trainer. It was in 1898 that he first performed in public with a group of twelve Polar bears. They were assisted in their work by one pony and two dogs. In 1900 the group was enlarged to fifteen bears, and since that time has been gradually added to, until now there is a company numbering seventy-five in all.

The novelty of the whole performance, of course, is the spectacle of such a great crowd of these giant white creatures of the Far North. To have trained them to perform unanimously together is a feat any man might well be proud of. As already stated, it represents some fifteen years of patient work, not to mention great expense and a series of terrible disappointments. True, performing Polar bears have been seen on the stage for some years past, but never in anything like so large a number. History records the fact that, when Queen Elizabeth went in State through Spitalfields in 1599 with a glittering escort of a thousand men-at-arms, a "feature" of the procession that interested the populace was a cart in which were two Polar bears.



THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE—POLAR BEARS IN THE WATER.

SALTHAVEN

BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER IX.

OWING possibly to the unaccustomed exercise, but probably to more sentimental reasons, Robert Vyner slept but poorly the night after his labours. He had explained his absence at the dinner-table by an airy reference to a long walk and a disquisition on the charms of the river by evening, an explanation which both Mr. Vyner and his wife had received with the silence it merited. It was evident that his absence had been the subject of some comment, but his father made no reference to it as they smoked a cigar together before retiring.

He awoke early in the morning and, after a vain attempt to get to sleep again, rose and dressed. Nobody else was stirring, and going quietly downstairs he took up a cap and went out.

Except for a labouring man or two tramping stolidly to work, the streets were deserted. The craft anchored in the river seemed asleep, and he stood for some time on the bridge idly watching the incoming tide. He lit his pipe and then, with a feeble endeavour to feel a little surprise at the fact, discovered that he was walking in the direction of Mr. Hartley's house.

His pace slackened as he neared it, and he went by gazing furtively at the drawn blinds of the front windows. A feeling of regret that Joan Hartley should be missing such a delightful morning would not be denied; in imagination he saw himself strolling by her side and pointing out to her the beauties of the most unfrequented portions of the river bank. A sudden superstitious trust in fate—caught possibly from Captain Trimblett—made him turn and walk slowly past the house again. With an idea of giving fate another chance he repeated the performance. In all he passed eight times, and was about to enter upon the ninth, when he happened to look across the road and saw, to his annoyance, the small figure of Bassett speeding towards him.

"He is not down yet, sir," said Bassett, respectfully.

Mr. Vyner suppressed his choler by an effort.

"Oh!" he said, stiffly. "Well?"

Bassett drew back in confusion. "I—I saw you walk up and down several times looking at the house, sir, and I thought it my duty to come and tell you," he replied.

Mr. Vyner regarded him steadfastly. "Thank you," he said, at last. "And how is it that you are out at such an early hour,

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prowling about like a raging lion looking for its breakfast?"

"I wasn't, sir," said Bassett; "I shall have my breakfast when I get home, at eight o'clock. I always get up at six; then I make sure of two hours in the fresh air."

"And what time do you close your eyes on the world and its vanities?" inquired Mr. Vyner, with an appearance of great interest.

"I always go to bed as the clock strikes ten, sir," said the youth.

"And suppose—suppose the clock should be wrong one day?" suggested the other, "would you apprehend any lasting injury to your constitution?"

"It couldn't be, sir," said Bassett; "I wind it myself."

Mr. Vyner regarded him more thoughtfully than before. "I can foresee," he said, slowly, "that you will grow up a great and good and wise man, unless——"

"Yes, sir," said Bassett, anxiously.

"Unless something kills you in the meantime," concluded Mr. Vyner. "It is not fair to tempt people beyond their strength, Bassett. Even a verdict of 'Justifiable homicide' might not quite ease the slayer's conscience."

"No, sir," said the perplexed youth.

Mr. Vyner suddenly dropped his bantering air.

"How was it I didn't see you?" he demanded, sternly.

"I don't think you looked my side of the road, sir," said Bassett. "You were watching Mr. Hartley's windows all the time; and, besides, I was behind that hedge."

He pointed to a well-trimmed privet-hedge in a front garden opposite.

"Behind the hedge?" repeated the other, sharply. "What were you there for?"

"Watching a snail, sir," replied Bassett.

"A *what?*" inquired Mr. Vyner, raising his voice.

"A snail, sir," repeated the youth. "I've got a book on natural history, and I've just been reading about them. I saw this one as I was passing, and I went inside to study its habits. They are very interesting little things to watch—very."

Fortified by the approval of a conscience that never found fault, he met the searchlight gaze that the junior partner turned upon him without flinching. Quite calm, although somewhat puzzled by the other's manner, he stood awaiting his pleasure.

"Yes," said Robert Vyner, at last; "very interesting indeed, I should think; but you have forgotten one thing, Bassett. When secreted behind a hedge watching one of these diverting little—er——"

"Gasteropodous molluscs, sir," interjected Bassett, respectfully.

"Exactly," said the other. "Just the word I was trying to think of. When behind a hedge watching them it is always advisable to whistle as loudly and as clearly as you can."

"I never heard that, sir," said Bassett, more and more perplexed. "It's not in my book, but I remember once reading, when I was at school, that spiders are sometimes attracted by a flute."

"A flute would do," said Mr. Vyner, still watching him closely; "but a cornet would be better still. Good morning."

He left Bassett gazing after him round-eyed, and, carefully refraining from looking at Hartley's windows, walked on at a smart pace. As he walked he began to wish that he had not talked so much; a vision of Bassett retailing the conversation of the morning to longer heads than his own in the office recurring to him with tiresome persistency. And, on the other hand, he regretted that he had not crossed the road and made sure that there was a snail.

Busy with his thoughts he tramped on mechanically, until, pausing on a piece of high ground to admire the view, he was surprised to see that the town lay so far behind. At the same time sudden urgent promptings from within bore eloquent testimony to the virtues of early rising and exercise as aids to appetite. With ready obedience he began to retrace his steps.

The business of the day was just beginning as he entered the outskirts of the town again. Blinds were drawn aside and maid-servants busy at front doors. By the time he drew near Laurel Lodge—the name was the choice of a former tenant—the work of the day had begun in real earnest. Instinctively slackening his pace, he went by the house with his eyes fastened on the hedge opposite, being so intent on what might, perhaps, be described as a visual alibi for Bassett's benefit, in case the lad still happened to be there, that he almost failed to notice that Hartley was busy in his front garden and that Joan was standing by him. He stopped short and bade them "Good morning."

Mr. Hartley dropped his tools and hastened to the gate. "Good morning," he said, nervously; "I hope that there is nothing wrong. I went a little way to try and find you."

"Find me?" echoed Mr. Vyner, reddening, as a suspicion of the truth occurred to him.

"Bassett told me that you had been walking up and down waiting to see me," continued Hartley. "I dressed as fast as I could, but by that time you were out of sight."

Facial contortions, in sympathy with the epithets he was mentally heaping upon the head of Bassett, disturbed for a moment the serenity of Mr. Vyner's countenance. A rapid glance at Miss Hartley helped him to regain his composure.

"I don't know why the boy should have been so officious," he said, slowly; "I didn't want to see you. I certainly passed the house on my way. Oh, yes, and then I thought of going back—I did go a little way back—then I altered my mind again. I suppose I must have passed three times."

"I was afraid there was something wrong," said Hartley. "I am very glad it is all right. I'll give that lad a talking to. He knocked us all up and said that you had been walking up and down for twenty-three minutes."

The generous colour in Mr. Vyner's cheeks was suddenly reflected in Miss Hartley's. Their eyes met, and, feeling exceedingly foolish, he resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

"Bassett is unendurable," he said, with a faint laugh, "and I suspect his watch. Still, I must admit that I did look out for you, because I thought if you were stirring I should like to come in and see what sort of a mess I made last night. Was it very bad?"

"N-no," said Hartley; "no; it perhaps requires a little attention. Half an hour or so will put it right."

"I should like to see my handiwork by daylight," said Robert.

Hartley opened the garden-gate and admitted him, and all three passing down the garden stood gravely inspecting the previous night's performance. It is to be recorded to Mr. Vyner's credit that he coughed disparagingly as he eyed it.

"Father says that they only want taking up and replanting," said Joan, softly, "and the footmarks raked over, and the mould cleared away from the path. Except for that your assistance was invaluable."

"I—I didn't quite say that," said Hartley, mildly.

"You ought to have, then," said Robert, severely. "I had no idea it was so bad. You'll have to give me some lessons and see whether I do better next time. Or perhaps Miss Hartley will; she seems to be all right, so far as the theory of the thing goes."

Hartley smiled uneasily, and to avoid replying moved off a little way and became busy over a rose-bush.

"Will you?" inquired Mr. Vyner, very softly. "I believe that I could learn better from you than from anybody; I should take more interest in the work. One wants sympathy from a teacher."

Miss Hartley shook her head. "You had better try a three months' course at Dale's Nurseries," she said, with a smile. "You would get more sympathy from them than from me."

"I would sooner learn from you," persisted Robert.

"I could teach you all I know in half an hour," said the girl.

Mr. Vyner drew a little nearer to her. "You overestimate my powers," he said, in a low voice. "You have no idea how dull I can be; I am sure it would take at least six months."

"That settles it, then," said Joan. "I shouldn't like a dull pupil."

Mr. Vyner drew a little nearer still. "Perhaps—perhaps 'dull' isn't quite the word," he said, musingly.

"It's not the word I should——" began Joan, and stopped suddenly.

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Vyner. "It's nice to be understood. What word would you use?"

Miss Hartley, apparently interested in her father's movements, made no reply.

"Painstaking?" suggested Mr. Vyner; "assiduous? attentive? devoted?"

Miss Hartley, walking towards the house, affected not to hear. A fragrant smell of coffee, delicately blended with the odour of grilled bacon, came from the open door and turned his thoughts to more mundane things. Mr. Hartley joined them just as the figure of Rosa appeared at the door. "Breakfast is quite ready, miss," she announced.

She stood looking at them, and Mr. Vyner noticed an odd, strained appearance about her left eye which he attributed to a cast. A closer inspection made him almost certain that she was doing her best to wink.

"I laid for three, miss," she said, with great simplicity. "You didn't say whether the gentleman was going to stop or not; and there's no harm done if he don't."

Mr. Hartley started, and in a confused fashion murmured something that sounded like an invitation; Mr. Vyner, in return murmuring something about "goodness" and "not troubling them," promptly followed Joan through the French windows of the small dining-room.

"It's awfully kind of you," he said, heartily, as he seated himself opposite his host; "as a matter of fact I'm half famished."

He made a breakfast which bore ample witness to the truth of his statement; a meal with long intervals of conversation. To Hartley, who usually breakfasted in a quarter of an hour, and was anxious to start for the office, it became tedious in the extreme, and his eyes repeatedly sought the clock. He almost sighed with relief as the visitor took the last piece of toast in the rack, only to be plunged again into depression as his daughter rang the bell for more. Unable to endure it any longer he rose and, murmuring something about getting ready, quitted the room.

"I'm afraid I'm delaying things," remarked Mr. Vyner, looking after him apologetically.

Miss Hartley said, "Not at all," and, as a mere piece of convention, considering that he had already had four cups, offered him some more coffee. To her surprise he at once passed his cup up. She looked at the coffee-pot and for a moment thought enviously of the widow's cruse.

"Only a little, please," he said. "I want it for a toast."

"I WANT YOU TO DRINK IT WITH ME. ARE YOU READY? 'BASSETT, THE BEST OF BOYS!'"

"A toast?" said the girl.

Mr. Vyner nodded mysteriously. "It is a solemn duty," he said, impressively, "and I want you to drink it with me. Are you ready? 'Bassett, the best of boys!'"

Joan Hartley, looking rather puzzled, laughed, and put the cup to her lips. Robert Vyner put his cup down and regarded her intently.

"Do you know why we drank his health?" he inquired.

"No."

"Because," said Robert, pausing for a moment to steady his voice, "because, if it hadn't been for his officiousness, I should not be sitting here with you."

He leaned towards her. "Do you wish that you had not drunk it?" he asked.

Joan Hartley raised her eyes and looked at him so gravely that the mischief, with which he was trying to disguise his nervousness, died out of his face and left it as serious as her own. For a moment her eyes, clear and truthful, met his.

"No," she said, in a low voice.

And at that moment Rosa burst into the room with two pieces of scorched bread and placed them upon the table. Unasked, she proffered evidence on her own behalf, and with great relish divided the blame between the coal merchant, the baker, and the stove. Mr. Hartley entered the room before she had done herself full justice, and Vyner, obeying a glance from Joan, rose to depart.

CHAPTER X.

MR. VYNER spent the remainder of the morning in a state of dreamy exaltation. He leaned back in his chair devising plans for a future in which care and sorrow bore no part, and neglected the pile of work on his table in favour of writing the name "Joan Vyner" on pieces of paper, which he afterwards burnt in the grate. At intervals he jumped up and went to the window, in the faint hope that Joan might be passing, and once, in the highest of high spirits, vaulted over his table. Removing ink from his carpet afterwards by means of blotting-paper was only an agreeable diversion.

By midday his mood had changed to one of extreme tenderness and humility, and he began to entertain unusual misgivings as to his worthiness. He went home to lunch depressed by a sense of his shortcomings; but, on his return, his soaring spirits got the better of him again. Filled with a vast charity, his bosom overflowing with love for all mankind, he looked about to see whom he could benefit; and Bassett entering the room at that moment was sacrificed without delay. Robert Vyner was ashamed to think that he should have left the lad's valuable services unrewarded for so long.

"It's a fine afternoon, Bassett," he said, leaning back and regarding him with a benevolent smile.

"Beautiful, sir," said the youth.

"Too fine to sit in a stuffy office," continued the other. "Put on your hat and go out and enjoy yourself."

"Sir?" said the amazed Bassett.

"Take a half holiday," said Vyner, still smiling.

"Thank you, sir," said Bassett, "but I don't care for holidays; and, besides, I've got a lot of work to do."

"Do it to-morrow," said Vyner. "Go on—out you go!"

"It can't be done to-morrow, sir," said the youth, almost tearfully. "I've got all the letters to copy, and a pile of other work. And I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I went."

Mr. Vyner eyed him in astonishment. "I'm sorry to find a tendency to disobedience in you, Bassett," he said, at last. "I've noticed it before. And as to saying that you wouldn't know what to do with yourself, it's a mere idle excuse."

"What time have I got to go, sir?" asked Bassett, resignedly.

"Time?" exclaimed the other. "Now, at once. Avaunt!"

The boy stood for a moment gazing at him in mute appeal, and then, moving with laggard steps to the door, closed it gently behind him. A sudden outbreak of four or five voices, all speaking at once, that filtered through the wall, satisfied Mr. Vyner that his orders were being obeyed.

Horrified at the grave charge of disobedience, Bassett distributed his work and left with what the junior clerk—whom he had constituted residuary legatee — considered unnecessary and indecent haste. The latter gentleman, indeed, to the youth's discomfiture, accompanied him as far as the entrance, and spoke eloquently upon the subject all the way downstairs. His peroration consisted almost entirely of a repetition of the words "lazy fat-head."

With this hostile voice still raging in his ears Bassett strolled aimlessly about the streets of his native town. He spent some time at a stall in front of a secondhand bookshop, and was just deep in an enthralling romance, entitled "Story of a Lump of Coal," when a huge hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned to meet the admiring gaze of Mr. Walters.

"More book-larning," said the boatswain, in tones of deep respect. "It's a wonder to me that that head of yours don't bust."

"Heads don't burst," said Bassett. "The brain enlarges with use the same as muscles with exercise. They can't burst."

"I only wish I had arf your larning," said Mr. Walters; "just arf, and I should be a very diff'rent man to wot I am now. Well, so long."

"Where are you going?" inquired the youth, replacing the book.

"Seven Trees," replied the other, displaying a small parcel. "I've got to take this over there for the skipper. How far do you make it?"

"Four miles," said Bassett. "I'll come with you, if you like."

"Wot about the office?" inquired the boatswain, in surprise.

Bassett explained, and a troubled expression appeared on the seaman's face as he listened. He was thinking of the last conversation he had had with the youth, and the hearty way in which he had agreed with him as to the pernicious action of malt and other agreeable liquors on the human frame. He remembered that he had committed himself to the statement that wild horses could not make him drink before six in the evening, and then not more than one half-pint.

"It's a long walk for a 'ot day" he said, slowly. "It might be too much for you."

"Oh, no; I'm a good walker," said Bassett.

"Might be too much for that head of yours," said Mr. Walters, considerately.

"I often walk farther than that," was the reply.

Mr. Walters drew the back of his hand across a mouth which was already dry, and resigned himself to his fate. He had lied quite voluntarily, and pride told him that he must abide by the consequences. And eight miles of dusty road lay between him and relief. He strode along stoutly, and tried to turn an attentive ear to a dissertation on field-mice. At the end of the first mile he saw the sign of the Fox and Hounds peeping through the trees, and almost unconsciously slackened his pace as he remembered that it was the last inn on the road to Seven Trees.

"It's very 'ot," he murmured, mopping his brow with his sleeve, "and I'm as dry as a bone."

"I'm thirsty, too," said Bassett; "but you know the cure for it, don't you?"

"O' course I do," said the boatswain, and nearly smacked his lips.

"Soldiers do it on the march," said Bassett.

"I've seen 'em," said Mr. Walters, grinning.

"A leaden bullet is the best thing," said Bassett, stooping and picking up a pebble, which he polished on his trousers, "but this will do as well. Suck that and you won't be troubled with thirst."

The boatswain took it mechanically, and, after giving it another wipe on his own trousers, placed it with great care in his mouth. Bassett found another pebble and they marched on sucking.

"My thirst has quite disappeared," he said, presently. "How's yours?"

"Worse and worse," said Mr. Walters, gruffly.

"It'll be all right in a minute," said Bassett. "Perhaps I had the best pebble. If it isn't, perhaps we could get a glass of water at a cottage; although it isn't good to drink when you are heated."

Mr. Walters made no reply, but marched on, marvelling at his lack of moral courage. Bassett, quite refreshed, took out his pebble, and after a grateful tribute to its properties placed it in his waistcoat pocket for future emergencies.

By the time they had reached Seven Trees and delivered the parcel Mr. Walters was desperate. The flattering comments that Bassett had made upon his common sense and virtue were forgotten. Pleading fatigue he sat down by the roadside and, with his eyes glued to the open door of the Pedlar's Rest, began to hatch schemes of deliverance.

A faint smell of beer and sawdust, perceptible even at that distance, set his nostrils aquiver. Then he saw an old labourer walk from the bar to a table, bearing a mug of foaming ale. Human nature could endure no more, and he was just about to throw away a hard-earned character for truth and sobriety when better thoughts intervened. With his eyes fixed on the small figure by his side, he furtively removed the pebble from his mouth, and then with a wild cry threw out his arms and clutched at his throat.

"What's the matter?" cried Bassett, as the boatswain sprang to his feet.

"The stone," cried Mr. Walters, in a strangulated voice; "it's stuck in my throat."

Bassett thumped him on the back like one possessed. "Cough it up!" he cried. "Put your finger down! Cough!"

The boatswain waved his arms and gurgled. "I'm choking!" he moaned, and dashed blindly into the inn, followed by the alarmed boy.

"Pot—six ale!" he gasped, banging on the little counter.

The landlord eyed him in speechless amazement.

"Six ale!" repeated the boatswain. "Pot! Quick!"

"'I'M CHOKING!' HE MOANED, AND DASHED BLINDLY INTO THE INN."

"You be off," said the landlord, putting down a glass he was wiping, and eyeing him wrathfully. "How dare you come into my place like that? What do you mean by it?"

"He has swallowed a pebble!" said Bassett, hastily.

"If he'd swallowed a brick I shouldn't be surprised," said the landlord, "seeing the state he's in. I don't want drunken sailors in my place; and, what's more, I won't have 'em."

"Drunk?" said the unfortunate boatswain. "Me? Why, I ain't——"

"Out you go!" said the landlord, in a peremptory voice, "and be quick about it; I don't want people to say you got it here."

"Got it?" wailed Mr. Walters. "Got it? I tell you I ain't had it. I swallowed a stone."

"If you don't go out," said the landlord, as Mr. Walters, in token of good faith, stood making weird noises in his throat and rolling his eyes, "I'll have you put out. Will—you—go?"

Mr. Walters looked at him, at the polished nickel taps, and the neat row of mugs on the shelves. Then, without a word, he turned and walked out.

"Has it gone down?" inquired Bassett presently, as they walked along.

"Wot?" said the boatswain, thoughtlessly.

"The pebble."

"I s'pose so," said the other, sourly.

"I should think it would be all right, then," said the boy; "foreign bodies, even of considerable size, are often swallowed with impunity. How is your thirst now?"

The boatswain stopped dead in the middle of the road and stood eyeing him suspiciously, but the mild eyes behind the glasses only betrayed friendly solicitude. He grunted and walked on.

By the time the Fox and Hounds came in sight again he had resolved not to lose a reputation which had entailed so much

suffering. He clapped the boy on the back, and, after referring to a clasp-knife which he remembered to have left on the grass opposite the Pedlar's Rest, announced his intention of going back for it. He did go back as far as a bend in the road, and, after watching Bassett out of sight, hastened with expectant steps into the inn.

He rested there for an hour, and, much refreshed, walked slowly into Salthaven. It was past seven o'clock, and somewhat at a loss how to spend the evening he was bending his steps towards the Lobster Pot, a small inn by the quay, when in turning a corner he came into violent collision with a fashionably-attired lady.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he stammered. "I'm very sorry. I didn't see where I was—— Why! Halloa, yaller wig!"

Miss Jelks drew back and, rubbing her arm, eyed him haughtily.

"Fancy you in a 'at like that," pursued the astonished boatswain. "No wonder I thought you was a lady. Well, and 'ow are you?"

"My health is very well, I thank you," returned Miss Jelks, stiffly.

"That's right," said the boatswain, heartily.

Conversation came suddenly to a standstill, and they stood eyeing each other awkwardly.

"It's a fine evening," said Mr. Walters, at last.

"Beautiful," said Rosa.

They eyed each other again, thoughtfully.

"You hurt my arm just now," said Rosa, rubbing it coquettishly. "You're very strong, aren't you?"

"Middling," said the boatswain.

"Very strong, I should say," said Rosa. "You've got such a broad chest and shoulders."

The boatswain inflated himself.

"And arms," continued Miss Jelks, admiringly. "Arms like—like——"

"Blocks o' wood," suggested the modest Mr. Walters, squinting at them complacently.

"Or iron," said Rosa. "Well, good-bye; it's my evening out, and I mustn't waste it."

"Where are you going?" inquired the boatswain.

Miss Jelks shook her head. "I don't know," she said, softly.

"You can come with me if you like," said Mr. Walters, weighing his words carefully, "a little way. I ain't got nothing better to do."

Miss Jelks's eyes flashed, then with a demure smile she turned and walked along by his side. They walked slowly up the street, and Mr. Walters's brows grew black as a series of troublesome coughs broke out behind. A glance over his shoulder showed him three tavern acquaintances roguishly shaking their heads at him.

"Arf a second," he said, stopping. "I'll give 'em something to cough about."

Rosa clutched his arm. "Not now; not while you are with me," she said, primly.

"Just one smack," urged the boatswain.

He looked round again and clenched his fists as his friends, with their arms fondly encircling each other's waists, walked mincingly across the road. He shook off the girl's arm and stepped off the pavement as with little squeals, fondly believed to be feminine, they sought sanctuary in the Red Lion.

"They're not worth taking notice of," said Rosa.

She put a detaining hand through his arm again and gave it a little gentle squeeze. A huge feather almost rested on his shoulder, and the scent of eau-de-Cologne assailed his nostrils. He walked on in silent amazement at finding himself in such a position.

"It's nice to be out," said Rosa, ignoring a feeble attempt on his part to release his arm. "You've no idea how fresh the air smells after you've been shut up all day."

"You've got a comfortable berth, though, haven't you?" said Mr. Walters.

"Fairish," said Rosa. "There's plenty of work; but I like work—housework."

The boatswain said "Oh!"

"Some girls can't bear it," said Rosa, "but then, as I often say, what are they going to do when they get married?"

"Ah!" said the boatswain, and made another attempt to release his arm.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Rosa, making a pretence of freeing him. "I'm afraid I'm leaning on you; but I sprained my ankle yesterday, and I thought——"

"All right," said Mr. Walters, gruffly.

"Thank you," said Rosa, and leaned on him heavily. "Housework is the proper thing for girls," she continued, with some severity. "Every girl ought to know how to keep her husband's house clean and cook nicely for him. But there—all they think about is love. What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Walters, hastily. "I didn't say a word."

"I don't understand it myself," said Rosa, taking an appraising glance at him from under the brim of her hat; "I can't think why people want to get married when they're comfortable."

"Me neither," said the boatswain.

"Being friends is all right," said Rosa,

"'FANCY YOU IN A 'AT LIKE THAT,' PURSUED THE ASTONISHED BOATSWAIN. 'NO WONDER I THOUGHT YOU WAS A LADY.'"

meditatively, "but falling in love and getting married always seemed absurd to me."

"Me too," said Mr. Walters, heartily.

With a mind suddenly at ease he gave himself over to calm enjoyment of the situation. He sniffed approvingly at the eau-de-Cologne, and leaned heavily towards the feather. Apparently, without either of them knowing it, his arm began to afford support to Miss Jelks's waist. They walked on for a long time in silence.

"Some men haven't got your sense," said Rosa, at last, with a sigh. "There's a young fellow that brings the milk—nice young fellow I thought he was—and all because I've had a word with him now and again, he tried to make love to me."

"Oh, did he?" said Mr. Walters, grimly. "What's his name?"

"It don't matter," said Rosa. "I don't think he'll try it again."

"Still, I might as well learn 'im a lesson," said the boatswain. "I like a bit of a scrap."

"If you are going to fight everybody that tries to take notice of me you'll have your work cut out," said Miss Jelks, in tones of melancholy resignation, "and I'm sure it's not because I give them any encouragement. And as for the number that ask me to walk out with them—well, there!"

Mr. Walters showed his sympathy with such a state of affairs by a pressure that nearly took her breath away. They sat for an hour and a half on a bench by the river discussing the foolishness of young men.

"If any of them chaps trouble you again," he said, as they shook hands at the gate of Laurel Lodge, "you let me know. Do you have Sunday evening out too?"

(To be continued.)

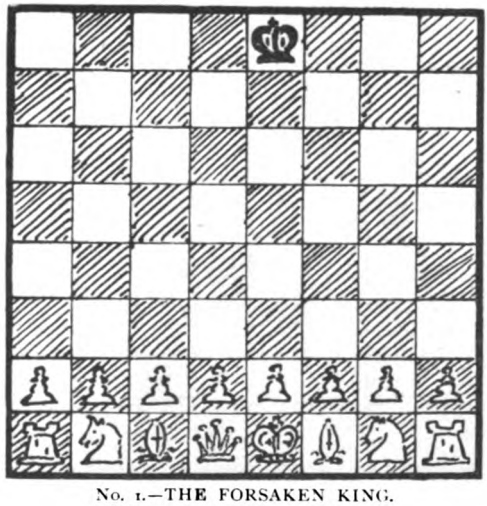
Puzzles from Games.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

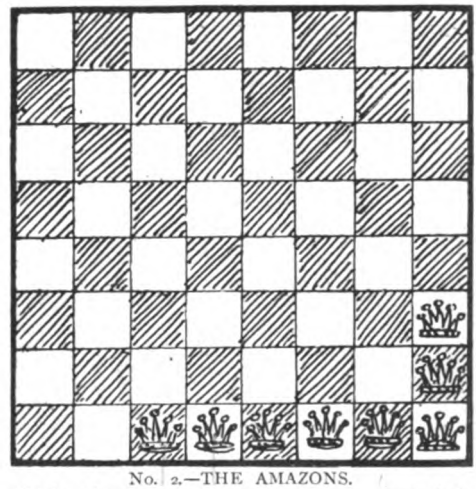
Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and other Curious Problems."

A GAME is a contest of skill for two or more persons, into which we enter either for amusement or to win a prize. A puzzle is something to be done or solved by the individual. For example, if it were possible for us so to master the complexities of the game of chess that we could be assured of always winning with the first or second move, as the case might be, or of always drawing, then it would cease to be a game and would become a puzzle. If we set up a position like my "Forsaken King" (No. 1), and state the definite condition—White to play and checkmate in six moves—it is just an interesting puzzle. Notwithstanding the complexities, I will show next month how the manner of play may be condensed into quite a few lines, merely stating here that the first two moves of White cannot be varied.

A few months ago the old puzzle (first discussed by K. F. Gauss in 1850), to place eight queens on the chessboard so that no queen shall attack another, was given in this magazine. There are twelve different arrangements, or ninety-two if we count reflections and reversals as different. This puzzle has quite a literature of its own. Here is another that I have made, based on one by Captain Turton. "The Amazons" (No. 2).—Remove three of the queens to other squares so that there shall be eleven squares on the board that are not attacked. The removal of the three queens need not be by queen moves. You may take them up and place them anywhere. There is only one solution.

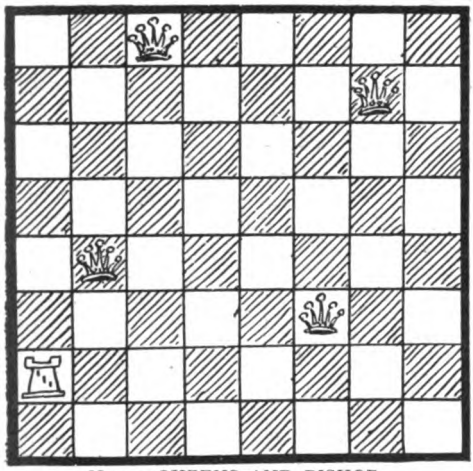


No. 1.—THE FORSAKEN KING.
White to play and mate in six moves.



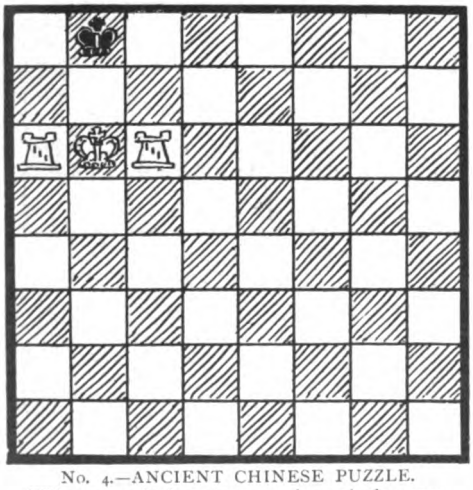
No. 2.—THE AMAZONS.
Replace three queens and leave eleven squares unattacked.

Some chess enthusiasts attempt to distinguish between what is called the "chess problem" and the "chess puzzle." There is really no difference whatever; they are all puzzles. With the exception of the "end-game" studies, these things have no direct relation to the game of chess, but are merely puzzles based on the peculiar moves of that game. At no stage of a game are you required to mate in two moves, or three moves. In the case of my "Queens and Bishop Puzzle" (No. 3) it will be seen that every square of the board is either occupied or attacked. The puzzle is to substitute a bishop for the rook, on the same square, and then place the four queens on other squares



No. 3.—QUEENS AND BISHOP.
Change R for B on same square; then place queens so that every square is attacked.

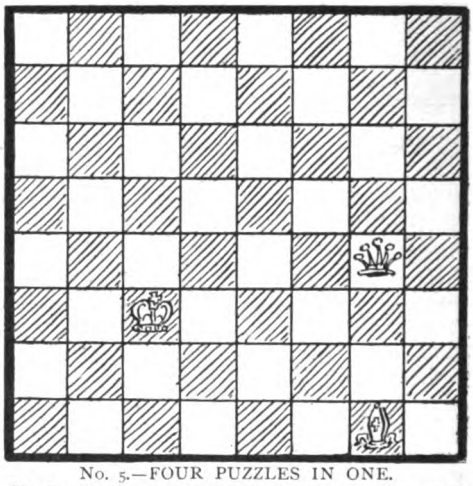
so that every square shall again be either occupied or attacked. It is rather a tough nut. My next puzzle is supposed to be Chinese, many hundreds of years old, and never fails to interest. "Ancient Chinese Puzzle" (No. 4).—White to play and mate,



No. 4.—ANCIENT CHINESE PUZZLE.
White to mate in three moves, moving each piece once.

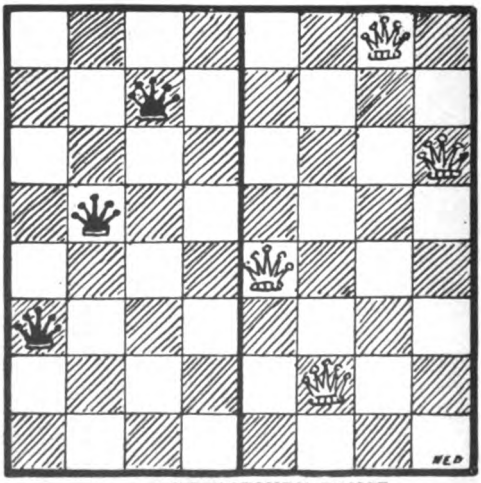
moving each of the three pieces once, and once only.

As readers of this Magazine are aware, Mr. Sam Loyd is second to none in the inventing of original chess puzzles. Here is a specimen of what he could do with very little material nearly fifty years ago. "Four Puzzles in One" (No. 5).—Place the Black king (a) where he can be checkmated on the move; (b) where he is in stalemate; (c) where he is in checkmate; (d) where the three White pieces cannot be removed and so arranged as to checkmate him. The reader will derive much amusement from (a) and (d). My next example is by Mr. William A. Shinkman, a countryman of



No. 5.—FOUR PUZZLES IN ONE.
The first puzzle is to place Black K where he may be mated on the move.

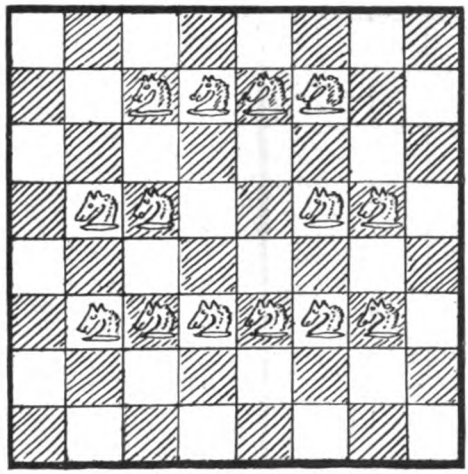
Mr. Loyd's, and in some respects a worthy rival in the invention of what I may call chess drolleries. "The Witches' Dance" (No. 6).—On the left side of the dark central line are three Black queens and on the right side four White ones. The puzzle is to make the Black and White queens change sides of the board. You may only move one queen at a time (in any order), and at no stage may any queen attack another, even of its own colour. It can be done in



No. 6.—THE WITCHES' DANCE.
The queens change sides in thirteen moves without ever attacking one another.

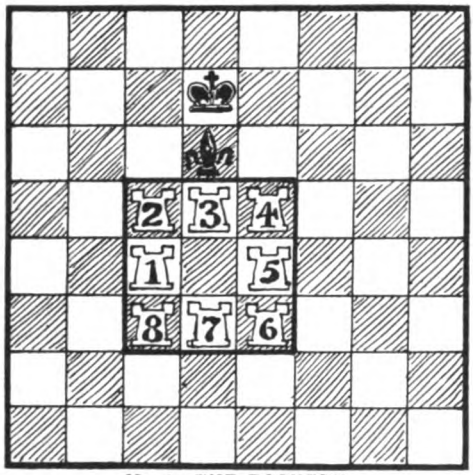
thirteen moves, and I find that three different final positions may be reached. I do not know which solution Mr. Shinkman intended, but I will give the most symmetrical one. Probably he knew them all.

I am giving a good many examples of chess puzzles, because the variety of the moves of the pieces provides the puzzle-maker with an exceptionally rich supply of ideas. In "The Knights Puzzle" (No. 7) I have shown that

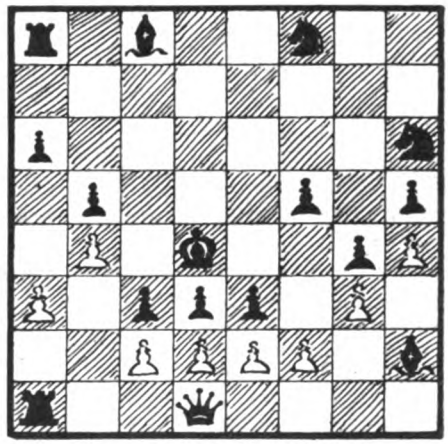


No. 7.—THE KNIGHTS PUZZLE.
These knights attack every square and protect one another.

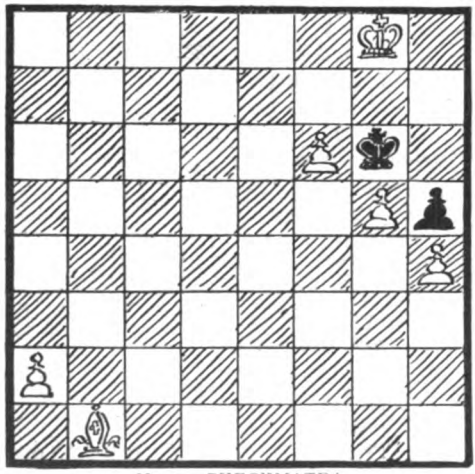
fourteen knights suffice to attack every square on the board. In fact, you cannot put a Black king on the diagram without his being checkmated, for every knight is protected by another. This cannot be done with fewer knights. But the puzzle I now present to the reader is this. Place the fewest possible knights so that every square shall be either occupied or attacked. That is to say, no knight need now be protected by another. To show how interest may be stimulated by the introduction of a new condition, I once made "The Rookery" (No. 8). The White rooks cannot move outside the little square in which they are enclosed except on the final move, in giving checkmate. The puzzle is how to checkmate Black in the fewest possible moves with No. 8 rook, the other rooks being left in numerical order round the sides of their



No. 8.—THE ROOKERY.
Rook No. 8 has to checkmate under peculiar conditions.



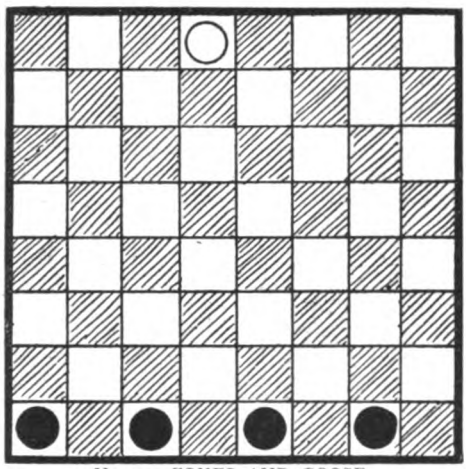
No. 10.—THIRTY-SIX MATES.
Place White's remaining pieces so that he may mate on the move in thirty-six different ways.



No. 9.—CHECKMATE!
What was White's last move?

square with the break between 1 and 7.

Strolling into one of the rooms of a London club, I noticed a position left by two players who had gone. This position is shown in "Checkmate" (No. 9). It is evident that White has checkmated Black. But how did he do it? That is the puzzle. My next was built on the idea of obtaining the maximum number of mates on the move. "Thirty-six Mates" (No. 10).—



No. 11.—FOXES AND GOOSE.
Which wins?

Place the remaining eight White pieces in such a position that White shall have the choice of thirty-six different mates on the move. Every move that checkmates and leaves a different position is a different mate. The pieces already placed must not be moved.

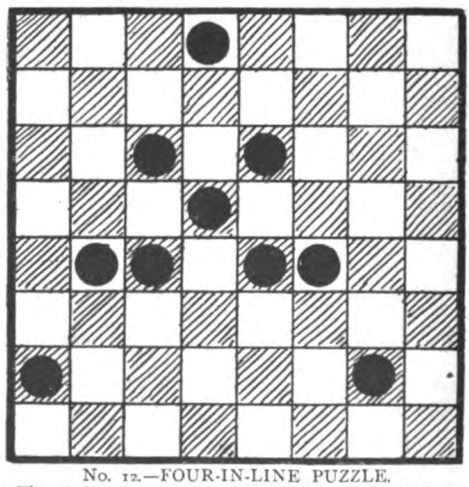
I will give two more chess puzzles, and then we must leave this fruitful branch of our subject. "Setting the Board."—I have a single chessboard and a single set of chessmen. In how many different ways may the men be correctly set up for the beginning of a game? I find that most people slip at a particular point in making the calculation. The following is a prize puzzle propounded by me some years ago. "The Crusader."—Suggested by and dedicated to Mr. Sam Loyd. Produce a game of chess which, after sixteen moves, shall leave White with all his sixteen men on their original squares and Black in possession of his king alone (not necessarily on his own square). White is then to force mate in three moves. In this case I will give the answer at once.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(1) Kt to Q B 3rd	(1) P to Q 4th
(2) Kt takes Q P	(2) Kt to Q B 3rd
(3) Kt takes K P	(3) P to K Kt 4th
(4) Kt takes B	(4) Kt to K B 3rd
(5) Kt takes P	(5) Kt to K 5th
(6) Kt takes Kt	(6) Kt to B 6th
(7) Kt takes Q	(7) R to K Kt sq
(8) Kt takes B P	(8) R to K Kt 3rd
(9) Kt takes P	(9) R to K 3rd
(10) Kt takes P	(10) Kt to Kt 8th
(11) Kt takes B	(11) R to R 6th
(12) Kt takes R	(12) P to Kt 4th
(13) Kt takes P (ch)	(13) K to B 2nd
(14) Kt takes P	(14) K to Kt 3rd
(15) Kt takes R	(15) K to R 4th
(16) Kt takes Kt	(16) K to R 5th

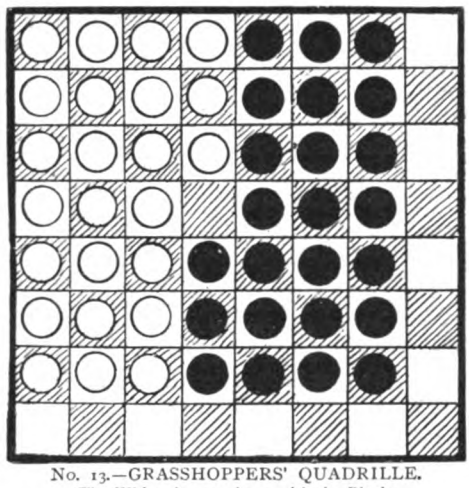
White now mates in three moves.

(17) P to Q 4th	(17) K to R 4th
(18) Q to Q 3rd	(18) K moves
(19) Q to K R 3rd (mate)	
	If (17) K to Kt 5th
(18) P to K 4th (dis ch)	(18) K moves
(19) P to K Kt 3rd (mate)	

Many chessboard puzzles are, of course, equally applicable to the draughtsboard. One of the oldest draughts puzzles with which I am acquainted is "Foxes and Goose" (No. 11), though I know nothing of its origin. Place the four black foxes and the one white goose on the squares shown, or the person playing the goose may be allowed to place it on any white square he likes. The moves are as in the game of draughts, except that there are no leaping moves or captures. If the goose can get past the foxes and reach any square on the bottom row, she wins. The foxes win if they can so enclose the goose that she cannot move. This is the game, until you learn that one side can always win; when it becomes, as I have said, a puzzle—to find which side wins, and how. The goose, if well advised, will rush on to the foxes and try to obstruct their regular advance in line. The moves are, of course, alternate; one move of a fox and then the goose. In the case of "Four-in-Line Puzzle" (No. 12) you are simply required to place ten draughts on the board so that they shall form five straight lines, with four draughts in every line. I show one way of doing it. How many other ways can you find, all different in formation? "The Grasshoppers' Quadrille" (No. 13) looks difficult, but is really quite simple. It is required to make the White men change places with the Black men in the fewest possible moves. There is no diagonal play



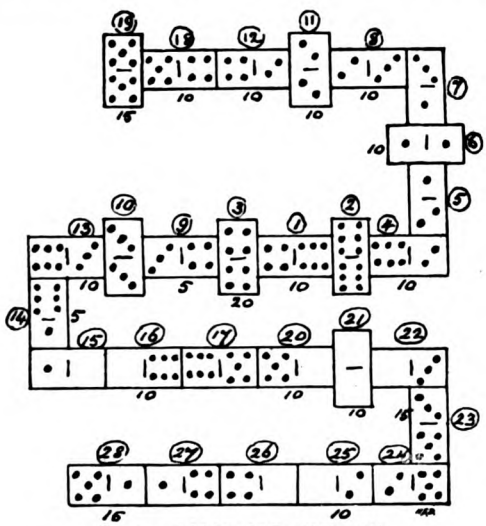
No. 12.—FOUR-IN-LINE PUZZLE.
Five straight lines of four each. Find the other solutions.



No. 13.—GRASSHOPPERS' QUADRILLE.
The White change places with the Black.

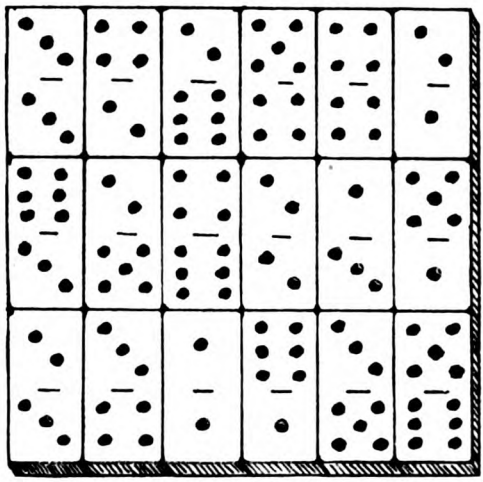
or captures here. The White men can only move to the right or downwards, and the Black men to the left or upwards, but they may leap over one of the opposite colour, as in draughts. This is by Edouard Lucas.

We will next take the game of dominoes. Here is a puzzle by Mr. Loyd. "Solitaire Muggins" (No. 14).—Place the dominoes one at a time, as in the straight game of Muggins, and show the maximum number of points that can be scored. Whenever the two ends will together sum to 5, 10, or 20, you add that number to your score. I give the arrangement that won the *Tit-Bits* competition in 1897. The numbers enclosed in circles denote the order of play,



No. 14.—SOLITAIRE MUGGINS.
The score here is one hundred and ninety-five, but two hundred can be made.

and the other numbers the amount scored by the dominoes against which they are placed. Thus, the first play was the 4—6, scoring 10; then the 6—6, scoring nothing; then the 4—4, scoring 20 (which with the 10 makes 30), and so on. The maximum here is 195. But I will now divulge a little secret, which will apply to others of that important series of puzzles—I say important series because it really marks the beginning of the modern revival of what has been called the "Higher Puzzledom." The secret is this. As nobody amongst the thousands of competitors found the correct answer, Mr. Loyd and I kept it to ourselves, and I only printed the maximum solution sent in and thus awarded the prize for the best. Next month I will show how it is possible to score

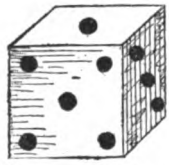


No. 15.—DOMINO MAGIC SQUARE.
Make similar square, adding up twenty-one instead of twenty.

200. The reader will see that the conjurer is not the only propounder of puzzles who sometimes keeps things up his sleeve. I next give one of a number of domino magic squares that I have from time to time published. "A Domino Magic Square" (No. 15).—The eighteen dominoes form a perfect magic square, every one of the six columns, six rows, and two diagonals adding up 20. The puzzle is to arrange eighteen dominoes in a similar manner (that is, in three rows of six) so that the constant addition shall be 21, instead of 20. The selection must be made from an ordinary box of twenty-eight dominoes, and you are not allowed to use any blank.

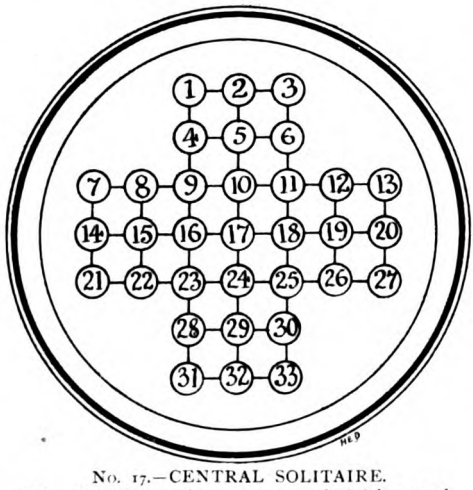
There are innumerable games in which a set of dice is used, such as Backgammon and the Race Game. As an example of a puzzle with dice I will give one by Mr. Loyd—

"Twenty-five-Up" (No. 16). We use a single die. There are two players, and the point is to score twenty-five or drive your opponent beyond. The first calls out any number from 1 to 6. Suppose he called 5, then the second player throws the die. Say 3 turns up, the score adds up 8. The die is no longer thrown now; the element of calculation begins. The first player now rolls the die over, giving it merely a quarter turn, so as to select any one of the four sides, 1, 2, 5, or 6. Suppose he took 6, the score would be 14. The next player perhaps turns up 4, making the score 18; the other player turns up 6, carrying the total to 24, which will win, because his opponent cannot make 25 and is compelled to go beyond that figure. The puzzle is to find what is the best number to call first in order to have the greatest possible chance of winning. The reader should remember that the two numbers on opposite sides of a correct die always together make 7.



No. 16.—TWENTY-FIVE-UP.
Here a quarter-turn cannot score a one or six.

Solitaire was a great favourite with our grandmothers, and most of my readers will have seen the game—a round, polished board with holes cut in it in a geometrical pattern and a glass marble in every hole. I give one of the two forms in which it appears, and will present a puzzle on this board. "Central Solitaire" (No. 17).—Place a marble in every hole except the central one, No. 17. You are allowed to jump a marble over the next one to the vacant hole beyond, just like the move in draughts. In fact, every move here is to be a jumping move, taking off the marble jumped over. Of course, you can only make a jump in the direction of the lines, not diagonally. The puzzle is to take off all the marbles except one, which must be left in the central hole. Any number of leaps in succession with the same marble will count as only one move. Can you perform the feat in as few as nineteen moves? I need hardly remind the reader that he can make a board for himself out of a sheet of paper or cardboard, number the holes, and use counters.

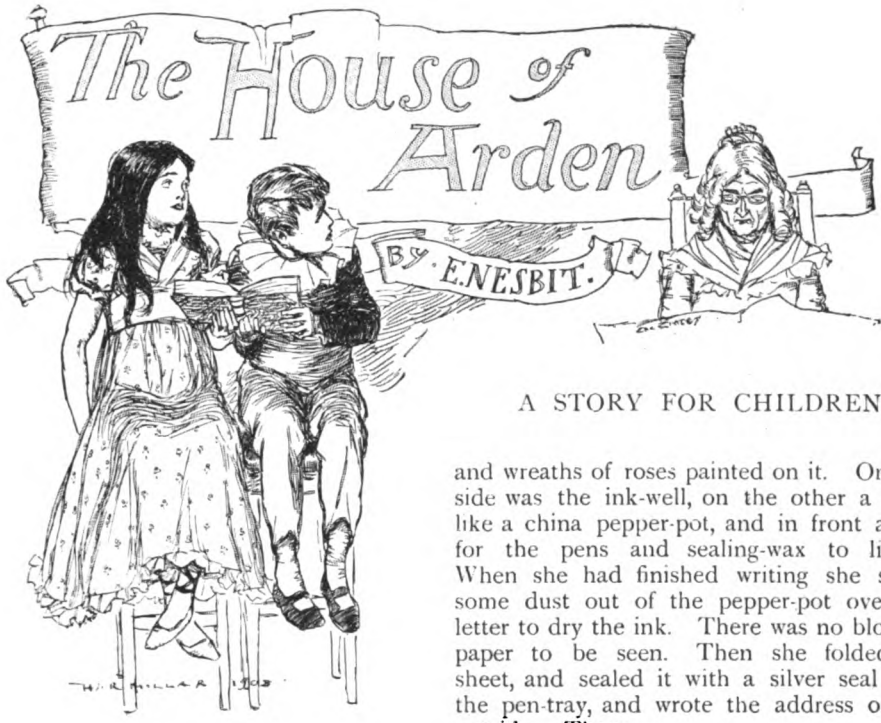


No. 17.—CENTRAL SOLITAIRE.
Take off all the marbles except one, to be left in central hole, in nineteen moves.

All games in which playing cards are used lend themselves to the invention of puzzles. But I must content myself here with giving just two examples of puzzles with the cards alone, as quite detached from the games. Readers of this Magazine have, during the past few months, had a feast of Whist and Bridge problems in which they were provided with some of the choicest fare. One of the oldest card puzzles is by Claude Gaspar Bachet de Méziriac, first published, I believe, in the 1624 edition of his work. "Bachet's Square."—Rearrange the sixteen court cards (including the aces) in a square so that in no row of four cards, horizontal, vertical, or diagonal, shall be found two cards of the same suit or the same value. This in itself is easy enough, but a point of the puzzle is to find in how many different ways this may be done. The eminent French mathematician, A. Labosne, in his modern edition of Bachet gives the answer incorrectly. And yet the puzzle is really quite easy. Any arrangement produces seven more by turning the square round and reflecting it in a mirror. These are counted as different by Bachet.

A most fascinating puzzle is "The Thirty-one Puzzle." As I have given an account of this in my book, "The Canterbury Puzzles," I will here only state the simple conditions. Display on the table the ace, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of all four suits. There are two players. The first turns down a card, say a 2, and counts "two"; the second player turns down a card, say a 5, and, adding this to the score, counts "seven"; the first player turns down another, say a 1, and counts "eight"; play proceeding until one of them wins—by counting "thirty-one" or driving his opponent beyond. Which should win—the first or second player? And how should he play? Do not jump at a too hasty conclusion.

The Solutions to the Puzzles in the above article will appear in our next Number.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.

IN BONEY'S TIMES.

EDRED crept back to his stool and took his corner of the marble-backed book of Dr. Watts, with fingers that trembled. If you are inclined to despise him, consider that it was his first real adventure.

"I say," Edred whispered, "we've got back to 1807. That paper says so."

"I know," Elfrida whispered back. "I wish I could remember what was happening in history in 1807," she continued, "but we never get past Edward IV."

Then the stiff old lady looked up over very large spectacles with thick silver rims, and said:—

"Silence!"

Presently she laid down the *Times* and got ink and paper—no envelopes—and began to write. She was finishing a letter—the large sheet was almost covered on one side. When she had covered it quite, she turned it round and began to write across it. She used a white goose-quill pen. The inkstand was of china, with gold scrolls and cupids and wreaths of roses painted on it. On one side was the ink-well, on the other a thing like a china pepper-pot, and in front a tray for the pens and sealing-wax to lie in. When she had finished writing she shook some dust out of the pepper-pot over the letter to dry the ink. There was no blotting-paper to be seen. Then she folded the sheet, and sealed it with a silver seal from the pen-tray, and wrote the address on the outside. Then:—

"Have you got your task?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Elfrida; and this was taken to mean that she knew her task.

"Then come and say it."

So then first Elfrida and then Edred recited the melancholy verses.

"Now," said the old lady, "you may go and play in the garden."

"Mayn't we take your letter to the post?" Elfrida asked.

"Yes; but you are not to stay in the George bar, mind, not even if Mrs. Skinner should invite you. Just hand her the letter and come out. Shut the door softly, and do not shuffle with your feet."

"Yes, ma'am," said Elfrida, and on that they got out.

"They'll find us out, bound to," said Edred; "we don't know a single thing about anything. I don't know where the George is, or where to get a stamp, or anything. Let's go to the attic and try and get back into our own time. I expect we just got into the wrong door, don't you? Do you remember which door it was—the attic, I mean?" Edred suddenly asked. "Was it the third on the left?"

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"I don't know. But we can easily find it when we want it."

They raced up the stairs to the corridor where the prints were.

"It's not the first door, I'm certain," said Edred, so they opened the second. But it was not that either. So then they tried all the doors in turn, even opening, at last, the first one of all. And it was not that, even. *It was not any of them.*

"Fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven," said Elfrida, and ended in a sob—"the door's gone! We shall have to stay here for ever and ever. Oh, I want auntie—I do, I do."

She sat down abruptly on a small green mat in front of the last door, which happened to be that of the kitchen.

Edred says he did not cry too. And if what he says is true, Elfrida's crying must have been louder than was usual with her; for the kitchen door opened, and the two children were caught up in two fat arms and hurried into a pleasant kitchen, where bright brass and copper pots hung on the walls, and between a large fire and a large meat-screen a leg of mutton turned round and round with nobody to help it.

"Hold your noise," said the owner of the fat arms, who now proved to be a very stout woman in a chocolate-coloured print gown sprigged with blue roses. She had a large linen apron and a cap with flappy frills, and between the frills just such another good, kind, jolly face as Mrs. Honeysett's own. "Here, stop your mouths," she said, "or your granny'll be after you—to say nothing of Boney. Stop your crying, do, and see what cookie's got for you."

She opened a tin canister and picked out two lumps of brown stuff that looked like sand—about the size and shape of prunes they were.

"What's that?" Edred asked.

"Drabbit me," said the cook, "what a child it is! Not know sugar when he sees it. Well, well, Master Edred; what next, I should like to know?"

"We've got to take granny's letter to post," said Edred, "and we don't——"

"Cook," said Elfrida, on a sudden impulse, "can you keep a secret?"

"Can't I?" said the cook. "Haven't I kept the secret of how furmety's made and Bakewell pies and all? There's no furmety to hold a candle to mine in this country, as well you know."

"We don't know *anything*," said Elfrida; "that's just it. And we daren't let granny know how much we don't know. Something's happened to us, so that we can't remember anything that happened more than an hour ago."

"You're not deceiving poor cookie, are you now, like you did about the French soldiers being hid in the windmill, upsetting all the village like you did?"

"No; it's true—it's dreadfully true. You'll have to help us. We don't remember *anything*, either of us."

The cook sat down heavily in a polished arm-chair with a patchwork cushion.

"She's overlooked you. There's not a doubt about it. You're bewitched. Oh, my pretty little dears, that ever I should see the day——"

The cook's fat, jolly face twisted and puckered in a way with which each child was familiar in the face of the other.

"Don't cry," they said, both together; and Elfrida added, "Who's overlooked what?"

"Old Betty Lovell has—that I'll be bound! She's bewitched you both, sure as eggs is eggs. I knew there'd be some sort of a to-do when my lord had her put in the stocks for stealing sticks in the wood. We've got to get her to take it off, my dears; that's what we've got to do, for sure, without you could find a white Mouldiwarp, and that's not likely."

"A white Mouldiwarp?" said both the children, and again they spoke together like a chorus, and looked at each other like conspirators.

"You know the rhyme—oh! but if you've forgotten everything you've forgotten that too."

"Say it, won't you?" said Edred.

"Let's see, how do it go?

> White Mouldiwarp a spell can make,
> White Mouldiwarp a spell can break;
> When all be well, let Mouldiwarp be,
> When all goes ill, then turn to he."

"Well, all's not gone ill yet," said Elfrida. "Let's go and see the witch."

"You'd best take her something—a screw of sugar she'd like, and a pinch of tea."

"Why, she'd not say 'Thank you' for it," said Edred, looking at the tiny packets.

"I expect you've forgotten," said cook, gently, "that tea's ten shillings a pound, and sugar's gone up to three-and-six since the war."

"What war?"

"The French war. You haven't forgotten we're at war with Boney and the French, and the bonfire we had up at the church when the news came of the drubbing we gave them

at Trafalgar, and poor dear Lord Nelson and all? And your grandfather reading out about it to them from the George balcony, and all the people waiting to cheer, and him not able to get it out for choking pride and because of Lord Nelson—God bless him!"

"How splendid!" said Elfrida; "but we don't remember it."

"Nor you don't remember how you killed all the white butterflies last year because you said they were Frenchies in their white coats? And the birching you got for cruelty to dumb animals, his lordship said. You howled for an hour together after it, so you did."

"I'm glad we've forgotten *that*, anyhow," said Edred.

"Gracious!" said the cook. "Half after eleven, and my eggs not so much as broke for my pudding. Off you go with your letter. Don't you tell anyone else about you forgetting. And then you come home along by Dering's Spinney—and go see old Betty. Speak pretty to her and give her the tea and sugar, and keep your feet crossed under your chair if she asks you to sit down."

So the children went.

They found the George half-way up Arden village, and gave their letter to a lady in a pleasant room, where there were rows of bright pewter pots and pewter plates on a brown dresser. They hurried away the moment they had given the letter. A coach top-heavy with luggage had drawn up in front of the porch, and as they went out they saw the ostlers leading away the six smoking horses.

"How ever many horses have you got?" said Elfrida, addressing a man who had not joined in the kindly chorus of "Halloa, little 'uns!" that greeted the children. So she judged him to be a newcomer. As he was.

"Two-and-fifty," said the man.

"What for?" Elfrida asked.

"Why, for the coaches, and the post-shays, and the King's messengers, for sure," the man answered. "How else'd we all get about the country, if it wasn't for the George stables?"

And then the children remembered that this was the time before railways and telegrams and telephones.

But they had to find the witch; and in a dreadful tumble-down cottage, with big holes in its roof of rotten thatch, they did find her, in front of the fire, with a hen on her lap.

As soon as Edred caught sight of her through the crooked doorway, he stopped. "I'm not going in," he said; "what's the good? We know jolly well she *hasn't* bewitched us. And if we go cheeking her she *may*, and then we shall be in a nice hole."

"'I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME TEA AND SUGAR,' SHE SAID."

So Elfrida went into the cottage alone, and said "Good morning" in rather a frightened way.

"I've brought you some tea and sugar," she said.

"What for? I've not done you no 'arm."

"No," said Elfrida. "I'm sure you wouldn't."

"Then what have you brought it for?"

"For—oh, just for you," said Elfrida. "I thought you'd like it. It's just a—a love-gift, you know."

"A love-gift?" said the old woman, slowly. "After all this long time?"

Elfrida did not understand. How should she? It's almost impossible for even the most grown up and clever of us to know how women used to be treated—and not so very long ago either—if they were once suspected of being

witches. So Elfrida, not understanding, said, "Yes; is your fowl ill?"

"'Twill mend," said the old woman, "'twill mend. The healing of my hands has gone into it." She rose, set the hen on the hearth, where it fluttered, squawked, and settled among grey ashes, very much annoying the black cat, and laid her hands suddenly on Elfrida's shoulders.

"And now the healing of my hands is for you," she said. "You have brought me a love-gift. Never a gift have I had these fifty years but was a gift of fear or a payment for help—to buy me to take off a spell or put a spell on. But you have brought me a love-gift, and I tell you you shall have your heart's desire. You shall have love around and about you all your life long. That which is lost shall be found. That which came not shall come again. In this world's goods you shall be blessed, and blessed in the goods of the heart also. I know—I see—and for you I see everything good and fair. Your future shall be clean and sweet as your kind heart."

She took her hands away. Elfrida, very much impressed, stood still, not knowing what to say or do; she rather wanted to cry.

The old woman sank down in a crouching heap, and her voice changed to one of sing-song.

"I know," she said—"I know many things. All alone the livelong day and the death-long night, I have learned to see. As cats see through the dark, I see through the days that have been and shall be. I know that you are not here, that you are not now. You will return whence you came, and this time that is not yours shall bear no trace of you. And my blessing shall be with you in your own time and your own place, because you brought a love-gift to the poor old wise woman of Arden."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Elfrida asked, very sorry indeed, for the old woman's voice was very pitiful.

"Kiss me," said the old woman—"kiss me with your little child's mouth, that has come back a hundred years to do it."

Elfrida did not wish to kiss the wrinkled grey face, but her heart wished her to be kind, and she obeyed her heart.

"Ah!" said the wise woman, "now I see. Oh, never have I had such a vision. None of them all has ever been like this. I see great globes of light like the sun in the streets of the city, where now are only little oil-lamps and guttering lanterns. I see iron roads, with fiery dragons drawing the coaches, and rich and poor riding up and down on them. Men shall speak in England and their voice be heard in France—more, the voices of men dead shall be kept alive in boxes and speak at the will of those who still live. The handlooms shall cease in the cottages, and the weavers shall work in palaces with a thousand windows lighted as bright as day. The sun shall stoop to make men's portraits more like than any painter can make them. There shall be ships that shall run under the seas like conger-eels, and ships that shall ride over the clouds like great birds. And bread that is now a shilling and ninepence shall be fivepence, and the corn and the beef shall come from overseas to feed us. And every child shall be taught who can learn, and——"

"Peace, prater," cried a stern voice in the doorway. Elfrida turned. There stood the grandfather, Lord Arden, very straight and tall and grey, leaning on his gold-headed cane, and beside him Edred, looking very small and found-out.

The old witch did not seem to see them; her eyes, that rolled and blinked, saw nothing. But she must have heard, for:—

"Loss to Arden," she said; "loss and woe to Arden. The hangings of your house shall be given to the spider, and the mice shall eat your carved furnishings. Your gold shall be less and less, and your house go down and down till there is not a field that is yours about your house."

Lord Arden shrugged his shoulders.

"Likely tales," he said, "to frighten babes with. Tell me rather, if you would have me believe, what shall hap to-morrow."

"To-morrow," said the wise woman, "the French shall land in Lymchurch Bay."

Lord Arden laughed.

"And I give you a sign—three signs," said the woman, faintly; for it is tiring work seeing into the future, even when you are enlightened by a kiss from someone who has been there. "You shall see the white Mouldiwarp, that is the badge of Arden, on your threshold as you enter."

"That shall be one sign," said the old man, mockingly.

"And the second," she said, "shall be again the badge of your house, in your own chair in your own parlour."

"That seems likely," said Lord Arden, sneering.

"And the third," said she, "shall be the badge of your house in the arms of this child."

Lord Arden led Edred and Elfrida away, one in each hand, and as he went he was

very severe on disobedient children who went straying after wicked witches.

"Bread and water for dinner," he said, "to teach you better ways."

"Oh, grandfather," said Elfrida, catching at his hand, "don't be so unkind! Just think about when *you* were little. I'm sure you liked looking at witches, didn't you, now?"

Lord Arden stared angrily at her, and then he chuckled. "It's a bold girl, so it is," he said. "I own I remember well seeing a witch ducked no farther off than Newchurch, and playing truant from my tutor to see it, too."

"There now, you see," said Elfrida, coaxingly, "we don't mean to be naughty; we're just like what you were. You won't make it bread and water, will you?—especially if bread's so dear."

Lord Arden chuckled again.

"Why, the little white mouse has found a tongue, and never was I spoken to so bold since the days I wore petticoats myself," he said. "Well, well—we'll say no more about it this time."

So they turned across the summer fields to Arden Castle. And on the doorstep sat a white mole.

"There, now!" said Elfrida. The mole vanished like a streak of white paint that is rubbed out.

"Pooh!" said Lord Arden. "There's plenty of white moles in the world."

But when he saw the white mole sitting up in his own carved arm-chair in the parlour, he owned that it was very unusual.

And the Mouldiwarp made a little run and a little jump, and Elfrida caught it and held it against her waist with both hands.

"Stay with me," whispered Elfrida to the mole.

"By George!" said Lord Arden to the universe.

"So now you see," said Edred to Lord Arden.

Then they had dinner. The children had to sit very straight and eat very slowly, and their glasses were filled with beer instead of water; and when they asked for water Lady Arden asked how many more times they would have to be told that water was unwholesome. Lord Arden was very quiet. At quite the beginning of dinner he had told his wife all about the wise woman, and the landing of the French, and the three signs.

"It's my belief," said Lady Arden, "that it's a direct warning—in return, perhaps, for the tea and sugar."

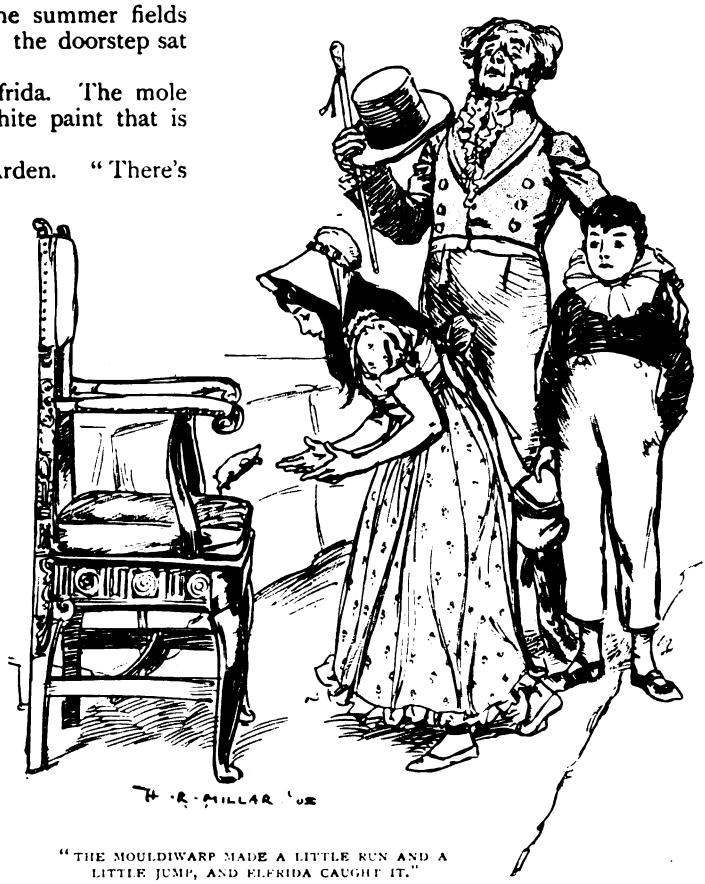
"Ah!" said Lord Arden. "Well, whether or no, every man in this village shall be armed and paraded this day, or I'll know the reason why. I'm not going to have the French stepping ashore as cool as cucumbers, without 'With your leave' or 'By your leave,' and anyone to say afterwards, 'Well, Arden, you had fair warning, only you would know best.'"

"No," said Lady Arden; "that *would* be unpleasant."

Lord Arden's decision was made stronger by the arrival of a man on a very hot horse.

"The French are coming," he said, quite out of breath.

Lord Arden was so busy giving orders, and



"THE MOULDIWARP MADE A LITTLE RUN AND A LITTLE JUMP, AND ELFRIDA CAUGHT IT."

my lady so busy talking his orders over with the maidservants, that the children were left free to use their eyes and ears. And they went down into the village and saw many strange things. They saw men at the grindstone sharpening old swords, and others who had no swords putting a fine edge on billhooks, hatchets, scythes, and kitchen choppers. They saw other men boarding up their windows and digging holes in their gardens and burying their money and their teaspoons in them. No one knew how the rumour had begun, but everyone believed it now.

Elfrida wished more than ever that she knew more about the later chapters of the history book. Did Boney land in England on the 17th of June, 1807? She could not remember. There was something, she knew, in the book about a French invasion, but she could not remember what it was an invasion of, nor when it took place. So she and Edred knew as little as anyone else what really *was* going to happen. The Mouldiwarp, in the hurried interview she had had with it before dinner, had promised to come if she called it—"with poetry, of course," it added, as it curled up in the corner of the drawer, and this comforted her a good deal when, going up to get her bonnet, she found the bottom drawer empty. So, though she was as interested as Edred in all that was going on, it was only with half her mind.

So for once Edred was more observant than she, and when he noticed that the men built a bonfire not at all on the spot which Lord Arden had pointed out as most convenient, he wondered why.

And presently, seeing a man going by that very spot, he asked him why. To his surprise, the man at once poked him in the ribs with a very hard finger, and said:—

"Ah, you're a little wag, you are! But you're a little gentleman, too, and so's the little lady, bless her. You never gave us away to the Preventives—for all you found out."

"Of course," said Elfrida, cautiously. "We should never give anyone away."

"Want to come along down now?" the man asked. He was a brown-faced, sturdy, sailor-looking man, with a short pigtail sticking out from the back of his head like the china handle of a Japanese tea-pot.

"Oh, yes," said Elfrida, and Edred did not say "Oh, no."

"Then just you wait till I'm out of sight, and then come down the way you see me go," said the man. And they obeyed.

Alas, too few children in these uninteresting times of ours have ever been in a smuggler's cave! To Edred and to Elfrida it was as great a novelty as it would be to you or to me.

When they came up with the brown man he was standing in the middle of a patch of furze.

"Jump they outside bushes," he said. And they jumped, and wound their way among the furze bushes by little narrow rabbit-paths till they stood by his side.

Then he lifted a great heap of furze and bramble that looked as if it had lived and died exactly where it was. And there was a hole—with steps going down.

It was dark below, but Elfrida did not hesitate to do as she was told and to go forward. And if Edred hesitated it was only for a minute.

The children went down some half-a-dozen steps. Then the brown man came into the hole too, and drew the furze after him. And he lighted a lantern; there was a tallow candle in it, and it smelt very nasty indeed.

There was the great cave—where barrels and bales were heaped, a sanded floor, a table and benches cut out of solid chalk, and an irregular opening partly blocked by a mass of fallen cliff, through which you saw the mysterious twilit sea, with stars coming out over it.

"Do you think the French *will* land to-morrow in Lymchurch Bay?" Edred asked.

By the light of the lantern the smuggler solemnly winked.

"You two can keep a secret, I know," he said. "The French won't land; it's us what'll land, and we'll land here and not in the bay; and what we'll land is a good drop of the real thing, and a yard or two of silk or lace maybe. I don't know who 'twas put it about as the French was a-coming, but you may lay to it they aren't no friends of the Revenue."

"Oh, I see," said Elfrida. "And did——"

"The worst of it'll be the look-out they'll keep. Lucky for us it's all our men as has volunteered for duty. And we know our friends."

"But do you mean," said Edred, "that you can be friends with a Frenchman, when we're at war with them?"

"It's like this, little man," said the smuggler, sitting down on a keg that stood handily on its head ready for a seat. "We ain't no quarrel with the free-trade men—neither here nor there. A man's got his living to get,

"'DO YOU THINK THE FRENCH WILL LAND TO-MORROW IN LYMCHURCH BAY?' EDRED ASKED."

hasn't he now? So you see a man's trade comes first—what he gets his bread by. So you see these chaps as meet us mid-Channel and hand us the stuff—they're free traders first and Frenchies after—the same like we're merchants before all. We ain't no quarrel with them. It's the French soldiers we're at war with, not the honest French traders that's in the same boat as us ourselves."

"Then somebody's just made up about Boney coming, so as to keep people busy in the bay while you're smuggling here?" said Edred

"I wouldn't go so far as that, sir," said the man; "but if it did happen that way it 'ud be a sort of special dispensation for us free-trade men that get our living by honest work and honest danger; that's all I say, knowing by what's gone before that you two are safe as any old salt afloat."

Having seen all the ins and outs of the cave, the children were not sorry to get back to Arden Castle. They were put to bed by Lady Arden's own maid.

Only Elfrida woke once and found the room filled with red light, and, looking out of the window, saw that one of the beacon bonfires was alight and that the flames and smoke were streaming across the dark sky.

It was grey morning when they got up and dressed. No one was about in the house, but the front door was open.

They made their way down to the cliff, where a thick, black crowd stood—a crowd of armed men in their makeshift uniforms whom old Lord Arden had drilled and paraded the evening before. And they were all looking out to sea, where a ship was driving straight on to the rocks two hundred feet below.

"'Tis a French ship, by her rig," someone said.

"The first of the fleet—a scout," said another, "and Heaven has sent a storm to destroy them like it destroyed the accursed Armada in Queen Bess's time."

And still the ship came nearer.

"'Tis the *Bonne Esperance*," said the low voice of the smuggler friend close to Elfrida's ear, and she could only just hear him through the whistling of the gale. "'Tis true what old Betty said; the French will land here to-day—but they'll land dead corpses. And all our little cargo—they've missed our boat in the gale—it'll all be smashed to bits afore our eyes. It's poor work being a honest merchant."

The men in their queer uniforms, carrying their queer weapons, huddled closer together,

and all eyes were fixed on the ship as it came on and on.

"Is it *sure* to be wrecked?" whispered Elfrida, catching at old Lord Arden's hand.

"No hope, my child. Get you home to bed," he said.

It did not make any difference that all this had happened a hundred years ago. There was the cold, furious sea lashing the rocks far down below the cliff. Elfrida could not bear to stay and see that ship smash on the rocks like a carved work-box dropped on a flagstone. She could not even bear to think of seeing it. Poetry was difficult, but to stay here and see a ship wrecked—a ship that had men aboard—was more difficult still.

> Oh, Mouldiwarp, do come to me;
> I cannot bear it, do you see,

was not, perhaps, fine poetry, but it expressed her feeling exactly, and, anyhow, it did what it was meant to do. The white mole rubbed against her ankles even as she spoke. She caught it up.

"Oh, what are we to do?"

"Go home," it said, "to the castle—you'll find the door now."

And they turned to go. And as they turned they heard a grinding crunch, mixed with the noise of waves and winds. Then there was a sort of sighing moan from the crowd on the cliff, who had been there all night waiting for the French to land, and then Lord Arden's voice:—

"The French have landed. She spoke truth. The French have landed—Heaven help them!"

And as the children ran towards the house they knew that every man in that crowd would now be ready to risk his life to save from the sea those Frenchies for whom they had sat up all night to kill with swords and scythes and bills and meat-choppers.

Holding the mole in one hand and dragging Edred by the other, Elfrida got back to the castle and in at the open front door, up the stairs, and straight to a door—she knew it would be the right one, and it was.

On the ground lay their own clothes. "Change," said the white mole, a little out of breath because it had been held very tight and carried very fast.

And the moment they began to put on their own clothes it seemed that the pigeon noises came closer and closer, and somehow helped them out of the stiff clothes of 1807 and back into the comfortable sailor suits of 1907.

"Did ye find the treasure?" the mole asked, and the children answered, "Why, no; we never thought of it."

"It don't make no odds," said the mole. "'Twarent dere."

"There?" said Elfrida. "Then we're *here?* We're *now* again, I mean? We're not then?"

"Oh, you're *now*, sure enough," said the mole, "and won't you catch it! Dame Honeysett's been raising the countryside arter ye. Next time ye go gallivantin' into old ancient days you'd best set the clock back. Young folks don't know everything. Get along down and take your scolding."

It ran under one of the chests, and Edred and Elfrida were left looking at each other.

Mrs. Honeysett, very pale and tired-looking, jumped up from her chair by the kitchen fire as they came in.

"You bad, naughty, wicked, ungrateful children," she said, and instantly hugged them both. "Where have you been all this blessed night and all yesterday afternoon?"

"Er——" said Edred, as if that settled it.

"We got into the attic," said Elfrida, "and we've been asleep."

It was quite true. And really I don't see what else it would have been any use to say.

"Oh, don't be cross, dear Mrs. Honeysett," Elfrida went on; "we won't again, and we really couldn't help it."

"One more such a game," said Mrs. Honeysett, solemnly, "and I writes to your aunt to say I won't be 'sponserble for such young limbs. Just one single one more, that's all. So I warn you. Would you like a poached egg to your breakfasts or a home-made sausage?"

"You're an angel!" cried Elfrida. "Sausages, please; and we'll never do anything again. I promise faithfully—don't you, Edred?"

"Yes," said Edred. "Poached egg for me. Yes, I promise faithfully."

(To be continued.)

Some Queer Inventions.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.

I HAVE here gathered together an assortment of curious specimens of the ingenuity of inventors. They are trifles in their way, yet an inspection of them will go far to produce the conviction that the ability which created them is by no means to be despised.

A turner who possesses this original ability has made numerous objects, designed to serve as flower-bowls and other purposes, in such a way that the shadow of the outline bears a resemblance to some noted person. This effect is gained by simply making the outline of the object correspond to the profile of a face, which, as seen in Fig. 1, is not detectable in the bowl itself on account of the multitude of hollows and ridges surrounding it. It is curious to notice a double shadow of Lord Salisbury's face on this workman's table-cloth, Gladstone's profile on the wall, and other notabilities' portraits spread out for view in odd corners of the room.

FIG. 1.—A SHADOW-PORTRAIT VASE.

Fig. 1 shows a vase which throws a shadow-portrait of Queen Victoria upon the wall.

FIG. 3.—A SUGAR-BASIN AQUARIUM.

A unique piece of mechanism, combining both rare ingenuity and elegance, is illustrated in Fig. 2. It is a small wooden figure of a boy, and is so devised as to be capable of being manipulated so as to throw a shadow of a cross, an anchor, and a heart, at separate times. It is indeed a veritable embodiment of the symbols of Faith, Hope, and Charity. As arranged in the drawing the shadow produced resembles a cross; and no doubt the idea was conceived from an engraving of the Infant Christ with arms outstretched, casting the shadow of the cross in the same way.

FIG. 2.—A FIGURE WHICH THROWS THREE DISTINCT SHADOWS OF "FAITH," "HOPE," AND "CHARITY."

In order to obtain the shadow of the anchor or of the heart, certain joints allow of the bending of the boy's arms downwards, while in the first case the quiver is entirely removed.

A decided novelty for the tea-table is that drawn in Fig. 3. It represents the idea of a young fellow who was very fond of gold-fish. The suggestion is not a bad one, if an extra large basin is employed. In this case the ingenious youth suspended a glass bulb in a rather large basin and filled the latter with water, wherein he placed some tiny gold-fish. Of course, the sugar was in no way injured; and it actually proved an excellent background, against which the floating fish showed conspicuously in all their beauty.

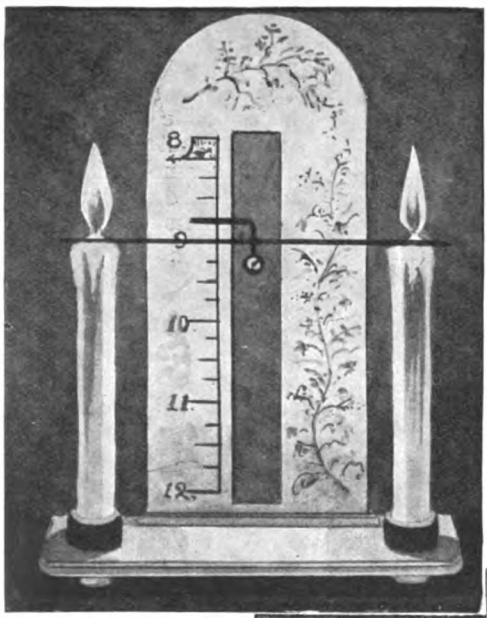


FIG. 4.—A CANDLE CLOCK.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent a couple of original clocks, each of which exhibits remarkable ingenuity of construction.

The first clock (Fig. 4) is worked by candles, and was made by an ingenious man who used occasionally to work overtime, and, not having a watch or clock, rigged this apparatus up to tell him how the hour-quarters passed after eight o'clock. A weighted indicator is suspended on the tops of the pair of candles, and as they are consumed the indicator, of course, slowly descends.

The second clock (Fig. 5) shows the figure of an angel pointing to the hour and holding a funnel. The angel slowly rises until the power of the mechanism is exhausted. To the hour-board is attached a shelf, upon which stands a bowl. The angel is connected by a rod, properly balanced, to a spiral spring concealed behind the hour-board. The funnel contains silver sand, and as this falls from it and into the bowl the heaviness of the angel decreases and permits the spiral spring to contract, thus drawing the figure upwards.

FIG. 5.—AN "ANGEL" CLOCK.

FIG. 6.—A "PICTURE-BOTTLE."

Clocks of this and the preceding kind cannot be regarded as anything but eccentricities of genius, but, apart from practical uses, ingenuity has a charm of its own.

A relative of the writer owns a pair of extraordinary bottles. They have, adhering to their inside surface, innumerable coloured scraps. The bottle shown in Fig. 6 is eight or nine inches high, and is filled with salt, which serves as a clear and effective background for the pictures. These must have entailed a great degree

of patience and skill in the operation of being fixed in their present position.

A tumbler which *will* insist on reverting to an erect position, no matter how frequently it is knocked over, appears to possess admirable merits. It will be news to many people that this was the original form of drinking tumbler—hence the name. They were composed of thin horn and weighted with a bulbous mass at the bottom (Fig. 7). The idea of their use was a double one: the old drinking customs required that the ale should be drunk at a draught (for its presence in the tumbler would cause it to overbalance and spill its contents), and there was the advantage possessed by the tumbler of not rolling out of reach when knocked about during orgies.

FIG. 7.—A REAL TUMBLER

Fig. 8 shows a peculiar article of furniture—an article intended to surprise visitors. It usually wears the normal appearance of an ordinary tea-table. Upon touching a spring certain weights are permitted to fall, and these act on a specially-fitted cord in such a way as to raise the table-top to a great height. The cord is attached to the weights and passes down the hollow pillar of the table. The ordinary table-top has a stick affixed beneath its centre. As soon as the weights are released the strain exerted by them upon the lower end of the stick impels the latter upwards, the circular table-top consequently being raised as shown in the drawing. Catches prevent its complete ejection from the pillar. We will not stop to inquire how the cups and saucers fare.

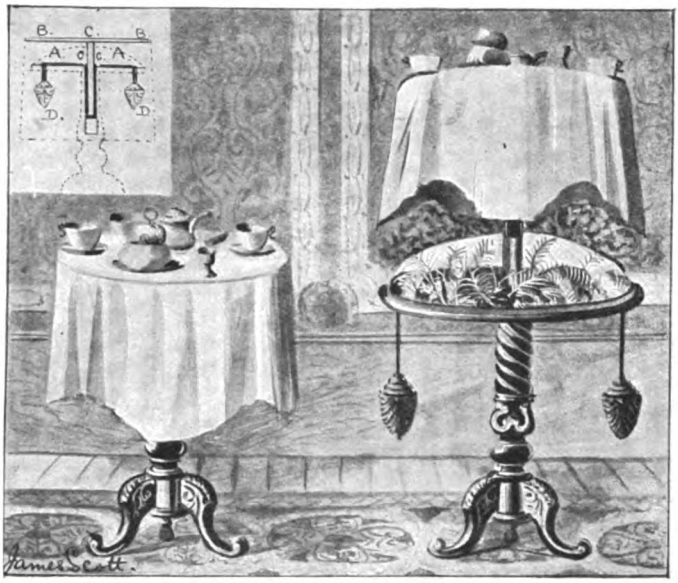


FIG. 8.—A "SURPRISE" TEA-TABLE.

It may seem somewhat strange to desire a *walking*-stick to *stand still* occasionally; yet that is what a certain stick which I have handled is capable of doing. Many of my male readers must have noticed how annoying the experience is when one wishes to relieve oneself temporarily of one's walking-stick. You may be in the middle of a field, or on the kerb-stone talking to a friend, and desirous of hunting in your pockets. If you respect passengers' eyes you will not thrust your stick under your arm. The owner of the stick referred to (Fig. 9) merely releases a spring catch near the handle, and that impels from the lower extremity three props, which shoot outwards tripod-fashion. I do not perceive where compensation occurs for the trouble involved, both in making and using this stick, but there is the ingenuity, and for that reason its description is included in this article.

FIG. 9.—A STAND-STILL WALKING-STICK.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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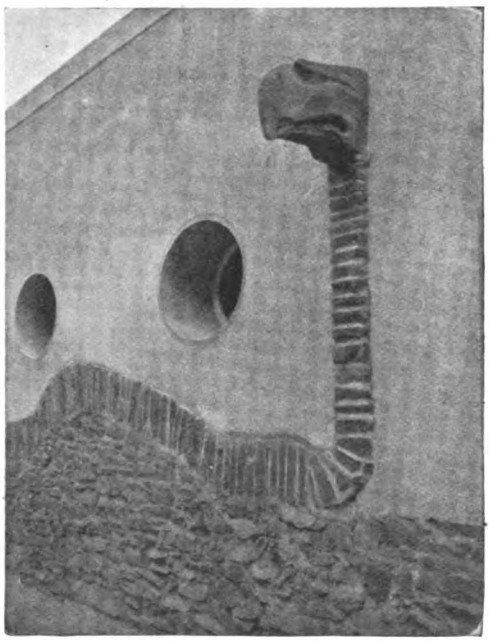
AN ARCHITECT'S QUAINT CONCEIT.

MY photograph shows the presentment of a dragon built into the warehouse of a firm of wine merchants, Messrs. Julius Kayson and Co., at Traben-Trarbach. It is a quaint conceit of the architect for frightening the hill at the back of the



warehouse from falling down and overwhelming it. The hill had, through the getting out of the warehouse foundations, shown a tendency to slide, but, of course, the dragon has stayed its threatening manœuvre! The architect was the celebrated Otto Brüning, of Berlin. —Mr. Jas. Hiscox, 59, Mark Lane, E.C.

FIND HER LOVER.

I SEND you an advertisement of Messrs. Lilley and Skinner's, in which the photograph of the lady resting is, I think, worthy of a place in your museum of Curiosities. The whole picture, if looked at from some distance, forms a

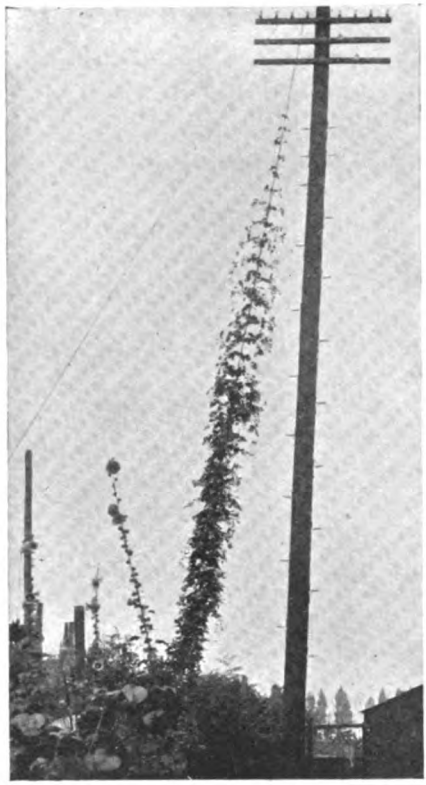
striking resemblance to a cavalier's head, the nose being the bended arm in the picture, and the lace collar the lady's dress. The head of the lady forms the eye, and the background suffices for the black hair of the man summoned into being.—Mr. J. E. Denbeigh, 12-13, Water Lane, Great Tower Street, E.C.

SPECTATORS EXTRAORDINARY.

THIS is a picture I took on November 2nd last at Madison, Wisconsin, and shows the keen interest taken in football that so many "Simon Stylites" should be found to-day who will sacrifice their personal comfort for more than an hour, standing on the posts of a fence which enables them to see over the high fence surrounding the University of Wisconsin football ground. The occasion was the match between this University and that of Indiana. The keenness in football reaches to an excess, as we should think in England. At the great games between Harvard and Yale people will pay as much as £2 10s. to get a seat, and I have friends who were turned away who offered £1 10s. each. At the University games there is a "whip" who leads the cheering, and for days before a great match the streets ring with "cheering" practice.—C. H. H.

A GIANT HOP PLANT.

I SEND a photograph of a hop plant grown in the same position as the one which appeared in the February number of THE STRAND last year — namely, on the wire support of a telegraph pole. The height, which is thirty-five feet, may be judged by the steps on the pole nearest the hops, which are three feet apart. The bottom step, marked by a cross, is seven feet from the ground. If you compare the two you will find this a much finer plant, it being three feet higher. — Mr. J. Olley, 69, Sangley Road, Catford, S.E.

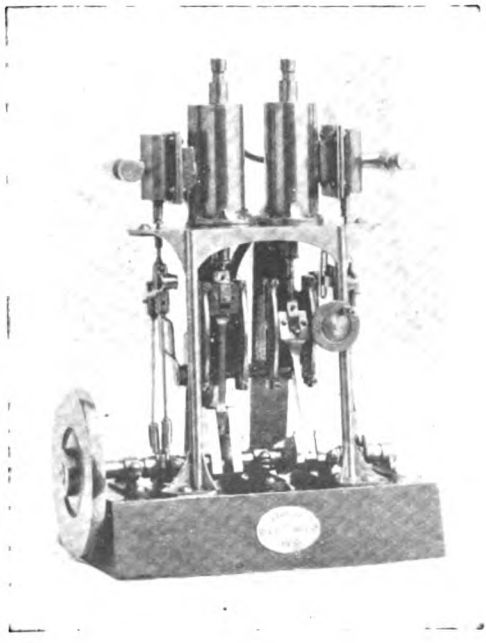


A UNIQUE BEE-HIVE.

THE grotesque object shown standing in a garden overlooking the high road excites the curiosity of the visitor to the quaint, old-world village of Peckforton, in Cheshire. The whole is hewn from red sandstone, and is the whimsical work of one George Watson, a stone-mason, who flourished about seventy years ago. The elephant is almost life-size and weighs about five tons. The Lilliputian castle on its back is extremely neat and complete, even to the glazing of the windows. The old mason's labour was not entirely without object, for the castle is used as a bee-hive and accommodates five hives, the entrance-holes being at the foot of each window. — Mr. Noël R. Eastwood, Parkton Grove, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

ENGINE FROM A SCRAP-HEAP.

THIS photograph shows, about one-third full size, a double cylindrical reversing marine engine constructed of scraps only, and entirely without castings or "stampings" of any kind. All the parts of the model are built up of separate pieces of brass plate or tubing, shaped up and then joined by means of a common soldering iron and tinman's solder to form the various parts. Without reckoning the screws, which were all made by myself as required, over two hundred and thirty separate pieces were shaped and utilized in this way. The model has passed a test of forty pounds steam pressure, although thirty pounds was estimated as a limit, at which pressure it has frequently been worked. The design is purely original, and was strictly regulated by the oddments available. The following discarded articles (amongst other scraps) comprise the main supply of material: two damaged bicycle pumps, one gas bracket, one curtain bar, one piece stair nosing, two bicycle spokes, sundry nipples, and one old poker. — Mr. E. C. Crane, Caterham.



"ENGLISH AS ——"

WHILST travelling in Japan with the China Squadron in 1906 we called at Kobe, and when we landed the Japanese gave us cards recommending their houses. I am sending you one that I had given to me.—Lance-Sergeant H. Darlow, H.M.S. *Waterwitch*, Bias Bay, China.

コークハウス

NOTICE!!!

三神.
十戸市下山手通二丁目
三番ノ十八

HAVING lately been **Refitted** and preparations have been made to supply those who may be give us a look up, with **worst** of **Liquors** and **Food** at a reasonable price, and served by the Ugliest Female Servants that can be procured.

The Establishment can not boast of a Proprietor, but is carried on by a Japanese lady who would not be thought handsome even in a crowd. The Cook when his face is washed is considered the best looking of the company. Come up and see us, and don't let the jinrikishaman bluff you by saying there is no such a plase as

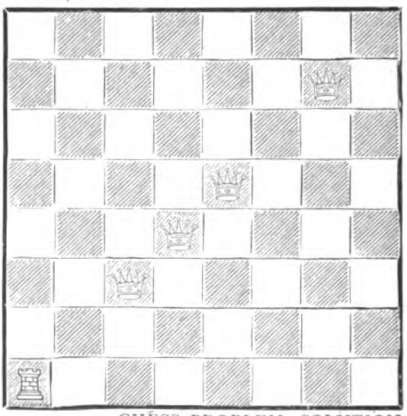
COOK HOUSE,

No. 33/18, Shimoyamate-dori Nichome, Kobe.

A MOST INTELLIGENT OWL.

I HAVE had the bird shown in the following photograph since May last, and until it came into my possession I was not aware how intelligent owls could be—or, at least, mine is. Since I have had him I have read all the information I could get regarding owls, from Audubon down, and those that have been in captivity have lived so short a time that I find no record of any special precocity on their part, and I would be very glad to receive any information from your readers regarding this subject, and also about the care of owls. This little bird seems to understand all that is said to him. I let him run around the house like a kitten during the day, and if he hides behind the trunks or elsewhere I say, "Where are you?" and he comes running out where I can see him. I hold him on my finger and ask him if he will vote for Taft, Root, Bryan, or any other name, and he

does not move until I say, "Will you vote for Roosevelt?" when he shakes his wings as often as I say "Roosevelt." The fact that he stands on my finger has nothing to do with it, but if I say "Roosevelt" he shakes his wings at once. Of course, I had to teach him this; but it is remarkable that he does not shake his wings at the mention of the other names. If he is pleased he coos very much like a young dove; but if angry, snaps his bill sharply and with considerable noise. If he sees a dog passing he barks like a dog, ruffles up his feathers, and seems to be ready to fight. Do any of your readers know if owls are generally so intelligent, or is it a peculiarity of the one in my possession?—Miss Mary J. June, 22, Madison Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

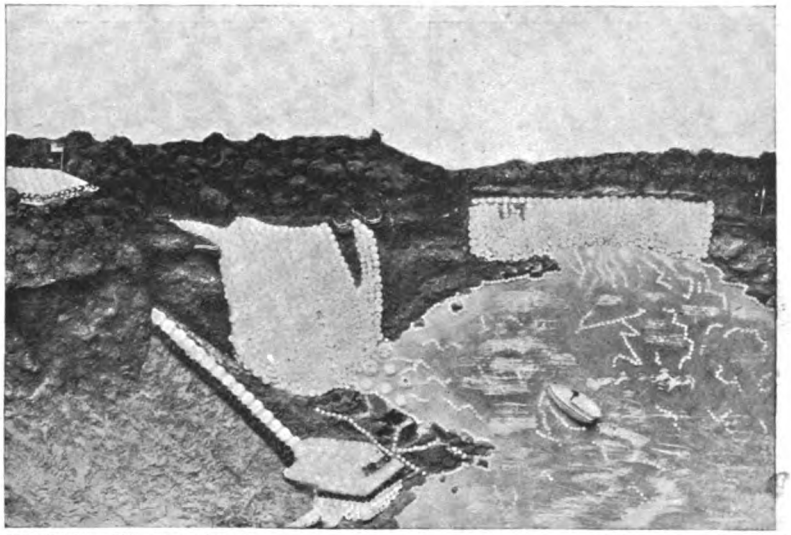


CHESS PROBLEM—SOLUTION.

THE problem published in last month's issue was to place four queens and a castle so that they command every square on the board. The solution of Mr. Blackburne is given above.

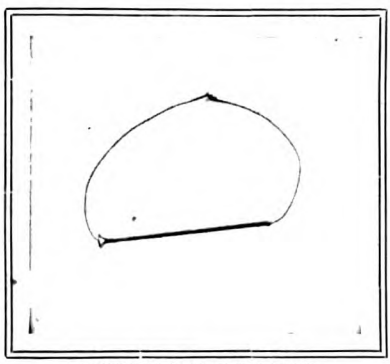
AN AMUSING OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I TOOK the adjoining photograph of the two little boys and after developing found that in the figure of the left-hand boy two distinct men are shown in light suits, back to back, and as though supporting some weight on their shoulders. The boy's hands form the two heads, his knickerbockers the men's bodies, and his legs the men's legs.—Mr. Arthur Attlee, Ranmore, 9, Carew Road, Eastbourne.



NIAGARA IN DIAMONDS.

NIAGARA FALLS—that great, crashing body of water which has been the object of interest to so many tourists—has been shown many times by photographs almost beyond calculation in number, but never before has it been represented in precious stones. This illustration shows an accurate portrayal of the great cataract in gems worth, in all, twenty thousand pounds. The water in the falls and in the whirlpool is depicted in diamonds, and the building and chute leading to the river in the same gems, while the side walls are represented by rubies and emeralds. The model, which measures eighteen inches by sixteen inches, was displayed at the recent Canadian National Exposition in Toronto by a prominent firm of jewellers of that place.—Mr. R. F. Nattan, 1,590, Amsterdam Avenue, New York.



MARVELLOUS DRILLING.

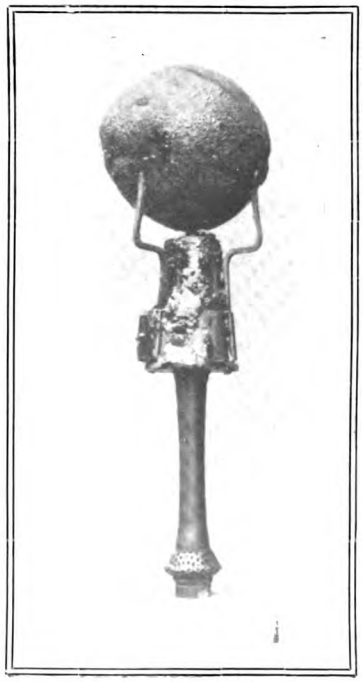
SOME time ago I read in the page of Curiosities in your Magazine an account of an American watchmaker drilling a pin down from the head to the point. I am a watchmaker myself, and I thought that I would try and drill one, too. I tried three times, but failed each time, as the drill would come out thr ugh the side about half-way down, so I gave it up for the time, but later on I thought I would have another try, and after three more attempts I have succeeded in accomplishing the feat. The pin, a photograph of which I send, was not drilled quite to the point, but the next I drilled reached to the extreme point. It is a longer pin, measuring one inch and a quarter.--Mr. Chas. E. Bingley, 13, Beaumont Road, Plymouth.

CREEPING UNDER A CATARACT.

THE accompanying print is of Linton Weir, on the Yorkshire Ouse. It consists of a series of large steps, and intrepid bathers may creep along the tunnel formed by the water flowing over one of them, and can come up for a rest half-way. The photograph shows a bather with his head out.—Mr. F. M. Preston, 6, Albert Road, Saltaire, Yorks.

BEAVERS AT WORK.

I SEND you two photographs of trees which beavers have selected for destruction. No. 1 shows where the calculations of the industrious workers went astray, the tree "butting" and falling against a standing tree. In No. 2 the chips of wood are plainly visible on the ground. These animals have been very busy felling trees, the bark of which is their chief article of diet. I chanced upon an extensive beaver colony recently in a very remote spot; on every hand were trees in various stages of destruction, some already on the ground stripped completely of their bark. The beavers cut some trees into lengths, which they roll down to their pond, and by some mysterious means sink them to the bottom, thus forming a handy food supply. On fishing some pieces of this green timber out of the water I found it very heavy, though how these animals succeed in waterlogging green timber so quickly remains a mystery. The pond itself formed in the creek is an interesting study in animal engineering, with its ingenious and well-thought-out series of dams. — Mr. Walter G. Kennedy, Box 160, Greenwood, British Columbia.



AN ACCIDENTAL EXTINGUISHER.

THIS is a photograph of a street-lamp gas-burner that was extinguished in a remarkable way. A ball, presumably thrown in play, struck the lantern with great force, breaking the glass. It then knocked off the incandescent mantle protector, struck against the metal top of the lantern, rebounded, and fell upon the prongs of the protector support. The gas flame melting some of the composition, the ball gradually sank until it put out the light. Note the melted composition immediately below the ball.—Mr. A. C. Williams, 159, Friar Street, Reading.

"DRESSED IN A MOTLEY GARB OF REMNANTS AND ODDMENTS MADE UP FROM THE FAMILY WARDROBE, I FINISHED MY YOUTHFUL CAREER AS AN AMATEUR DESPERADO."

(*See page* 364.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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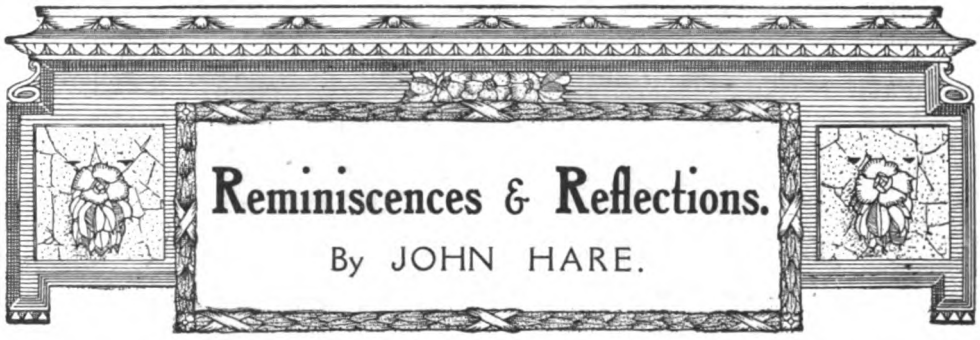


Many interesting features will combine to make Sir John Hare's personal reminiscences and reflections particularly welcome to the public at the present time, when he is about to reappear at his old home, the Garrick Theatre. Here he will be seen once more on Saturday, April 25th—nineteen years to a day since he opened the theatre built for him by Sir W. S. Gilbert. This eventful reappearance will be further distinguished by the fact that it will constitute his farewell performances in "The Gay Lord Quex," followed later in the season by "A Pair of Spectacles" (ever to be identified with the genius of John Hare), prior to his final retirement at no distant date from the stage he has so long adorned.

Throughout his long and brilliant career Sir John Hare has been brought into contact with many of his most famous contemporaries in every walk of life, and, in addition to his own interesting autobiography, many anecdotes and recollections unheard before will be related and reflections as to his experiences and impressions set forth, while in subsequent issues will be found original illustrations and letters from eminent acquaintances and friends.

I.

I HAVE been frequently asked to jot down my reminiscences for publication, on the assumption that they would prove of interest to the general public, but have hitherto declined, doubting if such a result could be satisfactorily achieved. For, though my theatrical experiences have been long, extending over more than forty years, my career as an actor has been rather uneventful, and the chief details are probably well known to those interested in theatrical affairs. On the other hand, the nature of my calling has brought me into contact with many most interesting people, and my memory is stored with numerous recollections of actors and other famous men and women, some of whom are, alas! no longer living, but whose names are still remembered, and honourably remembered, by my contemporaries. My impressions of these, then, may perhaps awaken pleasant memories amongst older playgoers, and, at the same time, interest the younger generation.

Looking backwards, it is difficult, if not impossible, to recollect the exact moment of one's youth when the first desire manifested itself for the profession or calling afterwards adopted. Thus it is in my case. I cannot conscientiously trace the first signs of attraction felt for the stage, though I shall presently come to the turning-point in my life, when I chose the career of an actor.

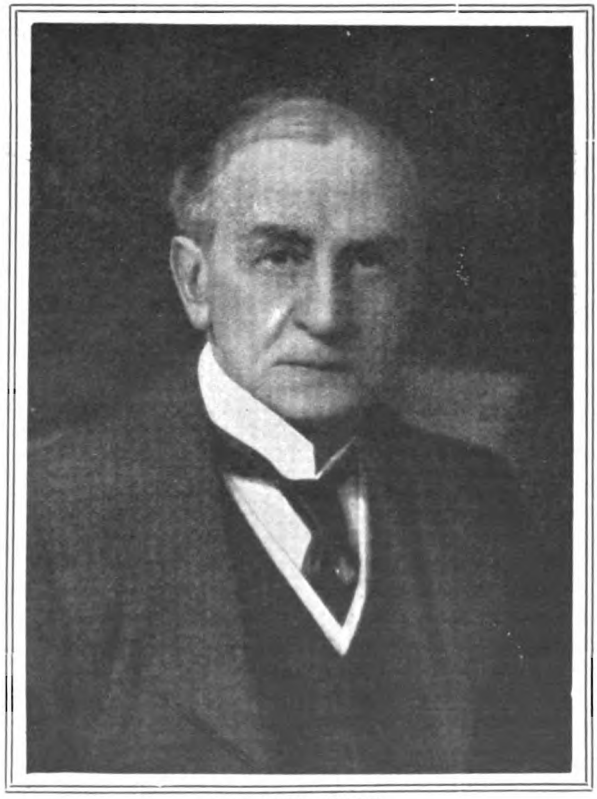
It is a most important crisis in the lives of young people when they are called upon to select their career, and one of the chief problems of fathers must always be, "What shall we do with our sons?" It is comparatively easy for a youth to determine he will be a soldier, a sailor, a clergyman, or a barrister, as, by sound application and hard work, he may, to some extent at all events, achieve a certain proficiency in these professions. It is, however, absolutely impossible for anybody to say with any sure prospect of success, "I will be a painter," "I will be a poet," "I will be an author," or "I will be an actor," unless in himself there is the germ of a gift which

Copyright, 1908, by John Hare.

has revealed itself in early life. Men who have distinguished themselves in art of any form have generally shown a marked aptitude for it in their early youth. The genius of Millais exhibited itself at seven years of age, when he first showed himself to be an artist. Pinero, even as a youth, I believe, foreshadowed, by the facility of his pen and fine observation, those brilliant studies of character and stagecraft which have made him our greatest modern dramatist. Most poets reveal the fact that they are born, not made, at an early period of their life. There are, of course, exceptions in every art, but they only tend to prove the rule.

It is most essential to my mind that parents should, if they find in their children any particular bent, never check it by endeavouring to develop their minds in any other direction, but encourage those latent tendencies.

I am not in favour of encouraging indiscriminate ambition for acting on the part of stage-struck youths when there is no evident talent. Far from it! But, on the other hand, where there is a decided gift, why discourage or destroy it? Acting is as good as any other calling. It has its drawbacks, but it has its advantages as well. It stimulates the imagination, and calls for the exercise of every natural gift, while it has for its reward the ministering to the amusement and instruction of thousands. As I have frequently been asked by inquisitive acquaintances and correspondents, chiefly of the fair sex, I may say here that I do not consider the conditions of stage life more injurious than those of other professions in the development of the moral nature, or tending to the deterioration of the finer emotions.



SIR JOHN HARE.
From a Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Limited.

In my own case the love of acting showed itself at a very early age in continually pretending to be somebody else, and at eight or ten years of age I was always mimicking Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson, and other worthy people of our acquaintance. Invariably such histrionic capacity as I may have had took the form of imitation, though I cannot say that it was with me a sign of the sincerest flattery, and it was certainly without any intention towards the stage. The desire and facility for mimicry, however, only lasted with me until I adopted the stage as a serious profession. It is a curious psychological fact that, as my capacities for acting developed, so the gift of mimicry left me, and as the demand for originality increased my imitations deteriorated.

Among my earliest recollections of budding theatricals are that I met my wife at the age of twelve at her parents house. It was there that I enjoyed and they endured my first experiences of amateur theatricals. There I made my first appearances as Hamlet and Richard III. (shades of Edmund Kean and Irving!) in readings and scenes from Shakespeare's plays, which I edited to suit myself.

Dressed in a motley garb of remnants and oddments made up from the family wardrobe, and, to crown all, with the borrowed plumes of my future wife's mid-Victorian hat, I finished my youthful career as an amateur

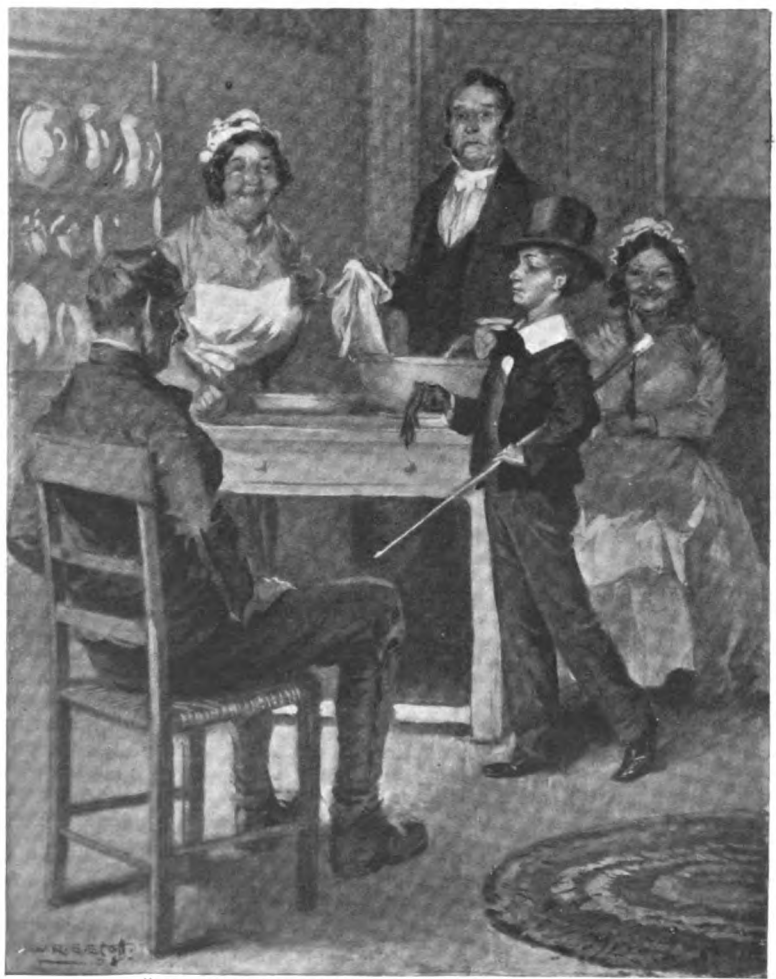
desperado by taking the name of Hare, which had already won much military distinction in the person of a relative of my wife—Sir John Hare.

This ultimate change of name from Fairs to Hare was in accordance with that ridiculous affectation and fear of shocking narrow-minded family prejudice which causes the histrionic aspirant to adopt an assumed name. I recollect that my old friend, Mr. J. M. Levy (the father of Lord Burnham), then editor and proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who showed me the greatest encouragement in the early days of my professional life, strongly advised me to resume my own name when I had achieved a certain position in my profession; but, on serious reflection, and considering that I had borne my *nom de théâtre* for twelve years, I thought it wiser not to bewilder the public by another change. Perhaps I had adopted my pseudonym the more readily when going on the stage as "Hare" seemed to me a good name to call before the curtain. Nor have I since found any reason to regret the change, though I was not then aware of the amusing advantage which would be taken of it subsequently by those of my acquaintance, and am now becoming resigned to my "counterfeit presentment" as a hare wearing "a pair of spectacles." His Majesty the King, in more than one charming souvenir with which he has honoured me, has himself humorously designed me in this aspect.

To revert to those early days, I had only a partiality for the strongest tragedy or the bloodiest melodrama, and my favourite attire was a costume chiefly consisting of improvised buskins, a belt full of daggers, a mantle or rug worn like a Roman toga, and a large feathered hat. I had no inclination for comedy, and took life very seriously. Many an evening I found an enthusiastic audience to welcome me in the persons of the family, and sometimes in the presence of the servants—the gardener and the cook, I gratefully remember, being amongst my warmest supporters, even if the butler was inclined to be a trifle supercilious.

And, looking back to that Theatre Royal drawing-room, with its stage specially erected and built by me, with performances which took place under my sole and responsible management, I think I can safely claim to be the oldest actor-manager extant without fear of denial.

We never went in for long runs. Each



"THE BUTLER WAS INCLINED TO BE A TRIFLE SUPERCILIOUS."

production was for one night only, except when sometimes we might repeat "Hamlet" by my own special request. "To be or not to be" was a favourite elocutionary effort of mine, and I thought I had fathomed its philosophy. And the same mania possessed me during my early school-life to appear as Hamlet and Shylock whenever there was sufficient excuse, such as occasional entertainments, when I always insisted on dressing and making-up for the parts. This is an important branch of theatrical art to which I have always devoted myself and of which I may have something to say in a later chapter.

And it is to those early days that I can look back to my wife's help and companionship. Since I was twelve years old till now she has always been my best friend and my keenest critic. How could I help but succeed? And I count my first and greatest success as my engagement to her, while it has been the longest and happiest imaginable. I recall my youthful affection, at the tender age of fourteen, for her; and how, being unable to bear the separation longer, after running away from school to pay court to her, I was tracked to the neighbourhood by a bloodhound-like senior master, and taken back to durance vile in disgrace, feeling like an escaped and, alas! a captured convict. How I hated that master!

It was at the age of fourteen or fifteen that I went to a boarding-school in London, and while there I became secretly consumed with a passionate desire to go to the theatre. The head master was of that very puritanical type having a great aversion to the theatre, and, indeed, any form of artistic recreation. I knew permission to go to the theatre was altogether out of the question, and therefore, in my sorrow, felt inspired to invent an aunt living in Brixton, who from time to time invited me to spend the evening with her. To this imaginary lady's house I received sometimes permission to repair; but, strangely enough, I never arrived farther on my journey than the old Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, where I was an engrossed spectator of many of those wonderful productions and performances of Mr. Charles Kean. There, sitting in the upper boxes, where I felt safe from discovery and supremely satisfied with this investment of my pocket-money, I saw many of his finest achievements, but, alas! only in detachments. As the hour struck ten, however fascinating and engrossing the scene might be, I had to hurry back, like a masculine Cinderella, but with far too much presence of mind to drop a shoe, and sufficient artfulness to present my imaginary aunt's best compliments to the unsuspecting head master on my return to the school.

These were practically, but not absolutely, my first visits to the theatre, as years before I had once been with my mother to the old Theatre Royal at Birmingham, and learnt, as I thought, a highly moral lesson in witnessing the performance of "Fraud and Its Victims," its title and locality being subsequently transferred by Boucicault to "The Streets of London."

These performances of Charles Kean, however, must have had a great influence in the moulding of my mind, and a powerful, if unconscious, effect upon my subsequent career. "Louis XI." left such a profound impression upon my mind and memory by the magnetic performance of Charles Kean that, although I saw it only once, I remembered, and do remember to this day, the actual words of certain scenes, and still could give, I think, an accurate imitation of the manner in which they were delivered. It was like having a photograph taken and indelibly imprinted upon my memory.

Charles Kean spoke through his nose—a habit which sometimes caused a very comical effect, and I remember vividly amongst other recollections his sudden change from hilarious glee to hypocritical sorrow on hearing of the death of Burgundy. A passage clings to me as I recall the scene and the inimitable way in which Kean changed from gay to grave, as he said:—

Share we the spoils, chevaliers!
Now to horse! But stay—the noble duke is dead. . .
The Court will wear full mourning for a month!

(The last word he pronounced "bunth," as though suffering from a cold in his head.)

Twenty years after I was present at Henry Irving's *première* of "Louis XI." at the Lyceum, and remembered the play so thoroughly, although I had not seen or read it since, that I even detected an alteration by Irving in the text of a certain scene, which I afterwards verified by buying the book.

I considered "Louis XI." one of Charles Kean's finest impersonations, and more striking than Henry Irving's, great though the latter's was. In other parts, however, Irving was undoubtedly a better actor, and, indeed, to my mind, the greatest of his generation. "Louis XI." was a character I should much like to have portrayed, and might have done so had not Irving strangled my ambitions by his own superb performance.

Other memorable productions and performances I, as a theatrical truant, witnessed

of Charles Kean at the old Princess's were in "The Corsican Brothers," "Henry VIII.," "Richard II." and "Henry V." (both magnificent productions), and his great Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." He was always a scholarly actor, if not invariably suited to the parts he undertook, and never failed to give a most intellectual interpretation of the character represented. Charles Kean was more suited to characters of the older type, and did not shine as Hamlet, for which he was physically unsuited. His wife always supported him in the principal parts and productions, but I have no definite recollections of anybody else in the casts, excellent all round though they generally were. Mrs. Kean was a fine actress, tall and statuesque in appearance, if not precisely beautiful, and worthily shared with her husband the glories of that management.

CHARLES KEAN AS "LOUIS XI."

Reproduced from "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," by Clement Scott. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

Those Shakespearean productions at the old Princess's Theatre were, I believe, the commencement of a *régime* of real archæological or antiquarian art in theatrical productions. They were among the first attempts at putting Shakespeare on the stage in great pomp and circumstance, and, at the same time, with absolute accuracy of detail. Charles Kean's illustration of the entry of Bolingbroke into London in "Richard II." was one of the most beautiful and amazing scenes ever put upon the stage. A younger generation has had the advantage of witnessing this scene wonderfully illustrated by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's Theatre.

Apropos of Kean, I may here recall a severe snub and shock I received to the youthful enthusiasm with which I regarded that great and dignified actor. At this time a weekly publication, now defunct, but of the same genre as *Vanity Fair*, was wont to publish weekly cartoons described as "Portraits of Distinguished Personages." Much to my personal satisfaction Charles Kean's picture was among them, and one day after school-hours, in a fit of enthusiastic admiration, I produced his portrait and presented it to the usually unapproachable headmaster. "Have you seen, sir, this picture of Mr. Kean amongst the list of distinguished personages?" I inquired in a reverential tone, whereupon Mr. Pecksniff looked down upon me with a chilling air and, regarding Kean's picture with contemptuous scorn, said: "Please remember, sir, not to describe such persons as distinguished, but *notorious!*"

This was my first glimpse into the narrow-minded view taken of the theatre in those days, and is a fair example of the puritanical attitude assumed still, I am sorry to say, in some quarters towards an art which has produced a Garrick, a Kean, a Talma, a Rachel, an Irving, and many dead and living celebrities who have become justly famous by the greatness of their art and personality.

Yet Charles Kean had little doubt himself

"PLEASE REMEMBER, SIR, NOT TO DESCRIBE SUCH PERSONS AS DISTINGUISHED, BUT NOTORIOUS."

as to being distinguished, as I happen to know, having employed for many years as stage-manager Mr. R. Cathcart (to me always a devoted and loyal friend), who served his novitiate with Charles Kean. From him I heard many authentic and amusing anecdotes of that actor-manager. Once, hearing that some distinguished person had been a member of his audience, and not having been informed of the fact, he sent for his acting-manager in front of the house and reproved him for the oversight. His representative excused himself, and ended by saying that it was difficult to know what Mr. Kean meant by "distinguished." "Sir," said Kean, in a lordly and magnificent manner, speaking slowly, with deep dignity, and through his nose, "the Archbishop of Canterbury is a distinguished person; Mr. Gladstone is a distinguished person; *I* am a distinguished person!"

Another story of Kean, hitherto unpublished, to my knowledge, is as follows. Kean was a very nervous man, easily upset by any mistake, and one night, when playing Hamlet, he came to the passage:—

> Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
> Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
> Tweaks me by the nose?

Getting a little flustered for some reason or other, he rendered it thus:—

> Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
> Plucks off my beard, tweaks me by the nose,
> And blows it in my face.

Paralyzed by this contretemps, Kean then signalled for the curtain to be lowered at once, amid the amusement of the audience.

I never met Mr. Kean off the stage, though I remember often seeing a man who was pointed out to me as his costumier walking up and down outside the theatre. I would sometimes follow the latter with a feeling of awe and admiration, when I considered that this important-looking personage was wont to frequent the presence-chamber (I didn't regard it then as only a dressing-room) of my theatrical deity, though I never dared to speak to him.

From my youth up, however, I was never interested in the private lives of actors, which, I always thought, have—or rather should have—nothing to do with the general public. This foisting of the personality and private life of the actor upon the public is not, I think, conducive to the successful study of his art, and is a practice which should not be encouraged by either, as it tends to the disillusionment of the drama and the *dramatis personæ*. No wonder that the spirit of respect, almost akin to reverence, with which a serious actor was regarded in the days of my youth has now passed or is quickly passing away!

In the *entr'actes* of my early school-life in London, I extended my theatrical experiences by ever-memorable visits to the old Olympic, Adelphi, and Haymarket Theatres and elsewhere. Among my most vivid recollections and idols of worship at that time were Robson, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Buckstone,

Webster, Mme. Celeste, Compton, Boucicault, and Mrs. Stirling.

The great little Robson impressed me as being a most remarkable actor, and still stands out in my memory as one of the finest actors I have ever seen. A superb low comedian, he had yet the gift of pathos and power of tragedy so deeply grafted and embedded in his nature that he was able when he chose to reduce an audience to tears or arouse them to a frenzy of enthusiasm which could only have been achieved by a great tragedian. And this, it must be remembered, was all done through the medium of burlesque.

Robson's performance of Medea in the parody of that name was a wonderful impersonation. The part of Medea in the tragedy was then being superbly played by Mme. Ristori, who witnessed Robson's burlesque with wonder and admiration. In the tragedy, I think, Medea is asked what she would do should she find Jason had ill-treated her children, and the reply suggests the way in which a tigress acts when robbed of her young.

The burlesque version runs as follows :—

CREUSA : In what way wouldst thou act?
MEDEA : The way the cat jumps
Upon a tender, unsuspecting mouse,
Loose in a pantry, no one in the house,
Nibbling away, with confidence unshaken,
Eating his cheese up first, to save his bacon.
She's in no hurry ; with dilating eyes,
And undulating tail, she crouching lies
Till his enjoyment's crisis he is at,
Then pounce ! She makes a spring and has him
"pat !"
(*Using the action of a cat tossing a mouse about.*)
To a short game of pitch and toss she treats him,
Tears him to pieces slowly, then—sc-runch—*eats* him !

No one who has not seen Robson and heard him deliver this apparently puerile passage can imagine the amount of intensity he put into its enunciation and acting possibilities. Starting with the farcical flippancy of the lines until ultimately he reached a climax of positive tragic genius, which thrilled the audience by the vraisemblance of his acting and personal magnetism, one might imagine one saw the cat crouching like a tiger at the crisis, and literally tearing the mouse limb from limb at the close. The

FREDERICK ROBSON.

From a Photograph.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

From a Photograph.

only effects I have ever seen to equal it, strange though the comparisons may seem, were Salvini's great effort as Othello in the scene where he turns on Iago, and Henry Irving in his ever-memorable impersonation of the conscience-stricken burgomaster in "The Bells."

Again, in "Masaniello" at the Olympic Theatre, Robson, as the revolutionary, thrilled old playgoers one moment, making them roar with uncontrollable laughter the next. How is it possible to describe to the younger generation in cold ink the effect he created by his melodramatic enunciation of the opening line on his appearance: "They've done it now! They've put a tax on—winkles!"

And to return to the old Haymarket Theatre, who that has once seen and heard the incomparable Charles Mathews can ever forget the charm and buoyancy of his pure comedy? His acting was like a light *soufflé*, and by his charming personality he always conveyed the innate suggestion of a perfect gentleman. One was bound to admire and like him without knowing why—even before his appearance on the stage, for his voice, like his reputation, preceded him. And the familiar sound of Charles Mathews saying in the wings, prior to his appearance on the stage, "Don't you trouble! I'll show myself in! I know the way!" hardly ever failed to bring the house down, ensuring him a right royal reception.

J. B. BUCKSTONE.

From a Photograph.

And so with Buckstone, whose richly comic gifts of voice elicited loud shouts of welcome before he himself appeared on the stage. Perhaps in some cases personality was apt to be overrated and take precedence to their art. But what personality! And what art!

Alfred Wigan was another great favourite of other days, and I remember as though it were yesterday his appearance in the title-*rôle* of a play called "The Poor Nobleman," in which he played the part of a broken-down French marquess with consummate charm and elaboration of detail. Great, however, was my surprise some years after, when in Paris, to witness a revival of "Le Pauvre Gentilhomme," and recognise in the leading actor, Lafontaine, the model of Wigan's wonderful impersonation. The play had been obviously borrowed and adapted without acknowledgment to either author or actor. Such were the morals of playwrights and actors of the early 'sixties! I shall have something to say later as to the influence French acting in general, and the Comédie Française in particular, has had on English acting, including my own. To revert to Wigan for a moment—little did I think in those days that he would go out of his way in after years to congratulate me on one of my own performances, at the thought of which I still feel a pardonable pride.

Soon came a change of venue so far as I was personally concerned. My parents being both dead then, I was placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in Cheshire, and was sent to Giggleswick Grammar School, of which Mr. J. R. Blakiston was head master. There was no local theatre within range even of an incorrigible and enterprising truant like myself (Leeds was too far away), and at the time of my advent there, about the age of fifteen, I had no thoughts of the stage. A comparative calm had come over me, and I had lost all interest temporarily in the theatre. I was devoting my time to studying for an appointment in the Civil Service. After "cramming" laboriously for a couple of years, relaxation came as a welcome relief. Some theatrical performances were being got up in the neighbourhood, at the private house of a gentleman, called Birkbeck. The play chosen was "A Scrap of Paper," and I was asked to undertake the part of a footman. I gladly undertook this little task, but during rehearsals very soon discovered that my companions had not the remotest idea of acting or conducting the management of the stage. I found the latter gradually devolving on myself, and it was then that I first discovered

my aptitude for stage-management, which has always been a part of my art to which I have been singularly devoted, and to which, also, I should like to refer again.

The day before the performance was fixed the chief actor fell ill, and I was requested to undertake the principal part, which is now better known as Colonel Blake, in Palgrave Simpson's adaptation from the French of Sardou. (This was a play which I was afterwards destined to produce in later years at the St. James's Theatre—now so admirably managed by my friend, George Alexander.) That part gave me my first opportunity of testing and taxing my powers of memory, for I studied this enormously long part during the night, and rehearsed it letter or word-perfect the next morning. I must confess that I achieved a tremendous success in an amateur way, and that gave me my first taste of blood! When subsequently invited to take control of some theatrical performances at the Town Hall, Settle, in Yorkshire, for the benefit of the Lancashire Operatives' Fund, with the greatest modesty I cast myself for the three most important parts in three different plays. These were Beauseant, in the burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons"; Plumper, in "Cool as a Cucumber"; and Box, in "Box and Cox," in all of which I achieved very great success. This was due, however, not to any particular or innate merit on my own part, but to the fact that I succeeded in giving more or less good imitations of Charles Mathews, John Clarke, and J. B. Buckstone. But my audience didn't know this; and I don't think I told them.

This success determined me on my future career and quite unsettled me for the work in which I was engaged. It was, therefore, with feelings of the greatest gratification that I listened to my old friend and tutor's advice. He told me with all seriousness that, in his opinion, my bent for the stage was so marked that he felt it his duty to recommend no obstacles should be placed in my way: on the contrary, that every facility should be afforded me for adopting it as a profession.

JOHN HARE, AGE 19.

From a Photograph.

This advice having met with the approval of the authorities, steps were then taken to ascertain the best auspices under which I could commence my theatrical training. At that time there was no school of dramatic art to which the young tyro could turn for assistance, and entry into the profession itself, unaided and unarmed, being both difficult and unwise, it was decided to select some actor of distinction who could give me the necessary tuition and provide me with a certain amount of technique before embarking upon a voyage with so vague a destination.

LEIGH MURRAY.

From the Picture by Stephen Pearce.

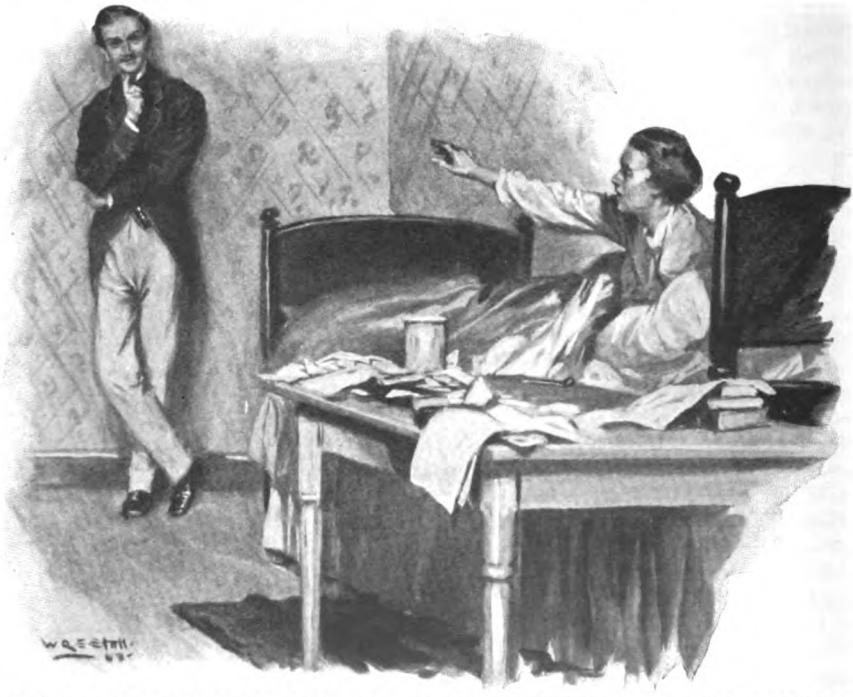
To my good fortune the selection fell on Mr. Leigh Murray, one of the most refined and artistic actors on the English stage, to whom I owe more than I can ever acknowledge for the inculcation of an appreciation of the finesse and possibilities of the art I have practised to the best of my ability for nearly half a century.

I was about nineteen years of age at that time, and, my future career being settled to my entire satisfaction, I left Giggleswick and came to London. My first introduction to that remarkable man, Leigh Murray, remains for ever in my memory. At the time I speak of he was a great invalid, and had for some

time previously been unable to appear in his professional capacity, while it was with feelings of the greatest veneration and hero-worship that I looked forward to my first interview. This took place at his lodgings in the Blackfriars Bridge Road, where I found my way on that fateful morning with a considerable amount of nervous anxiety and trepidation. Murray was then in straitened circumstances, and his home was of the most modest description. I was shown up to the second floor, and found him in a room poorly furnished but scrupulously clean. He was in bed, while on the table beside him books and papers were scattered in artistic disorder, crowned by a jampot of tobacco, and at his side as sceptre lay a short clay pipe. There was then in his appearance no trace of that unfortunate failing which manifested itself later, when he became a constant martyr to asthma.

In spite of his environment, I shall never forget my impressions of the extraordinary dignity with which he received me, inspiring an immediate and profound respect. I might have been standing at the couch of a sultan or attending a royal reception, for he was quite oblivious of his humble surroundings and made me equally unconscious of them. There was nothing bumptious about his manner, but he made me feel at once that I was in the presence of a great gentleman. The poverty of his surroundings escaped me in the overwhelming dignity and personality of the man.

It is impossible to record the immense advantage derived from Murray's influence, for it was not the ordinary tuition of a dramatic coach I received, but marvellous and most lucid hints on acting—what to do, and, still more, what not to do, the outcome of long and delightful talks on things and persons theatrical, past and present. At the same time there were, of course, certain parts which I learnt and rehearsed before him, and I now recall with a smile a picture of myself standing at the foot of his bed playing the part of Touchstone in "As You Like It," in private costume. I may say (though I shall doubtless be condemned for doing so) I have always considered this part unduly overrated, and, although I share with every Englishman a profound reverence for the genius of our great national poet and dramatist, I am bound to say that I consider some of his clowns to be very dull dogs indeed!



"I NOW RECALL WITH A SMILE A PICTURE OF MYSELF STANDING AT THE FOOT OF HIS BED PLAYING THE PART OF TOUCHSTONE IN 'AS YOU LIKE IT,' IN PRIVATE COSTUME."

(To be continued.)

In the Days of the Old Régime.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

THE setting sun, streaming over the château upon the hill, poured down a flood of light so fierce and red that it turned its grey face crimson. All the many windows in the broad façade so glowed and shone that it seemed as though the whole vast building were full of pent-up fire, which must burst presently into flame. Perhaps the stone-breaker seated on the heap beside the road, his wooden shoes buried in the border of rank grass, his yellow cap as much too small for his touzled head as his blue blouse was too large for his meagre body—perhaps the stone-breaker, as he turned his dazzled eyes that way, thought as much. Had he done so it would have been a natural enough flight of fancy, since, in the last few months, more than one great house of France—proud and stately homes of proud and stately owners—had blazed to heaps of desolation and ruin. But not many, for though at this time old Foulon the execrated had been hanged shrieking in the streets of Paris, a bunch of grass thrust with savage mockery into his torn and bleeding mouth, the Bastille still stood, Louis the Dullard still sat upon the doomed throne that he scarce knew was quaking, and the days of the Terror, though coming swift and sure, were not yet.

The road, skirting the grounds of the château, ran close to the wood, so close that the stone-breaker and his heap were upon its very edge. In the act of rubbing his hot forehead with the frowsy yellow cap, he paused and turned his head with an alert gesture, listening, his eyes upon the point where a path ran out from among the trees. Somewhere in their green shadows a twig had snapped and trodden bracken rustled; he knew the advancing step. Young Raoul Laval, son and successor of Henri Laval, the rich silk merchant of Rouen, was prodigal both of silver pieces and pleasant words. The stone-breaker to day received both, and muttered hoarse-toned thanks as he stowed away the coin. Young Laval, handsome, sun-tanned, dark-eyed, straight and broad-shouldered in his sober-coloured suit, went on, holding his head high. The road, running one way past the great gates of the château, ran the other past a wicket set in a low wall, beyond which, on a great sweep of shaven lawn, peacocks strutted about a stone fountain and a sundial, and trees, clipped into fantastic shapes of bird and beast, cast their shadows on the grass. It was here that he loitered, walking slowly, for Mlle. Valérie, sitting on the bench beside the fountain or pacing the lawn as she mused or studied her book, was pleased sometimes to vouchsafe him a smile.

Rarely more than a smile and a daintily haughty bend of a golden head, though sometimes a word of greeting went with them. But once, at least, it had been more. A lonely part of the road, a screaming waiting-woman, and a huge hairy peasant, who threatened and begged together, had been the occasion. A blow had sent the fellow flying, and mademoiselle had condescended to be gracious in thanks. So gracious that he had been permitted to walk at her side to the wicket in the wall, where, as it chanced, her father, the Comte de Charlevaux, waited. Listening, tapping the lid of the jewelled snuff-box he carried with his delicate fingers, his eyes, serene, indulgent, tolerant, careless, turned in a moment, with precisely the same expression, to the dog that thrust its nose into his hand. But Mlle. Valérie, turning to smile as she was led away, had looked with eyes that saw a man.

But for this happening it may have been that young Laval would not have lingered on in the square, bare white house on the rise beyond the wood in which he had been born, and Mère 'Toinette, its custodian and caretaker, reluctantly forced to wait upon him, and Louis Laval, his uncle and partner in Rouen, would not, in their different ways, have been indignant, ejaculatory, and wondering—as the one waited for him to depart and the other to return. If Mlle. Valérie had

never smiled—— He stepped a pace back into the shade of the trees, flushed, and with a sharply quickened heart, as he saw her coming.

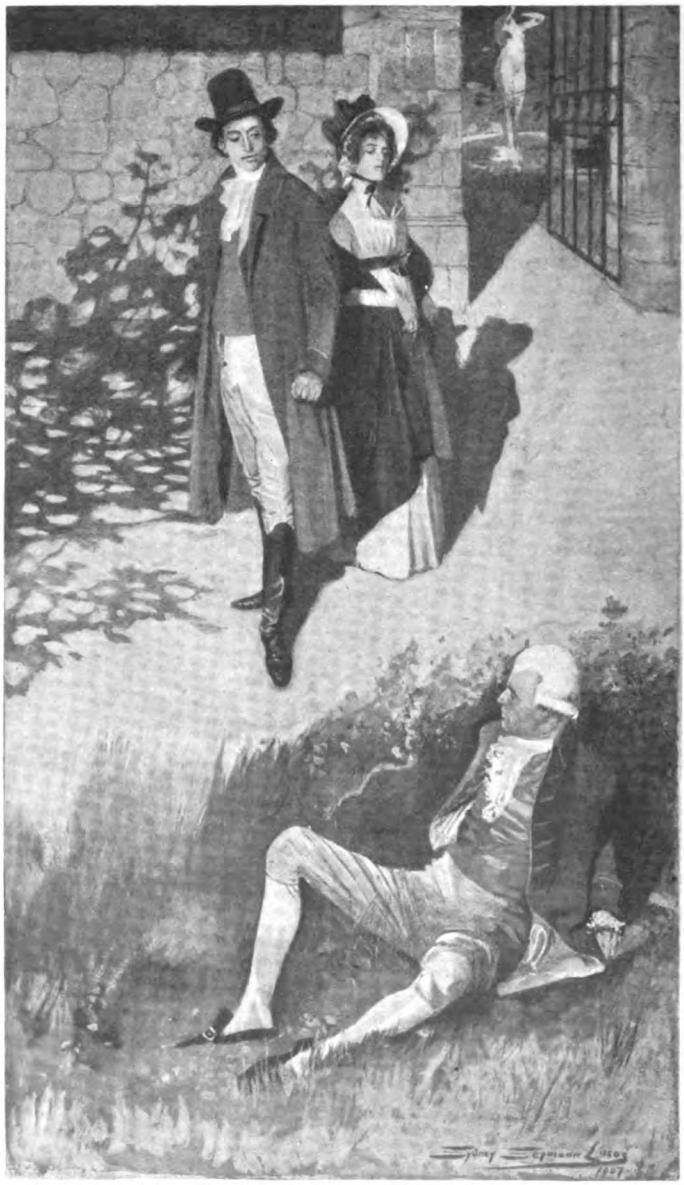
His first glance had realized only her presence; his second, telling him that she was not alone, told him also who was doubtless her companion—he had heard of the visitor who stayed at the château—mademoiselle's cousin, Vicomte St. Arnaud—this dandy, curled and laced, who stepped at her side so superfine and courtly, could be no other. Mère 'Toinette, voluble, primed with village gossip, had declared that M. the Comte was pleased to find his daughter a husband, and Raoul, listening, had set his teeth. He set them again now as he watched the approach of the two, knowing that neither saw him standing there — the man talking, eager, animated; the girl with golden head drooping indifferently and absent eyes looking away. So they came on. Then, on a sudden, moving nearer, the Vicomte had thrown an arm about her waist, holding her, and she, striving vainly to release herself, had uttered an angry cry. The next moment St. Arnaud, caught by the collar, jerked away, and thrown off, stumbled forward a pace or two, staggered on the grass-fringed edge of the ditch beside the road, and over-balanced into it. Mlle. Valérie stared bewildered, her delicate little white-rose face all pink with wonder at the suddenness of this collapse, as young Laval, with air as cool as his heart was hot, bowed low to her.

"I entreat your pardon, mademoiselle. I fear my roughness alarmed you."

"M. Laval!" she stammered. Then she recovered herself and her fluttered dignity; she flung a glance at the ditch under lowered lids and glanced away with tilted chin. "No, monsieur, I am not alarmed. And I thank you that by an arrival so opportune you spare me annoyance," she said, calmly.

"It is I who am grateful for my good fortune, mademoiselle."

The Vicomte was struggling out of the ditch. Though almost dry, it had not improved his bravery; his ruffles were mud-stained; twigs and dead leaves clung to his



"HE STAGGERED ON THE GRASS-FRINGED EDGE OF THE DITCH BESIDE THE ROAD AND OVER-BALANCED INTO IT."

coat of peach velvet. Erect, he glared, gasping with wrath.

"Who are you, rascal?" he stormed. "How dare you lay hands upon me, villain? By Heaven, had I my sword——"

"I am Raoul Laval. I beg M. the Vicomte to receive the assurance that I am quite unworthy of the honour of fighting him."

"Fight!" St. Arnaud ejaculated. "Fight! Fight you?" He spluttered with rage. "I—I—had sooner whip you, sirrah! It is well for you that a gentleman does not choose to flog all base-born curs that snap at him! It would be——"

"Indiscreet. Some bite. For myself I flog nothing, not even the veriest puppy, in the presence of mademoiselle." Young Laval swept another bow—he had a trick of fine manners. "And for the ditch, monsieur, believe me, I much regret——"

"Regret!" the Vicomte snarled.

"That it was not deeper," finished the other, blandly.

He turned at an exclamation from the girl; the Comte de Charlevaux was at the wicket in the low wall; he came stepping, as he did always, with a very great dignity, though halting—one of his legs was stiffened from an old wound. He was a little man, slim and slight, his tall periwig scarce reaching above the level of his daughter's golden head; in his white-skinned, fine-cut face, with a delicate withered pink in the cheeks, there was something of her beauty. He looked at the group with raised eyebrows and a faint satiric smile—it may be that he had watched from the wicket. She, answering the glance, spoke as though she knew it.

"As you perceive, father, I have again to thank M. Laval for saving me from annoyance. And you will be pleased to tell my cousin Maxime that he has yet to learn the behaviour that befits him with a lady and his kinswoman!"

Her eyes ignored the Vicomte; she swept imperiously through the gate, and vanished with a rustle of stiff brocade and a tap of high-heeled shoes. It was common knowledge that the Comte adored his daughter. His eyes, bright and blue as her own, made play between the two men; he tapped his snuff-box lid, inhaling a pinch deliberately, and smiled again.

"You make but an awkward wooer, it would seem, nephew?" he suggested, suavely. He had a voice extraordinarily sweet. "You have been rude—yes?"

"Rude!" St. Arnaud echoed. He laughed and shrugged. "Faith, monsieur, as my cousin is pretty enough to tempt a kiss, she should be wise enough to endure it from the man who is to be her husband. It seems that the veil may rather suit her taste than a wedding-ring! And for this fellow, it would be well if you could order him a whipping."

He stalked through the wicket, brushing the leaves from his velvet sleeve. The Comte inhaled a second pinch, flirting his delicate fingers daintily.

"He is ruffled, my nephew—I scarce wonder—a ditch ill suits his dignity." He, too, laughed a little, indolently. "A whipping—yes? In truth, M. Raoul Laval, I think you would certainly have been whipped had you chanced to be born within my seigneury!"

"I congratulate myself—and M. the Comte—that it is not so."

"Yourself, yes; it is understood. But——?" His pause interrogated.

"I think M. the Comte would not have whipped me twice," young Laval explained, calmly, his hands behind him. "And I have heard that he does not favour the whip or any other cruelty."

"Ha!" the Comte ejaculated. He paused. "Why, that is so, my friend," he said, slowly. "To beat, to starve, to maim, to make the wretched more wretched—bah! it is the pleasure of the savage, that. It fails to amuse me—I am humane, therefore, as those who know me know. What then? Receive the assurance that it will avail me nothing should the Jacquerie turn their strength my way—as may happen—who can tell? I am of the noblesse—it is enough." He shrugged, and returned the box to his pocket—the gesture supremely indifferent and proud; he would have stood upon the scaffold so, and hardly deigned a glance at a knife held to his throat. "So you would have hanged for my killing—yes?"

"Most willingly, monsieur—had you beaten me."

"Ha!" the Comte repeated. He turned away. "I felicitate you, M. Laval," he dropped over his shoulder. "You live in a happy hour, when those who should know declare that France stands upon the threshold of a new *régime*, and that the day of the people—your day—is fast coming!"

"Though it arrives to-morrow, M. the Comte, it comes all too late for me," the young man answered quietly.

He stood looking after the little erect, slim figure, and perhaps shut his teeth upon a groan, being passionate and young. What

did it avail him that the château, for all its brave front and show of state, drifted fast to poverty while the house of Laval grew daily richer and more rich, or that Mlle. Valerie had smiled and looked with eyes that acknowledged a man—him, sprung of the people, to her but little removed from the peasantry, upon whom those of her class were wont to set their careless and disdainful heel? He went slowly homeward through the wood to the square, bare house of his birth, to find waiting there a letter from Uncle Louis Laval at Rouen—a letter urgent and peremptory, demanding his return. Sitting over the supper which Mère 'Toinette set ungraciously before him, he resolved that he would go, and, brooding heavily afterwards when the old woman had withdrawn to bed and all the solitary house was quiet, fell, unknowing, asleep in his great high-backed chair beside the fire. He awoke to find it smouldered to grey ashes, the candles burnt out, and the room full of the pale light of the barely-breaking day. It was as he got upon his feet, vaguely wondering whether a certain sound of knocking were real or the confused fragment of a dream—a dream in which his name had been called eagerly, urgently—that it came again, sharp, insistent, upon the panels of the door. He went to it, fumbling clumsily with bolts and bars, still drowsy with sleep, flung it open, and fell back with a great cry.

Mlle. Valérie faced him on the threshold. With jewels shining upon her white neck and in her fallen, disordered golden hair, over which the hood of a cloak was dragged all awry; with her dress torn and soiled by the brambles through which she had forced her way, and that still clung about it; with the wildest distraction in her look and manner, she stood there breathless, and white as the dawn. As he cried out her name she reeled and caught his arm.

"M. Laval!" she gasped. And then, "The château!"

"The château?"

She pointed to the wood. Beyond the dark mass of its trees, widening, rising, deepening, a red haze grew redder against the pale horizon, quenching the coming sunrise with a firier blaze. Looking, he understood. There was no need to hear her panted sentences of the frantic mob that sang and danced and howled as it tore and sacked and ravaged with the insensate fury of demons mad and ripe for maddest murder; of servants overpowered; of escape by a secret way and flight for bare life from the home that flamed behind her—such a story was to be common in France before the coming Terror waned, and scores of such fires were to redden the sky. Listening, his heart sang. Panic-stricken, she had thought of him; flying, she had fled to him—even as shame gripped him he drank the moment's triumph, meeting her eyes, feeling her clinging hands. It passed—she was brought no nearer; he was Raoul Laval, silk merchant—she, Valérie de Charlevaux. He looked at her, seeing a helpless child, who was yet the impossible, unreachable goddess of the château, and showed her his young face suddenly old.

"Your father, mademoiselle?" he asked, simply. "He came with you?"

Yes, she answered, quickly, but only for her sake. But for her he would have remained and met the fate of his friend and kinsman, the Marquess de Versac, who, a bare month before, facing unarmed the rabble who attacked his house, had fallen, hacked and pierced by a score of wounds, dead in his own great hall—Laval had heard the story. Panting it out now, and recovering something of self-control, she let his clutched arm go.

"He is hurt," she said, hurriedly. "He fell—his wounded leg is weak; he stumbled in the wood; I could not raise him, and in the dark I could not find the path; we were forced to lie hidden and wait for the dawn. M. St. Arnaud? I do not know; I have not seen—I fear——! He is a soldier, and of our blood. But, M. Laval, as to my father. He——"

She broke off; the Comte had appeared from the wood. Halting painfully upon his lame leg, haggard and dishevelled, he yet held himself with an extraordinary dignity. He stopped as the other hurried to him; perhaps no man ever made a prouder gesture than the bow with which he greeted him.

"I am your suppliant, M. Laval. I beg that your house, for a few hours, will give shelter to mademoiselle. For myself I do not ask it—indeed, it may well be that to harbour me might expose you to some danger." He glanced at his daughter. "You comprehend that it would have better pleased me to remain, but perceive also that a man must sometimes force himself to play the coward—yes?" he said, smiling.

"I rejoice that mademoiselle is so happily unharmed. And I and my house are equally at the service of M. the Comte. Pray lean on me," Laval answered, quietly.

He supported him in, seated him in a

chair by the hearth beside which Valérie crouched shivering, blew the dying embers into life again, and brought out wine. Then he ran up to the door of Mère 'Toinette. The old woman was acid of temper and sharp of tongue, but in her heart she adored the master who had been her nursling, and she was the mother of a young daughter not many months dead. In awe of the Comte de Charlevaux, as of an unknown personage remote and indefinitely terrible, she melted at sight of the girl, and cooed compassion over her as she removed the draggled cloak and took the soaked shoes from the bruised and ice-cold little feet. Then, solicitous and bustling, she set out a meal. Raoul Laval, watching his guests eat, may, perhaps, have wondered whether this might not be also a dream. If so, he had but to glance from the window across the wood; the château burnt merrily, it appeared; the whole sky flamed crimson.

The Comte, it seemed, wished to go to Rouen, and from thence to La Havre and England; much of his money and valuables were already deposited there. He had known himself and his house threatened, and, for his daughter's sake, had meant to quit France —he said as much in a few curt sentences, negligently tapping his snuff-box lid; the firelight showed his absolute composure. Once arrived at the posting-house, some four miles on the road, the rest would be easy. If his host would convey himself and mademoiselle as far, he would hope in the future to fitly acknowledge a service so great, he said, graciously. Raoul went out to the stable and harnessed the only vehicle—a rough, hooded country cart, in which Mère 'Toinette was wont to jog to market with her eggs and poultry—the breeze brought the acrid taint of smoke and fire to his nostrils as he fastened straps and ropes. The old woman met him as he re-entered, with a voluble whisper in his ear, glancing at the two figures by the hearth—the jewels on the girl's throat glittered in the blaze and flashed in the golden hair that fell disordered on her neck.

"It is true, 'Toinette; you are wise." He turned to the Comte. "Monsieur," he said, hurriedly, "the road skirts the wood, and should the soldiery come from Compiègne, as you hope——"

"Without doubt they will come, if, as I trust, my nephew, the Vicomte St. Arnaud, has had the good fortune to escape the house alive. What then?"

"These fools must needs disperse in the wood to avoid them, monsieur, and will fly this way—you may be recognised and stopped before we reach the posting-house. There may be molestation and insult for mademoiselle, and for yourself violence. If, therefore, you would make some change in your dress, and mademoiselle would remove her jewels, and suffer Mère 'Toinette——"

He broke off. Quick to catch his meaning, Valérie almost laughed—she was but a girl; fed, warmed, and sheltered, her courage and her spirits rose together; she was her father's true daughter; if he would have smiled disdain upon the scaffold, she would have scorned to weep there.

"To disguise me? But yes," she cried. Her fingers unclasped the necklet, pulled the star from her hair; she thrust them out of sight in her bodice. "Indeed, father, M. Laval is right. Should we meet these madmen your dress may betray you and mine me. If he will give you other garments, Mère 'Toinette shall turn me into a farmer's daughter."

Quickly thought of, it was as swiftly done. A plain tie-wig replaced the Comte's curled and powdered periwig, a brown coat his lace and velvet; a long cloak, rubbed and shabby, hid the rest of his attire; it was well that Louis Laval, their owner, was also a small man. Mère 'Toinette, deft and rapid, robed Valérie in short skirt and apron, crowned the rolled-up golden hair with a cap, and laced stout shoes upon the little feet—her dead daughter's, all; then, from the contents of a gallipot brought from her kitchen, she soiled and reddened the slender white hands and arms so cunningly that the girl almost laughed again to see.

"Indeed you make me a farmer's daughter, Mère 'Toinette," she said, and threw an arm about the other's wrinkled neck and kissed her as they went down the stair. Watching her come, her father frowned; let the necessity be what it might, to see her in such a guise pleased him ill. As he took her cloak to fold it about her, she started away.

"Ah!" she cried. "There are voices! Listen, father! From the wood! They are here!"

It was so. As Raoul, at the door, threw it open, the sound of hoarse voices and laughter, mingled with the tramp of feet and the snap of broken branches, rolled in. Listening for an instant to the shouts, he flung it to again.

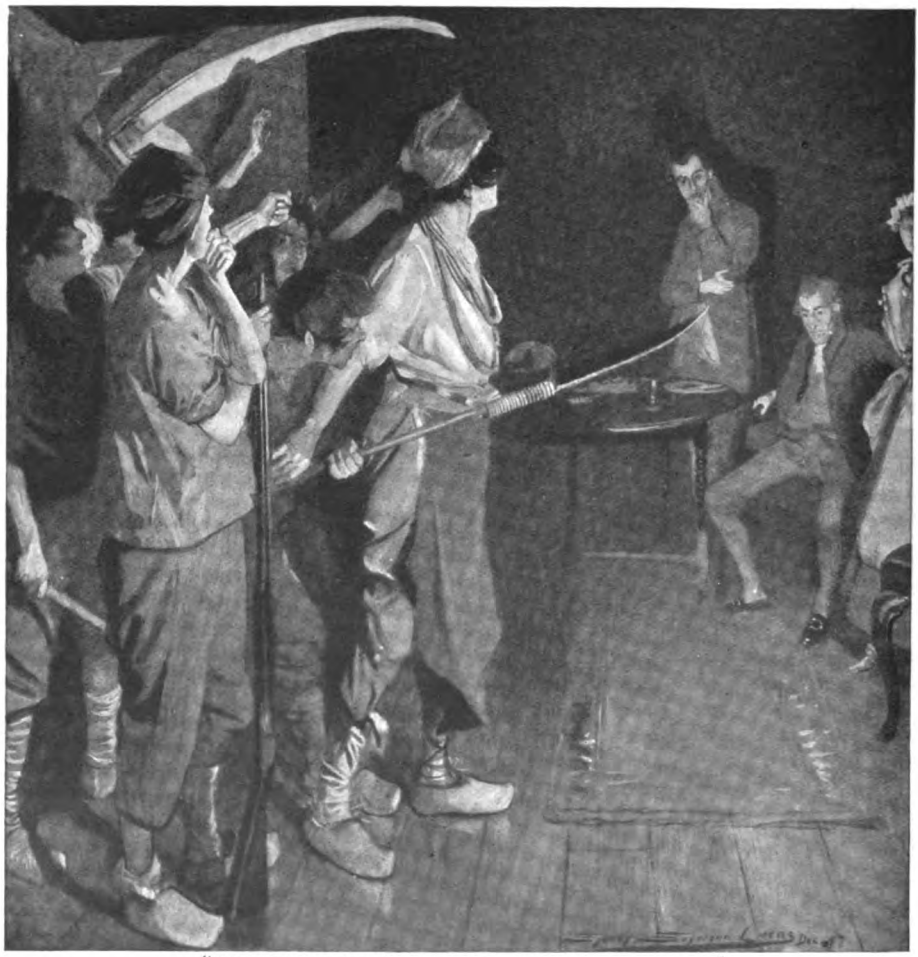
"It is true, monsieur; they are here, they have been searching the wood. It is too late to go, you would be seen, and to bar them out is useless, they would break down

the door. But they are, you say, from Evreux; they will not know you, and you are altered by your dress. Suffer me to do and say as I will, and yourself say nothing, I entreat you, for the sake of mademoiselle. To your seat by the fire again—so! And, mademoiselle, may I beg you, be busy at the table; it is less dangerous than hiding, for if they have the fancy that you have found refuge here, they will search the house. Do not speak unless you must, and, trust me, you shall be safe."

He had barely time for the words or she for a look to answer them. The door flew open and a medley of figures surged in. With torn fragments of rich hangings tied sashwise about ragged waists, with other fragments twisted into caps upon shaggy heads, armed with a score of uncouth weapons or semblance of weapons, with clothes all scorched and torn and draggled, fierce-eyed, hoarse, savage, they were figures such as might have made the terror of some fantastic dream. A huge man in a leather apron, his deep-brown arms bare, a coiled rope hanging like a great necklace about his hairy throat, came thrusting his way through.

"Room for big Simon!" he shouted. "Room for Simon the tanner of Evreux, my children!" He strode forward, flinging the nearest staggering aside. "We seek the aristocrat the Comte de Charlevaux. Where is he?"

He had caught Laval's shoulder roughly. As roughly he freed himself.



"THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND A MEDLEY OF FIGURES SURGED IN."

"The Comte de Charlevaux? Where should he be but in his château?" he demanded.

"His château! Ha, ha! But we make a little bonfire of his château! See there?"

He gave a great laugh as he pointed; his eyes went fiercely round the hardly light room. "He escaped to the wood—he and his daughter together—they came this way! They are here! Speak, then!"

"That they came this way may be, but here they did not come—we are but just awake. There are none here but those you see—my good uncle of Beauvais and his daughter, my cousin—save Mère Toinette, and she——"

"Bah! Away, then, good uncle of Beauvais!" cried the other. His great hand rudely thrust the Comte aside as he strode past his chair, facing the girl as she stood by the table. "What says the little cousin? You have hidden the Comte, my child—yes? And mademoiselle also, is it not? Where, then?"

"Mademoiselle?" Valérie echoed. She had given one cry and no more; she stood gripping the table-edge with her hands—her little reddened hands—she was calm, her voice steady; all the comedienne was awake in her, aiding her courage; she gave a little shrug. "But indeed, monsieur, I have hidden no one. What have we to do with those you call aristocrats? There are none here in hiding. Search the house—you will see."

"Ha! It is a good thought, that. Go, my children—search, but harm nothing!" cried Simon. Half-a-dozen dispersed in obedience, and he burst into a ferocious laugh. "So he does not hide here, M. the Comte? I am desolated that I do not find him. See what I carry—a rope for his neck, my dear!"

He caught up the dangling rope, swaying it to and fro, savagely swaggering. She recoiled. "A—a rope, monsieur?"

"But yes, my pretty—a new rope—a strong rope! Why? Hear, then. Because I would hang him, my child—hang him as forty years ago his father hanged mine. And for what? It had pleased M. the Comte to flog his young daughter, my sister, he standing by to watch her scream and writhe, and my father seized a knife and struck at him, see you? Hey! I love him for it! So he was hanged, my dear, in the square before the prison of Evreux. And my mother stood watching, and held me—an infant that laughed!"

"It is horrible! But for that you would not hang his son," she gasped. "But—but no, monsieur!"

"But no? But yes, my little one! He shall swing before his bonfire as my father before the prison—see the rope? Come, a kiss for brave Simon the tanner who revenges his father, pretty cousin of Beauvais! Come, then!"

He threw his great arm round the girl. As she involuntarily cried out and struggled, Raoul struck the fellow a blow that made him stagger, and caught her away.

"Your distance, rascal!" he said, fiercely. "Your presence insults mademoiselle! Your touch——" The word was out before he knew it; he saw the change in the other's face, realized the slip, and desperately tried to cover it. "Mademoiselle my cousin is also my affianced. Her kisses are mine!"

He held the girl to him; she stood in his embrace and did not stir; she was death-white. The Comte had started up with a sound of rage. Simon's eyes went from one to the other, and back again. He laughed, nodding, stroking his chin.

"So—so!" he said, slowly. "She is affianced, the little cousin, daughter of the good uncle of Beauvais! It is very well, that. My felicitations, monsieur, soon to be made happy!" He paused, repeating his look, then suddenly smote his huge hands together with a roar of laughter. "No, by my faith, not soon, but now, this hour! Big Simon would celebrate the so fortunate day in which he burns the Château de Charlevaux and hangs M. the Comte—if he finds him—with a rope so new, so beautiful! He would see you wedded, my children!" He swung round to the door. "The priest that we find hiding in the wood—where is he? Here is business to do, and time presses. Out, there—fetch him! The priest, then!"

He swaggered out, driving his followers before him; another roar of fierce laughter floated back. Valérie sprang away and stood panting. Laval faced her, whiter than she.

"Mademoiselle, a thousand times I entreat your pardon. I could curse my tongue for its slip. Having made it I could but lie—I saw suspicion in that madman's face. It is but half suspicion—he wonders and doubts—no more. I beseech you for your safety's sake—let him bring the priest."

"M. Laval! You would say——" She stared at him, her blue eyes wide. He laughed bitterly.

"Oh, mademoiselle, why not? Will it harm you so greatly if for a few poor minutes you call me your husband, when there it ends? Consent, and this fellow will believe—you are safe—M. the Comte is safe. Once away from this, and at Rouen, you are free to go to La Havre and so to England in security,

Such a marriage, made in such a strait, cannot hold—you will be quickly free. Or, should it by ill-fortune prove otherwise, it will be easy for me to die."

"To die! You would give your life——" she gasped.

"To free you, mademoiselle? As readily as now to save you, were it possible. So that it serves you, what matter?—it is yours. Oh, you may trust me! I swear that I will not presume to touch your hand! Give this madman his way."

She made a gesture; there was helpless assent in it. Through all the anguished terror of her face another expression struggled, incredulous and wondering, as she drew back with dilated eyes and lips apart. The Comte, after his cry of rage as he sprang to his feet, had not stirred. Now, as the other turned to him, he spoke, not glancing at his daughter.

"It seems," he said, slowly, "that I understand why the new *régime*—and, indeed, it arrives apace—comes too late for you!"

"It is true, monsieur," the young man answered, quietly.

"It is true," the Comte repeated. "I perceive it—yes." He paused. "But you have dreamed of the impossible, my friend," he said, quite gently.

"I know it well, monsieur. Mademoiselle herself can know it no better."

"Ah!" the Comte commented. "That is so—yes." He drew out his snuff-box and inhaled a pinch with dainty deliberation. "It appears," he said, with composure, "that our good madman does more than suspect. I think the brave Simon will assuredly hang me—when his jest is played. For myself it matters little—I grow old; but for her—— If I die, what then, M. Laval?"

"You have heard, monsieur. It will be my privilege to place mademoiselle in safety. And, if necessary, there are many ways in which a man may die." He turned to the girl. "Oh, mademoiselle, I may say at this pass that I love you, and you may hear it without scorn—it follows that I and my service are yours utterly. Once in safety you shall not see my face again, and if there is need I will die! I entreat you again—for the sake of monsieur and yourself, give this fool his way."

"Ah!" cried Valérie. "Father, they are coming!"

She sprang to the Comte's side and stood there, proud and tall; her golden head had never been held more loftily. One glance she threw to Raoul, breathless and swift—she would do it! There was no time for words—Simon's hoarse voice thundered outside; he came in, a dozen of his rabble crowding after. Before him, his great hand rough upon its shoulder, he thrust the robed and cowled figure of a monk. With a laugh he flourished the cap from his shaggy head in a bow; in both sound and gesture there was a ferocious mockery.

"Behold the good father, mademoiselle the little cousin of Beauvais, and monsieur this hour to be made happy! But figure it to yourselves that he will not come—he tries to run as before in the wood. By my faith, but that big Simon is a good son of Mother Church, it may be that the rope of M. the Comte would find a use! It is enough, then, my father—marry our little lovers. The good uncle of Beauvais grows impatient that he may witness the so great happiness of his children—is it not so? Behold, then!"

He jerked away the cowl. The roar that went up from himself and his followers did not drown the girl's irrepressible cry. Wigless, with disordered hair, wild eyes, and lips grey as very death, the revealed face was that of Maxime St. Arnaud. He stood abject, quaking, shrunken in sheer terror—watching, the face of the little Comte set like stone. Valérie, with her cry, had started back; Laval caught and held her unconsciously-stretched hand. Simon clapped his hands together.

"By the Pope, no priest!" he shouted. "Who, then? Speak, fool! Who?"

St. Arnaud tried to answer; the words tripped inarticulately. Simon let him go. Once more his bluster quietened ominously as he smiled and nodded and stroked his chin, looking from one to the other.

"Mademoiselle knows monsieur the priest who is no priest — yes?" he suggested, smoothly.

"No!"

"No? It is strange, that! Mademoiselle is sure?"

"Yes." The two words dropped from lips absolutely firm; her eyes, set upon St. Arnaud, disdained and challenged him together; bright with merciless scorn, they blazed over him, daring him to betray. "I do not know him," she repeated. "I do not know him—no!"

"Mademoiselle has a bad memory—it is a pity, that! What says monsieur, the priest who is no priest? Those two—who are they? Who?" With a sudden swing from sinister quiet to mad violence, he dragged a great knife from his girdle; his other hand

"BEFORE HIM HE THRUST THE ROBED AND COWLED FIGURE OF A MONK."

tore away the priestly robe and showed the gay dress of peach velvet and ruffled lace. "Pig of an aristocrat, you come from the château! Speak, then, or, by the saints, the rope is also for you!"

"Name of God! Would you murder me?" St. Arnaud gasped.

"If you are silent, yes. If you speak, no. The Comte de Charlevaux and his daughter, are they not? Say it!"

"Yes," St. Arnaud gasped again. Flung aside, he staggered and fell. The Comte, stepping forward a pace, spurned the huddled figure as it lay, almost at Valérie's feet.

"Pah—carrion!" he said, and spat. "M. Laval, my apologies that so foul a thing defiles your house. Sweetheart, my old neck is not worth your lie." He turned upon Simon. "I am the Comte de Charlevaux, you! Dog, lay hand upon me or upon my daughter if you dare!"

He stood with his arm about his daughter's waist, a figure of absolute arrogance and contemptuous scorn. The giant burst into a shout of laughter, swinging the festoon of rope from about his bull-throat.

"Eh, how it crows, the little cockerel whose neck we twist, my children! It is a brave child—yes! By my faith, M. the Comte, I dare to hang you as high as your father hanged mine—no more, no less. But I am a good Churchman, I—you shall have time for your prayers, and to say farewell to the pretty mademoiselle. Take them to the stable, you, and monsieur who is to be happy not at all—this also—and lock the door!"

He pushed St. Arnaud roughly aside as he swaggered to a chair by the hearth; his

great voice shouted to the terrified and weeping Mère 'Toinette to bring out food and wine. A brutal thrust made the Comte stagger as a score of the fierce, unkempt figures closed round them, and Laval caught and supported him. Valérie, going first, moved steadily, her fair head held high; it seemed that she was past terror. So all the four were thrust into the stable and the door barred. Only then the girl broke into wild sobbing as she knelt and clasped her father's knees. With his hand upon the golden head the Comte looked at Raoul.

"When I am dead your word holds, my friend?"

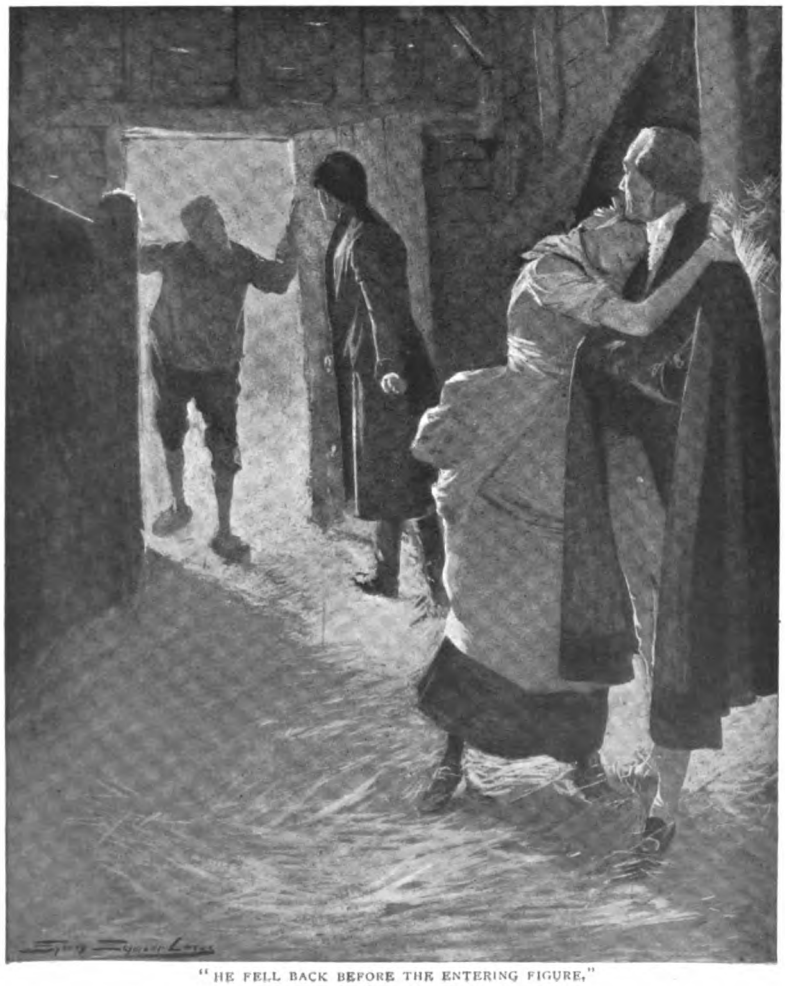
"While I live, monsieur."

No more was said. Valérie's sobs died; exhausted, she crouched in the straw and was still. Once St. Arnaud, ashen-faced, quaking, tried to speak, faltering that the dogs, the butchers, would not dare—that he would have been murdered—that he had meant to go for the soldiers. The Comte turned his back in silence upon the babbled incoherencies, and the other shrank away. Shouts and cries came from the house, and presently a roystering chorus roared in Simon's bull-tones. It was as it ceased that the girl sprang to her feet with a scream and flung her arms about her father's neck.

"They are coming!" she cried, wildly. "Father, father, they shall not take you—no!"

Laval sprang to the door as a hand touched it, cautiously, softly. It opened, and he fell back before the entering figure—the stone-breaker, white and eager.

"Softly, monsieur," he whispered, rapidly. "Softly, for the love of God; they drink



"HE FELL BACK BEFORE THE ENTERING FIGURE."

themselves mad in the house there. Listen! I have watched, heard, waited—I comprehend. To me he is nothing, this Comte—me, who am of the people and hungry every day; but you have given me kind words, money, and I have my gratitude—yes! I have seen your eyes on mademoiselle; once I, too, would have given the blood of my heart—it is long ago: she died, as I think of the hunger, but it lives, the memory! It is nothing to you what comes, so that you save mademoiselle, and, for her sake, monseigneur. Out then, quickly, into the wood, and I bar the door again!"

His haste and impetuosity swept them out like a wind; across the road to the edge of the wood they stole swiftly, and were hidden in its shadows. Following, the stone-breaker looked at Raoul.

"It is the hut of my brother the charcoal-burner, monsieur," he whispered. "It lies across the wood, near to the road to Compiègne, and little more than a mile from the posting-house. Once there you may wait safely while I bring chaise and horses. Pray follow and I will show the path."

His small, lean figure in its blue blouse and yellow cap stole away. Ghost white in the green gloom of the trees, trembling so that she could hardly articulate, Valérie caught the Comte's hand.

"They will find us gone, father! M. Laval, they will follow and find us!"

"I trust not, mademoiselle. They are strange in the place, and can, at the worst, but guess at the way we take. And having begun, it may be that they will drink another hour. Pray lean on me, monsieur; we shall make better haste."

His arm, thrown about the Comte's slight shoulders, supported his feeble, uncertain tread; Valérie, stepping awkwardly in the heavy shoes that galled her feet, followed. Once when an outgrowing root caught her foot, and she tripped, almost falling, St. Arnaud sprang forward to help her, and she, shuddering, thrust him away. So they stumbled through the wood, pausing often as some distant stir and rustle in the shadows checked their hearts, and came out among the thinning trees upon its farther side.

The charcoal-burner's hut stood empty; its tenant was away to the long labour of the day. A poor bed, a rough table, and a chair or two formed almost all its furniture. Upon one of them the Comte sank down. His delicate face was faded to a grey pallor; his fine-cut lips were set; he had made neither sound nor sign, but each rough step of the way had wrenched his lame leg and foot to agony.

"But for your aid, M. Laval, I could not have reached here. If, as I hope is possible, mademoiselle and myself reach Rouen and England in safety, I shall thank you for my life and she for her father," he said, gravely.

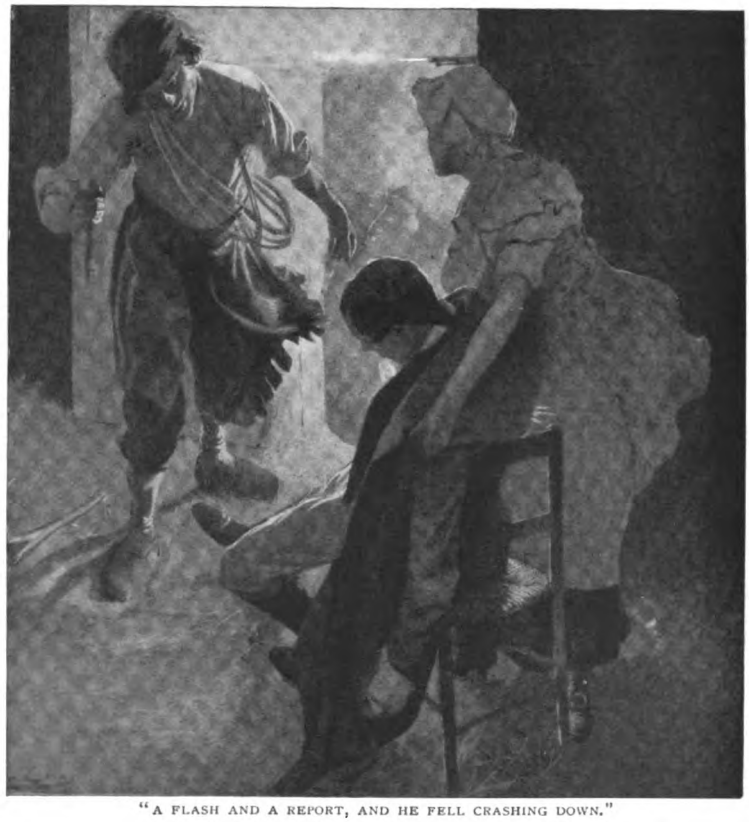
"I trust there is now no doubt that it will be so, monsieur. If, as I hope, there are fresh horses at the posting-house——"

The sentence was never completed; the crazy walls rang to Valérie's piercing shriek of terror. A moment before the silence of the wood had been unbroken; now, with a sudden rush of feet, and a babel of hoarse cries and savage laughter, a score of figures poured out from among the trees, the hut door was dashed open, and Simon stood there, the dangling rope about his neck. As he swung above his head the great knotted club he carried and rushed upon the Comte, Raoul sprang in his way, struck him in the throat, and gripped the descending arm. The blow, weakened and diverted, struck his head; he staggered back, bleeding profusely from a gash across his forehead, and, stumbling, would have fallen but for Valérie's arms about him. With a great cry she caught and supported him—deafened, blinded, half stunned, he reeled into a chair. With a furious oath the giant let the club fall; for a moment he stood gasping, then felt for and drew the knife from his girdle.

It was his last action. Before he could move there came a rush of feet outside, shouts that mingled with cries of dismay from his followers, a flash and a report, and he fell crashing down, shot through the head, while in a moment, as it seemed, the place was full of soldiers. A great grizzled, sun-tanned officer pushed his men aside and strode in over the still quivering body. He bowed to the Comte, standing erect by the table—he had not stirred a limb.

"You are most happily safe, monsieur," he said. "I rejoice that I make an arrival so opportune. Suffer me to present myself—Maurice Lemaire, Colonel of Hussars—and to ask whom I have the pleasure of relieving of a situation so unpleasant. We received word that these dogs marched upon the Château de Charlevaux, and——"

"I am the Comte de Charlevaux, monsieur. The knaves have sacked and burnt my house. Without doubt they would also have murdered me but for the courage of this gentleman. I fear that he has suffered for that courage, and that——"



"A FLASH AND A REPORT, AND HE FELL CRASHING DOWN."

The Comte turned and stood dumb. Valérie had not stirred; her arms about Raoul held his head against her breast; blood from the wound upon it had streaked the stuff of her bodice with a crimson stain. His breath caught as he looked; white, he retreated a pace with dropped mouth. Not less white, she looked back at him.

"Father!" she faltered and stopped. Her head went proudly higher; her eyes, bright and wide, turned from him to the soldiers crowding by the door, and most haughtily. Then, blush-red now, she stooped and kissed the lips of the hardly-conscious man, slowly, and with a gesture that bade them all see. "Father!" she breathed again. "Father!" and so stood and held him in her embrace and did not move.

The colonel alone had not seen. His eyes, briskly scanning the hut, had lighted upon a figure until now unnoticed. He made a motion towards it. "And this gentleman, monsieur——?" he began.

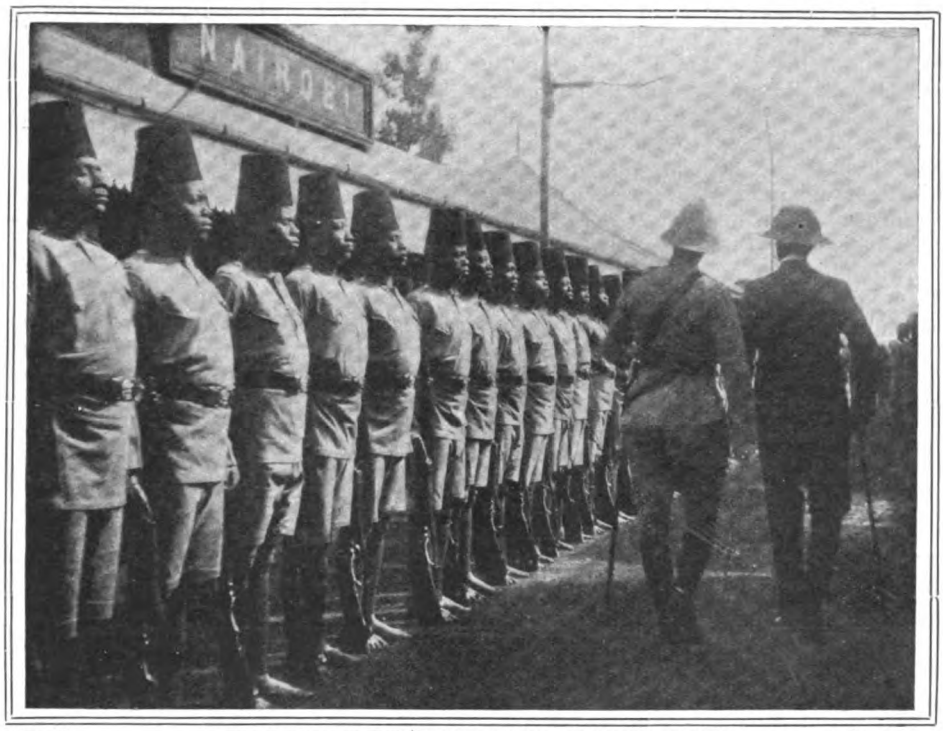
The Comte's snuff-box was in his hand again; he took a pinch delicately, flirting his fingers as he turned his back—with the movement it seemed that he blotted Maxime St. Arnaud from the face of the world.

"Pardon—I have no knowledge of that person, M. the Colonel—no." He looked again at the two—a long look, meeting the steady eyes that were as his own eyes. With the smile that in a moment came upon his face he stepped, unflinching, from the old *régime* to the new. He made a gesture very fine and stately. "Permit me that I present also my daughter, Mlle. Valérie, and M. Raoul Laval, her affianced, in whom I felicitate myself that she finds a husband worthy of a De Charlevaux."

"Monsieur!" Raoul stammered, bewildered. "Monsieur!"

He struggled to his feet. As he staggered, all dizzy, and, despite the girl's hold, almost fell, the colonel sprang forward. Quicker, the little Comte thrust forward his slim shoulder.

"But no — there arrives now the time when I support. Lean on me, my son," he said, very sweetly.



From a] A COMPANY OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES AT NAIROBI STATION. *[Photograph.*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

II.—AROUND MOUNT KENYA.

THE town of Nairobi, the capital of the East Africa Protectorate, stands on the base of wooded hills at the three hundred and twenty-seventh mile of the railroad. Originally chosen as a convenient place for assembling the extensive depôts and shops necessary to the construction and maintenance of the railway, it enjoys no advantages as a residential site. The ground on which the town is built is low and swampy. The supply of water is indifferent, and the situation generally unhealthy. A mile farther on, however, upon the rising ground a finer position could have been found, and this quarter is already being occupied sparsely by Government buildings, hospitals, and barracks. It is now too late to change, and thus lack of foresight and of a comprehensive view leaves its permanent imprint upon the countenance of a new country.

Our train traverses the Athi plains, more crowded perhaps with game than any other part of the line, and approaches swiftly the long rows of one-storeyed tin houses which constitute the town. Nairobi is a typical South African township. It might be Pietermaritzburg or Ladysmith of twenty years ago, before blue-gum trees and stone buildings had waxed and multiplied. In its present stage perhaps it resembles Buluwayo most. The population is also South African in its character and proportions. There are three hundred and fifty whites, two thousand one hundred Indians, and two thousand five hundred and fifty African natives. The shops and stores are, however, much more considerable than these figures would

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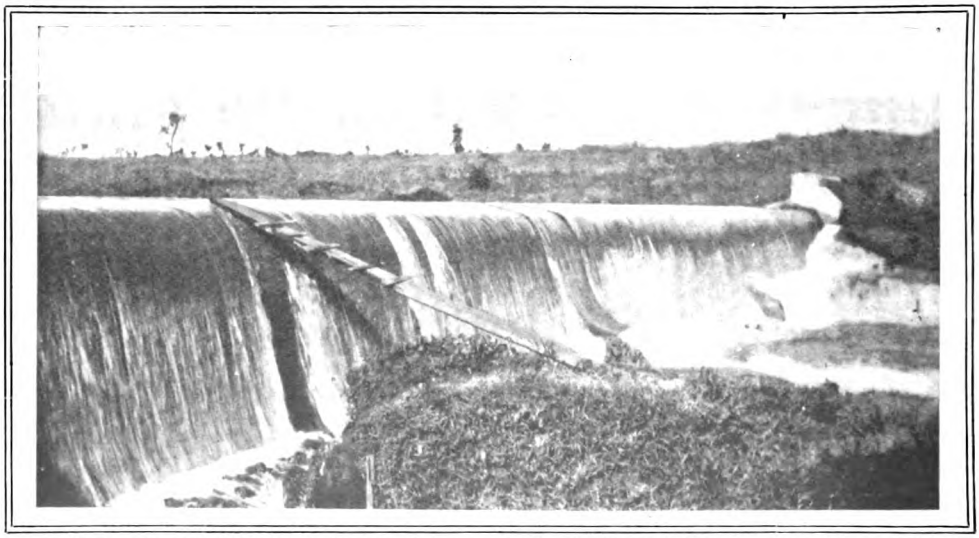
appear to warrant, and are fully capable of supplying the varied needs of settlers and planters over a wide area. Nairobi is also the head-quarters of a brigade of the King's African Rifles, the central office and depôt of the Uganda Railway, and the seat of the Administration, with its numerous official personnel. The dinner of the Colonists' Association, to which I was invited, afforded the familiar, yet in Central Africa not unimpressive, spectacle of long rows of gentlemen in evening dress; while the ball given by the Governor to celebrate the King's birthday revealed a company gay with uniforms, and ladies in pretty dresses, assembled upon a spot where scarcely ten years before lions hunted undisturbed.

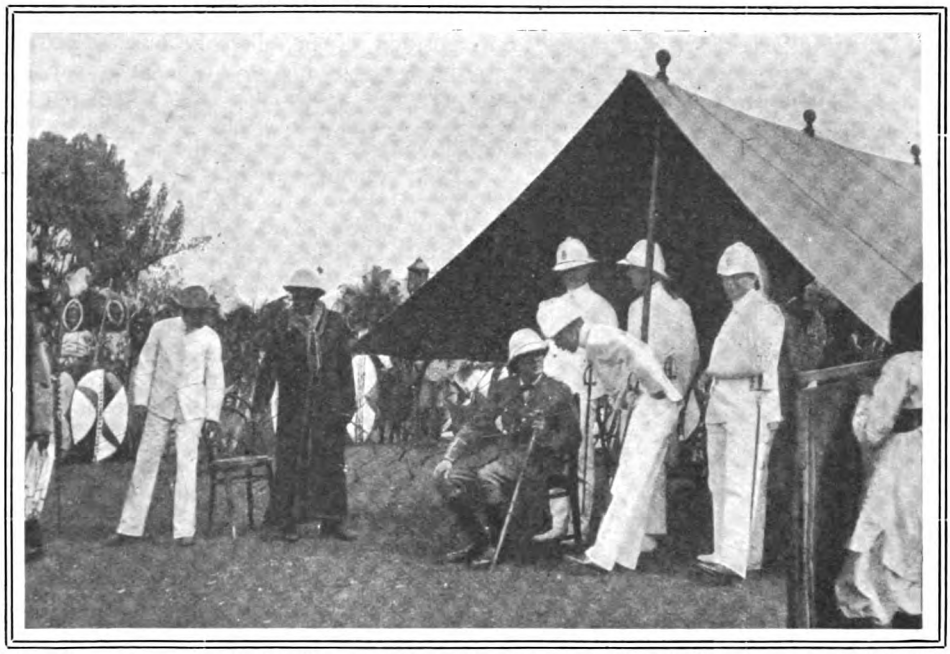
Every white man in Nairobi is a politician; and many of them are leaders of parties. One would scarcely believe it possible that a centre so new should be able to develop so many divergent and conflicting interests, or that a community so small should be able to give each such vigorous and even vehement expression. There are already in miniature all the elements of keen political Police; all these different points of view, naturally arising, honestly adopted, tenaciously held, and not yet reconciled into any harmonious general conception, confront the visitor in perplexing disarray. Nor will he be wise to choose his part with any hurry. It is better to see something of the country, of its quality and extent, of its promises and forfeits, of its realities and illusions, before endeavouring to form even a provisional opinion.

The snow-clad peak of Mount Kenya, a hundred miles away, can on a clear morning be easily seen from the slopes above Nairobi—a sharp, serrated summit veined with gleaming white. A road—passable, albeit unmetalled, for wagons and even a motor-car—runs thitherward by Fort Hall and across the Tana River. On the way there is much to see. A wild, ragged-looking, but fertile region, swelling into successive undulations and intersected by numerous gorges whose streams are shaded by fine trees, unfolds itself to the eye. Scattered about upon spacious estates of many thousand acres are a score or two of colonists, each gradually making himself a home and a living in his own way.



"ONE OF THE STREAMS HAS BEEN DAMMED EFFECTIVELY, AND TURBINES ARE ALREADY IN POSITION TO LIGHT NAIROBI WITH ELECTRICITY." *From a* [*Photograph.*

and racial discord, all the materials for hot and acrimonious debate. The white man versus the black; the Indian versus both; the settler as against the planter; the town contrasted with the country; the official class against the unofficial; the coast and the highlands; the railway administration and the Protectorate generally; the King's African Rifles and the East Africa Protectorate One raises stock; another plants coffee, which grows so exuberantly in this generous soil as to threaten the speedy exhaustion of the plant. Here are ostriches, sheep, and cattle standing placidly together in one drove under the guardianship of a native child of eleven. There is a complete dairy farm, admirably equipped. One of the streams has been dammed effectively, and turbines



From a] AN INTERVIEW WITH THE OFFICIALS OF THE KENYA PROVINCE. *[Photograph.*

are already in position to light Nairobi with electricity. Upon the banks of another there is talk of building an hotel.

At one place I found a family of good people from Hightown, Manchester, grappling courageously with an enormous tract of ten thousand acres. Hard by, an old Boer, who has trekked the length of Africa to avoid the British flag, sits smoking stolidly by his grass house, reconciled to British rule at last by a few months' experience of paternal government in a neighbouring Protectorate. He has few cattle and less cash, but he holds decided views as to the whereabouts of lions; there, moreover, stands the heavy tilted wagon of the Great Trek—an ark of refuge when all else fails; and for the rest there is plenty of game, few people, and the family grows from year to year. In brief, one sees a heterogeneous population engaged in varied labours; but everywhere hard work, straitened resources, hopes persisting through many disappointments, stout hospitable hearts, and the beginnings, at any rate, of progress.

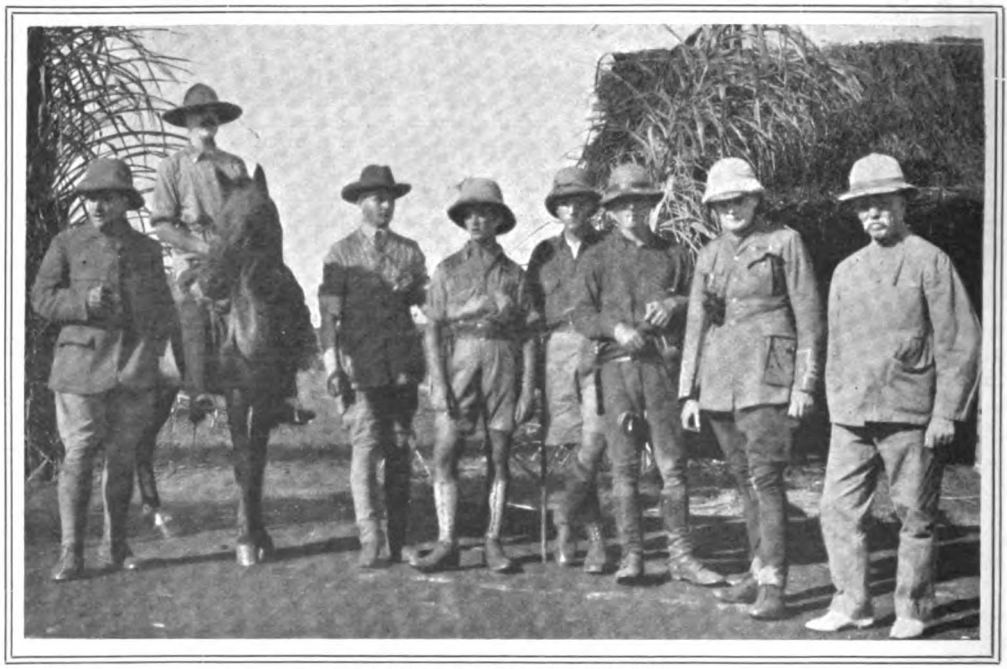
A camp has been prepared for me in a very beautiful spot at the juncture of the Chania and Thika rivers. Tents are pitched and grass shelters are erected in a smooth meadow. Southwards, a hundred yards away, a fine waterfall plunges downwards over enormous boulders amid tall, interlacing trees. The muffled roar of another rises from a deep ravine an equal distance to the north; and the Philistine computes, with a frown, four thousand horse-power expending itself upon the picturesque.

Nothing causes the East African more genuine concern than that his guest should not have been provided with a lion. The knowledge preys upon his mind until it becomes a veritable obsession. He feels some deep reproach is laid upon his own hospitality and the reputation of his adopted country. How to find, and, having found, to kill, a lion is the unvarying theme of conversation; and every place and every journey is judged by a simple standard—"lions or no lions." At the Thika camp, then, several gentlemen accomplished in this important sport have come together with ponies, rifles, Somalis, and all the other accessories. Some zebras and kongoni have been killed and left lying in likely-looking places to attract the lions; and at 4 a.m., rain or shine, we are to go and look for them.

The young Englishman, be he officer or settler in the East African Highlands, cuts a hardy figure. His clothes are few and far between: a sun hat, a brown flannel shirt with sleeves cut above the elbow and open to the chest, a pair of thin khaki knickerbockers cut short five inches—*at least*—above the knee, boots, and a pair of putties

comprise the whole attire. Nothing else is worn. The skin, exposed to sun, thorns, and insects, becomes almost as dark as that of the natives, and so hardened that it is nothing to ride all day with bare knees on the saddle; a truly Spartan discipline from which at least the visitor may be excused.

This is the way in which they hunt lions. First find the lion, lured to a kill, driven from a reed-bed, or kicked up incontinently by the way. Once viewed he must never be lost sight of for a moment. Mounted on ponies of more or less approved fidelity, three-or four daring Englishmen or Somalis gallop after him, as in India they ride the pig—that is to say, neck or nothing—across rocks, holes, tussocks, nullahs, through high grass, thorn scrub, undergrowth, turning him, shepherding him, heading him this way and



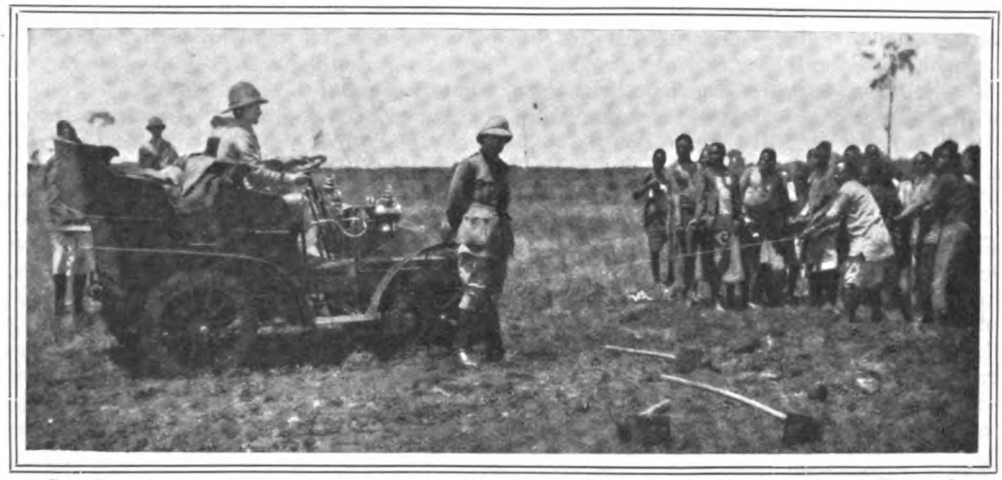
From a] OUR HUNTING PARTY AT THE THIKA RIVER. *[Photograph.*

that until he is brought to bay. For his part the lion is no seeker of quarrels; he is often described in accents of contempt. His object throughout is to save his skin. If, being unarmed, you meet six or seven lions unexpectedly, all you need do—according to my information—is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away, while you throw a few stones at them to hurry them up. All the highest authorities recommend this.

But when pursued from place to place, chased hither and thither by the wheeling horsemen, the naturally mild disposition of the lion becomes embittered. First he begins to growl and roar at his enemies, in order to terrify them, and make them leave him in peace. Then he darts little short charges at them. Finally, when every attempt at peaceful persuasion has failed, he pulls up abruptly and offers battle. Once he has done this he will run no more. He means to fight, and to fight to the death. He means to charge home; and when a lion, maddened with the agony of a bullet-wound, distressed by long and hard pursuit, or, most of all, a lioness in defence of her cubs, is definitely committed to the charge, death is the only possible conclusion. Broken limbs, broken jaws, a body raked from end to end, lungs pierced through and through, entrails torn and protruding—none of these count. It must be death—instant and utter—for the lion, or down goes the man, mauled by septic claws and fetid teeth, crushed and crunched, and poisoned afterwards to make doubly sure. Such are the habits of this cowardly and wicked animal.

It is at the stage when the lion has been determinedly "bayed" that the sportsman from London is usually introduced upon the scene. He has, we may imagine, followed the riders as fast as the inequalities of the ground, his own want of training, and the

burden of a heavy rifle will allow him. He arrives at the spot where the lion is cornered in much the same manner as the matador enters the arena, the others standing aside deferentially, ready to aid him or divert the lion. If his bullet kills, he is, no doubt, justly proud. If it only wounds, the lion charges the nearest horseman. For forty yards the charge of a lion is swifter than the gallop of a racehorse. The riders, therefore, usually avoid waiting within that distance. But sometimes they do not; or sometimes



From a] MOTORING OUT TO FORT HALL—A CHECK. *[Photograph.*

the lion sees the man who has shot him; or sometimes all sorts of things happen which make good stories—afterwards.

After this general description no particular example is required, and the reader need not be disappointed to learn that our lion escaped what, no doubt, would have been his certain destruction by the breaking of a single link in the regular chain of circumstances. He was not found upon the kill. His place was taken by a filthy hyena, and it was not until we had beaten thoroughly for two hours more than three miles of reed-bed that we saw him —a splendid great yellow cat — bounding away up the opposite hill. Off started our riders like falcons; but, alas!—if "alas!" is the proper word—a deep and impassable nullah intervened, necessitating large circuits and long delays; so that the lion got clean away out of sight of all men, and we were reduced to the slow and tedious process of tracking him footprint by footprint through waving grass, breast-high, hour after hour, always expecting to tread on his tail, and always—disappointed!

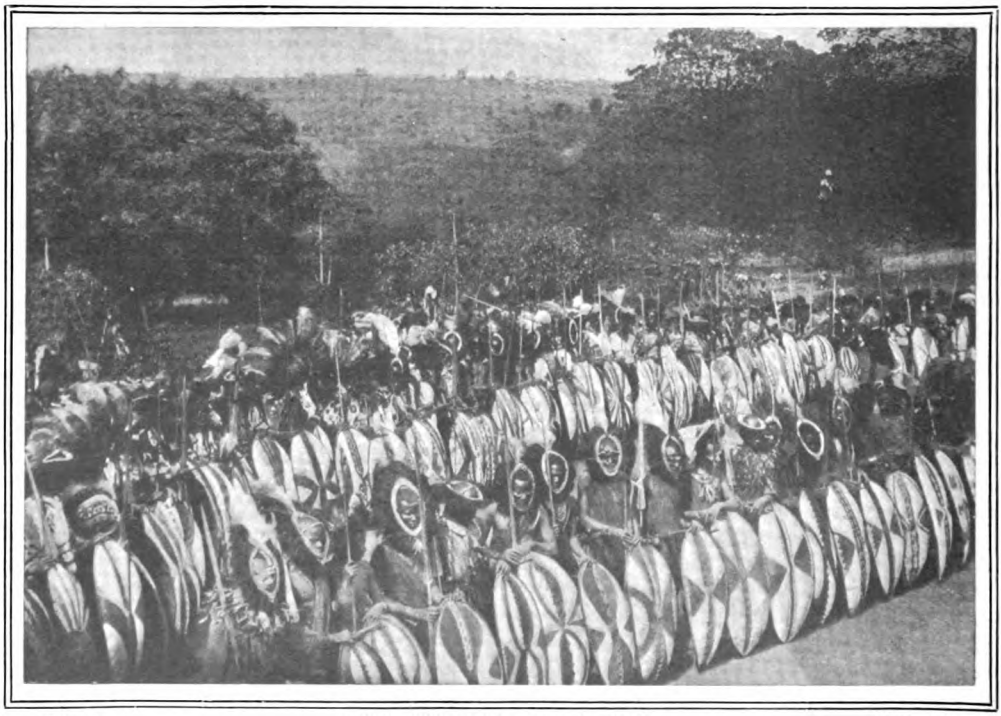
In the afternoon I had to ride to Fort Hall, where there was to be a great gathering of Kikuyu chiefs and thousands of their warriors and women. The country is much the same as that traversed on the previous day, but greener, smoother, and more pleasant-looking. Fort Hall is not a fort in any military sense, but the Commissioner's house with a ditch round it, a jail, a few houses, and an Indian bazaar. The station is hardly well selected, being perched up on a hill out of the reach of any railway—and unhealthy nevertheless. The whole place was crowded with natives in their most highly ornamented and elaborate nudity, waiting for the war-dance.

This ceremony was performed the next morning. Long before daylight the beating of drums, the blowing of horns, and the rhythm of loud, yet not altogether unmelodious, chanting awakened the weariest sleeper; and when, at eight o'clock, the *indaba* began, the whole space in front of the fort was densely packed with naked, painted, plumed, and gyrating humanity, which seethed continually to and fro, and divided from time to time as particular chiefs advanced with their followers, or as gifts of struggling sheep and bulls were brought forward. In his war dress the Kikuyu, and, still more, the Masai warrior, is a striking if not impressive figure. His hair and body are smeared with the red earth of his native land, compounded into a pigment by mixture with the slimy juice of the castor-oil plant, which abounds. Fantastic head-dresses, some of ostrich feathers, others of metal or leather; armlets and leglets of twisted wire; stripes of white clay rubbed across the red pigment; here and there an old pot-hat or some European garment, incon-

gruously contrasted with leopard-skins and bulls' horns; broad, painted cowhide shields and spears with soft iron blades nearly four feet long, complete a grotesque and indecorous picture. Still, there is a sleek grace about these active forms—bronze statues but for their frippery—which defeats all their own efforts to make themselves horrible. The chiefs, however, succeed in reducing themselves to regular guys. Any old, cast-off khaki jacket or tattered pair of trousers; any fragment of weather-stained uniform, a battered sun-helmet with a feather stuck lamely into the top of it, a ragged umbrella, is sufficient to induce them to abandon the ostrich plume and the leopard-skin kaross. Among their warriors in ancient gear they look ridiculous and insignificant—more like the commonest kind of native sweeper than the hereditary rulers of some powerful and numerous tribe.

It is unquestionably an advantage that the East African negro should develop a taste for civilized attire. In no more useful and innocent direction could his wants be multiplied and his desires excited, and it is by this process of assimilation that his life will gradually be made more complicated, more varied, less crudely animal, and himself raised to a higher level of economic utility. But it would surely be worth while to organize and guide this new motive force within graceful and appropriate limits. A Government runs risks when it intrudes upon the domain of fashion; but when a veritable abyss of knowledge and science separates the rulers from the ruled, when authority is dealing with a native race still plunged in its primary squalor, without religion, without clothes, without morality, but willing to emerge and capable of emerging, such risks may fairly be accepted; and the Government might well prescribe or present suitable robes for ceremonial occasions to the chiefs, and gradually encourage, and more gradually still enforce, their adoption throughout the population.

After the dance it had been arranged that I should go as far as the bank of the Tana River to see the view of Mount Kenya, and then return to the Thika camp before night. But when the whole splendid panorama of the trans-Tana country opened to the eye, I could not bring myself to stop short of the promised land; and, casting away material cares of luncheon and baggage, I decided to ride through to Embo, twenty-eight miles from Fort Hall, and our most advanced post in this direction. We crossed the Tana by a ferry which travels along a rope under



From a] THE KIKUYU WARRIORS AT FORT HALL. *[Photograph.*

the impulsion of the current. The ponies swam the deep, strong, sixty-yard stream of turbulent red water. On the farther bank the country is really magnificent in quality and aspect. The centre of the picture is always Mount Kenya; but there never was a mountain which made so little of its height. It rises by long gentle slopes, more like a swelling of ground than a peak, from an immense upland plain, and so gradual is the acclivity that, but for the sudden outcrop of snow-clad rock which crowns the summit, no one would believe it over eighteen thousand feet high. It is its gradual rise that imparts so great a value to this noble mountain; for about its enormous base and upon its slopes, traversed by hundreds of streams of clear perennial water, there grows, or may grow, in successive belts, every kind of crop and forest known in the world, from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. The landscape is superb. In beauty, in fertility, in verdure, in the coolness of the air, in the abundance of running water, in its rich red soil, in the variety of its vegetation the scenery about Kenya far surpasses anything I have ever seen in India or South Africa, and challenges comparison with the fairest countries of Europe. Indeed, looking at it with an eye fresh from Italy, I was most powerfully reminded of the upper valley of the Po.

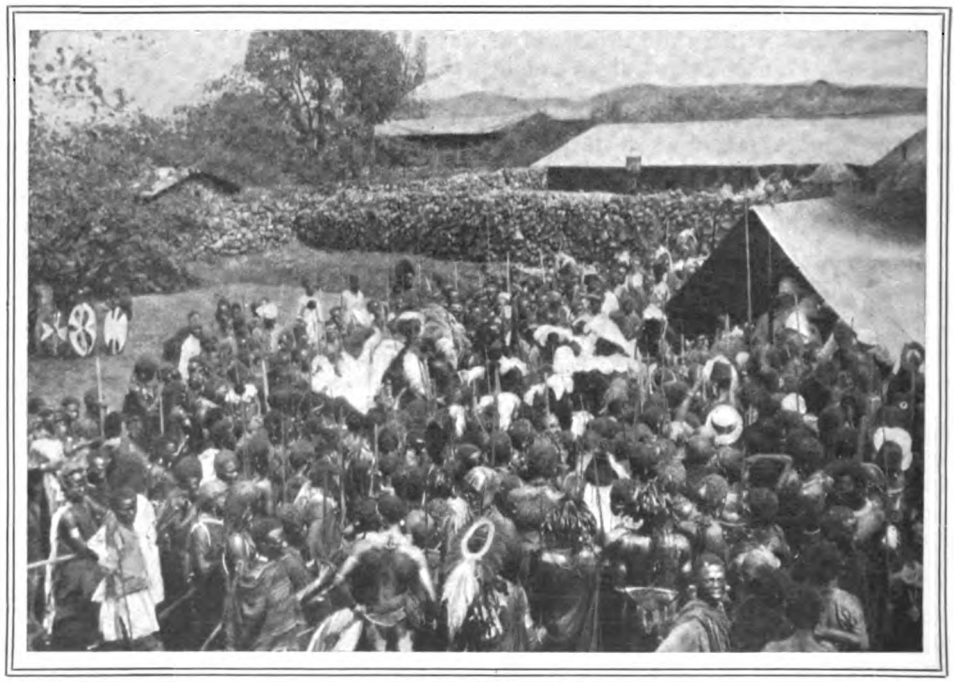
We rode on all day through this delicious country, along a well-kept native road, smooth enough for a bicycle, except where it crossed stream after stream on primitive bridges. On every side the soil was cultivated and covered with the crops of a large and industrious population. It is only a year since regular control was established beyond the Tana, not without some bloodshed, by a small military expedition. Yet so peaceful are the tribes—now that their intertribal fighting has been stopped—that white officers ride freely about among their villages without even carrying a pistol. All the natives met with on the road were armed with sword and spear, and all offered us their customary salutations, while many came up smiling and holding out long, moist, delicate-looking hands for me to shake, till I had quite enough of it. Indeed, the only dangers of the road appear to be from the buffaloes which infest the country, and after nightfall place the traveller in real peril. We were very glad for this reason, and also because we had eaten nothing but a banana since early morning, to see on the top of the next hill the buildings of Embo just as the sun sank beneath the horizon.

Embo is a model station, only five months old—one small, three-roomed house for the District Commissioner, one for the military officer, an office, and a tiny jail, all in good dressed stone; two Indian shops in corrugated iron; and seven or eight long rows of beehive grass huts for a hundred and fifty soldiers and police. Two young white officers—a civilian and a soldier—preside from this centre of authority, far from the telegraph, over the peace and order of an area as large as an English county, and regulate the conduct and fortunes of some seventy-five thousand natives, who have never previously known or acknowledged any law but violence or terror. They were uncommonly surprised to see four horsemen come riding up the zigzag path to their dwelling; but their astonishment was no bar to their hospitality, and we were soon rewarded for our journey and our fasting in most excellent fashion.

I had just time before the darkness flooded the land and blotted out the mighty mountain and its wreaths of fire-tipped cloud to walk round this station. The jail consisted of a single room, barred and bolted. Inside not a prisoner was to be seen. I inquired where they were, and was shown two little groups seated round fires in the open. They were chained together by a light running chain, and after a hard day's miscellaneous work about the station they chatted peacefully as they cooked and ate their evening meal. The prison was only their shelter for the night—primitive arrangements, no doubt, but are they less merciful than the hideous, long-drawn precision of an English convict establishment?

The African protectorates now administered by the Colonial Office afford rare scope for the abilities of earnest and intelligent youth. A man of twenty-five may easily find himself ruling a large tract of country and a numerous population. The Government is too newly established to have developed the highly centralized and closely knit—perhaps too closely knit—hierarchy and control of the Indian system. It is far too poor to afford a complete Administration. The District Commissioner must judge for himself, and be judged upon his actions. Very often—for tropical diseases make many gaps in the ranks and men must often return to England to recruit their health—the officer is not a District Commissioner at all, but a junior acting in his stead or in someone's stead, sometimes for a year or more. To him there come day by day the natives of the district with all their troubles, disputes, and intrigues.

Their growing appreciation of the impartial justice of the tribunal leads them increasingly to carry all sorts of cases to the District Commissioner's Court. When they are ill they come and ask for medicine. When they are wounded in their quarrels it is to the white man they go to have the injuries dressed. Disease and accident have to be combated without professional skill. Courts of justice and forms of legality must be maintained without lawyers. Taxes have to be collected by personal influence. Peace has to be kept with only a shadow of force. All these great opportunities of high service, and many others, are often and daily placed within the reach of men in their twenties—on the whole with admirable results. It was most pleasant to hear with what comprehension and sympathy the officers of the East Africa Protectorate speak about their work; and how they regard themselves as the guardians of native interests and native rights against those who only care about exploiting the country and its people. No one can travel even for a little while among the Kikuyu tribes without acquiring a liking for these light-hearted, tractable, if brutish, children, or without feeling that they are capable of being instructed and raised from their present degradation. There are more than four million aboriginals in East Africa alone. Their care imposes a grave, and I think an inalienable, responsibility upon the British Government. It will be an ill day for these native races when their fortunes are removed from the impartial and august administration of the Crown and abandoned to the fierce self-interest of a small white population. Such an event is no doubt very remote. Yet the speculator, the planter, and the settler are knocking at the door. There are many things which ought to be done—good, wise, scientific, and justly profitable. If the Government cannot find the money to develop the natural economic strength of the country, to make its communications, to start its industries, can it with any reason bar the field to private enterprise? Can it prevent the ingress of a white population? Ought it to do so, and for how long? What is to happen when there are thirty thousand white people in East Africa, instead of the three thousand or so who make so much stir at the present time? Perhaps the course of these letters will lead us back again to these questions. I am very doubtful whether it will supply their answers.



From a] WAITING FOR THE WAR-DANCE. *[Photograph.*

We have a discussion in the evening on a much more manageable subject. The District Commissioner at Embo has been

ordered by the High Court of the Protectorate to re-try a criminal case which he had settled some months before, on account of an informality in the report of the proceedings, which had excited the attention of the revising authority. It is pointed out that neither the accused nor his fellow-natives understand, or can ever be made to understand, the meaning of this repetition of a trial; that they are bewildered; that their confidence in their personal ruler may be weakened; that endless practical difficulties —for instance, the collection of witnesses scattered about in distant villages, and the disquietude caused to them by a second summons from the strange, mysterious power called "Government"—arise out of an error which only a lawyer could detect, and which only appears upon a piece of paper. "Someone," quaintly says a young civil officer, who has ridden over with us, "forgot to say 'Bo!' in the right place." I ask the nature of the "Bo!" It is certainly substantial. No mention was made in the report of the trial that the accused was given the opportunity of cross-examining the hostile witnesses. Therefore, although this was in fact done, the trial is held to be no trial, and ordered anew.

Now, here is again a balancing of disadvantages; but without here examining whether a simple release would not have been better than a retrial, I find myself plainly on the side of the "Bo!" There is scarcely anything more important in the government of men than the exact—I will even say the pedantic—observance of the regular forms by which the guilt or innocence of accused persons is determined. Those forms are designed to protect the prisoner, not merely from the consequences of honest forgetfulness in his judges, but from systematic carelessness and possible oppression. Once they are allowed to be loosely construed the whole system of civilized jurisprudence begins to crumble, and in its place there is gradually erected a rough-and-ready practice dependent entirely for its efficiency and fairness upon the character and intelligence of the individual responsible. Necessary as it is to trust to personal authority in the control of native races of the lowest standard, it is not less necessary to assign well-marked limits to that authority, and, above all, to place the simple primary rights of accused persons to what we at home are accustomed to call a "fair trial" outside its scope. Nor does the administrator really suffer in native eyes from the apparition into his domain of superior authority. The tribesmen see that their ruler—to them all-powerful, the man of soldiers and police, of punishment and reward—is himself obedient to some remote external force, and they wonder what that mysterious force can be and marvel dimly at its greatness. Authority is enhanced and not impaired by the suggestion of immense reserves behind and above the immediate ruler—strong though he be. But upon this, as upon other matters, it is not necessary for everyone to be of the same opinion; and even lawyers are not always wise.

On our homeward ride in the early morning we passed a Swahili village. These Mohammedans have penetrated deeply and established themselves widely in the Eastern parts of Africa. Armed with a superior religion and strengthened with Arab blood, they maintain themselves without difficulty at a far higher level than the pagan aboriginals among whom they live. Their language has become a sort of *lingua franca* over all this part of the world. As traders they are welcomed, as fighting men they are respected, and as sorcerers they are feared by all the tribes. Their Khan had supplied us with bananas on the previous day with many expressions of apology that, as we were unexpected, he had no "European food." To-day all this was repaired. The men of the village, to the number of perhaps fifty, walked sedately out to meet us, their long white smocks in striking contrast to the naked, painted barbarians who surrounded them. The Khan led up a white Arab stallion, of vicious temper and tripping gait, to replace my wearied pony; and then produced tea and a familiar tin of mixed biscuits, which he had over-night sent runners to procure, that his hospitality might incur no reproach.

While we were eating and parleying with the Khan there arrived on the scene a mounted Kikuyu chief, with umbrella, khaki helmet, and other insignia, and attended by about a hundred warriors in full feather. In order to show their respect they began at once their war-dance, and we left them a quarter of an hour later still circling and hopping to and fro with quivering spears and nodding plumes to their monotonous chorus, while the white-robed Swahilis stood gravely by and bade us farewell in the dignified manners of the East. I reflected upon the interval that separates these two races from each other, and on the centuries of struggle that the advance had cost, and I wondered whether that interval was wider and deeper than that which divides

the modern European from them both; but without arriving at any sure conclusion.

Our journey to Embo had been so delightful that I was not inclined to hanker after rejected alternatives. But when we drove in to the Thika camp as the sun was setting, the first spectacle which saluted my eyes was a lion's skin spread out upon the ground and Colonel Wilson engaged in sprinkling it with arsenical powder. Then we were told the tale, which in brief was that they were driving a long reed-bed, when the lion sprang out and ran obliquely across the line of beaters. Wilson fired and the lion bounded back into the reeds, whence stones, fires, shoutings, shots, and all other disturbances failed to move him. Whereupon, after two hours, being impatient and venturesome, they had marched in upon him shoulder to shoulder, to find him, fortunately, quite dead.

My friends endeavoured to console me by the news that lions had now been heard of in two other places, and that we should be sure to find one in the morning; and next day, after we had driven three miles of reeds, it seemed that their hopes were well founded, for a large animal of some kind could be seen moving swiftly to and fro under cover, and everyone declared this must be the lion. At last only one more patch of reeds remained to beat, and we took up our positions, finger on trigger, about sixty yards from the farther edge of it, while the beaters, raising an astonishing tumult with yells and the beating of tin cans, plunged boldly in.

From a] COLONEL WILSON'S LION. *[Photograph.*

Parturiunt montes — out rushed two enormous wart-hogs. Let no one reproach the courage of the pig. These great fierce boars, driven from their last shelter, charged out in gallant style—tusks gleaming, tails perpendicular—and met a fate prepared for a king. With these and another which we galloped down and pistolled on the way home I had to be content, and can now, so far as I am concerned, sadly write, in the expressive words of Reuter, "No lions were 'bagged.'"

(*To be continued.*)

"MY PAL DAN."

By JOSEPH KEATING.

JIM was in the Colliers' Arms when the thunder-crack and shock of the explosion in the pit-workings under that pleasant public-house sent all its bottles and glasses, pint pots and windows, jingling and dancing and shivering all at the same time; and every drinking-mug in every hand stopped half-way to the lips, and the parched mouths, instead of taking in beer, gave out the cry:—

"Lord help us all—the pit is fired!"

Jim's pint pot—quite full—dropped on the floor, with the beer outside the pieces swilling and scattering over the flags.

"And my pal Dan is in it!" he roared. "He went to work this morning and I went on the spree."

Then he took a drunken man's jump and went head-first across the flags, through the door, and out of the public-house, in amongst the women and children shrieking and running to the top of the Welsh Valley Pit. He and Dan worked there all days—with an occasional break for festivities.

The only visible sign of the fire was a thin, violet-tinted smoke crawling up out of the shaft and twining round the black gear and wheels overhead; but all knew that down below there were fire and poison, with the blast sweeping men, boys, and horses, trams, coal, and timber, all into a heap. The last explosion had burned, mutilated, or poisoned over two hundred. And there was a peculiar sulphur element in the violet smoke that made everyone around the pit-head cough who was not already sobbing.

Jim had to fight his way through the women and children. He was trying to squeeze himself in amongst the gang of men who were getting into the carriage. They were going down exploring, which really meant they were willing to be choked or burned if they could prevent that from happening to anyone else down there. But they flung Jim out of the carriage. There was no time for good manners.

"Get out, Jim; you're drunk."

"My pal Dan is in the fire," explained Jim, earnestly.

He was staggering back, but he did not seem to mind how they treated him. By a miracle he got control of his legs and kept himself from overbalancing. He recovered his equilibrium, in fact.

"I'm going to fetch Dan," said he.

Then he ran, lamp in hand, to catch the carriage before it dropped into the pit.

"He'll fall down the shaft!"

Men, women, and children held their breath. The pit was over three hundred yards deep, and a man who covered that distance merely by the force of gravity would be sober at the end of the drop.

Jim had only one idea just then, and he was carrying it out. The carriage with the men and their lighted lamps dropped out of sight without thinking about his wishes or intentions, and Jim went over after it.

"I'm going to fetch Dan out," he roared, and he went after the carriage—right over the bank into the black mouth of the pit.

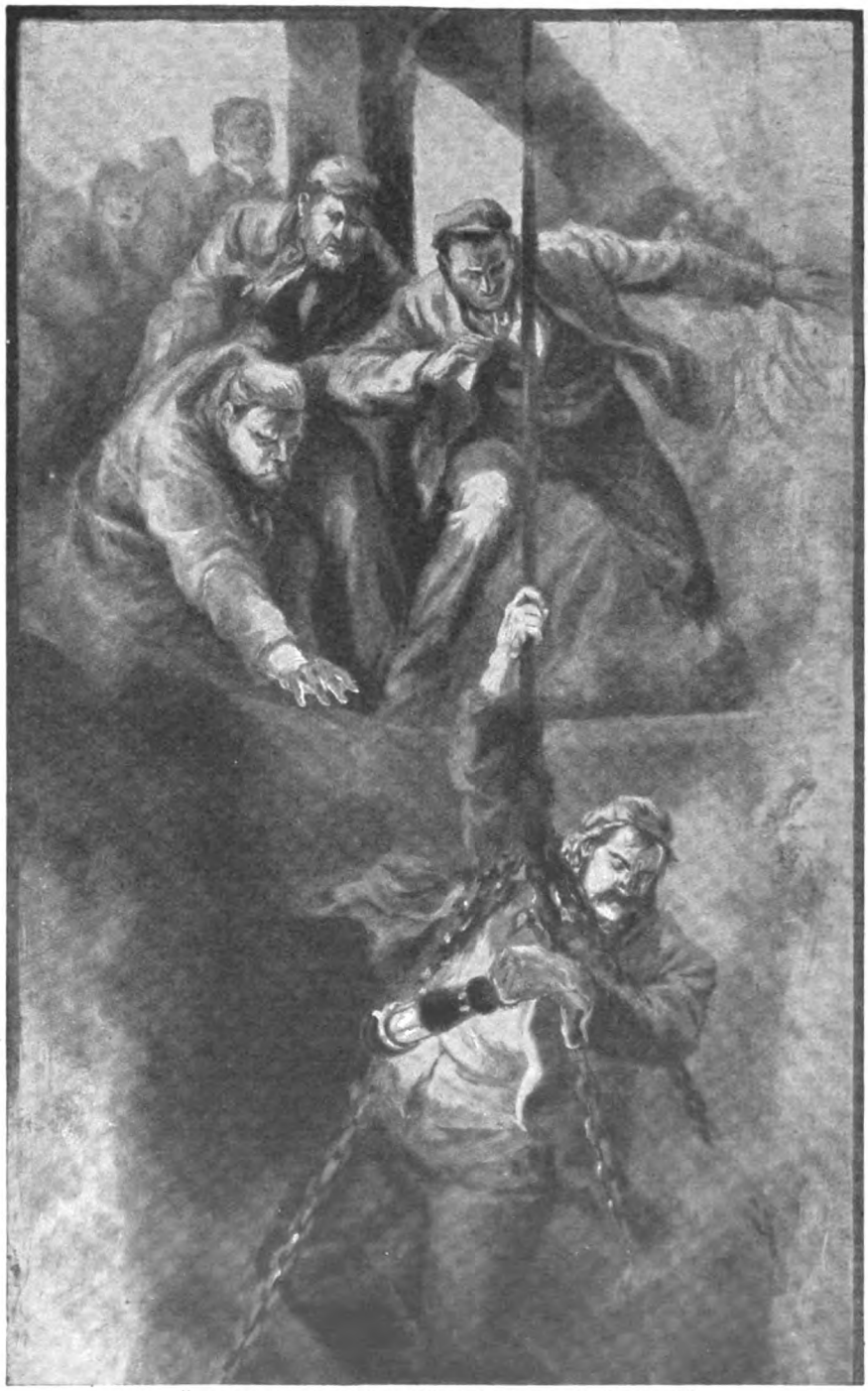
All around there was a gasp, and everybody leaned over the brink, staring down, and believing he was being smashed against the pit walls. But Jim's method was admirable. They would not let him get into the carriage, so he had jumped for the four chains that fastened the carriage to the winding-rope, and he shouted up with great regard for people's feelings:—

"I'm all right—I'm going to fetch Dan—that's about the size of it."

He had the best of the argument so far. The carriage was going down. So was Jim—on top of it. The lights of the men in the carriage flashed underneath. They had no idea they had an extra passenger. Those above dared not stop the engine. One minute's delay might kill a hundred men; and even if they pulled up they ran the risk of winding Jim into the great wheels above.

He was sprawling flat on the bonnet of the carriage with a life-and-death grip on the big chain links. The terrific speed and shake of the thing made the pit-rope crash against the walls. The scream and whistle of the wind would frighten a man and weaken his hold. There were nine hundred feet of black emptiness under Jim, and if he lost grip of the links the bottom of the pit would be paved with his good intentions.

"Poor Dan!" said he; "he might be in danger."



"THE CARRIAGE WAS GOING DOWN; SO WAS JIM—ON TOP OF IT."

The express rate of descent brought him to the bottom unexpectedly. The carriage stopped with a jerk. The four chains slackened and dropped rattling and clanking on the iron bonnet. Jim's grip was taken away from him without so much as a hint, and he rolled over, cannoned off the centre-guide, and dropped between the pit wall and

the carriage, down upon the plated flooring of the actual bottom of the pit. The only miracle about this was that if he had gone over at the other side he would have rolled into the sump, which was full of black mud and water, with depth enough to smother fifty men at the same time.

"Well—I'm down, at any rate," said Jim.

It did not strike him that having been out of the pit that day "on the spree" was his luck, and that he was putting himself to great personal inconvenience to get killed with the others.

No one took any notice of him when he fell, because there were so many other bodies stretched out on iron plates, men and boys, with poison in their lungs and fire-wounds on their bodies; and the rescuers who had come down inside the carriage were too busy. They were piling the men and boys into the cage to send them up, so that the fresh air might bring life back if any were left.

Jim dragged himself up out of the way. His lamp was missing.

"I ought to be burned," said he, "for letting Dan go down to-day—and I go on the giddy."

He made straight for the inner workings. All Jim's motions began head-first, and the plated flooring was extremely slippery, so that he went lurching. He had a lighted lamp swinging in his hand. There were plenty of lamps which those who were stretched out did not want. The living were shouting as if they would raise the dead. Others had come out safe and were helping. Jim could not see Dan amongst them, so he went in to look for him.

Some of the timbers across the roof and in the sides were smoking and smouldering as if the fire-blast had swept along that way. Jim did not stop. He felt his eyes smarting, and he coughed and sighed. He was really inhaling the choke-damp, which kills nearly a hundred times more than does the fire. All the laws of carbon monoxide ordained that Jim ought to be flattened out in the dust. No ordinary being could expect to live through this. He was defying all the natural laws that science ever discovered, because he was still going on in it.

His light was swinging with every lurch of his body. He went far in beyond the plated section, but even after that his feet took a pleasure in slipping along the smooth face of the tram rails, and every few yards Jim's head and lamp and arms and legs all came together in one bundle up against the timber in the side of the roadway.

This did not appear to have any effect at all on him, except that he groaned and breathed like a gale of wind among the trees on a dark night. Beyond that, he only pulled himself out of the side into the middle of the tunnel and flung himself on again.

He had to climb over high falls of roof which the shock had brought down. He pulled himself up over the big stones and rolled down the other side with a business-like air, always making sure of his grip upon the lamp and a careful, half-closed eye upon the light.

Sometimes he was flung into the side by a wild crowd of men, boys, and horses, all rushing out together towards the bottom of the shaft. The horses screamed as much as the men. One was as terror-struck as the other. The difference between them was that the animals carried only themselves, whereas the men carried either their own boys or friends who had fallen overpowered in the dust, poisoned by the gases.

Jim took this as a matter of course. All he did was raise his voice and shout:—

"Is Dan there? Jim is looking for him."

The light was raised up to his face because that is a natural action when you want to talk to anyone in the pit. The light showed you exactly the manner of man Jim was. His tongue came out licking the ragged ends of his big black moustache, and his half-closed eyes, still blinking in the lamp-rays, gave his face a helpless, kindly, God-bless-you expression. His body leaned forward, swaying, and only his hips touched against the side-wall to hold him up. He was wearing his pit-clothes, for when his friend Dan went to work that morning Jim got out of bed with the same noble resolve to go to work. Both were bachelors free. Jim had got as far as putting on his moleskins; but instead of going to work he turned into the Colliers' Arms, and there he was, like most of us, the picture of a good intention not lived up to.

When the shrieking, roaring herd of men, boys, flying lights, and horses scrambled by and no answer came to his question, he knew that if Dan were there he would answer him. So he headed in once more along the black road in his blind elephant fashion.

Heavy timbers were knocked from their places in sides and roof, leaning over him, and the white cracks in the big posts were like grinning mouths full of long fangs. The roof was letting small rocks drop as Jim passed under. But he declined to take any official notice of these things, except to flash his light up occasionally in order to see

whether the whole world intended to come crashing through into that narrow tunnel.

He wanted to turn down a road on his right. He went in a yard or two. But he saw the fire down there in full blaze.

"That's no good to me," said Jim; "I must find another way."

That road was the shortest cut to Dan, but the fire closed it, and Jim knew another way.

He had as much trouble in turning round to go back as an Atlantic liner in too small a dock. But he got under way and started in again along the straight road. He climbed mountains of fallen roof, and on the tops he sometimes came across a man or a boy or a horse lying down like things in a gentle sleep. But they were dead — gas-poisoned. They had not been able to live through what Jim did not seem to feel. He put his light down to their faces to see if Dan might be there. "No; he's not dead yet," he said, and he went down inside with an avalanche of loosened stones rolling down the hill behind him. The very nasty stuff in the air and darkness made him splutter as well as stagger.

Down the roads to left and right he caught the flash of fire.

"Aha!" said Jim, and he waved his hand good-humouredly at the flames.

Around the corners of strange roadways and through air-doors he went. The explosion blast had knocked off some of the corners, and the timber, cogs, and rails were in various heaps in the middle of the tunnel. The doors were flung from their hinges up to the roof, and coal-trams were twisted across the rails with the wheels up and the coal

"'NO; HE'S NOT DEAD YET,' HE SAID."

underneath. Jim's light shone on the wreckage as he cut through.

"And Dan's inside this," said he.

Yet even here there was life. Sometimes one light, or two, three, four, or five together, came flying out of these side roads and around the broken corners, and every light seemed to have a voice to shout its terror.

Jim hailed all the lights.

"Is Dan there? Jim is looking for him."

No answer came; the lights vanished; and Jim said:—

"Dan's inside."

He went in as resolutely as if there could not possibly be any mistake.

Among the heaps of rubbish he stumbled over a body or so. Some were kneeling, and the great stones kept them in that position after they had died. One had the palms of his hands together and his arms lifted up. There was no doubt he had been praying. And one was on his back with a six-inch pole stuck in his chest, which the blast had driven in as clean and sure as if it were a pointed arrow. A flash of the lamp in their faces was enough for Jim.

"Dan's inside."

The next corner he turned took him down a road so steep that the declivity plus Jim's condition overbalanced him, and he went rolling down. Yet he kept his lamp lighted through all these acrobatics.

"Dan is not far off now," said he, and he picked himself up and tried to rub the dust out of his eyes. He could not understand why they were smarting so much. But it was the poison in the air beginning to show its temper at Jim's holding out so long.

Below he saw signs of fire. The timber was still glowing and smoking. But through this road was the only way to get to Dan.

"The fire isn't much there," said he, and he went in, doubled up and running; though by this time he could hardly keep his eyes open at all, and his staggering was worse because his knees were failing him as well as his sight. But these phenomena of carbon monoxide poisoning Jim ignored grandly. He did not know there was anything the matter with him. What he knew was that he should be within hailing distance of his pal Dan.

"Dan!" he called.

There was no answer. Jim did not stop for it. He ran down to the bottom of the road. His light showed him a jacket, a waistcoat, and shirt bundled up by a tin food-box and drinking-can in the side, and a coal-tram that Dan had been filling. The blast had blown the tram up into the side, four feet high, upset it, and tipped out all the coal. The props under the roof inside the tram were cracked and bent. Little heaps of white stones had been shaken down, and the coal-seam had thrown out enormous black blocks, which were piled up one on the other.

"Dan!" shouted Jim, looking about him with his lamp.

He saw a pit-lamp, broken, outside the fallen coal; and that, with the mandrils and other tools near by, gave him definite information. He went down to the lower edge of the coal-heap, and there he saw his pal Dan.

"Aha!" said Jim, in great triumph, swinging his light over Dan's body.

Dan was stretched out and looked like a dead man. He was naked to the waist. The coal apparently had fallen out with the sudden disturbance. It had caught his legs. It was also quite plain that he had been struggling to get free. His hands and body were bleeding. A man in a weak state would be the first to feel the effects of after-damp, no matter how slight, and Dan was unconscious on the bottom coal. In the light his square features and loose moustache had just Jim's kindly, careless look, only Dan's eyes were closed altogether, whereas his friend's were still half open.

Jim tried to lift him up.

"Wake up, Rodney!" said he. "Are you going to sleep your brains away?"

Dan did not wake.

"Give him a chance," said Jim, argumentatively.

The chance was rough, but effective. The shaking brought a groan from Dan. His eyelids quivered and opened.

"Is that you, Jim?"

"Come on—we're not dead yet!"

Dan's eyes closed again, as if he knew better.

"How did you get here?" he asked, with a shiver.

"What's that to you?" said Jim, most aggressively. "Wake up! Come on!"

"But I'm stuck, Jim. My legs are fast."

This was news to Jim. He wheeled round to the other end of Dan and saw what was wanted. Dan might have freed himself if the gas had not weakened him. But where Dan left off Jim began. He kicked away the small lumps of coal outside the heap. The big blocks were heavy enough for four men to lift. It would take three men to move them.

"You've got to be shifted," said Jim, addressing the coal.

"You can't do it, Jim," groaned Dan.

"Shut up!" roared Jim; "they've got to be shifted."

He crawled over to the inside, put his back to the seam of coal and his feet up on the enormous blocks, and concentrated brain and body into the work. He had cleared the ground outside. He pushed with his back, his feet, and his soul, all at the same time.

"Over you go!" he yelled.

The strain brought a blush to his cheeks. All the blood in his body came up to his head. But slowly the huge black things went over until the balance was all on the other side, and they rolled clear of Dan's legs, and Jim fell down in a heap on the small coal inside because there was nothing to hold him up.

"Never mind that," said he; "I've shifted you."

He picked himself up, blowing hard.

"Good lad," said Dan.

Jim was shaking his head and saying "Birr-r!" with a sound like a horse neighing; but at the same time he was lifting up his friend. He got him up, but Dan could not stand.

"My legs are dead, Jim. I can't walk."

Without arguing how he was to carry Dan all the way out, Jim threw him over his shoulder as if he were a six-foot log, and started out along the road.

"We'll have you home before finishing time yet," declared Jim.

His light was still good, but something seemed to have got into Jim's eyes, and he was nearly blind with the smarting pain. And he was staggering more than ever, because something worse had got into his lungs; the gas element in the air was getting the upper hand of the elements that had fortified Jim so far, and he had a fit of coughing so bad that he wanted to lie down in the dust.

That was just the way of the black-damp. It was so subtle and vicious that, instead of letting you know you were being poisoned, it made you think it would be pleasant to lie down and go to sleep. Many hundreds were still sleeping on this suggestion. And if Jim were not so set upon "fetching" Dan, he would not have troubled to go any farther.

Besides, there were the mountainous falls to be climbed and the burning roadways to pass. How could he manage that? Miracles do not repeat themselves.

But Jim's state of mind apparently confused gigantic folly with gigantic wisdom, and instead of keeping to the steep road he turned into a narrow little place on the left.

"It must be the return, Dan," he informed his friend.

Dan did not answer. He seemed to have no interest in getting out. He was limp on Jim's shoulder.

Jim went through a high and wide plank-door and closed it after him with a bang. The simple fact that this door was unharmed hinted at something strange. The truth was that the door opened into the most important and least profitable of roads—the road that carried the foul air back to the bottom of the shaft, the "return." Not a farthing's-worth of coal was in it; but that road had to be kept open if the cost of it broke the pit. Best of all—though it was quite possible Jim knew absolutely nothing about it—neither fire nor poisoned air would go into the return except as a last resource. The fire must have fresh air and rich coal-dust. Without these the fire would die. And the return was a bare, arid roadway, walled and roofed in white stone, where the only dust was the white dust of falling rubbish. The fire kept away from it and went out to the big coal-roads where it could get carbon, and timber, and human lives for its feast.

To Jim it was the only way out. That was all he thought about it, with Dan on his shoulder. He did not even realize that the air was foul—yet not so foul as the after-damp he had been inhaling. There were falls of roof here, and he had to scramble high up and down low. The return had no level. It was all up and down and round about. But he knew the pit well enough to understand that he would be bound to come out somewhere near the shaft bottom, where they could get up to the sunshine. It never occurred to him that it was a question of chance whether he could carry his pal Dan all the way, or would fall there on the white stones and die with him in that deserted road.

Sickness took him more than once, and his language was without limitations; but never once would he take Dan from his shoulder or rest his own weakening body. He stumbled and staggered, and the rough handling was to Dan as good as throwing water into the face of a fainting woman. It did his circulation good and kept him alive, until the road suddenly dropped downwards, nearly as steep as a stone wall. Jim, with the weight on him, was not prepared for it; and he and Dan went down together. They rolled over each other against a great door.

"JIM AND DAN WENT DOWN TOGETHER."

This was the door of doors. It opened as they touched it, and they rolled through into the midst of swinging lights and brave men who were busy sending everybody up to daylight and safety except themselves. The door opened to the bottom of the shaft.

Jim fully intended picking Dan up once more. But something gave him an extraordinary twist.

When he got over it, he was still more bewildered. He heard someone say:—

"Jim went looking for Dan."

He felt cold—deadly cold; though he saw he was in the sunshine and saw Dan, too, sitting in the beautiful light watching him. They were at the top of the pit, and the men were holding Dan up so that he could follow Jim's movements. Other men had Jim by the arms. He was puzzled. They were walking him backwards and forwards. He shivered with the cold; and still the men walked him all across the hard floor and back again, and Dan never took his eyes from him. The men were telling one another as much as they knew—that is, from what Dan had told them and from their own experience of the fire and wreckage through which Jim went looking for his pal. This appeared to be all news to Jim.

"Did I do that, Dan?" he shouted, as if they were accusing him of something he had done wrong, and he did not remember or believe a bit of it.

"He's raving," said Dan, tenderly.

"No; he's sober," said the pit-doctor. "And he's forgotten all about it."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

SOME PERSONAL NOTES BY HENRY W. LUCY.

RETURNED to the House of Commons in 1874 as member for his native County of Waterford, Lord Charles Beresford, with intervals necessitated by professional calls, sat in the House of Commons for more than thirty years, delighting it with a breezy, unconventional manner that did not disguise sterling capacity. He never made speeches. He just talked to members. His oratorical style was subjective. Like the Redeemed Prize Fighter, or the Saved Sweep of Salvation Army platforms, he was always ready to quote himself as an awful example. Dwelling on the theme, he evolved a picture of a Beresford minor who was a terror to his pastors and masters, a hopeless, loveless vagabond who but for the grace of God would long ago have been hung at the yard-arm.

"I was a scallywag myself," he confided to a shocked House of Commons in almost the last speech he addressed to it. "If I had been subjected to penalty of imprisonment for breaking bounds, I would scarcely ever have been out of jail."

Equally communicative about his shortcomings at a more advanced age, he incidentally mentions that he was fifty-two years of age. "I may," he continued, "think I am as good as I was at forty." Members heartily cheered as who should say, "So you are." Lord Charles would have no trifling with truth. "*But I am not*," he added, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, intimating that on the point at issue he knew a thing or two more than did his audience.

In moods of retrospection Lord Charles occasionally supplies instances to establish his claim to have been a youthful scallywag. One story he tells across the walnuts and the wine (of the latter, by the way, he does not now partake) reads more like a page from "Peter Simple" than the reminiscences of an Admiral who in his time has been a member of Her late Majesty's Ministry.

Whilst still a midshipman he found himself at Lima. Having leave ashore, he, in company with some other youngsters from the ward-room, went to the opera. During an interval they sought the bar in search of refreshment, desirable in such heated climate. In the primitive arrangements of the opera-house they found the bar-room underneath the stage. Entering, Lord Charles's quick eye observed a pair of legs dangling from an opening in the stage and resting on a ladder which gave access to it. He recognised that they belonged to the conductor, who was seated on the stage with his back to the audience, his face and waving arms to the band he was conducting, whilst his legs were disposed of in the manner indicated.

"We must haul him down," said Charlie, promptly.

His companions welcomed the suggestion with wild delight. Casting about for a rope, they found a piece in a corner of the bar. They made a running loop, and with deft hands cast it round the legs of the hapless conductor. A wild shriek interrupted the ordered music of the opera. The amazed audience beheld the conductor, furiously brandishing his bâton, slowly disappear, emitting yells of anguished terror. It was a great lark, but it cost the middies dear. The armed police were called in, and, roughly prodding the offenders with the butt-end of their muskets, haled them to a dirty prison, where they passed the night, being released in the morning only after payment of a heavy fine by way of compensation to the conductor.

There was another incident in later life over which Lord Charles muses with pleasure. Whilst Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was still alive and member for Sheffield, Lord Charles chanced to pay a visit to the town. Pleased to do honour to the popular sailor, Ashmead-Bartlett showed him round. At one of the ironworks for which the town is famous is a massive Nasmyth hammer. This having been put through its paces, performing marvels of irresistible strength, the visitor was invited to place his hat where the hammer would fall and see what would

"THE CONDUCTOR, FURIOUSLY BRANDISHING HIS BÂTON, SLOWLY DISAPPEARED, EMITTING YELLS OF ANGUISHED TERROR."

happen. The hat was a new one, worn in honour of the occasion. The company had just seen blocks of steel flattened out to the thickness of threepenny-bits. But the commander of the *Condor*, who astonished the Egyptians at the bombardment of Alexandria, the captain of the boat that went up the Nile and mended its boiler under a heavy fire, was not the man to flinch in face of a new ordeal. He took off his hat, placed it under the hammer, and set his teeth. Down flashed the colossal weight, stopping short within a hair's breadth of his glossy hat.

"Most wonderful," exclaimed Lord Charles, turning to Ashmead-Bartlett.

"Oh, not at all," was the reply. "Mere nothing; they never fail. Now I'll try mine." He placed his hat in position. At a given signal the hammer fell, smashing the astonished hat much flatter than a pancake.

There is, of course, no suspicion that Lord Charles had anything to do with the accident. But the influence of character is sometimes subtly contagious.

His willingness to help a friend is widely known and not infrequently exploited. In one instance his good nature led him into an embarrassing situation. An old friend retired from the Navy called upon him with assurance that he had a little business in hand which, properly conducted, would make both their fortunes. It turned out to be a new sauce, than which, according to the sanguine inventor, nothing, not even soap, was more lavishly productive of wealth. Lord Charles declined to go into the business, but, in response to urgent entreaty, undertook that if a specimen of the product were sent to him he would taste it and, if it were found agreeable, would write the inventor a letter of approval. The sauce duly arrived, and was not bad. Lord Charles wrote a letter of moderate tone, stating that he had tried the sauce and found it very good.

The inventor had hit upon what he regarded as rather a striking title, and proceeded to advertise it. Presently "Yankee Tickle" appeared prominently in the advertisement sheets of the papers, accompanied by the following note, purporting to be addressed to the proprietor: "SIR,—I have tried your sauce, and find it excels all others with which I am acquainted. I may say that a spoonful of Yankee Tickle made my stomach laugh.—Yours faithfully, CHARLES BERESFORD."

From 1893–96 Lord Charles was in command of the Steam Reserve at Chatham Dockyard. One Friday afternoon I received from him a telegram at the House of Commons, saying that he was going to take the *Magnificent*—just completed—out for a trial trip, and inviting me to run down and join

her. When I arrived at his rooms in the dockyard he was making up a small parcel. He opened it to show me the contents—a silver tobacco-box, bearing an inscription to a boatswain on duty in the dockyard, relating how, on a certain day of recent date, he and Lord Charles had been in a boat together which was overturned by a sudden squall. The terms of the inscription did not specifically state that the boatswain had saved the Admiral's life, but such service was hinted at.

The gift had its origin in an incident of which the papers a few weeks earlier had been full. Crossing the harbour in a small boat accompanied by a petty officer, it capsized, and for a while the two passengers were in dire peril. Getting clear of the sails, a passing boat came to their assistance and naturally made for the Admiral. Lord Charles, however, waved them off. The boatswain was evidently a poor swimmer and might sink any moment. So Lord Charles struck out for the wharf, where he safely landed, and had the pleasure of seeing the boat come along with freight of the rescued man. If between the two there had been any saving of life he had preserved that of his humble mate. So he gave him a silver tobacco-box with a pretty inscription.

We steamed down the Medway in the Admiral's launch at five o'clock the following morning and joined the *Magnificent* in the Channel. She was not yet commissioned, had not her regular crew on board, and as far as deck and cabin arrangements were concerned was in rather rough condition. Arrangements were made beforehand that on the return journey I was to be dropped at Dover within convenient distance of my country quarters at Hythe. But, the trial being prolonged, it was impossible to carry out the programme. Lord Charles, always thoughtful of others, feared that my wife would be anxious at my non-arrival. Passing Hythe on the homeward tack, assured of safety by constant soundings, he brought the ironclad closer to land in Hythe Bay than

"LORD CHARLES WAVED THEM OFF."

battleship had floated since the Danes made their historic descent on the coast. The coastguardsmen on duty, hurrying to the beach at the unusual spectacle, were signalled to take a message by semaphore. It ran thus :—

"To Mrs. Lucy, Whitethorn, Hythe. From Lord Charles Beresford, *Magnificent.* Mr. Lucy will be home to luncheon to-morrow at 1.30."

Half an hour later the following message was delivered :—

"To Mrs. Lucy, Whitethorn, Hythe. From Lord Charles Beresford. Magnificent Mr. Lucy will be home to luncheon to-morrow at 1.30."

Semaphore signalling does not take into account semi-colons or full stops. To this day Lord Charles writing to me usually addresses "Magnificent Mr. Lucy."

On the Unionist Government coming into power in 1886, Lord Charles, then member for Marylebone, was made a Lord of the Admiralty and took his seat on the Treasury Bench. But he did not run well in harness, and was constantly kicking over the traces. Early in his new career he ran up against the First Lord in circumstances which cannot be better described than in his own graphic manner.

"One morning," he said, "a clerk came in with a wet quill pen and said: 'Good morning. Will you sign the Estimates of the year?' I said, 'What!' He said, 'Will you sign the Estimates for the year?' I said, 'My good man, I have not seen them.' 'Oh, well,' he said, shoving a little astern, 'the other Lords have signed them. It will be very inconvenient if you don't.' 'I'm very sorry,' I said. 'I'm afraid I'm altogether inconvenient in this place. Certainly I sha'n't sign Estimates I've not seen.' 'I must go and tell the First Lord,' said the horrified clerk. I assured him I didn't care a fig whom he told. Being at the time the Coal Lord, I knew the coal was not half enough to supply the Fleet as it stood; and the Fleet wasn't near enough the strength it ought to be. So I flatly refused to sign, and the Estimates were brought into the House without my signature. The omission was noted, and an explanation demanded. 'Really,' said the First Lord, 'it does not matter whether the Junior Lord signs the Estimates or does not.'"

The incident blew over, but Lord Charles's conviction that things were wrong in the Navy was so deeply rooted that after something less than two years' experience at the Admiralty he declined to share its responsibility. He had a choice collection of stories at the expense of laymen placed in office at the Admiralty as consequence of a turn of the political wheel. Of one Lord of the Admiralty he told a delighted House of Commons how, receiving a report of disaster to a ship, couched in technical phrase, he wrote a reply remonstrating with the officer for his use of bad language.

Another civilian Lord, looking over a chart, and observing that one of His Majesty's ships, homeward bound, passed within a space of two inches on the chart an island where castaway sailors were sheltering, wanted to know why it could not call and relieve them. Amid prolonged laughter Lord Charles explained that the two inches on the chart meant a distance at sea of four thousand miles.

It is quite probable that when his term of active service is completed Lord Charles Beresford will return to the House of Commons. His appearance would be as welcome on both sides (excepting, perhaps, the Treasury Bench) as is a sea breeze on a sultry afternoon. He is one of the most delightfully unconventional men in English public life. Every inch a sailor, if he has a foible common to some landsmen, he "fancies himself" as a Parliamentarian.

His tactics in the House of Commons were very much on the lines of his famous manœuvre off Alexandria. When Arabi opened fire upon the Marabout batteries, which, served by British gunners, would have kept a hostile fleet at bay, the little *Condor* dashed in and gave the astonished Egyptians so much to do that they never found the range of the ironclad.

When Lord Charles was still with us in the Commons he at unexpected times bore up against some massive force of Admiralty incompetence, opening fire with a ruthless disregard of precedent and authority that gave deep pain to the official mind. There was, as a preliminary to his contributions to debate, an involuntary movement of hands and hips as if he were about (saving the Speaker's presence) to hitch up his trousers. No one would have been in the least surprised, or regarded it as out of keeping with the business of the moment, if, during a brief pause whilst he was consulting his notes, he had broken into a step or two of the hornpipe. Not that he was frivolously inclined, for when discussing Naval administration he was hotly in earnest. Nor was there tendency on his part to pose as a sailor of transpontine

fashion. The fancy in the mind of the looker-on was simply born of association of ideas as he listened to the sturdy, ruddy-faced tar breezily talking in the vitiated atmosphere of the House of Commons.

During one of his early visits to China Lord Charles picked up what he regarded as a rare prize in the way of body-servants. Tom Fat was a boy of bright almond-shaped eyes, old-ivory-coloured skin, and a look of childish innocence that straightway conveyed the impression that he was too good for this world, and needed the care of a watchful protector to guard him against the wickedness of man. Lord Charles engaged him as "boy," a designation covering many useful functions. He went errands, waited at table, looked after his master's clothes, and dusted his desk, these latter duties affording access to usually well-filled trouser pockets and cheque-books.

"A STEP OR TWO OF THE HORNPIPE."

One day, with pained surprise, Lord Charles, who fondly believed he was rolling in riches, received intimation from his banker that his account was overdrawn. On investigation, he discovered that presentation had been made of a multitude of cheques drawn for sums varying between five pounds and twenty. On examination, the signature of the cheques was found so perfect as to justify the cashier paying them, especially when, as it was remembered, they were presented by the Mercury with the face of angel-innocence who was known to occupy a confidential position in Lord Charles's household.

Confronted by tokens of his villainy, Tom Fat, with a sigh breaking into a smile of ineffable innocence, made a clean breast of it. It presently appeared that his financial operations had not been confined to cashing cheques drawn by himself with careful imitation of his master's signature. One day he turned up at the Marlborough Club and, obtaining an interview with the secretary, confided to him the information that his master was in temporary difficulties and wanted a loan of twenty pounds. The secretary was delighted to oblige a popular member. But, being a business man, he suggested that it would be well if Lord Charles's emissary were furnished with an IOU in exchange for the cash.

"IOU! What's that?" asked Tom Fat, his child-like eyes widening with marvel at hint of this new development of Western civilization.

The matter explained, he withdrew, returning in an hour with the document written out on Lord Charles's private paper.

"Why," said the secretary, examining the paper, "this is an acknowledgment for thirty pounds. You said Lord Charles wanted only twenty pounds."

Tom Fat explained that on consideration his master thought he might as well have thirty pounds, which were handed over, furnishing the youthful Chinee with funds for a little entertainment arranged for that night at the Criterion, for which he had made himself responsible. He had invited a party of thirteen to dinner. All the guests were ladies. At the head of the sumptuous board sat Tom Fat, blandand prosperous, munificent master of all he surveyed. His career was cut short by a term of imprisonment passed upon him by a London police-court magistrate.

Lord Charles's friends made merry at expense of his trustfulness in human nature, especially when moulded in China. One night in the House of Commons, shortly after Tom Fat's incarceration, debate arose on the eternal Irish Education question. Lord Charles, plunging in, confessed that he had a leaning towards denominational education. But the grounds of his support of the system were not entirely pleasing to sound Protestants.

"The fact is, Mr. Speaker," he said, confidentially addressing the Chair, "it's all a matter of birth. The majority of the Irish people are born in the Roman Catholic faith, and they may as well be educated where its tenets are observed. If a Buddhist or

Mohammedan runs straight," he continued, "he has about as much chance of going to heaven as I have."

There was perhaps something a little dubious about this way of putting it, but the House understood what Lord Charles in his mood of large and generous catholicity meant.

"What about Tom Fat?" asked Mr. Jimmy Lowther, seated on his corner bench below the gangway.

"Fat," Lord Charles promptly answered, "will certainly be in the Fire." An inbred deference for Parliamentary usage precluded particularization of the flames.

Some years after Tom Fat's deliverance from the jaws of jail Lord Charles heard again of his old servitor. A message reached him just after his arrival on a moor in Scotland that promised prime sport with the grouse. It announced that Tom Fat was in a London hospital, sick unto death, and was wailing day and night for sight of his old master. Most men, with memory of a perfidy that had cost them two thousand pounds, and with prospect of a week's shooting, would have ignored the summons, or at most sent a kindly message. That was not Charlie Beresford's way. He at once gave up his shooting, posted to London by the night mail, and drove straight to the hospital.

"Me die, me die, master," moaned Tom Fat, tossing restlessly on the bed.

"Not a bit of it, my boy," said Lord Charles, cheerily; "you'll do nothing of the sort. You will be out of bed in a fortnight, and then I'll see to you."

The prediction and the promise were both fulfilled. From the moment he looked on his master's face, Tom Fat took a turn for the better. When he came out restored to health, obviously nothing could be done in the way of recommending him to a new situation. His name and story were too famous. Lord Charles accordingly helped him to a passage home, and never saw or heard of him more. When, eight years ago, he revisited China on a special mission on behalf of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, he made diligent but fruitless inquiry after his protégé.

Who knows he may not have entertained Tom Fat unawares, as some do angels? Disguised in the garb of a mandarin, possibly a Minister high in favour at Court, Li Hung Fat may, in the course of Lord Charles's mission, have shown some courtesy, done some service to his old, still unsuspecting, master, to-day a Vice-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, as popular on board ship as he is wherever he goes ashore.

"'ME DIE, ME DIE, MASTER,' MOANED TOM FAT."

The New Colour-Photography.

By R. CHILD BAYLEY.

Author of "The Complete Photographer," "Photography in Colours," "The Hand Camera," etc.

With Illustrations Reproduced in Colours Direct from Nature.

THE inventor's ideal, ever since photography itself became an accomplished fact, has been to secure its pictures, not in the monotony of black and white, but as faithful to their originals in colour as in outline. From time to time the attainment of this result has been announced; so often, indeed, and so unreliably, that the public were inclined to adopt a very incredulous attitude when, last July, the announcement was made that colour-photography was actually accomplished.

Accomplished it was, however; and there is now a process by which we can get a faithful picture in the camera, giving us the colours of Nature in a most startlingly truthful way. Moreover, it is essentially an amateur process. It calls for no great amount of skill, and takes no great time to work. The methods adopted are, in the main, those of ordinary photography, the principal difference being that instead of the ordinary dry-plate a new plate of a special character, called the "Autochrome" plate, is employed. The illustrations to this article are reproductions by the three-colour process, made direct from "Autochrome" originals.

The way in which this has been done is quite a little scientific romance, the heroes being two brothers, Auguste and Louis, having the appropriate surname of Lumière (light). Many years ago their father founded a big business, of which he is still the head, at Lyons, for the manufacture of photographic plates and papers. The two sons, who take their part in this industry, received a thorough scientific training, and for ten or fifteen years have been known as keen photographic experimenters and inventors. Many products which the photographer uses he owes to the Lumière Brothers; but the problem of colour-photography always seemed to enjoy the first place in their minds. They were not the only inventors at work on that problem, by any means; but as each step seemed to be taken towards success the Lumières took it up, examined it, worked at it, and improved it.

For although the announcement came at last with dramatic suddenness, the photograph in colours was no more the creation of a single brain than was the steam-engine or the motor-car. An Englishman, Clerk Maxwell, a famous Cambridge professor in his time, and a Frenchman, Ducos du Hauron, were the first to point out how the problem might be solved; while a German, Vogel, took the first great step towards its solution by the discovery of "orthochromatism."

Everyone knows that the "dark-room" of the photographer is lit by red light. The reason is that the plates used by the photographer are not sensitive to red light, although they are sensitive to other colours. If a plate is not sensitive to red light, it cannot be used to photograph a red object. If the object is a very pure red, we all know that it photographs black. Vogel discovered how to make a plate sensitive to red light, and so made colour-photography possible. This process is known as orthochromatizing the plate, and is extensively used for photographing pictures, flowers, and so forth; although for ordinary photography the non-orthochromatic plate is still preferred, because it allows a red light in the dark-room. With a perfectly orthochromatized plate no light whatever can be allowed in the dark-room, and all the operations usually done by the red light have to be done in darkness. This is the case with the "Autochrome" plate, for example,

FLOWERS.

A colour-photograph taken direct from Nature.

which is generally developed in complete darkness.

The method of colour-photography which Clerk Maxwell and du Hauron suggested is based on a peculiarity of our eyes—the means by which we perceive colours at all. The theory is that in our eyes part of the mechanism is in triplicate. There are three distinct sets of perceiving apparatus, one of which "sees" red, one green, and one blue-violet. All the seeing is done by these three sets of nerves, or whatever they are. If it is a yellow object at which we are looking, we see it through the combined action of two of the mechanisms, that which responds to red and that which responds to green; when both these are excited we call the colour seen "yellow."

A well-known advertisement takes advantage of this fact very ingeniously. If we look quite steadily for a little time at a bright red spot we tire the nerves which respond to red on that part of the eye where the image of the red spot is formed, but we do not tire the arrangements for seeing green and blue-violet, since those colours are not present in the red. If we then turn the eyes towards the blank ceiling we see a bluish-green spot there, because the red mechanism where the red spot fell on it is in that same place, for the moment, too tired to "see" the ceiling, and only the other two are acting. As the red-seeing apparatus gradually regains its power the spot on the ceiling fades away.

As the three sets of mechanism do all our seeing, it follows that all the many shades of colour we can distinguish are perceived by means of the excitement in different proportion of those three sets of nerves. White is the colour which results from all three being stimulated in suitable proportion; black is mere negation, none of them being stimulated.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.
A colour-photograph of a still-life subject.

Yellow we have seen to result from red and green, blue results from blue-violet and green, orange from red and green with more red than in the case of yellow, purple from blue-violet and red, and so on. Clerk Maxwell's suggestion was that if we could secure photographs recording how every colour was seen by one set of mechanism only, a set of three such photographs for the three mechanisms, if printed in suitable colours, would reproduce to the eye all the colours of the original. It does not matter how many shades of red there may be, for example. If we get the right shade of red,

A FARMYARD.

How the new colour-process reproduces a landscape.

AN OLD GARDEN.

Another specimen of the results of the new invention.

A PORTRAIT—By HERBERT KOESTER.

A colour-photograph taken direct from Nature.

of green, and of blue-violet to start with, we can make that one red reproduce all the others merely by adding to it a little of the right green, or of the right blue-violet itself.

All very well on paper, but how to select the right colours to start with, and how to get them so that the eyes can see all three pictures at once? These are the lines on which inventors have been at work; and their results have been the various three-colour processes, as they are called. The final outcome is the "Autochrome" process, which is really a triple process, although in the ordinary way its triple character is not realized.

If we put on paper a number of fine dots as evenly as we can, and then look at them from a sufficient distance for the dots no longer to appear separate, the effect is an even tone or tint. If some of the dots are of one colour and some of another, both will intermix; the tint is no longer that of one or other of the colours used, but is a compound of the two. If we could scatter over a sheet of glass tiny dots of red, of green, and of blue-violet, in proper proportions, so that they completely covered it, but so that no one dot overlapped the other; and if the dots were small enough and the colours were correct and in proper proportion, the glass would not look violet, or green, or red, but white or greyish. At least, it would have no colour. It was well known several years ago that anyone who could do that had taken the greatest step of all towards colour-photography, because all that had to be done was to cover that layer with a photographic compound, such as we have in ordinary plates, and we get a photograph in colours straight-away. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, realized this, and tried to do it. The first practical commercial outcome was the Lumière Autochrome plate.

The method adopted was surprisingly ingenious, and involved the use of no more out-of-the-way chemical than potato starch. We are all familiar with starch as composed of lumps which easily break up into fine powder. It is obtained from many sources, mostly grain such as rice or wheat, and tubers such as potato.

If we put a little powdered starch under the microscope we find that, if it has all come from a similar source, each little grain is of the same shape; and, as these shapes are characteristic, we can tell at once from what particular vegetable the sample of starch at which we are looking was derived. Moreover, it is a comparatively easy matter to get the grains all of a size. Potato starch grains are approximately circular; and the particular starch used in the process has grains of such a size that two thousand of them in a row just measure one inch. That is to say, four millions of such grains would just cover a square inch.

If anyone were asked how to cover a square inch of glass with four millions of these tiny granules so that no one granule overlapped another, and then to fill in the interspaces between all these granules so that no light whatever could get through the glass unless it went through a granule, he might be excused for regarding it as wildly impossible.

Accordingly, three years ago, when Messrs. Lumière's patent for colour-photography in this manner was published, it was regarded, to use the words of a great English authority on the subject, as "of no practical value." "Practical value," however, is exactly what it has shown itself to possess.

The starch is divided into three lots, which are dyed red, green, and blue-violet respectively, with dyes selected with great care and with all sorts of scientific requirements, so as to correspond to the three colour-sensations of the human eye. These three brightly-coloured powders are thoroughly mixed together, in such proportions that the mixture no longer has any distinctive colour itself at all, but is merely a grey. Glass is taken and coated with a fine layer of some sticky substance, and is dusted over with the powder, which sticks to the glass. The surface is then brushed over so that all the powder is removed except what adheres. This prevents overlapping; since if one of the little particles is lying, not immediately on the adhesive, but on another particle, it does not stick, and so is removed by the brush. In this way a layer, one particle deep, is obtained. The layer is then rolled under great pressure. This crushes the particles flat, and so presses them that they fill up the interstices completely. The plate is given a protective varnish, so as to prevent the photographic solutions from reaching the dyed starch, and in this condition is ready to receive its sensitive coating. So the problem was solved in a comparatively simple manner after all.

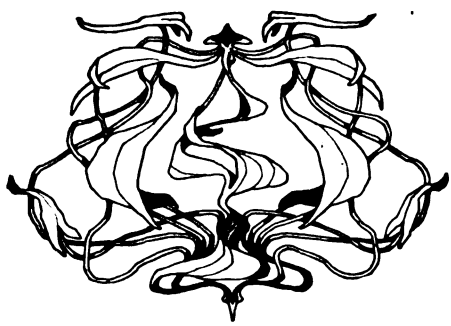
Such plates, when used in the camera and treated in a proper way, do not give us a negative on glass, but a positive picture, reproducing most faithfully the most complex colours. There is none of the harshness or crudity of the three colours which are used

as a basis. Practically, these are never seen by themselves. No red likely to be met with is composed simply of the red particles, no green simply of the green, and no violet simply of the violet. In the greenest green in Nature there is a trace of blue-violet and of red, and all three sets of particles are used in compounding every colour that is reproduced.

The drawbacks of the process are two-fold. There is no way at present known of transferring these wonderful pictures to paper, as ordinary photographs are printed from the negative. To reproduce them on paper they have to be printed in a printing-press, after the manner of the illustrations to the present article. They are on glass, and must be held up to the light for the colours to be seen at all. The other is that the process is a slow one. In the poor light of a December day the portrait by Mr. Herbert Koester, of Camden Road, for example, which is reproduced in these pages, required no less than four minutes. This case is quite exceptional, however, and the writer has secured portraits in five seconds and landscapes in half a second. So that there is nothing in the exposure which is likely to hold back the process.

The idea that colour-photography, whether on glass or on paper, is going to affect the painter is one that will not bear examination for a moment. Except that it will tend to abolish conventional colour, just as ordinary photography has abolished conventional outline; and except in its influence upon the artistic education of the great public, and to a less extent of the painter himself, it is not likely to influence painting. Photography has well-defined limitations as an art; and the impossibility of reproducing colour has hitherto been one of them—but only one. What it will do is what, in the works of THE STRAND MAGAZINE itself, it has already begun to do. It will help in the reproduction of the works of the great painters; it will make such reproductions more faithful and more easy to produce. The painter will not part with a favourite picture until he has secured a photograph of it in colour, and part of his educational material will undoubtedly be a set of such photographs of the world's masterpieces.

Already the new plate has been pressed into service. Doctors are using it to record diseases, microscopists to depict what their instrument reveals to them, metallurgists to register the condition of metals. For portraits, its results have a degree of life-likeness which no monochrome has ever presented; while in landscape work it will doubtless be widely used. Whether the picture on paper is near accomplishment or not, the new plate takes us a long step towards it, and the air is full of the rumours of rival plates, though these, so far, have not materialized upon the market. That they will come very soon is inevitable. Already it is clear that photography, since the advent of the Autochrome, has put on a new aspect; and, if the professional photographer regards it unmoved, the amateur recognises that his hobby has suddenly undergone an immense widening in its extent.



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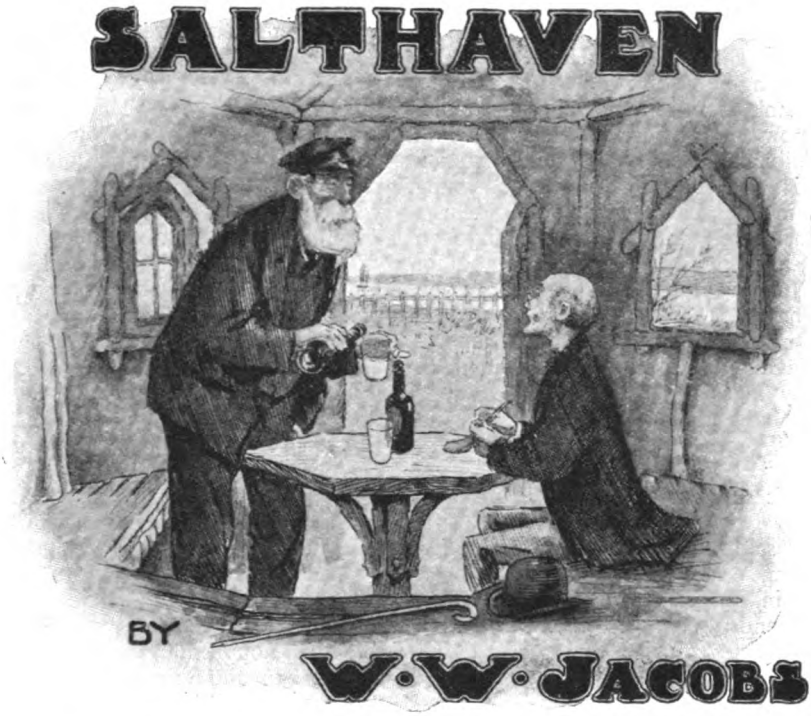

BY

W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XI.

"I HAVE been knocking for the last ten minutes,' said Hartley, as he stood one evening at the open door of No. 5, Tranquil Vale, and looked up at Captain Trimblett.

"I was in the summer-house," said the captain, standing aside to let him enter.

"Alone?" queried the visitor.

"Alone? Yes, of course," said the captain, sharply. "Why shouldn't I be? Peter's courting—as usual."

"And Mrs. Chinnery?" inquired the other

"She's away for a day or two," replied the captain; "friends at Marsham."

He stopped in the small kitchen to get some beer and glasses, and, with the bottle gripped under his arm and a glass in each hand, led the way to the summer-house.

"I came to ask your advice," said Hartley, as he slowly filled his pipe from the pouch the captain pushed towards him.

"Joan?" inquired the captain, who was carefully decanting the beer.

Mr. Hartley nodded.

"Robert Vyner?" pursued the captain.

Hartley nodded again.

"What did I tell you?" inquired the other, placing a full tumbler before him. "I warned you from the first. I told you how it would be. I———"

"It's no good talking like that," said Hartley, with feeble irritation. "You're as bad as my poor old grandmother; she always knew everything before it happened—at least, she said so afterwards. What I want to know is: how is it to be stopped? He has been round three nights running."

"Your grandmother is dead, I suppose?" said the offended captain, gazing at the river. "Else she might have known what to do."

"I'm sorry," said Hartley, apologetically; "but I am so worried that I hardly know what I'm saying."

"That's all right," said the captain, amiably. He drank some beer and, leaning back on the seat, knitted his brows thoughtfully.

"He admired her from the first," he said, slowly. "I saw that. Does she like him, I wonder?"

"It looks like it," was the reply.

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The captain shook his head. "They'd make a fine couple," he said, slowly. "As fine as you'd see anywhere. It's fate again. Perhaps he was meant to admire her; perhaps millions of years ago——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Hartley, hastily; "but the thing is, how to prevent it."

"Fate can't be prevented," said the captain, who was now on his favourite theme. "Think of the millions of things that had to happen to make it possible for those two young people to meet and cause this trouble. That's what I mean. If only one little thing had been missing, one little circumstance out of millions, Joan wouldn't have been born; you wouldn't have been born."

Mr. Hartley attempted to speak, but the captain, laying down his pipe, extended an admonitory finger.

"To go back only a little way," he said, solemnly, "your father had the measles, hadn't he?"

"I don't know — I believe so," said Hartley.

"Good," said the captain; "and he pulled through 'em, else you wouldn't have been here. Again, he happened to go up North to see a friend who was taken ill while on a journey, and met your mother there, didn't he?"

Hartley groaned.

"If your father's friend hadn't been taken ill," said the captain, with tremendous solemnity, as he laid his forefinger on his friend's knee, "where would you have been?"

"I don't know," said Hartley, restlessly, "and I don't care."

"Nobody knows," said the other, shaking his head. "The thing is, as you are here, it seems to me that things couldn't have been otherwise. They were all arranged. When your father went up North in that light-hearted fashion, I don't suppose he thought for a moment that you'd be sitting here to-day worrying over one of the results of his journey."

"Of course he didn't," said Hartley, impatiently; "how could he? Look here, Trimblett, when you talk like that I don't know where I am. If my father hadn't married my mother I suppose he would have married somebody else."

"My idea is that he couldn't," said the captain, obstinately. "If a thing has got to be it will be, and there's no good worrying about it. Take a simple example. Some time you are going to die of a certain disease —you can only die once—and you're going to be buried in a certain grave—you can only be buried in one grave. Try and think that in front of you there is that one particular disease told off to kill you at a certain date, and in one particular spot of all this earth there is a grave waiting to be dug for you. At present we don't know the date, or the disease, or the grave, but there they are, all waiting for you. That is fate. What is the matter? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Hartley, bitterly, as he paused at the door. "I came round to you for a little help, and you go on in a way that makes my flesh creep. Good-bye."

"Wait a bit," said the captain, detaining him. "Wait a bit; let's see what can be done."

He pulled the other back into his seat again and, fetching another bottle of beer from the house to stimulate invention, sat evolving schemes for his friend's relief, the nature of which reflected more credit upon his ingenuity than his wisdom.

"But, after all," he said, as Hartley made a third attempt to depart, "what is the good? The very steps we take to avoid disaster may be the ones to bring it on. While you are round here getting advice from me, Robert Vyner may be availing himself of the opportunity to propose."

Hartley made no reply. He went out and walked up and down the garden, inspecting it. The captain, who was no gardener, hoped that the expression of his face was due to his opinion of the flowers.

"You must miss Mrs. Chinnery," said Hartley, at last.

"No," said the captain, almost explosively; "not at all. Why should I?"

"It can't be so home-like without her," said Hartley, stooping to pull up a weed or two.

"Just the same," said the other, emphatically. "We have a woman in to do the work, and it doesn't make the slightest difference to me—not the slightest."

"How is Truefitt?" inquired Hartley.

The captain's face darkened. "Peter's all right," he said, slowly. "He's not treated me—quite well," he added, after a little hesitation.

"It's natural he should neglect you a bit, as things are," said his friend.

"Neglect?" said the captain, bitterly. "I wish he would neglect me. He's turning out a perfect busybody, and he's getting as artful as they make 'em. I never would have believed it of Peter."

Hartley waited.

"I met Cap'n Walsh the other night," said

Trimblett; "we hadn't seen each other for years, and we went into the Golden Fleece to have a drink. You know what Walsh is when he's ashore. And he's a man that won't be beaten. He had had four tries to get a 'cocktail' right that he had tasted in New York, and while he was superintending the mixing of the fifth I slipped out. The others were all right as far as I could judge; but that's Walsh all over."

"Well?" said Hartley.

"I came home and found Peter sitting all alone in the dumps," continued the captain. "He has been very down of late, and, what was worse, he had got a bottle of whisky on the table. That's a fatal thing to begin; and partly to keep him company, but mainly to prevent him drinking more than was good for him, I helped him finish the bottle—there wasn't much in it."

"Well?" said Hartley again, as the captain paused.

"He got talking about his troubles," said the captain, slowly. "You know how things are, and, like a fool, I tried to cheer him up by agreeing with him that Mrs. Chinnery would very likely make things easy for him by marrying again. In fact, so far as I remember, I even helped him to think of the names of one or two likely men. He said she'd make anybody as good a wife as a man could wish."

"So she would," said Hartley, looking at him with sudden interest. "In fact, I have often wondered——"

"He went on talking like that," continued the captain, hastily, "and out of politeness and good feeling I agreed with him. What else could I do? Then—I didn't take much notice of it because, as I said, he was drinking whisky—he—he sort of wondered why—why——"

"Why you didn't offer to marry her?" interrupted Hartley.

The captain nodded. "It took my breath away," he said, impressively, "and I lost my presence of mind. Instead of speaking out plain I tried to laugh it off—just to spare his feelings—and said I wasn't worthy of her."

"What did he say?" inquired Hartley, curiously, after another long pause.

"Nothing," replied the captain. "Not a single word. He just gave me a strange look, shook my hand hard, and went off to bed. I've been uneasy in my mind ever since. I hardly slept a wink last night; and Peter behaves as though there is some mysterious secret between us. What would you do?"

Mr. Hartley took his friend's arm and paced thoughtfully up and down the garden.

"Why not marry her?" he said, at last.

"Because I don't want to," said the captain, almost violently.

"You'd be safer at sea, then," said the other.

"The ship won't be ready for sea for weeks yet," said Captain Trimblett, dolefully. "She's going on a time-charter, and before she is taken over she has got to be thoroughly overhauled. As fast as they put one thing right something else is found to be wrong."

"Go to London and stay with your children for a bit, then," said Hartley. "Give out that you are only going for a day or two, and then don't turn up till the ship sails."

The captain's face brightened. "I believe Vyner would let me go," he replied. "I could go in a few days' time, at any rate. And, by the way—Joan!"

"Eh?" said Hartley.

"Write to your brother-in-law at Highgate, and send her there for a time," said the captain. "Write and ask him to invite her. Keep her and young Vyner apart before things go too far."

"I'll see how things go for a bit," said Hartley, slowly. "It's awkward to write and ask for an invitation. And where do your ideas of fate come in?"

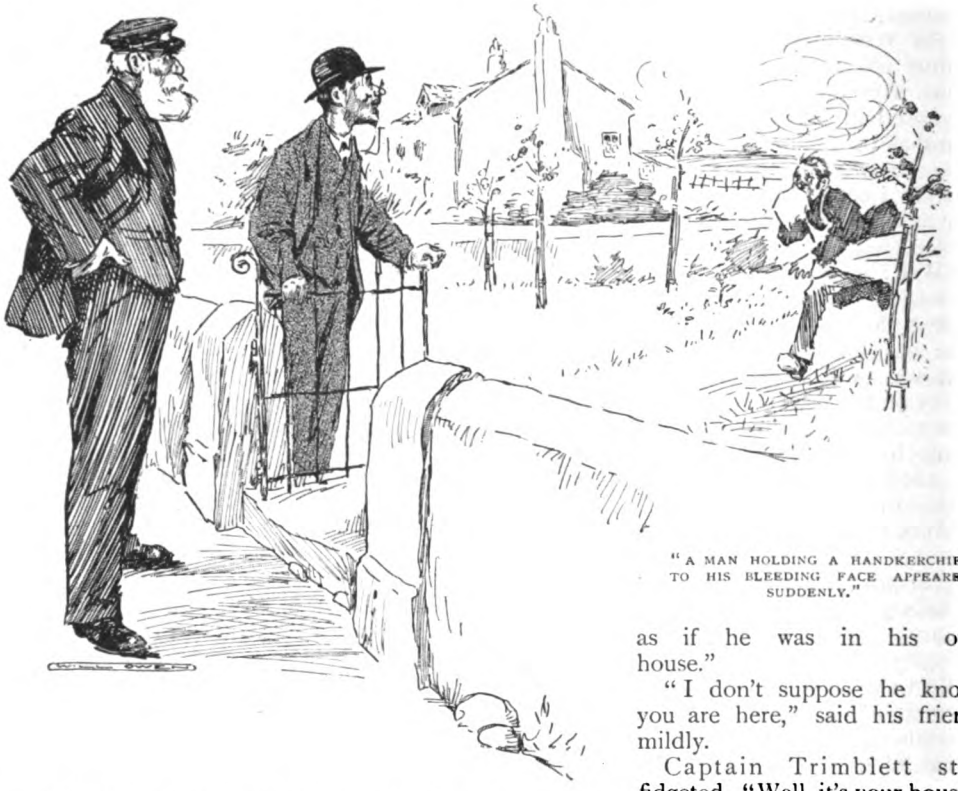
"They come in all the time," said the captain, with great seriousness. "Very likely my difficulty was made on purpose for us to think of a way of getting you out of yours. Or it might be Joan's fate to meet somebody in London at her uncle's and marry him. If she goes we might arrange to go up together, so that I could look after her."

"I'll think it over," said his friend, holding out his hand. "I must be going."

"I'll come a little way with you," said the captain, leading the way into the house. "I don't suppose Peter will be in yet, but he might; and I've had more of him lately than I want."

He took up his hat and, opening the door, followed Hartley out into the road. The evening was warm, and they walked slowly, the captain still discoursing on fate and citing various instances of its working which had come under his own observation. He mentioned, among others, the case of a mate of his who found a wife by losing a leg, the unfortunate seaman falling an easy victim to the nurse who attended him.

"He always put it down to the effects of



"A MAN HOLDING A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS BLEEDING FACE APPEARED SUDDENLY."

the chloroform," concluded the captain; "but my opinion is, it was to be."

He paused at Hartley's gate, and was just indulging in the usual argument as to whether he should go indoors for a minute or not, when a man holding a handkerchief to his bleeding face appeared suddenly round the corner of the house and, making a wild dash for the gate, nearly overturned the owner.

"It looks like our milkman!" said Hartley, recovering his balance and gazing in astonishment after the swiftly-retreating figure. "I wonder what was the matter with him?"

"He would soon know what was the matter with him if I got hold of him," said the wrathful captain.

Hartley opened the door with his key, and the captain, still muttering under his breath, passed in. Rosa's voice, raised in expostulation, sounded loudly from the kitchen, and a man's voice, also raised, was heard in response.

"Sounds like my bo'sun," said the captain, staring as he passed into the front room. "What's he doing here?"

Hartley shook his head.

"Seems to be making himself at home," said the captain, fidgeting. "He's as noisy as if he was in his own house."

"I don't suppose he knows you are here," said his friend, mildly.

Captain Trimblett still fidgeted. "Well, it's your house," he said at last. "If you don't mind that lanky son of a gun making free, I suppose it's no business of mine. If he made that noise aboard my ship——"

Red of face he marched to the window and stood looking out. Fortified by his presence, Hartley rang the bell.

"Is there anybody in the kitchen?" he inquired, as Rosa answered it. "I fancied I heard a man's voice."

"The milkman was here just now," said Rosa, and, eyeing him calmly, departed.

The captain swung round in wrathful amazement. "By——," he spluttered; "I've seen—well—by—b-r-r-r—— Can I ring for that d——d bo'sun o' mine?"

"Certainly," said Hartley.

The captain crossed to the fireplace and, seizing the bell-handle, gave a pull that made the kitchen resound with wild music. After a decent interval, apparently devoted to the allaying of masculine fears, Rosa appeared again.

"Did you ring, sir?" she inquired, gazing at her master.

"Send that bo'sun o' mine here at once!" said the captain, gruffly.

Rosa permitted herself a slight expression

of surprise. "Bo'sun, sir?" she asked, politely.

"Yes."

The girl affected to think. "Oh, you mean Mr. Walters?" she said, at last.

"Send him here," said the captain.

Rosa retired slowly, and shortly afterwards something was heard brushing softly against the wall of the passage. It ceased for a time, and just as the captain's patience was nearly at an end there was a sharp exclamation, and Mr. Walters burst suddenly into the room and looked threateningly over his shoulder at somebody in the passage.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Captain Trimblett, loudly.

Mr. Walters eyed him uneasily, and with his cap firmly gripped in his left hand saluted him with the right. Then he turned his head sideways towards the passage. The captain repeated his question in a voice, if anything, louder than before.

The strained appearance of Mr. Walters's countenance relaxed.

"Come here for my baccy-box, wot I left here the other day," he said, glibly, "when you sent me."

"What were you making that infernal row about, then?" demanded the captain.

Mr. Walters cast an appealing glance towards the passage and listened acutely. "I was—grumbling because—I couldn't—find it," he said, with painstaking precision.

"Grumbling?" repeated the captain. "That ugly voice of yours was enough to bring the ceiling down. What was the matter with that man that burst out of the gate as we came in, eh?"

The boatswain's face took on a wooden expression.

"He—his nose was bleeding," he said, at last.

"I know that," said the captain, grimly; "but what made it bleed?"

For a moment Mr. Walters looked like a man who has been given a riddle too difficult for human solution. Then his face cleared again.

"He—he told me—he was object—subject to it," he stammered. "Been like it since he was a baby."

He shifted his weight to his other foot and shrugged eloquently the shoulder near the passage.

"What did you do to him?" demanded the captain, in a low, stern voice.

"Me, sir?" said Mr. Walters, with clumsy surprise. "Me, sir? I—I—all I done—all I done—was to put a door-key down his back."

"DOOR-KEY?" roared the captain.

"To—to stop the bleeding, sir," said Mr. Walters, looking at the floor and nervously twisting his cap in his hands. "It's a old-fashioned——"

"That'll do," exclaimed the captain, in a choking voice, "that'll do. I don't want any more of your lies. How dare you come to Mr. Hartley's house and knock his milkman about, eh? How dare you? What do you mean by it?"

Mr. Walters fumbled with his cap again. "I was sitting in the kitchen," he said at last, "sitting in the kitchen—hunting 'igh and low for my baccy-box—when this 'ere miserable, insulting chap shoves his head in at the door and calls the young lady names."

"Names?" said the captain, frowning, and waving an interruption from Hartley aside. "What names?"

Mr. Walters hesitated again, and his brow was almost as black as the captain's.

"'Rosy-lips,'" he said, at last; "and I give 'im such a wipe acrost——"

"Out you go," cried the wrathful captain. "Out you go, and if I hear your pretty little voice in this house again you'll remember it, I can tell you. D'ye hear? Scoot!"

Mr. Walters said "Thank you," and, retiring with an air of great deference, closed the door softly behind him.

"There's another of them," said Captain Trimblett, subsiding into a chair. "And from little things I had heard here and there I thought he regarded women as poison. Fate again, I suppose; he was made to regard them as poison all these years for the sake of being caught by that tow-headed wench in your kitchen."

CHAPTER XII.

BY no means insensible to the difficulties in the way, Joan Hartley had given no encouragement to Mr. Robert Vyner to follow up the advantage afforded him by her admission at the breakfast-table. Her father's uneasiness, coupled with the broad hints which Captain Trimblett mistook for tactfulness, only confirmed her in her resolution; and Mr. Vyner, in his calmer moments, had to admit to himself that she was right—for the present, at any rate. Meantime, they were both young, and, with the confidence of youth, he looked forward to a future in which his father's well-known views on social distinctions and fitting matrimonial alliances should have undergone a complete change. As to his mother, she merely seconded his father's opinions, and, with

admiration born of love and her marriage vows, filed them for reference in a memory which had on more than one occasion been a source of great embarrassment to a man who had not lived for over fifty years without changing some of them.

Deeply conscious of his own moderation, it was, therefore, with a sense of annoyance that Mr. Robert Vyner discovered that Captain Trimblett was actually attempting to tackle him upon the subject which he considered least suitable for discussion. They were sitting in his office, and the captain, in pursuance of a promise to Hartley, after two or three references to the weather, and a long account of an uninteresting conversation with a policeman, began to get on to dangerous ground.

"I've been in the firm's service a good many years now," he began.

"I hope you'll be in as many more," said Vyner, regarding him almost affectionately.

"Hartley has been with you a long time, too," continued Trimblett, slowly. "We became chums the first time we met, and we've been friends ever since. Not just fair-weather friends, but close and hearty; else I wouldn't venture to speak to you as I'm going to speak."

Mr. Vyner looked up at him suddenly, his face hard and forbidding. Then, as he saw the embarrassment in the kindly old face before him, his anger vanished and he bent his head to hide a smile.

"Fire away," he said, cordially.

"I'm an old man," began the captain, solemnly.

"Nonsense," interrupted Robert, breezily. "Old man indeed! A man is as old as he feels, and I saw you the other night, near the Golden Fleece, with Captain Walsh——"

"I couldn't get away from him," said the captain, hastily.

"So far as I could see you were not trying," continued the remorseless Robert. "You were instructing him in the more difficult and subtle movements of a hornpipe, and I must say I thought your elasticity was wonderful—wonderful."

"It was just the result of an argument I had with him," said the captain, looking very confused, "and I ought to have known better. But, as I was saying, I am an old man, and——

"But you look so young," protested Mr. Vyner.

"Old man," repeated the captain, ignoring the remark. "Old age has its privileges, and one of them is to give a word in season before it is too late."

"'A stitch in time saves nine,'" quoted Robert, with an encouraging nod.

"And I was speaking to Hartley the other day," continued the captain. "He hasn't been looking very well of late, and, as far as I can make out, he is a little bit worried over the matter I want to speak to you about."

Robert Vyner's face hardened again for a moment. He leaned back in his chair and, playing with his watch-chain, regarded the other intently. Then he smiled maliciously.

"He told me," he said, nodding.

"Told you?" repeated the captain, in astonishment.

Mr. Vyner nodded again, and bending down pretended to glance at some papers on his table.

"Green-fly," he said, gravely. "He told me that he syringes early and late. He will clear a tree, as he thinks, and while he has gone to mix another bucket of the stuff there are several generations born. Bassett informs me that a green-fly is a grandfather before it is half an hour old. So you see it is hopeless. Quite."

Captain Trimblett listened with ill-concealed impatience. "I was thinking of something more important than green-flies," he said, emphatically.

"Yes?" said Vyner, thoughtfully.

It was evident that the old sailor was impervious to hints. Rendered unscrupulous by the other's interference, and at the same time unwilling to hurt his feelings, Mr. Vyner bethought himself of a tale to which he had turned an unbelieving ear only an hour or two before.

"Of course, I quite forgot," he said, apologetically. "How stupid of me! I hope that you'll accept my warmest congratulations and be very, very happy. I can't tell you how pleased I am. But for the life of me I can't see why it should worry Hartley."

"Congratulations?" said the captain, eyeing him in surprise. "What about?"

"Your marriage," replied Robert. "I only heard of it on my way to the office, and your talking put it out of my head."

"*Me?*" said Captain Trimblett, going purple with suppressed emotion. "My *marriage?* I'm not going to be married. Not at all."

"What do you mean by 'not at all'?" inquired Mr. Vyner, looking puzzled. "It isn't a thing you can do by halves."

"I'm not going to be married at all," said the captain, raising his voice. "I never thought of such a thing. Who—who told you?"

"A little bird," said Robert, with a simpering air.

Captain Trimblett took out a handkerchief, and after blowing his nose violently and wiping his heated face expressed an overpowering desire to wring the little bird's neck.

"Who was it?" he repeated.

"A little bird of the name of Sellers—Captain Sellers," replied Robert. "I met him on my way here, hopping about in the street, simply brimming over with the news."

"There isn't a word of truth in it," said the agitated captain. "I never thought of such a thing. That old mischief-making mummy must be mad—stark, starin' mad."

"Dear me!" said Robert, regretfully. "He seems such a dear old chap, and I thought it was so nice to see a man of his age so keenly interested in the love-affairs of a younger generation. Anybody might have thought you were his own son from the way he talked of you."

"I'll 'son' him!" said the unhappy captain, vaguely.

"He is very deaf," said Robert, gently, "and perhaps he *may* have misunderstood somebody. Perhaps somebody told him you were *not* going to be married. Funny he shouts so, isn't it? Most deaf people speak in a very low voice."

"Did he shout that?" inquired Captain Trimblett, in a quivering voice.

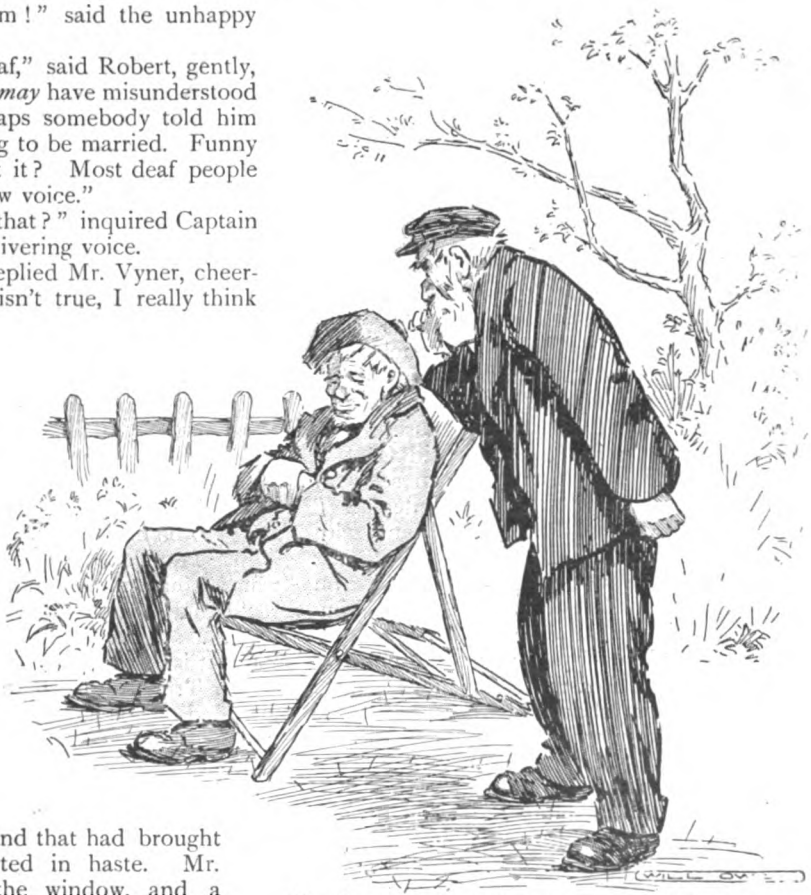
"Bawled it," replied Mr. Vyner, cheerfully; "but, as it isn't true, I really think that you ought to go and tell Captain Sellers at once. There is no knowing what hopes he may be raising. He is a fine old man; but perhaps, after all, he is a wee bit talkative."

Captain Trimblett, who had risen, stood waiting impatiently until the other had finished, and then, forgetting all about the errand that had brought him there, departed in haste. Mr. Vyner went to the window, and a broad smile lit up his face as he watched the captain hurrying across the bridge. With a blessing on the head of the most notorious old gossip in Salthaven, he returned to his work.

Possessed by a single idea, Captain Trimblett sped on his way at a pace against which both his age and his figure protested in vain. By the time he reached Tranquil Vale he was breathless, and hardly able to gasp his inquiry for Captain Sellers to the old housekeeper who attended the door.

"He's a-sitting in the garden looking at his flowers," she replied. "Will you go through?"

Captain Trimblett went through. His head was erect and his face and eyes blazing. A little old gentleman, endowed with the far sight peculiar to men who have followed the sea, who was sitting in a deck-chair at the bottom of the garden, glimpsed him and at once collapsed. By the time the captain reached the chair he discovered a weasel-faced, shrunken old figure in a snuff-



"'CAP'N SELLERS,' HE SAID, IN A STERN, THRILLING VOICE, 'I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU.'"

coloured suit of clothes sunk in a profound slumber. He took him by the arms and shook him roughly.

"Yes? Halloa! What's matter?" inquired Captain Sellers, half waking.

Captain Trimblett arched his hand over his mouth and bent to an ear apparently made of yellow parchment.

"Cap'n Sellers," he said, in a stern, thrilling voice, "I've got a bone to pick with you."

The old man opened his eyes wide and sat blinking at him. "I've been asleep," he said, with a senile chuckle. "How do, Cap'n Trimblett?"

"I've got a bone to pick with you," repeated the other.

"Eh?" said Captain Sellers, putting his hand to his ear.

"A—bone—to—pick—with—you," said the incensed Trimblett, raising his voice. "What do you mean by it?"

"Eh?" said Captain Sellers, freshly.

"What do you mean by saying things about me?" bawled Trimblett. "How dare you go spreading false reports about me? I'll have the law of you."

Captain Sellers smiled vaguely and shook his head.

"I'll prosecute you," bellowed Captain Trimblett. "You're shamming, you old fox. You can hear what I say plain enough. You've been spreading reports that I'm going to——"

He stopped and looked round just in time. Attracted by the volume of his voice, the housekeeper had come to the back door, two faces appeared at the next-door windows, and the back of Mr. Peter Truefitt was just disappearing inside his summer-house.

"I know you are talking," said Captain Sellers, plaintively, "because I can see your lips moving. It's a great affliction—deafness."

He fell back in his chair again, and, with a crafty old eye cocked on the windows next door, fingered a scanty tuft of white hair on his chin and smiled weakly. Captain Trimblett controlled himself by an effort, and, selecting a piece of paper from a bundle of letters in his pocket, made signs for a pencil. Captain Sellers shook his head; then he glanced round uneasily as Trimblett, with an exclamation of satisfaction, found an inch in his waistcoat-pocket and began to write. He nodded sternly at the paper when he had finished, and handed it to Captain Sellers.

The old gentleman received it with a pleasant smile, and, extricating himself from his chair in a remarkable fashion considering his age, began to fumble in his pockets. He went through them twice, and his countenance, now lighted by hope and now darkened by despair, conveyed to Captain Trimblett as accurately as speech could have done the feelings of a man to whom all reading matter, without his spectacles, is mere dross.

"I can't find my glasses," said Captain Sellers, at last, lowering himself into the chair. Then he put his hand to his ear and turned towards his visitor. "Try again," he said, encouragingly.

Captain Trimblett eyed him for a moment in helpless wrath, and then, turning on his heel, marched back through the house, and after standing irresolute for a second or two entered his own. The front room was empty, and from the silence he gathered that Mrs. Chinnery was out. He filled his pipe, and throwing himself into an easy-chair sought to calm his nerves with tobacco, while he tried to think out his position. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Truefitt, and something in the furtive way that gentleman eyed him as he came into the room only served to increase his uneasiness.

"Very warm," said Truefitt.

The captain assented, and with his eyes fixed on the mantelpiece smoked in silence.

"I saw you . . . talking . . . to Captain Sellers just now," said Mr. Truefitt, after a long pause.

"Aye," said the captain. "You did."

His eyes came from the mantelpiece and fixed themselves on those of his friend. Mr. Truefitt in a flurried fashion struck a match and applied it to his empty pipe.

"I'll have the law of him," said the captain, fiercely; "he has been spreading false reports about me."

"Reports?" repeated Mr. Truefitt, in a husky voice.

"He has been telling everybody that I am about to be married," thundered the captain.

Mr. Truefitt scratched the little bit of grey whisker that grew by his ear.

"I told him," he said at last.

"YOU?" exclaimed the amazed captain. "But it isn't true."

Mr. Truefitt turned to him with a smile intended to be arch and reassuring. The result, owing to his nervousness, was so hideous that the captain drew back in dismay.

"It's—it's all right," said Mr. Truefitt at last. "Ah! If it hadn't been for me you might have gone on hoping for years and years, without knowing the true state of her feelings towards you."

"What do you mean?" demanded the captain, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Sellers is a little bit premature," said Mr. Truefitt, coughing. "There is nothing settled yet, of course. I told him so. Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it at all just yet, but I was so pleased to find that it was all right I had to tell somebody."

"What are you—talking about?" gasped the captain.

"Told her? Told her what?" cried the captain.

"Told her that you said you were not worthy of her," replied Mr. Truefitt, very slowly and distinctly.

The captain took his pipe out of his mouth, and laying it on the table with extreme care listened mechanically while the clock struck five.

"What did she say?" he inquired, hoarsely, after the clock had finished.

Mr. Truefitt leaned over, and with a trembling hand patted him on the shoulder.

"She said, 'Nonsense,'" he replied, softly.

"'SHE SAID, "NONSENSE,"' HE REPLIED, SOFTLY."

Mr. Truefitt looked up, and by a strong effort managed to meet the burning gaze before him.

"I told Susanna," he said, with a gulp.

The captain rose and, putting on his cap—mostly over one eye—put out his hands like a blind man for the door, and blundered out into the street.

(To be continued.)

Obesity and Genius.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

N. PAGANINI.

IT has passed into an aphorism. Through the literature of the world, of every country, of every age, there runs the implication that a fat body and a lean wit are allied. *Vice versa*, a thin body, say the wiseacres, accompanies a clever intellect. No one is so fond of harping on this string as Shakespeare, with his blundering Falstaff, his gaunt and enterprising Cassius. And it is the same with unwritten wisdom—the universal folk-lore—with its "Fat and folly are ever mated," "A fat paunch and a lean pate," "The world to win you must be thin," "Fat feeds on brains," and such-like proverbs by the score. You remember Byron's horror of growing corpulent and his saying to Rogers, "The moment a man becomes fat Death has already come to that man." Frederick the Great, too, said on one occasion, "There are two kinds of men in the world—fat and thin—and none of the fat ones command my regiments."

Such, touched on briefly, is the situation so far as public opinion generally regards obesity. And now comes along the German Professor Bertholdt, with the startling dictum that the world, perhaps (there is much virtue in that *vielleicht*), owes most to its fat men, that obesity is one of the greatest blessings that Providence has sent to man, and that with it come perseverance, virtue, and contentment. All this was occasioned by a Socialist gibe at the German Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, for being corpulent—"battening," sneered the Chancellor's enemy, "on the wrongs and necessities of the poor." "Evil the day," continued Professor Bertholdt, "when we Germans become a lean race like some of our neighbours. As for great deeds and high scholarship, I have known many noble men and sound scholars and they have nearly all been fat."

Have we here a paradox? Is it really true that fatness and genius are allied? One knows the persistence of popular delusions, of unjust dicta that hold good for ages just because someone uttered them hundreds of years ago and people go on repeating the legends. Then, full of suspicion and a brand-new idea, we turn to the great critic Lessing, and find him actually delivering his opinion that Shakespeare was a "large, stout man." Think of it—Shakespeare, who was always poking fun at stout men, a fat man himself! Yet there is something certainly of confirmation in the Stratford bust, and the Garrick theory that he died of apoplexy (although, by the by, the author of "Sherlock Holmes," in his last book, deduces the fact that really the bard succumbed to locomotor ataxy).

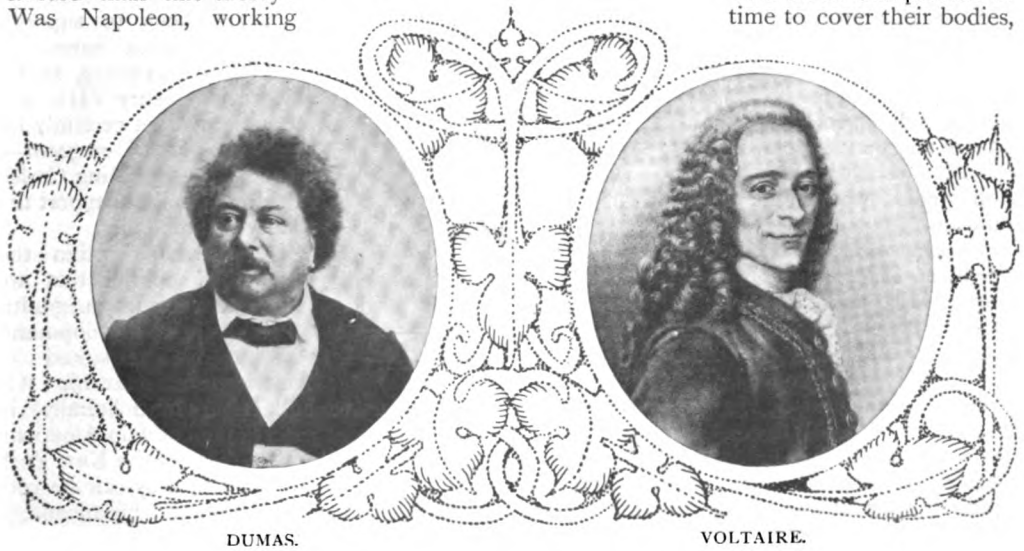
Albeit, once we have struck out on this

DR. JOHNSON. DANTE.

new line one hardly knows how to encounter all the rude surprises that greet the man who foolishly clings to the centuries-old fable (was it not Carlyle who said it, and Tolstoi who quotes it maliciously?) that "no fat fellow ever did anything in the world that was really worth the doing." What a jump from this to our German savant's *obiter dictum* that the fat men have done nearly everything worth doing!

But first a word as to the mystery of fat. You meet a man in the street and put the question to him, and lo! it is no mystery at all. "If a man eats and sleeps and loafs he gets fat. That's why I believe in dieting and hard work." Could anything be more absurd than this theory? Was Napoleon, working twenty hours out of the twenty-four, sleeping too much? And not only work, but a perpetual supervision, the mind on the rack, the nerves never relaxed. And yet, diet and work as he would, he got fatter and fatter, and never once did his fatness obscure his genius or cause his flame to burn less ardently. A man who would gravely ascribe the Russian disaster and the Waterloo defeat to the Imperial aggregation of adipose tissue has little real knowledge of Napoleon or of history.

Napoleon was born to be a fat man—all the Bonapartes became fat at thirty, and even before — it was not a question of diet or sleep or work or exercise—the cells of fat went on in due process of time to cover their bodies,



DUMAS. VOLTAIRE.

with no more influence upon their brains than stature really has. And that brings us to an interesting point—the sub-influence—the unconscious action of any personal peculiarity upon character. We all know that Pope's deformity, Scott's lame leg, and Byron's club-foot really wrought an effect upon their careers, making them introspective and reliant upon their own inner resources, just as the malformed arm of a certain European monarch to-day undoubtedly biased his early youth and manhood.

One would therefore expect that fat—or, rather, let us say the consciousness of a well-covered body—would have some such reflex psychological action, making its owner placid, bovine, equanimous. Then there instantly leaps to the mind, the alert mind, mordant wit, and tremendous industry of Gibbon, of Balzac, of Dumas. There probably never was such an indefatigable observer and chronicler as Balzac. "A Russian—the translator of 'Père Goriot'—came to my rooms this morning," wrote Balzac to a friend. "He was evidently taken much by surprise, for he had, as he frankly confessed, expected to find a gaunt and fiery eagle of a man—not the stout, respectable bourgeois whom he embraced."

Appearances, then, are deceptive. The mountain may seem stupid and inert; within may burn fires vast enough to light and thrill the universe. Dr. Johnson, whose girdle might have easily encompassed a dozen Dantes, at least was not sensitive as to his bulk, and had a proper contempt for thin, little men, which may probably account for his affection for Boswell, who began to grow very fat soon after twenty, and yet was able to produce the best biography in the language. But it was not so with Dr. Johnson's Royal master, George III., who had all Byron's horror of growing fat, and early put himself on a strict regimen to prevent his emulating the example of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who weighed eighteen stone.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WILLIAM PITT.

"If I had taken care what I ate and drank," said the Duke to his Royal nephew, "I could have prevented this"—tapping his too-protuberantstomach. But the theory was not really a sound one—for bodily corpulence, like the gifts of poetry and music, comes to persons the most unlikely, and who certainly would seem not to deserve it. Thus the ascetic Tolstoi's taunt, "Show me the man's body and I will show you his mind," is not and cannot be right.

It is true the witty Voltaire was as thin as a skeleton, but what is there to show that he would not have been equally *spirituel* had he weighed, say, thirteen stone instead of seven? Then, too, it is erroneous to suppose that a corpulent person is necessarily easy-going, as we say. King Henry VIII. was fat at twenty, yet certainly no man was more *exigeant*—although the late King Carlos of Portugal might support the theory of amiability.

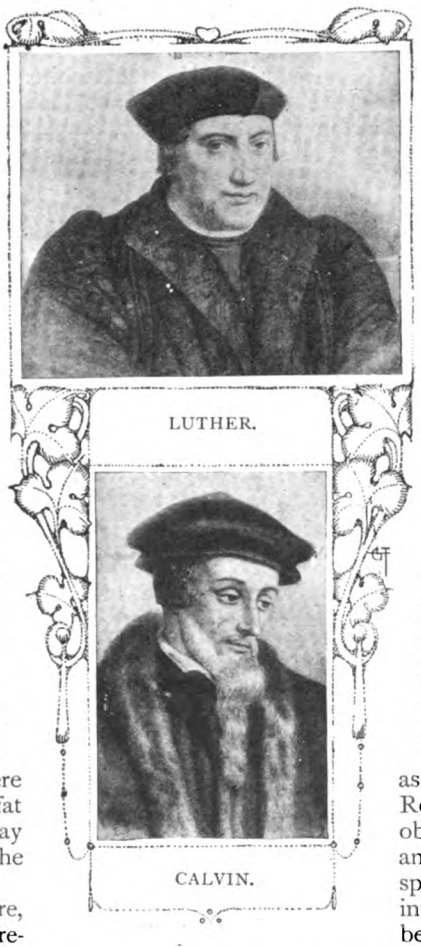
It is perhaps within the domain of politics that we really encounter fat and genius at its highest development. As someone remarked of American statesmanship: "It is necessary to bulk largely (and literally) in the public eye," even though certain American editors—notably, the editor of the New York *Sun*—do their utmost, and they can be very scathing, to discount the undeniable advantage of a political candidate's weight, especially in

the case of Mr. Cleveland, who weighed seventeen and a half stone. But it has been the same in the Old World. Who more fiery and tumultuous than Charles James Fox, "the fattest member of this House"; who calmer and gentler than Pitt, one of the thinnest of men? Then there was the fat and untamable Mirabeau—a counterpart of the fat and docile Louis XVI.; a Daniel O'Connell to match, let us say, Lord John Russell.

In America it is indisputable that the majority of the Presidents have been fat men, and at this writing the most prominent and promising candidate, Mr. Taft, has constantly a rejoinder ready for those hecklers who twit him with his abnormal deposit of adipose tissue. "The gentleman has rudely interrupted. He asks why I am fat. He might just as well have asked me why I have brown hair instead of black. Let me tell him this. I would rather a thousand times be wrapped up in Nature's honest integument than wrapped up in my own conceit and ignorance." (Great applause.)

As if further to demonstrate the popular fallacy concerning fat one might turn to science, where there are a score of celebrated fat men, from Arkwright to Ray Lankester, to balance the thin ones.

In painting and sculpture, obesity and genius so frequently go hand in hand that one scarcely need pick out examples from Rubens to Alma-Tadema. Poets when young may be thin, but, like Horace, success gives them a fuller habit, in spite of striking examples to the contrary. But in scarcely any domain is fat so prominent as in that of music, especially the executive side of that art. Look at the generous proportions of Handel and of Bach, if you will; but how many great modern singers and players are there who are not obese? "It is part of a tenor's and soprano's profession to be fat," says Colonel Mapleson, the impresario, humorously; and from the instances we see on the operatic and concert stage there is much truth in the dictum. On the stage of the drama, it is true, a foolish prejudice limits the usefulness of an obese actor to comedy, although most of the great comedians have been thin men. No man had a more delicate talent than the late Corney Grain, who once called himself "the comic elephant," and yet his nearest rival, George Grossmith, is as gaunt as a needle. On the other hand, no one can doubt that Mr. Oscar Asche is a born tragedian.

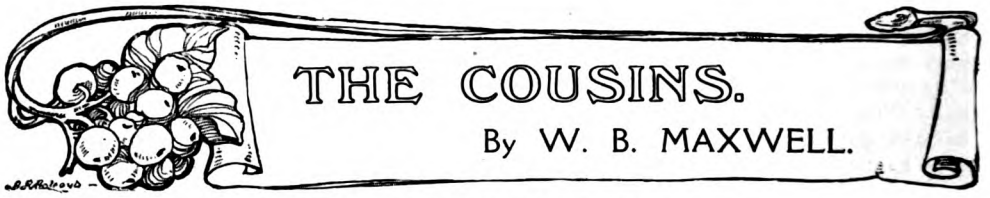


LUTHER.

CALVIN.

But the annals of genius are filled to overflowing with the names of men who toiled and achieved fame under a full habit. Nothing can be more unjust than the gibe about "fat and folly" and fatness and indolence. Martin Luther was as fat as Calvin was thin; Ernest Renan's obesity did not obscure his insight and brilliancy. Many writers and speakers have too long spoken invidiously of fatness, but the best retort we have been able to glean in our researches into this weighty subject is that of C. H. Spurgeon, the famous preacher.

"People," said Spurgeon, "say I am fat. I am not fat. I am bone and flesh. My limbs, thank God, are amply clothed, and I am in my right mind."



THE COUSINS.

By W. B. MAXWELL.

Author of "Vivien," "The Guarded Flame," etc.

I.

THE two children were cousins, and very fond of each other. Master Tom Lawton was the orphan son of that good soldier Sir Thomas Lawton, who won reputation, fame, glory in our Indian wars; and then, having won so much, began to lose—first his money, then his wife, then his life. Thus little Tom was left like a small lost dog, to be cared for by any kind relatives who were not too busy to attend to the matter.

Miss Mabel Lawton was the daughter of the kind relatives who, off and on, looked after little Tom. The boy had some sort of solicitor-guardian, some sort of pension-money or Government-grant, and really he demanded no great thought. He was to be educated for a soldier, and, as soon as possible, be sent to India with a sword.

But all relating to little Mabel was of the utmost importance, because her people, these Hampshire Lawtons, were of the wealthy, idle, ornamental class. Papa was a big land-owner, county magnate, deputy lieutenant, always making boss-shots at getting into Parliament, and gaining more and more gratitude and respect from his party each time that he missed the target. If he stuck to it and went on shooting without count of the cost of cartridges, etc., he might end as a peer and get into Parliament *that* way. Step-mamma was pretty, well-born, fashionable, with more money of her own. They lived at Ainswinton, in a large white house in a park, and were kind to poor little Tom. But the kindest person in that house, or park, or all the wide world, was blue-eyed, brown-tailed Mabel.

She never changed. From the first she was the real friend. "I hop," she wrote, after Tom's first visit to Ainswinton, "you will Come here next Hollydays and all yur Hollydays. I love you very much, and if you wil mary me when I am growne up I wil do so."

Tom came regularly to spend his vacations in Hampshire. He did Mabel good. It happened that, in the opinion of the local doctor, Mabel was making too much haste to reach the grown-up goal. She was coming through her short skirts too fast, was too tall, too intelligent for her tender years. Books should be laid aside; and the best thing for Mabel would be to let her run wild until colour came back to her pale cheeks and her black stockings had rounder, firmer legs in them. Step-sisters and brothers could not run, wild or tame; they could only toddle. So Tom ran wild with her.

It was a perfect house, of varied charm. It had stately, splendid rooms and halls, and snug little home-like rooms that opened into the gardens; it had gun-rooms, play-rooms, box-rooms, untreasured lofts, forgotten or undiscovered flights of stairs, and dim, untrodden passages; it had been built by many men in many ages, but Providence had guided their hands; without settled plan, added to, tinkered at, messed about by architects, builders, sanitary engineers, it had slowly matured into the absolutely perfect house—for Hide and Seek.

There were innumerable servants: grave, dignified, stupid while in presence of master and mistress; but behind their backs, with the children, they were playmates—jolly good playmates, too. There were noble stables, home farm, dairies, the wide park, the woods, the village, the rising down—in a word, there were all the materials that made up paradise for Master Tom.

In the springtime, especially when Easter holidays fell late, the boy used to throb, almost to burst, with happiness. As he and Mabel scampered across the park to the budding beech-woods, the west wind blew on their faces, blew into their beating hearts; and the wind was the joy of life, stirring them to bound and prance as it stirred the lambs on the hillside, the squirrels and the rabbits on the moss-carpet of the wood. They spent the long mornings

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alone in the wood, and the hours were all too brief for them. Never was such a place—primroses thick as stars on a summer night; birds' nests in every hawthorn bush; a little stream to dam, to jump, to ford, to fall into—a chattering, bubbling, laughing stream that had no business-aim or purpose, that flowed only to make kingfishers, otters, dragon-flies, and children happy.

They were boy and girl lovers, and when they were old enough they would be husband and wife. He never forgot this; he brought her into all his plans of future fun.

"We will have a yacht," he would tell her, "when we are married, and cross the Pacific Ocean and explore unknown islands. When we come to the mouth of a river, we will steam up it. When there is not sufficient water—it will be an immensely big yacht—we will go on in the steam pinnace with a swivel-gun in her bows, and keep a sharp look-out for savages. Then, when the water is not sufficient, we will march and ford on foot, till we reach the source of the river. . . . Let us suppose that we have now left the pinnace a hundred miles behind us."

"HE AND MABEL SCAMPERED ACROSS THE PARK TO THE BUDDING BEECH-WOODS."

And for the rest of the morning the friendly, familiar brook was the mighty, far-off river narrowed down towards its undiscovered source; and, marching and fording, they were two intrepid explorers.

Sometimes when Tom was haranguing her upon his always grandiose schemes, little Mabel would check him with a few questions. "Tom, how will you get the money for all this?"

"I shall get it in India before I come back to marry you."

"But generals don't have as much money as all that."

"Not in their regular pay, but they get it in war."

Tom was very strong on his future profession and the area of his future prowess. He was to follow in his father's footsteps, but it seemed that he meant to strike out some fresh paths for himself.

"In war," he explained, "if I have any

luck, I can easily sack a king's palace and get several lacs of rupees."

"Aren't all the palaces sacked by now?"

"Not in the north-west," said Tom, stoutly. "Beyond our frontier there are undiscovered countries—palaces and kings, in the hills, where no white man has ever been."

As time passed, pretty Mabel grew so strong and well that there was no longer any necessity for her to run wild. Her blue eyes were bright and clear, her cheeks were firm; and so were her legs, now shrouded to the ankles by a lengthened skirt; her thick brown hair was tied at the neck with ribbon and bow, and did not float in the breeze like a pony's tail when she took an infrequent scamper. She was full of life, full of fun, full of kindness. Tom, arriving on his last holidays at Ainswinton, led her out into the garden and blushed with pleasure before he gave her a second kiss.

Then Mabel made him blush furiously; indeed, it became a blushing match between them.

"Tom, ought we to go on doing it—kiss, I mean? Aren't I getting too old?"

"Too *old!* Why? What rot. Why not?"

Then it appeared that step-mamma had queer views on this subject. She had been talking seriously to Mabel, laying down lines for Mabel's thought, setting the foundation of the wall she intended in due season to build up between the cousins.

"I think it rot, myself," said Mabel. "But mamma has all sorts of ideas. I don't believe we shall ever be allowed to have such a good time together as we used to."

It was the new order. Everything was to be different. Now that Mabel's body was all right, the doctor said one might go on with the training of her mind. And here again Tom would be useful. The pair could work together, instead of playing together: the companionship in toil would stimulate and encourage the young lady. That was the plan. But for the advice of the learned doctor, poor Tom would have been altogether banished from paradise. A holiday governess and a holiday tutor had been engaged for the whole of the summer vacation. Fräulein Bingen would keep them both going in French and German; Mr. Mackenzie would hold the boy's nose to the mathematical grindstone, and give the girl as large a share in the historical and literary lessons as she cared to take.

It was dreadful. Paradise with two serpents upsetting everything—all the fruits turned sour, one's only food dry leaves from the tree of knowledge. Prisoners half the day—the sun shining, the woods calling to them; and they two, held fast in a dull little room, envying the bees that buzzed in and out again at their own free will. No real freedom, no unchallenged companionship; walks with a fusty, spectacled, middle-aged Scotchman, or a stupid, fat-faced, eyeglassed Alsatian.

They did not like Miss Bingen; but they loathed Mr. Mackenzie.

He was short, squat, heavy—a pompous pedagogue with scant, sandy hair, mean little eyes, and huge gold-rimmed spectacles. He was erudite, certainly—writing a history of the Seven Years' War, and willing to recite you unwritten chapters of it. His holiday pupils named him "Goggles," learned to imitate his harsh, loud voice, said he was a bounder and a sneak, and found no redeeming trait in him.

He loved to keep Tom grinding on in the dark, shadowy room when Mabel passed to and fro on the sunlit lawn, or, pausing, looked in wistfully through the open window. And at any protest or hint of rebellion he reported to head-quarters.

"That," he would say, "is a matter I must lay before Mrs. Lawton."

He laid every matter before Mrs. Lawton—the music-hall song that Tom sang, the game of rounders with the grooms and footmen, the moonlight ramble with Mabel on the night that papa and mamma went to the dinner-party at old Sir John Belfield's. He *was* such a sneak.

Nevertheless, the children had some fun in spite of Goggles. He could not always be playing spy. As the August days turned hotter, Goggles showed signs of lethargy after his generous luncheon, and would sometimes creep off to his room for a nap that lasted till tea-time. Miss Bingen in a garden chair, with a book on her lap, would frankly doze, then frankly snore, while she dreamed of home and the dear Rhine provinces. Then the children would scamper away and be unmolested and happy for an hour or two.

"Where shall we go, Mabel?"

"Oh, to our tree, Tom."

They had made a discovery of a truly wonderful tree, and hither they went again and again with undiminished delight. It was a fine old beech that stood on the bank by the village path, just outside the park; and it was so extraordinarily easy to climb that the lower branches of it might have been the staircase at home. At a height of nine or ten feet the main trunk seemed to

cease, the big branches opened outward and upward; and within was a perfect little castle or platform, where one could sit almost at one's ease like a bird on a secure perch.

Tom, who had discovered and explored this tree-castle, always gave a hand to Mabel and pulled her up after him; but indeed she required little assistance. When she crouched down by his side she used often to put her arms round him to steady herself; and when she did this he was conscious of a strange elation and triumph. It seemed to him that he was cock of the walk, king of the castle, over-lord of hill and dale, and that all the world lay at his feet—all life rolled by below him to let him see its secrets and understand its mystery. He ever afterwards remembered this curious sensation.

Above their heads was the green dome made by the leaves; all about them hung the green leaf-curtains; but, through the green leaves and between the smooth white branches, they had a fine view of the path that stretched away on either hand to the woods or to the village. And along this path all the village folk went by, betraying their secrets. *That* was the real fun of the tree. It never occurred to anyone that there might be two little birds in the tree watching and listening.

"*Cave!*" Tom would whisper. Someone was coming along the path. Then, crouched down side by side, they would wait and watch, scarcely breathing till the someone—whoever it was—had gone by.

Once it was the village idiot, and he showed them that he really was not such a fool as he looked. He was a poor, harmless lout who gibbered at one and held forth a shaking hand for alms in the village street. If you met him there, all he could say was, "Goo-gar—oh, goo-gar"; all he could do was to touch his tattered cap unceasingly while he shambled after you. But here, thinking himself quite alone on the sunlit path, he brought out his money and counted it with considerable intelligence; put it carefully back in his

"'CAVE!' TOM WOULD WHISPER. SOMEONE WAS COMING ALONG THE PATH."

pocket; gave the pocket a slap for luck; and shuffled on without a single "goo-gar."

Once it was Miss Monk, the good-looking schoolmistress of the village school. She strolled to and fro very sedately upon the path, in full sight of the tree; glanced now and then at the watch-bracelet on her wrist; then stopped, and, taking a letter from the bosom of her black and white blouse, read it thoughtfully. Presently there came the sound of a quick, firm footstep. It was Mr. Horner, the curate. "Have I kept you waiting, my darling?" said Mr. Horner; and arm-in-arm, most lovingly, curate and schoolmistress strolled away into the pleasant recesses of the little wood. That was their secret — they were an engaged couple, although all the world thought the curate was to wed the elder Miss Chudleigh.

Whoever it was who came by the tree, a secret was sure to be let out.

Now, on this hot, sleepy afternoon, it was old Sir John Belfield; and that was the best fun of all.

Sir John was not like Mabel's father, a great landowner; but he was a local magnate of considerable importance, with a fine park and house of his own. He was the senior magistrate, and on the Bench he gave exemplary sentences to all wrong-doers. He read the lessons in church, and because of his dignity, his bushy white eyebrows, and his high principles, people dreaded as well as respected him.

Now, if you please, chancing to meet a plump, apple-cheeked dairymaid, he was blocking the way for her, skipping from side to side of the path like a white-haired old goat turned mischievous.

"Pay toll," cried Sir John. "Pay toll. A kiss—or I won't let you pass."

"Oh, Sir Jarn, lat be," said Mary Gates. "Lat me be; for I tell 'ee I wunt. No, Sir Jarn, I wunt."

The children knew her well. She was Mary Gates from the home dairy, dressed in her Sunday best, off to drink tea with her Aunt Thorp at the cottage near the mill.

"Yes; you must pay toll," said Sir John, with outstretched arms, skipping from side to side. "I am the tax-collector. Whenever I see a pretty wench I tax her with a kiss."

"Lat me be," said Mary. Her cheeks were like flaming pæonies instead of pink apples; and, as Sir John snatched at her and sought to exact the penalty, she gave him a sounding smack in the face, dodged round him, and ran.

"There!" she called back to him. "'Tes all you'll get from me; and I'll tell my lady if you make complaint."

Sir John rubbed his face, stamped on the ground in anger, and shook his fist.

"You little minx!" he bawled, "not to take a joke in good part. Go on and be hanged to you for an impudent hussy!" And he turned and stalked away.

Up in the tree Tom and Mabel were almost fainting from suppression of laughter.

What tickled the children so much was the silliness of all these people in letting their cats out of the bag. They all made so jolly sure they were alone and unobserved. Yet, after all, it is not an unheard-of thing that a tree should be occupied by someone—woodcutter, bird's-nester, nut-gatherer. Had they looked up the tree carefully they would have seen the sentinels—it was impossible to hide completely behind the branches. But these silly people never did look up the tree.

The children talked of this subject, and of other subjects, one afternoon when they were going to their observation-nook. They had come round through a field gate, and they sauntered down the empty path talking eagerly. Not a sound broke the warm stillness, and they lingered beneath the spreading branches before climbing up to their perch.

"Is that why she hired old Goggles—just to watch me and prevent my being with you?"

Tom was talking of step-mamma Lawton now. Step-mamma had again been speaking seriously to Mabel. Mamma, it appeared, had got wind of these afternoon absences, and did not approve.

"Never mind," said Tom, defiantly; "we'll be together in the end, if Goggles was forty sneaks instead of one sneak. When you and I are grown-up and married——"

Then Mabel disclosed more of mamma's plans.

"Tom, they'll never let us marry. She said the other day I was to open my mind and learn everything I could, so as to be a suitable wife for a political nobleman."

"What a dirty shame! But you won't, Mab? You'll stick to your promise? You'll wait for me?"

"I want to, Tom——"

"*Cave!*" said Tom, dropping his voice and pointing down the path with a warning finger. Someone coming! Faint far-off footsteps had sounded on the gravel path.

"Quick!" and he took her hand in his. "We must hop up to our perch," and he scrambled upon the bank. "Quick, Mab!"

But then there came a most dreadful voice out of the tree :—

"Old Goggles is here before you."

And, looking up for the first time, they saw the ugly spectacled bird that had stolen their perch.

"This," said Mr. Mackenzie, ponderously and awkwardly climbing down from the tree —"this is a matter that I must lay before Mrs. Lawton."

That was the end of poor Tom. He was permitted to stay till the end of his holidays, but he was never again asked to visit Ainswinton Park. His relatives had thrown him back on the hands of the solicitor-guardian, as something troublesome with which they could not be bothered any longer. The sooner he was packed off to India, the better for everybody: once there, he could give no more trouble.

The year that he obtained his commission and was provided with a passage to India, Uncle Lawton realized the ambition of his

"TOM, IN THESE LAST DAYS, READ OF HER OFTEN AND SAW HER ONCE."

life. At last he had got into Parliament. A grateful Sovereign had raised him to the peerage, and henceforth he would sit in comfort as first Baron Ainswinton.

The family were in London while Tom was buying his kit and making ready for exile. It was the height of the season. Miss Mabel was going to four or five parties a night, and being written of in newspapers as "the pretty Miss Lawton."

Tom, in these last days, read of her often, and saw her once. It was only a glimpse. He was striding along the pavement, and she was driving in step-mamma's smart victoria. She had a big hat with broad ribbons and a fluffy, fluttering lace parasol; her eyes flashed, her lips smiled, delicate colour glowed in her cheeks—but she did not see Tom bowing and waving on the pavement. To Tom she seemed a fashionable society beauty, rolling away from him on cee-springs and rubber-tyred wheels—rolling out of his life for ever.

She had written to him often since the days when they were happy playmates. She was always his friend and well-wisher, so she said. He would have liked to bid her adieu before leaving England. He had called already at my lord's London house, had left his new visiting-cards with his hotel address pencilled on the face of one of them; but nothing came of the card. It had never been seen by those brightly-flashing eyes. Now he called at the house again and left another addressed card. Nothing came of the second card. So in due course he sailed, with a heart that would have been lighter if he had been able to hear the voice of one kind friend wishing him God-speed.

II.

CAPTAIN THOMAS LAWTON, of the 11th Gurkha Rifles, had proved himself a stanch good soldier—true son of a fighting sire. He had been under fire again and again—in minor unchronicled squabbles, nothing worthy of the name of war; he had learnt many dialects; had been attached to political missions; had resolutely striven for glory, but unhappily he had found no king's palace to sack, had put by no lacs of rupees.

He was nearly thirty, hard as nails, bronzed like metal, with keen, brave eyes ever alert for chances that never came.

For several months he had been stationed beyond our frontier, northward of Kashmir, in command of a company of his Gurkhas, an ugly stone fort, a straggling, stone-walled village, a bridge, and a ford. This was our farthest military post; but a hundred and fifty miles to the west, over the gigantic barrier of the hills, the might and majesty of the Maharajah of Kashmir and his suzerain, the Empress of India, were represented by a British Resident.

There is always trouble in the Hindu Kush, and of late the trouble had been steadily increasing. In these States and districts—all tributary to Kashmir—chiefs and princes had been murdering one another with unexampled rapidity. Rebellion followed rebellion, each new ruler winning his way to power through chaos and carnage. Unfortunately, tribesmen who had taken up arms in each new revolt were indisposed to lay them down again; warriors turned pirate and rogue, harried the unhappy valleys, swooped down upon the trade routes, sent a flowing stream of refugees to tell the tale of woe and prostrate themselves at Captain Lawton's feet while they prayed for protection.

Now something was to be done; the time had come to quiet all this unrest. A column was to be mobilized; transport was to be gathered about Captain Lawton's fort; native troops were coming up day by day—pioneer company, sappers and miners, mountain battery, one whole battalion, with two companies of a British infantry regiment to stiffen and strengthen these dusky allies. Soon a famous fighting colonel was coming up to take command and march.

It was to be a military progress—not an expedition—in support of the political efforts of the clever English Resident at the distant town, who for a year and a half, in accordance with good policy, had been recognising the *de facto* chief. In this period there had been six *de facto* chiefs, and our policy perhaps needed readjustment.

Well, then, this column would march up by the old trade route, displaying its strength all the way, putting back unhappy refugees, reinstating village headmen, guarding congregated traders and sending them safe away. It would occupy the town where the Resident sat in his Residency issuing political thunderbolts, but now very properly afraid to come out and see what effect they had produced. Arrived at its goal it would rest a month, play polo with the new loyal chief, quietly yet ostentatiously confirm the power of the Resident, and then march out by the north-east road. That was the programme.

But the moment the performance began there were unseemly interruptions. Every day it became less of a picnic and more of a march through a hostile country. For three

long days it was a most arduous business. No road as Europeans understand the word; wheeled transport, of course, impossible; paths winding round the face of precipitous cliffs, torrents roaring in rocky beds beneath one; gorges that called themselves passes, the vast hills rising on either hand to the eternal snow; bitter cold by night in those high places, burning sun by day in the dusty valleys. Snipers hiding above one; rocks pitched down upon one; necessity to search each hillside before entering each defile; sappers to the front at every bridge to mend and make good; now and then a sharp brush with sturdy rebels closing in upon rear-guard, threatening to break our long tail in two and cut out the terrified, clustering mob of the refugees we are escorting.

Here was the great difficulty—the men and women with whom the column was burdened. Among these burdensome followers was a knot of Afghan traders, with a girl whom Captain Lawton had made it his special duty to protect and watch over. She was a half-caste—Afghan father, French mother—who spoke English perfectly. She had been for years at Delhi; she could dance, she could sing, and in many ways had solaced the ennui of life down at the fortress-village from which the column started. But somehow she belonged to these Afghans, and they were taking her home to the far-off valley, where they bought or made the sheep-skin coats and the carpet mats with which they annually traded. The white-bearded old man—head of the party—was her grandfather, she said, and she wished to go with him. Nothing would persuade her to say good-bye to grandpapa, and stay in safety at the fort.

While looking after these people on the march, Captain Lawton did one or two nice things—the nicest thing of all the afternoon he got his wound. He had been busy on the hillside turning out a strong opposition from a line of prepared sangars, and the rebels, giving ground, had mischievously worked back and hotly peppered the camp-followers and the baggage animals. He and his men made a fine dash for it, and were sharply engaged ere they drove off the foe. Half-a-dozen sepoys were soon bowled over; then down went Captain Lawton. But he was up as soon as down—only hit in the shoulder. Two of the Afghan party were wounded—the old man with a bullet-hole in his leg and a younger man with a broken arm. Much damage had been wrought among the ponies; but somehow a pony was found for the younger Afghan, and Captain Lawton, in spite of his wound, gave his own pony to the old man.

The Afghans thought this very nice. A man walked on one side of the old chap, holding one of his legs, and the girl walked on the other side of him, holding his other leg; and as Captain Lawton, bleeding through his bandage, tramped by, she smiled at him. And that night, when they came to their halting place, she helped the doctor dress his shoulder and nursed him tenderly.

After this things were easier and quieter. Those rebels were dropping away. There was no more serious opposition. It seemed that the march was creating its due effect—the programme would be carried through unchanged.

Captain Lawton's flesh wound was not dangerous, but it needed some attention after each long day's work; and always the girl was there to give it attention. She seemed very fond of the brave English soldier.

One night the column was resting high up on a broad open pass—a rock-strewn plateau between the rocky hills and the towering mountains. It was bright moonlight; the camp-fires looked like stars that had dropped from the sky; sentinels, double, crept like ghosts upon every ridge; far ahead and far behind was close watch and guard; all round lay the sleeping men, motionless as the dead. No tents, of course; each man wrapped in his blanket, each officer wrapped in his sheep-skin coat, and the feeble little fires at their feet to keep them warm.

Up here in the rarefied air it was curious how lightly one slept, however tired one might be. A word and one was awake—no transition stage and drowsy rubbing of one's eyes. But dreams most splendid—building themselves of noble material, in keeping with the colossal scenery. One was wandering in a palace—that was a dream. One came through a magnificent gateway, and, instead of finding a sunny garden, one looked out at the moonlit snow-peaks, the huge rocks, and the dotted camp-fires—that meant that one was awake. Yet with a turn of the head one was back in dreamland. So it was with him, till the girl kissed his eyelids and whispered: "Wake!" She was very fond of him.

His fire had burnt low. She knelt by it, feeding it with bits of dry wood. Then she took a copper bangle from her wrist, dropped some dried grass and dust through the bangle upon the little leaping flame, came to him and roused him again with her arms about his waist, and told him to look into the fire.

"SHE CAME TO HIM AND ROUSED HIM AGAIN WITH HER ARMS ABOUT HIS WAIST."

"Look! See what you can see."

As he knelt by the fire, with her arms holding him, he was conscious of a strange sensation that he had experienced long ago—but now it was on a far, far grander scale. The wide world lay at his feet; the universe was unfolding all its mystery. He had but to look down, and no secret could be hid from him.

"Look!" she whispered.

He could see hill-passes like this pass, and armed men on the march—hundreds sleeping in the moonlight—not our men. He could see ravines by tumbling streams, and troops moving slowly, in order, with infinite precaution—not our men.

"Look again!"

Space was no barrier now. It seemed that he could look from the south, east, north, west at once. He was soaring at a fantastic height—taking a bird's-eye view: a bright-eyed eagle resting on extended wings, searching the hills and valleys of a circular tract of country whose diameter was not less than two hundred miles.

"Look!"

Downward, onward, from west, north-west, and north, they were coming through the hills, converging—not our men—converging upon the little town in the valley where men lay sleeping, spell-bound, motionless—*our* men.

"Look! Go on looking"; and he saw more and more. "Now I too look," and she stooped over the fire—so low that it seemed she would plunge her face in the leaping flame, and he flung his right arm round her waist and held her back.

"White girl," she whispered, "waiting for you—looking into a fire."

"Nice girl?"

"Girl you love."

"How d'you know I love any girl—except you, old girl?"

"Oh, me!" and she writhed upon his arm. "Play girl, brown girl—to warm your heart when you are cold—like the fire. *Me!*" and she sprang up and danced upon the fire—trampled it out beneath her feet. "Little warmth, little light—till you want it no more; then gone."

"You silly old girl!"

"Here! Take it," and she gave him her copper bangle. "Give it to her when you find her. Go sleep now. Then wake, do your work—do your work quick, and go find her."

Next day she, with her party, was gone. Somewhere on the march down the long slope to the opening plain these Afghans had fallen out, dodged away, and vanished. The commander of the column was very angry. These people were under his protection. It was true that the most perilous part of the march was over; henceforth the country was open. On the left lay the territory of the Amir at no considerable distance; the Afghans were not far from home now. But to sneak off, without "By your leave," "Please," or "Thank you," was a dirty Oriental trick to play on their guardians and friends. Suspicious, too. Were these people spies and traitors? Who could say?

As the column marched on through the open cultivated plain, past the narrow little terraced fields, by the broad river, by many villages and pleasant fruit orchards, Captain Lawton wondered. Often he looked at the bangle on his wrist and thought of the girl, and of the fire extinguished by trampling feet. He thought and laughed. Had he been awake or asleep? What rummy ideas had come into his head! Day after day he thought of the little camp-fire.

All was easy now. Villagers prostrated themselves—brought cattle, grain, and fruit. High notables rode out to meet the welcome troops. But he still thought of it and wondered. He looked into the faces of all these new smiling friends—peasants, warriors, princes—and thought of it. Were they really so pleased to see us?

He thought of it often when the column had reached its goal, when the new chief and our Resident had ridden out side by side to give a hearty welcome, when all the tired men were cantoned near the dusty, hot little town, when feasts and music, dancings and polo games, filled the drowsy days. The column was resting; the programme was being carried through without a hitch. And the more he thought of it the more restless he became.

Sometimes he spoke to people of vague doubts and undefined misgivings. Why did we linger? What was the good of it? Why didn't we move on and march out again by the north-east road? He asked such questions—of his jolly, good-humoured commander, of the Resident, of everybody who allowed him to ask questions. And at last he spoke out boldly and told them what he thought.

Some devil's-brew warming up for them. Dark treachery behind smiling eyes. Perhaps a widespread secret bond among all these chiefs who till now had been rending one another. A banded effort of twenty tribes, perhaps, now coming to sweep us back—to hurl us headlong from this mountain-girt land.

"Why should you think so?"

He could not say that he had seen it in the fire. But he roused them to action. He was sure that they were being kept here. This chief was trying to hold them in a trap—if they showed that they meant to get out of it they would soon discover if they were still free or already prisoners.

Then, not in the least believing, but as a matter of form, they made investigations, and took alarm. It was clear still to the north-east, with three small posts on the road home to safety. A messenger was sent to sound a note of warning.

But then the work began. One post was wiped out completely. The nearest post was almost wiped out, but a few got through to the now besieged column. Stern defence now onward till relieving forces can be set in motion. They are in for a big thing—war.

This was Tom Lawton's chance, and he took it handsomely. Two, three years of real big war—time enough to make a reputation if you never cease trying. From the first he was very useful. In a year everyone out there had heard of "The Man with the Bangle." The first Commander-in-Chief had given him the name. He wanted a man for a rough piece of work, and he thought of Lawton. "Where's that fellow with the bangle?"

It was the only effeminate thing about him. He was a slogging fighter when once he set to. In the last year of all he had a column of his

own—something like a column: two brigades of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, four batteries of artillery, etc.—a command worth having. And with it he did wonders. There was no envy because of his rapid rise; he deserved all his luck.

Sometimes he seemed inspired. Had he seen it all in the fire? It was as though he could look into the hearts of the fierce yet tricky foe—could read all their secrets. Each time that the enemy tried to surprise him it surprised itself—again and again, till pained surprise turned to panic fear. In the field these savage foes became as ants swept down a path by a remorseless broom; in their strongholds they were as ants on an ant-heap having boiling water poured on them. They could not withstand him.

Yet at home in England all this fighting made little stir. It seemed too far off for people to take any interest in the matter. The newspapers pushed it away into corners, grudged it space, and would not waste money for telegraphic news about it. In the Lower House questions were sometimes asked about it. In the Upper House a question was asked by Lord Ainswinton. It was the last time that my lord ever rose in his place in the gilded chamber. Was it not a fact—inquired his lordship—that the Government of India had forty thousand troops under arms on the north-west frontier? His noble friend, the Under-Secretary of State, replied that such was the glorious fact. He took this opportunity of congratulating the noble lord on being the uncle of General Lawton, who had achieved a series of brilliant and most valuable successes, etc.

Only when it was all over and the public saw the gigantic *Gazette* and tremendous list of honours did they realize how big a business it had been. India paid the bill for it, of course, and not England.

III.

General Sir Thomas Lawton, G.C.S.I., etc., had come home; with no splendid loot, no lacs of rupees, but with two remarkable treasures—a common copper wire bangle and a grubby little, crumpled piece of paper. It was his fixed intention to present these interesting relics, not to the nation, but to a private individual; and from the hour of his arrival he began to make inquiries about her. She was unmarried—he knew that; her father had recently died; the family was still in mourning; they were living in Hampshire.

The month was June; the season was in full swing. General Lawton had duties to perform—levée to attend, official dinners, official receptions. Quite the best society smiled on this young general and would welcome him with open arms; he might have gone to three grand parties a night, had he wished to do so. In fact, he went to four evening parties in the course of a week, and whenever he met an important dowager he talked with her eagerly. He only seemed to care for dowagers, and he asked them all the same question:—

"Can you tell me anything about my pretty cousin—Mabel Lawton?"

Wise dowagers all knew Miss Lawton; and this was the gist of what they had to tell him. Pretty she certainly had been. Oh, yes, extraordinarily pretty *once*. She had been engaged, they thought, several times. She ought to have married Lord Somebody and Lord Somebody-else. She ought to have made a grand match—probably intended to make one, and perhaps missed the substance in grabbing at splendid shadows.

Anyhow, nothing came off. And now, of course—"May we speak frankly?"—she is over thirty and nobody wants her. There she is—left on the shelf. It often happens.

General Lawton, getting away from London at last, had run down to Hampshire for the day. Now he was walking with his cousin on the sunlit lawn.

She was tall, graceful, gracious—shyly making conversation. As he walked by her side, listening to her voice, looking at her brown hair, her blue eyes, her pale face, he was thinking deeply. It was not true what the dowagers had told him. She was as she had always been—in his eyes at least. The years had not touched her.

Presently they sat side by side on a stone bench at the end of the terrace, and looked out over the park-land to the old woods. Her shyness had gone now: she was talking as if to an old friend, and not to a distinguished stranger. As he listened to her voice he was a child again and she was a child. All the years had not touched them.

"But, Tom, how did you earn your name—'The Man with the Bangle'?"

"I have brought it home for you."

"What?"

"Here it is—the bangle"; and he twisted it off his wrist, and twisted it on her wrist.

"But I have something else for you"; and he brought out a letter-case, and carefully

drew from it a folded piece of paper. "Take it, Mabel, and read it. Read it aloud, will you? . . . No, you must. I have come here to make you read it."

Then she read it aloud. It was her own childish scrawl:—

"I hop you will Come here next Hollydays and all yur Hollydays. I love you very much, and if you wil mary me when I am growne up I wil do so."

"Well?" said Tom.

"But I have grown up too much. I—I—am too old now. You can't still want me."

"I have never left off wanting you."

"And I have never left off waiting for you."

"BUT I HAVE GROWN UP TOO MUCH. I—I—AM TOO OLD NOW."

From an Old Scrapbook.

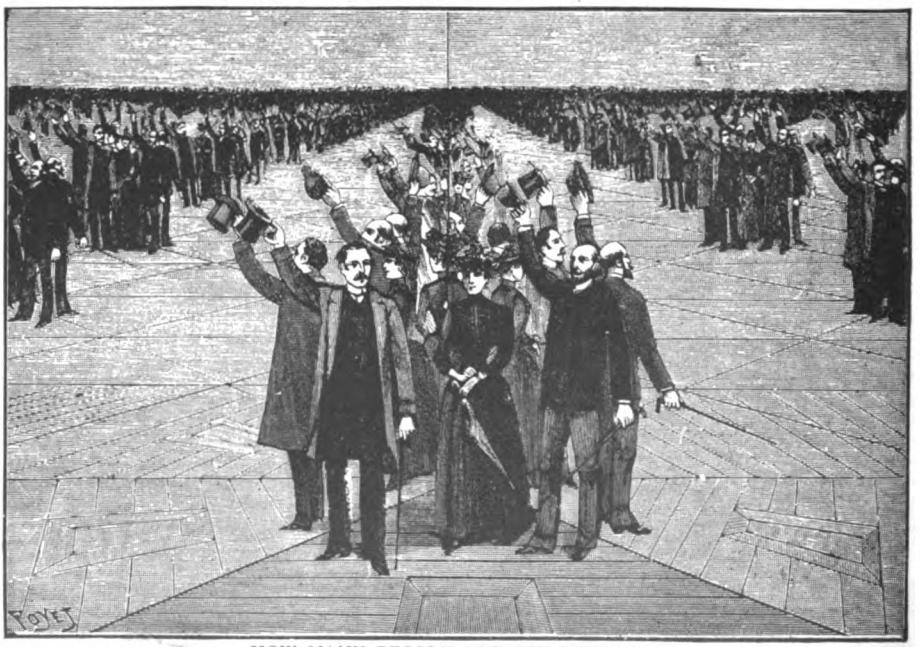
AN old scrapbook, made with a sense of what is strange and striking—what a mine of interest it contains! The eye wanders from picture to picture of every variety of subject, old and new—an ingenious invention, a curiosity of science, a flight of sheer imagination, a puzzle-picture, an optical illusion, or a strange old print; just such a collection, in short, as will meet the eye of the reader in turning over the following pages.

Here, first, is one of the most singular inventions that surely ever issued from the brain of man—a glass cycle! It consists of a thick and transparent ball or sphere of glass of suitable size, having a small entrance, just large enough for a man to slip through, and an axle running from side to side, which is bent in the middle, so as to form a seat. When the occupant desires to move forward, all he has to do is to walk in the ordinary way, guiding the machine by inclining himself to the right or left. The idea appears perfectly feasible, and no doubt the machine would suit a grass track to perfection, but the condition of the cyclist after a lengthy run over a muddy road can only be compared to that of a prisoner in a dark cell.

A GLASS CYCLE.

Our next picture represents a truly extraordinary illusion. How many people are there in this photograph? The answer is almost incredible. There are only three! They are standing between three mirrors placed in a triangle, and their multiplied reflections form the appearance of a crowd.

We now come to a picture which has not often been surpassed in the realms of weird fancy. J. J. Grandville, a French artist of much imagination, died in 1847, and the striking picture on the next page is the last which he produced. The meaning of this strange design is here given in his own words:



HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE THERE HERE?

A DREAM OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

"It is the dream of an assassin overcome by remorse. He dreams first of the act itself, which took place in a lonely forest, near a cross which indicated that a crime had already been committed there. By one of the freaks well known in dreams, the victim, who has been killed in the midst of trees, is a tree as well as a man; while, in the next stage, the cross has become a fountain dripping blood, which changes into supplicating hands. The vase which surmounts the fountain becomes a judge's cap. The cross changes to the sword of justice, while the hands become the hands of the law supporting the scales of justice, one of which, by an awful effect of nightmare, is an enormous eye from which he cannot escape, although he mounts on horseback. He leaves the horse and climbs a lofty column; it breaks and lets him fall into the sea, pursued still by the awful eye, which now belongs to a gigantic fish, which seizes him with teeth of steel. At this moment, at the height of his horror, he sees before him a shining cross — the sign of redemption. He strives to reach it, but he cannot—he cannot—and in the agony of his effort he awakes."

It is not generally known who or what was the origin of Sam Weller. Mr. Samuel Vale, the comic actor of the Surrey Theatre, who

is depicted in the accompanying print, introduced peculiarly novel comparisons into his parts and in his daily talk with his companions and familiar associates. The odd whimsicality of their nature is best understood on reference to the following examples :—

"I am down upon you," as the extinguisher said to the rushlight.

"Let everyone take care of themselves," as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens.

"Come on," as the man said to the tight boot.

"I am turned soger," as the lobster said when he popped his head out of the boiler.

"Where shall we fly?" as the bullet said to the trigger.

"When a man is afraid to show the front of his face, let him turn round and show the back of it," as the turnstile said to the weathercock.

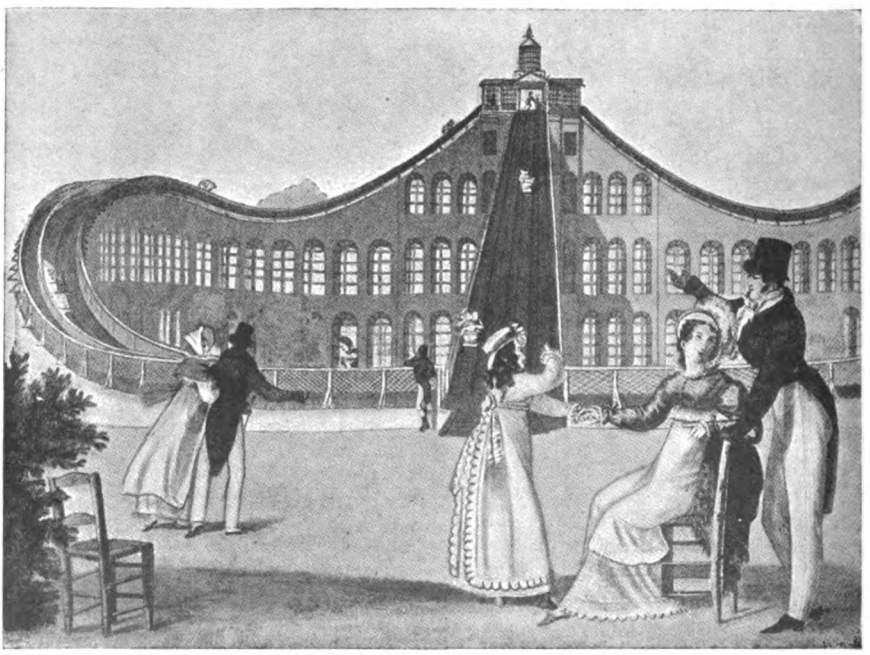
"Off with a whisk," as the butcher said to the flies.

"I am all over a perspiration," as the mutton-chop said to the gridiron.

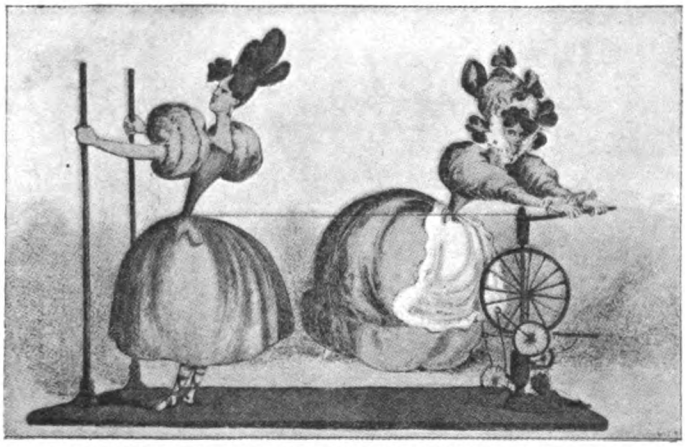
THE ORIGIN OF SAM WELLER.

From 1830 to 1836 this style became popular among the audiences enjoying performances such as the Surrey. Then we find "Pickwick" bounding into life. Sam Vale becomes Sam Valer, and ultimately emerges from the inn-yard in his new suit of clothes, the poet-novelist's creation, a full Sam Weller, who wonders if he is meant for "a footman or a groom, a gamekeeper or a seedsman."

Our next curious picture, which is reproduced from an old French print of about 1820, well illustrates the ancient saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." It shows that switchbacks and toboggans, then known as Promenades Aériennes, are not, as it is generally supposed, a modern invention, but merely a revival.



SWITCHBACKS AND TOBOGGANS OF 1820.



A CORRECT VIEW OF THE NEW MACHINE FOR WINDING UP THE LADIES—1820.

The next two pictures which catch our eye both illustrate the same saying perhaps even more remarkably. The agitation against tight-lacing is no new thing. The accompanying print, which represents "a machine for winding up the ladies," was produced by some satirist nearly a century ago—alas, without result! Indeed, the only impression produced upon our fair readers will probably be merely one of envy of the figure of the lady who is being operated upon, and an ardent desire to possess an apparatus which can achieve such a miracle.

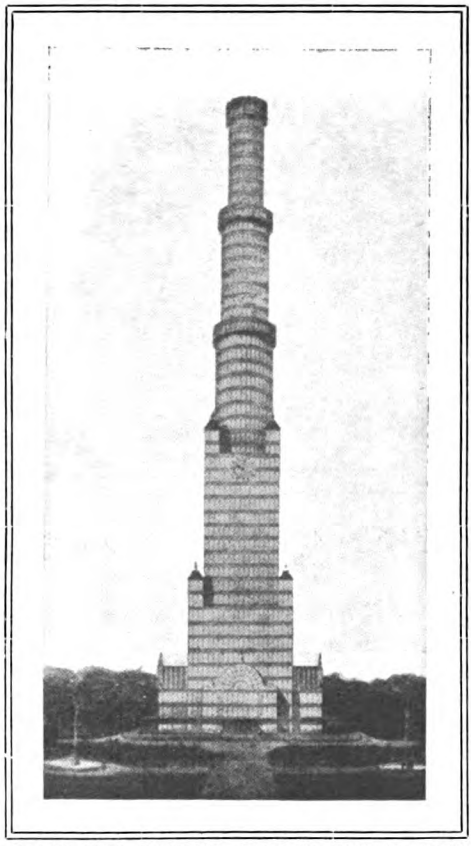
The picture below it shows, in a way no less remarkable, that our "new women" are merely fresh versions of the old—indeed, in this instance, in a much milder form. Where we criticise our lady folk for inhaling the fumes of a scented cigarette, our forefathers had, apparently, reason to complain of a churchwarden pipe and a glass of strong waters!

THE "NEW WOMAN" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Frederick the Great, King of Prussia," comes upon us in a form which we are slow to recognise. It is not until we hold the page level with the eye, so as to foreshorten the figure as much as possible, that His Majesty appears before us in his form and habit as he lived. We have more than once published examples of writing in which the elongated letters are intended to be read in this manner; but a picture is a different matter, and this is one of the most ingenious of its kind ever produced.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

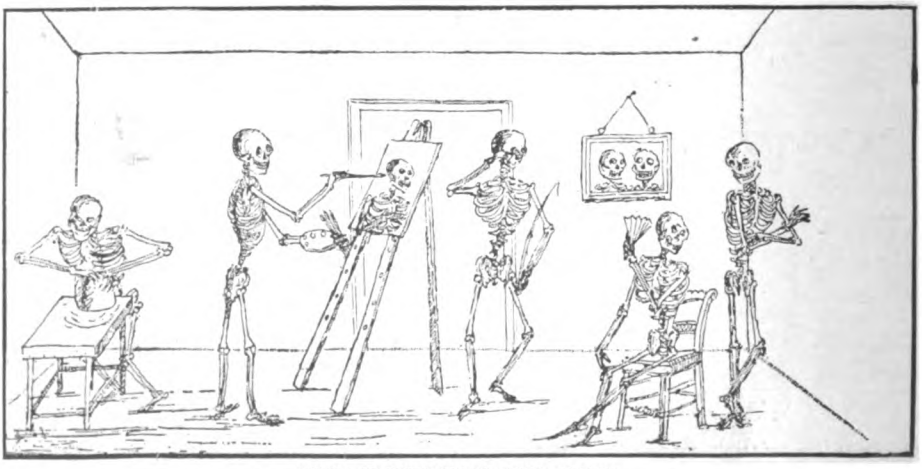
After the closing of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park there was considerable discussion as to the best method of utilizing the huge glass structure in which it had been held. As everybody knows, it was eventually removed to Sydenham, and now forms the Crystal Palace. The accompanying print is one of the rejected proposals. It was a design by C. Burton, an architect, for converting the building into a tower a thousand feet high. It was proposed to have four rooms ascending and descending continually by means of a vertical railway, moved by steam power; an enormous clock, upwards of forty-four feet in diameter, with figures ten feet long and minute-hand twenty-two feet; the base of the building to be used as a conservatory; the summit, seventy feet in diameter, for astronomical purposes; and the intermediate sections to be converted into use for scientific collections.



WHAT THE CRYSTAL PALACE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED LIKE.

A romantic and mysterious story is attached to the curious drawing which comes next. It forms part of a set of twelve, which were drawn in lime-white on a wall between Turnham Green and Brentford some time during the last century by an unknown artist, who always worked at night and who was never discovered. The whole series were copied in lithography by F. C. Liardet, and are now in the British Museum. Whether they were the result of a mere freak, or whether they concealed some mystery worthy of the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to unravel, can never now be known — unless the ingenuity of some of our readers can propose a probable solution.

We come now upon a couple of excellent



SOME MYSTERIOUS SKELETONS.

TWO OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

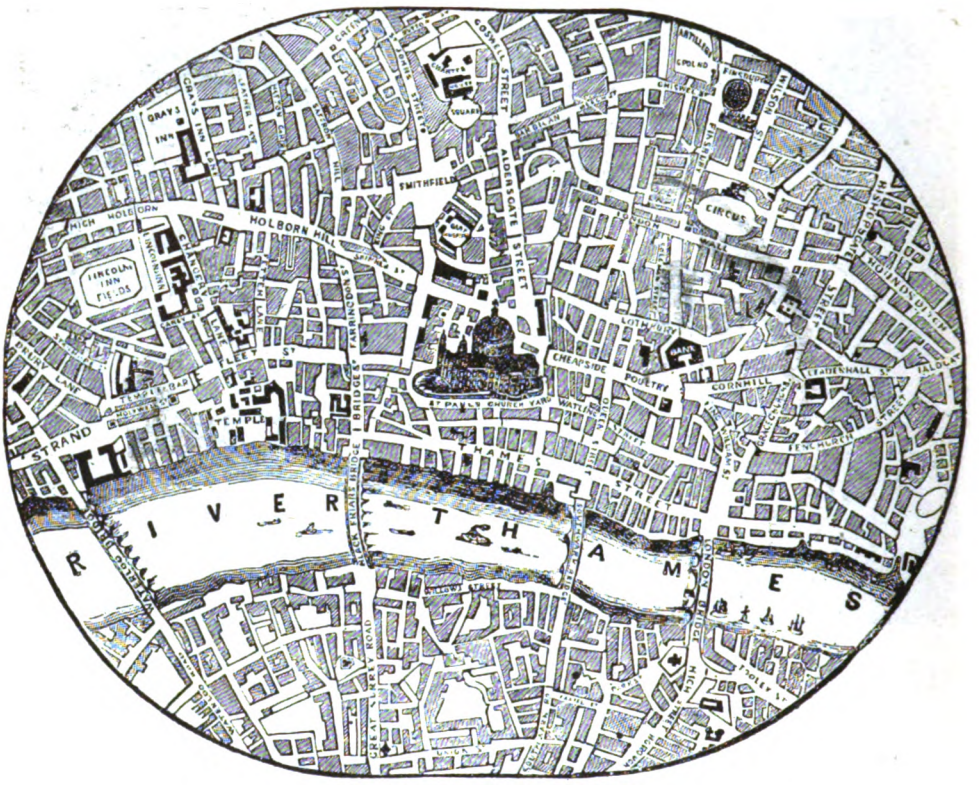
illusions. Look first at this charming picture of two happy children playing with a puppy, the reproduction of a design by an able Italian artist, M. Gallieni, who painted it to represent two entirely different subjects in one. If you look at the picture from a distance of a yard or two in a rather dim light it will assume a second and entirely different appearance — that of a hideous skull —as displeasing to the eye as the first aspect was agreeable.

Turn now to the right-hand picture. If you will look at this face, just below the eyebrows, for a few seconds, you will find its eyes opening and staring at you sadly in return!

How many children are there depicted in the print below? At first sight, three. But three are not half enough. We will say no more than that, by way of hint to the reader, who will no doubt like to exercise his ingenuity without further assistance.

HOW MANY CHILDREN ARE THERE HERE?

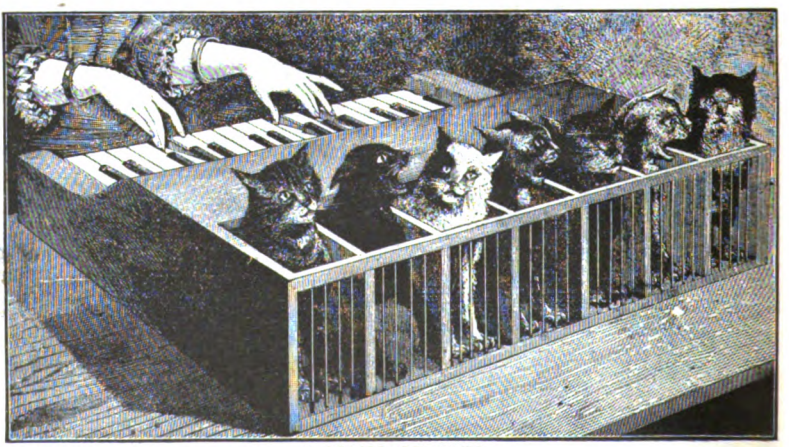
Then we have another ingenious old puzzle, "The Labyrinth of London," which doubtless gave our forefathers great delight. It was suggested by the numerous obstacles presented to the route of the equestrian through the Metropolis by the repair of



THE LABYRINTH OF LONDON.

the roads, water-pipes, gas-pipes, etc. The traveller is supposed to enter by the Waterloo Road, and his object is to reach St. Paul's Cathedral without passing any of the barriers which are placed across those streets supposed to be under repair. The puzzle is interesting, and by no means so difficult as may be supposed at first sight.

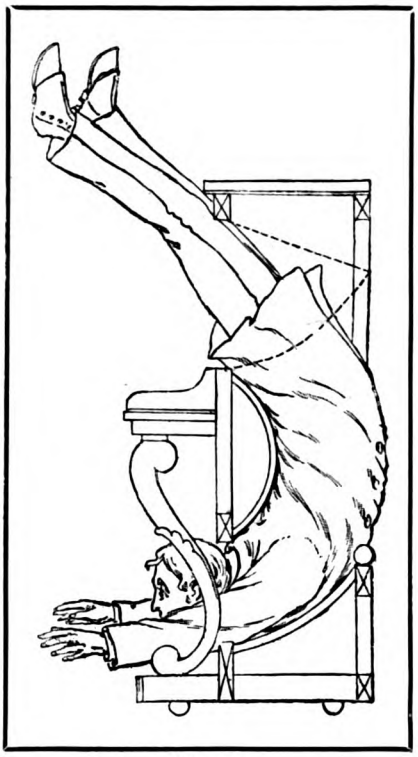
Ingenuity of a different sort is displayed in the highest degree, however eccentric and misplaced, in the "cat-piano" next depicted. The keys press the cats' tails, each of which is trained to mew a certain note. To say that they may be expected to play the "Cats' Quadrilles" is perhaps rather too obvious a joke.



A PIANO OF CATS.

Curiously enough, our next subject also concerns a piano—indeed, it is called "The Piano Trick." In this trick, which had an enormous success when performed by the troupe of Hanlon-Lees, the performer seats himself at a piano and appears to play a

(FIG. 1.)



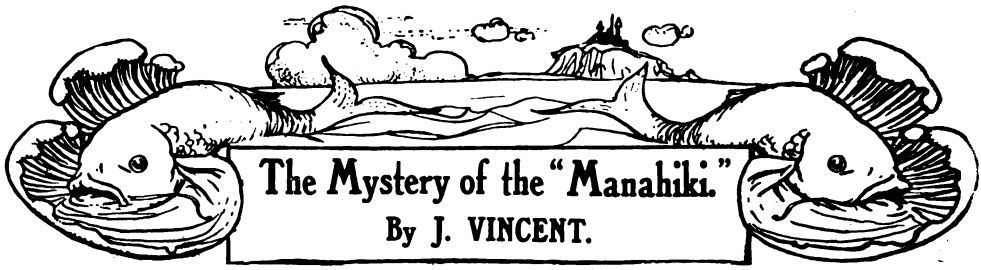
(FIG. 2.)

THE PIANO TRICK.

rattling waltz upon it, which, however, is really played on another piano behind the scenes. Suddenly he springs from his seat and takes a dive into the upper panel of the piano, and immediately his head and hands burst through the lower panel, to the astonishment and amusement of the startled spectators (Fig. 1). The explanation is shown in Fig. 2. The piano is hollow, and the panels are made of thin india-rubber, with perforations which are invisible when untouched. The performer, when he has grimaced and wrung his hands in despair sufficiently long, draws down his legs and lets them fall through the opening at the back of the piano, so that he stands on the ground. He then withdraws his head and arms, and appears to the spectators to have disappeared inside the instrument.

CURIOUS SKETCH DRAWN BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Our last selection is a kind of pictorial pun drawn by George Cruikshank in a young lady's album: "A Long Time a-making a Drawing." Do you see the point?



The Mystery of the "Manahiki."

By J. VINCENT.

I WAS six weeks down with fever in hospital at Honolulu, and I came out a broken man. They said at the agent's that there was no work going in the port, but a bar-tender told me of a billet on the islands, so I sent a wire out of my last few dollars and waited with what patience I could for the answer. It was a goodish spell before it came, for a long message from across the sea-beds broke suddenly "click! click!" into the office; one of history's big deals in human life, some ten thousand souls wiped out by a tidal-wave; so my little concerns had to stand aside and let the death-news flash across the world. At last the old chilly reply came, "Filled up," and, sick at heart, I stumbled blindly out of the office, and on the doorstep walked into James Calder, a man I had not seen for ten years.

"Sorry," I muttered, for I did not recognise him at first, but he caught me by the coat.

"It's a precious wee world, Gregory!" he said. "Why, I thought you were in the Rio London!"

"So I was," I replied. "Turned it up for gun-running, but there wasn't a cent in the game, so when the brass was gone I came away East. Got the push at Hong-Kong and I've only just left hospital here. How's yourself? I'd heard you were in the West India way."

"Just so," said Calder, "but I dropped into a bit last year, and I am on my own now. My word, I'm sorry for you, old man; you look like a corpse. Funds bad?"

"Well," I answered, "you could push all I have across a bar and go out fairly sober There's nothing going here, either. Filled up. Don't suppose you could offer me anything, could you? I'm not proud."

"We can't discuss matters here, anyway," said Calder. "Come over and have a bit of food with me and I'll tell you."

And so, after dinner, as we sat on the hotel veranda, he told me.

"About twenty years ago, in one of the out-of-the-way groups — call it Salvation Island, if you like — they had a sort of mascot, a graven image, such as are common over the South Seas. The fame of this Aitu was big, and some local fortune-teller had given out that if ever it was lost or stolen things would be uncomfortable for the islands, the King, and the thief, too.

"This tale got round somehow to old Spencer Ayres, one of the Pacific trading toughs. He didn't care a clam-shell for the curse; his bill was long enough, anyway, and he promptly stole the thing, meaning to blackmail the King for its return.

"However, it seems the fortune-teller wasn't talking through his hat, for Spencer and his ship, the *Manahiki*, went down during a squall, just under the lea of Salvation Island, and only two of the Kanakas they had aboard succeeded in getting on shore, where a trader found them, very small in the waist, a fortnight later.

"Sure enough, too, the luck of the island seems to have gone off in the Aitu's luggage. First the King died, then the copra failed, after which the 'trades' strewed the beaches with wrecked fishing boats; and this kind of thing continued in a most distressing fashion.

"At last, after two years of misfortune, the then King and his council determined to fish up the mascot if they could, and to bring him back in state; so, having obtained information as to the wreck from the survivors, off they went.

"They found the wreck right enough, for the *Manahiki* had gone down gently, and lay on an even keel, in about eight or nine fathoms of water

"The image had been stowed in the

forward-house abaft of the foremast, and there a diver caught sight of him through the open door smiling as if he liked his quarters. But when the man went down the second time with a bight of rope to put round the mascot they saw him suddenly jump backwards out of the house with grey, unearthly hands reaching after him through the door, which hands caught him by the throat so that he fell in a heap, and when at last they got him up he was dead—stone dead—but without a mark on him.

"Then the chief pulled a steady face and said it was an accident, and called for volunteers to go down at so much a shot, raising the price till at last a second man, with a line about him so that they could fetch him up quick in case of trouble, went down.

"His mates saw him disappear through the door, then almost at once the signal rope jerked frantically, and it took eight strong men with creaking backs to lift the poor devil out of the house; and no wonder, for they could see huge grey hands holding him crumpled up like a rag doll. Then of a sudden the grip relaxed, the haulers fell in a heap, and the body of the man shot up from the water and then lay very still with swollen white eyes.

"The look of him was good enough for the natives. There was no getting them to hang about the place; they swore that all the bottom of the sea, about the wreck, was creeping with unholy things, and before many minutes the schooner under all sail was nipping out of the lagoon.

"But the luck of the islands has been so wickedly bad that the chief is ready to give top prices for the mascot, if he can only get the thing back. And that," concluded Calder, bringing his fist down on the table, "is how matters stand now, and I'm going to have a shy at salvaging that jim-jam. I've got a tidy lot of Kanakas, but at this sort of game there's not a dollar's worth of sand among the lot, and I want a man like you to stiffen them up. So if you like you can come on to-night. The screw will be all right, the food is all right, and we'll arrange a good commission for you if we pull the thing off."

It seemed a weird sort of story, but I had heard odd tales enough round that department of the sea, and it seemed to me somehow that there was money in the business. Besides, a berth was a berth, after all, and I guessed Calder did not go butterfly hunting in the way of trade. So we settled the deal between two cocktails and I went aboard right away.

The *Tongarewa* was a dainty, hundred-ton of teak that you could sail with a handkerchief. She had been built for the copra and fruit trade, and carried, beside us two whites, eight Kanakas, who pigged in the forecastle, where there was a gaudy print of Kammehammehah V. and a dirty looking-glass for them to grin into. One of the Kanakas was a dime wonder, even for a South Sea Islander, a huge twenty-five-stone giant called Kaman, and one of the two survivors of the *Manahiki*. Calder had run him down in Sydney and brought him along to show us round the wreck.

There was no moss on Calder when he took on a job, and in three days we cast off at nightfall from under the shadow of the Devil's Punch Bowl, dodged through the channels and the drift of shipping, and stood out to sea.

We had a quiet time the next fortnight. The big, kind Pacific was asleep; but all of a sudden the "trade" sprang upon us with a roar. The waters were astir from the Farallows to Fiji, and we staggered with whining tackle and storm sails set hard as clenched teeth, till one evening we made our landfall between two grey rags of rain, and ran across the combers to the clever handling of Kaman into the stillness of the lagoon beyond.

About midnight the sky cleared. Sea and island lay black and white, like a photo-slide, under the big Tropic moon. It was my watch, and I walked up and down the deck listening to the cannonade on the reef outside, where the water spurted up into fountains of white fire. The moon yellowed and swung down the west like a huge Chinese lantern; the dawn star ran up and spilled fire in the green of the east. Then, hand over fist, up came the dawn clear as polished brass, and Salvation Island stood before us. It lay against the south, long and saddle-backed, tufted with small scrub palm and wreathed with wheeling sea-fowl, but there were no natives about, the place was too barren.

The northern coast off which we were lying ran forward in a number of bays, and across these was strung reef upon reef, the outward ones a dancing ground for the tall combers that volleyed up into thunder and smoke, so that the ear was filled with their noise. The very place to pile a schooner, I thought, looking on the maze of roaring ledges among the idle lagoons.

By this time most of us were on deck prospecting the island. Kaman was charting

the place on his great copper fingers, and Calder listened, while the other Kanakas stood round gaping and showing the whites of their eyes.

By and by we got under way, with Kaman at the wheel. The set of the currents was strong, but the schooner crept with quiet shadows over the lagoon, till Kaman suddenly gave a shout, the kedge splashed into ten fathoms of water, and the *Tongarewa* hove to, slowly circling by the head.

I must say the thing did Kaman credit, because there, right under the bows, like a solid shadow, lay the poor old *Manahiki*, about twenty fathoms away. She had only a small list to starboard, so that the decks lay fair and even below, and the two stumps of the masts, studded with barnacle, rose like the piles of a bridge, within a yard of the surface. Though the weeds and the shells had burred her into a thing of the sea, you could still see in that wonderful clear water the white Tropic paint grey among the raffle. Abaft the foremast was a little forward-house, and it was here, according to Kaman, that the Aitu was berthed. The door stood conveniently open; you couldn't complain as far as that went, and it seemed a soft thing to go and call on the old man; but I suppose it was due to the tales we had heard, for sure it is that, as we looked over into the green depths below, an unholy sickness came over us. Hideous, clammy shapes seemed to crawl among the waving tangle of weeds, slipping into open hatchways, and coiling like knots of water in the shadow below.

I don't mind saying now that the meat on me was crawling about my bones, and I guess the others felt the same. So there we stood staring blankly, with the roar of the reefs drumming in our ears, and now and again, in between, you could catch the ghostly chuckling of the lagoon about our ship's side.

"Say, old pal," whispered Calder to me at last, wiping out the inside of his cap, with a sickly face, "we must set the blacks to work at once—there's a blooming spell or something about the place."

We had to boot some of the niggers, but they picked themselves together at last. The first thing was to chart the wreck carefully and make out the set of the currents, which was a puzzle, but we got hold of the right end at last. Then, by a warp, we slung the boat squarely over the forward-house, about twenty yards from the *Tongarewa*. All this took some working and it was noon before we were well fixed up. Calder, myself, and seven Kanakas were in the boat. The light flickered up the sides of the ship and the sun was as warm as a clear fire, but we felt deadly cold about the belt; I couldn't tell you why.

"Kaman looks scared, and that's a fact," I whispered to Calder, for the big Kanaka, his face grey, was crouching in the bows, nervously licking his thick lips.

"Here you, Kaman!" said Calder, though his own voice was none too big; "you ready, what's up?"

"Me catch fear," said Kaman, slowly rolling his eyes. "No go down."

Calder whipped out a bag and emptied it before the Kanaka and counted out seventy-eight Yankee and twenty-two Chilian dollars.

"See here, Kaman," he said, "fifty dollars if you can tell us exactly how the Aitu is placed; a hundred if you get a rope fixed about it. Now don't sit there shivering and let your pluck freeze, you blubber-lipped baboon."

"You talk fine, boss!" answered the Kanaka. "S'pose Aitu make me dead?"

For answer Calder slammed another canvas bag on deck.

"S'pose, you fish-eyed fool," he said, "I say another fifty dollars. See here, down on the nail. Not one piece more, savvey?"

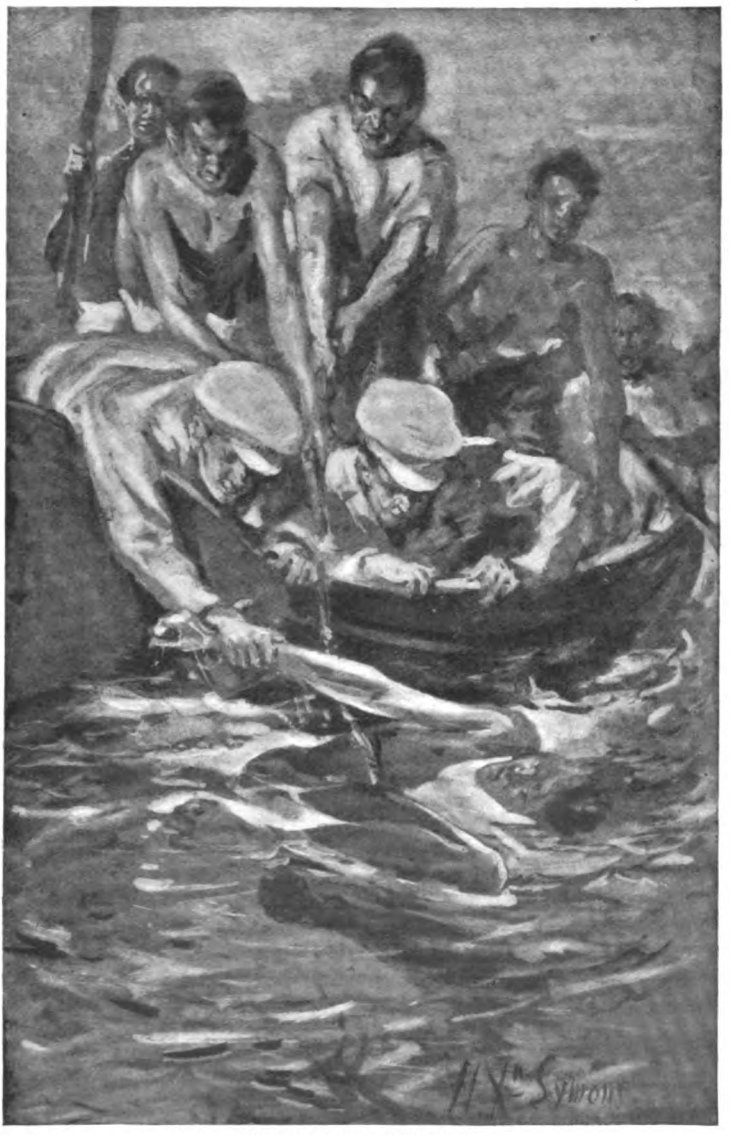
The Kanaka did not move.

"All right," shouted Calder; "go to blazes then. You don't get one piece more," and he scooped up the money.

"Stop," said Kaman, with a jump; "all right, boss, I go."

He threw off his loin-cloth, fastened a heavy knife by a leather slip to his wrist, settled a line round his armpits in case of accident, and swung the guide-rope, with its great stone weight, plumb over the forward-house, then flashed over the side. We saw him alight with a bound before the door and peer into the inside of the cabin, steadying himself on the slimy foothold of the weeds, then quickly he passed through.

The line ran between our fingers and stopped. Then suddenly we felt it alive in our hands, and Kaman sprang backward out of the door, stabbing at some unseen enemy. Then hands grey and shapeless laid hold of him, and at the touch he leaped frantically towards the surface, then crumpled up like a broken toy. But by this time we had our backs into the rope, and he came at a leap. Down below, in the ghastly coil of water, strange things were moving, and wicked bubblings broke about Kaman as we hauled him aboard; then all was quiet again. We laid the big brown body on the warm planks



"WE HAULED HIM ABOARD."

of the boat, got the water out of him by the Royal Humane Society method, poured a dram down his throat, and after a bit he came round; but he couldn't speak.

Calder and four of the Kanakas went aboard the ship with him; I stopped behind in the boat with two cowering Kanakas. The sea and the wreck seemed absolutely quiet, and yet down below there in that cabin some devilish mystery was packed. I thought the thing over carefully in a pipe of tobacco and my mind was made up. Presently Calder called me aboard.

"Now, Gregory," he said, "put a name to this, if you can. Kaman's come round, but there's no mistake he made the landfall of Kingdom Come. I can't make out what he saw, but there's a whole crowd of them down below. They work the show between them, and their touch is pretty near as good as death. There isn't a man will go down again, and I don't see my way to blame them. I wouldn't go myself. Call me a fool, if you like, for I shall drop a couple of thousand dollars over this job, but I've a wife and family, and I can't take any chances. The thing, whatever it is, is a holy terror."

"I don't know but what I'm not a bigger

fool," I said. "Anyway, I haven't got a family nor a wife, and I'm going to see this thing through, one way or another. I reckon that blooming jim-jam is keeping a sort of irregular establishment down there, and I'm going to find out a bit about it, if I have to blow the bounder out of the sea. It's no good your shaking your head, Calder; I'm dead on this job, so just you fetch the diving-suit up and put it through while I interview Kaman."

The Kanaka was lying back in his bunk as yellow as a stale egg, and so dazed that it took me half an hour to get this much out of him.

Looking in at the door, he had seen the Aitu leaning forward from the farther wall with a slip of rusty chain round him to keep him on his feet. The cabin was amazingly dark, except flush in front of the door, and it seemed to him as if the shadows were too substantial, still he couldn't see much amiss. Anyhow, he was just going to slip a rope over the Aitu's head, when the shadows became alive, scores of angry eyes flashed out on him, something slipped forward, huge, horrible hands flapped about, laying hold of his arm, and at the touch his senses slipped from him like water. He didn't remember anything more till he came to himself aboard the boat.

I found Calder fumbling with the diving-dress.

"You're never going?" he muttered.

"You bet!" I said. "I mean to hustle the blackguard and teach him manners."

"You don't know what you are talking of," said he, in my ear. "My God, I was looking over at the forward-house and I saw those awful hands come groping out of the door. He's at home, and don't you make any mistake."

"You might have kept that chip to yourself a bit longer, partner," I answered. "But I'm not going to be bullied. Someone, me or him, is asking for trouble, that's a bet."

"You'll remember you are doing this on your own? I won't be responsible."

"Just so," I answered. "I know all about that, but I hope to pull through, and if I don't I guess I sha'n't have a chance to come and prosecute you."

It took some time to get that diving-suit to go, but about four in the afternoon it was ready, and I was sitting in the boat with my helmet on my knees. I own I took a last look round before they screwed me in. It was a glorious sight. The sky was without a flaw, the blue walls of the sea crumbled into silver dust on the edge of the lagoon, and about the folds of the cliffs the sea birds hung like coils of smoke with shrill gusts of sound. I took my fill and felt a kind of fear settling on me, so I just shook hands with Calder, they screwed the helmet on me, made all tight, the pumps began to pant in my ears, and, with a heavy gaff in my hand, I went over the side. The water closed above my head with a roar; as I slid down the guide-rope there was a thick silence through which the air-tubes sobbed and whispered, and then in a moment I felt beneath me the soft, thick weeds of the deck.

Presently I dimly made out the long sweep of the bulwarks, the up-driving bulk of the foremast, and the forward-house. A crowd of small fishes fled before me like a flight of birds, and now my heart swelled up as big as a bucket, and the blood was boiling in my ears as I crept closer and looked within. By this time my sight had grown used to the dimmering light of the sea, and, lurching forward toward the doorway, I saw the big seven-foot figure of the Aitu grinning and ugly as they make them, while to the right and left lay the solid shadows.

I had a bight of rope with a running knot ready, and with the gaff I hitched it over the head of the joss, settled it about his middle, where he had something of a waist, and drew close, putting my feet against the door-posts for a leverage. The door was slimy, my foot slipped, and I was jerked inside on my face. I quickly scrambled up, and then my flesh crept about my bones, for a huge, dim shape crowded out the light. Fierce eyes burned in circles around me, and grey, monstrous hands shot out and just missed their hold as I jumped back and upwards in my fear. For a moment, quick as I was, one hideous claw laid hold of my bare hand, and I felt a fearful numbing pain, then the green about me burst into fire which shrivelled my brain like a flame.

When I recovered I was lying on my back in the boat, the good blue sky above me and the warm sunset about my face.

"Have you got him?" I jerked out at last.

"Lie still, mate, and don't worry," said Calder, white to the ears. "That was a touch and go."

"Never mind me," I told them; "I'm all right. Start raising the joss. He'll come as sweetly as a cork. There's no strength in the cabin roof if you have to pull him through it, but he's heading for the door now."

They wouldn't listen to me at first, but I persisted, and when they bore on the rope

"ONE HIDEOUS CLAW LAID HOLD OF MY BARE HAND."

they saw right away the head of the Aitu shove out of the door, and there he stuck. So we warped the schooner close, rove the rope through a block at a yard-arm, and laid on.

Kaman came in with his twenty-five stone and a power of language, and I guess between us we'd have lifted the Pacific. The rope tightened, and with a run up came the jim-jam, his streaming face all agrin. I can tell you he looked pleased at the welcome, for the cheer we gave him wiped the birds off the cliffs.

Inside of ten minutes he was lying snug in the fore-cabin upon a pack of spare canvas, smiling with a face like a winkle-barrow.

"You beauty!" said Calder, shaking his fist at him. "I could kick your bung-nose off. I guess we'll clear out now, Gregory; you can tell us all about it afterwards."

"Hold on, Calder," I said; "give me a quarter of an hour. I've a bill to pay before I go."

"Don't you go in for any blooming foolishness now," he answered. "Aren't you satisfied? By gum, it was a near thing for you!"

But I went below and fetched up a dynamite bomb, such as the natives use when they go fishing. The schooner was already wearing away, so I dropped into the dinghy and cast off. It was getting dark, but I mapped out the wreck carefully and located the forward-house. Then, without hurrying, I settled the bomb in a flour-bag, lit the fuse, screwed all tight, and, with a line, slung the whole neatly just in at the door below and sculled off for my skin. Those bombs are a cheap and nasty quality of goods; or perhaps I misjudged the time. Anyway, before I was clear, the sea beneath me came up with a gasp into a stack of water and the boat was clean filliped into the air, chucking me like a biscuit head first against the thwart, where I lay half stunned.

Presently I heard a big shout, and staggered up dazed and bleeding. The sea was still creaming and slapping against the sides of the boat, where all manner of wreckage jostled on the tumbling water, but what took my eye was something that writhed and pitched among the raffle.

It was a huge, hideous, pearl-grey thing, with a sack-like body full three yards long, one end with a fierce, fanged mouth beneath a battery of glittering eyes, while on either side of the trunk stretched strong suckers fitted

with hand-shaped feelers. Calder had put out from the ship and was now alongside.

"You blamed fool," he said; "you nearly hoisted yourself and us to glory. Are you hurt?"

"Not much," I answered. "So that thing was a surprise-packet, was it?"

"Aee!" broke out Kaman, "I savvey now. Big sleep-fish. He touch you, you go sleep—die. Kill fish for him dinner same way."

"By Heaven, he's hit it," said Calder; "I saw a nipper of the same class two years back. He could shock you like a penny machine at a fair. We shoved him in a bucket, and he didn't half make you skip if you put your hand in the water. I've heard they can knock a fish silly at six yards. But this brute sha'n't trouble anyone again, anyway," and he whipped out his revolver and emptied the six chambers in the creature's head.

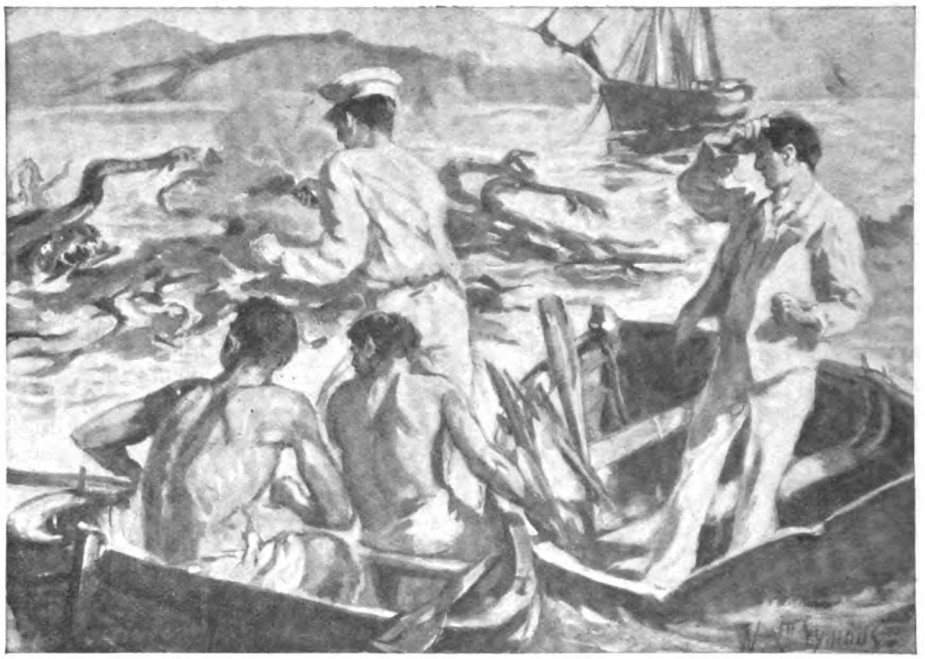
The monster spun round and round, beat the water, and then went down, all waving hands and frills, for everything in the world just like a drowning woman. It made you feel sick.

"By Heaven!" said Calder, "I ain't going to stop to put a wreath on the coffin, anyway. Let's clear out of the pool."

We weren't idle aboard, and within ten minutes the *Tongarewa* was drawing across the lagoon to the breaches in the surf. We had to handle her tenderly, for the Pacific jumped at us out of the darkness with a volley of foam. The schooner went down to the catheads, drew up, ducked again, and then sprang like a goat into the open sea.

We made the Society Island in seventeen days and ran into the roadstead flagged. You should have seen how they put in the time for us when they heard what we had aboard. They say it was the biggest corroboree ever known in the islands. Anyway, all the missionaries had to scoot. I wonder now how any of the natives survived, and they didn't boggle about the price either.

Calder did the straight thing by me—I always said he was the right sort—and my share came to a good two thousand dollars. Moreover, the chief, as soon as he could speak, handed over to us the whole of the copra trade and boycotted outside firms. That's some years ago, and I'm thinking of retiring. Yes, it has been a soft job all the time.



"THE MONSTER SPUN ROUND AND ROUND, BEAT THE WATER, AND THEN WENT DOWN."

Puzzles from Games.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and other Curious Problems."

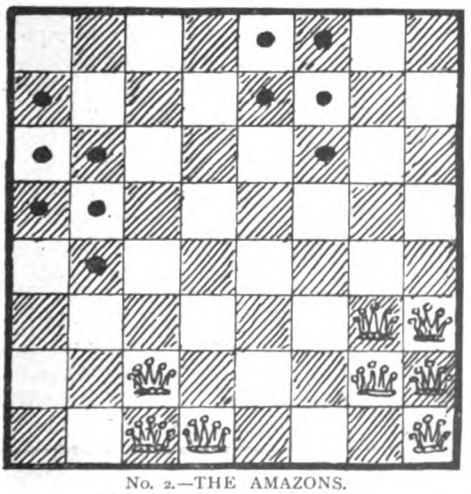
SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

THE solution to "The Forsaken King" (No. 1) is as follows:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4th	1 Any move
2 Q to Kt 4th	2 Any move except on KB file *(a)*
3 Q to Kt 7th	3 K moves to royal row
4 B to Kt 5th	4 Any move
5 Mate in two moves.	
	If 3 K other than to royal [row
4 P to Q 4th	4 Any move
5 Mate in two moves.	
(a)	If 2 Any move on K B file
3 Q to Q 7th	3 K moves to royal row
4 P to Q Kt 3rd	4 Any move
5 Mate in two moves.	
	If 3 K other than to royal [row
4 P to Q 4th	4 Any move
5 Mate in two moves.	

Of course, by "royal row" is meant the row on which the king originally stands at the beginning of a game. Though, if Black plays badly, he may, in certain positions, be mated in fewer moves, the above provides for every variation he can possibly bring about.

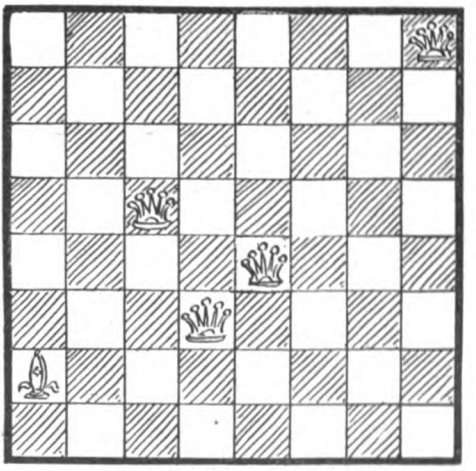
The diagram will make clear the solution to "The Amazons" (No. 2). It will be seen



No. 2.—THE AMAZONS.
Eleven squares are unattacked.

that only three queens have been removed from their positions on the edge of the board, and that, as a consequence, eleven squares (indicated by the black dots) are left unattacked by any queen. I may remark that eight queens cannot be placed on the chessboard so as to leave more than eleven squares unattacked. It is true that we have no rigid proof of this yet, but I have entirely convinced myself of the truth of the statement.

The diagram of "The Queens and Bishop



No. 3.—QUEENS AND BISHOP.
Every square is either occupied or attacked.

Puzzle" (No. 3) is also self-explanatory. The bishop is on the square originally occupied by the rook, and the four queens are so placed that every square is either occupied or attacked by a piece.

"The Ancient Chinese Puzzle" (No. 4) is solved in this way. White's three moves are: 1 R to Q 6th, 2 K to R 7th, 3 R (from R 6th) to B 6th, checkmate. Each of White's three pieces has moved once, and once only.

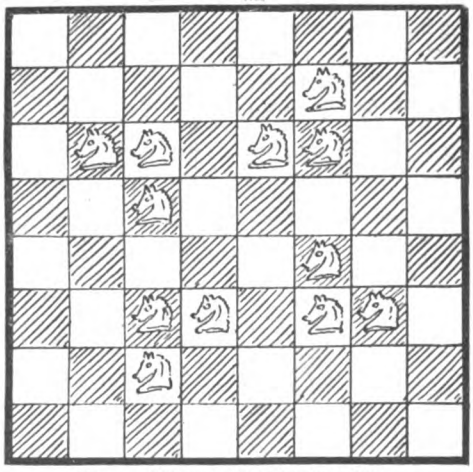
"The Four Puzzles in One" (No. 5) are

solved as follows: (a) Place the Black king on his Q R square, and he can then be checkmated on the move by White with Q to B 8th. The difficulty to the solver lies entirely in his invariable assumption that the White king must necessarily take some part in the business. (b) The Black king is stalemated if placed on his K R 8th. (c) He is checkmated if placed on his K 6th. (d) If you place the Black king on his K Kt 2nd it is impossible to group the three White pieces so that he shall be in checkmate on that square, since the bishop runs on black squares. This will, of course, also apply to Black's Q Kt 7th. If the bishop ran on white squares it would be necessary to place the Black king either on his Q Kt 2nd or his K Kt 7th.

Here is one of the three solutions to "The Witches' Dance" (No. 6):—

Play the queens in the following order, where, for the sake of simplicity, all the moves are reckoned from White's side of the board: Q R 3rd to Q R sq, K R 6th to K R 3rd, K B 2nd to Q 2nd, Q R sq to K B 6th, K R 3rd to Q R 3rd, Q Kt 5th to K R 5th, K B 6th to K B sq, Q B 7th to Q Kt 6th, Q 2nd to Q 7th, K 4th to Q B 2nd, K B sq to K sq, Q Kt 6th to K B 6th, K Kt 8th to Q Kt 8th. No queen has ever attacked another, and the White and Black have exchanged sides of the board in the required thirteen moves.

The diagram shows how in "The Knights Puzzle" (No. 7) we may place twelve knights so that every square of the board shall be either occupied or attacked. This is a solution with the fewest possible knights.



No. 7.—THE KNIGHTS PUZZLE.
Every square is either occupied or attacked.

The answer to "The Rookery" (No. 8) involves the little point that in the final position the numbered rooks must be in numerical order in the direction contrary to that in which they appear in the original diagram, otherwise it cannot be solved. Play the rooks in the following order of their numbers. As there is never more than one square to which a rook can move (except on the final move) the notation is obvious—5, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 7, 5, 4, 7, 3, 6, 7, 3, 5, 4, 3, 1, 8, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, 8, 2, 1, and rook takes bishop, checkmate. These are the fewest possible moves—thirty-two. The Black king's moves are all forced and need not be given.

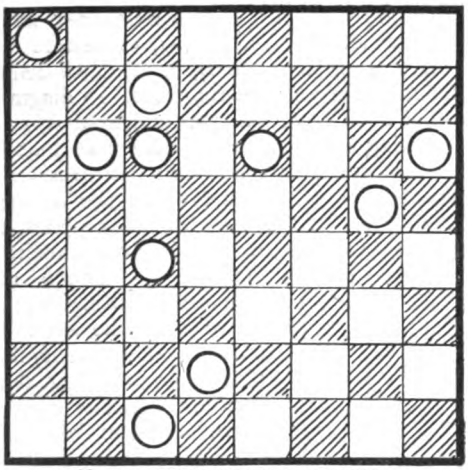
In the case of "Checkmate!" (No. 9), remove the White pawn from B 6th to K 4th and place a Black pawn on Black's K B 2nd. Now, White plays P to K 5th, check, and Black must play P to B 4th. Then White plays P takes P *en passant*, checkmate. This was therefore White's last move, and leaves the position given. It is the only possible solution.

In order to get a position in which White shall have the option of "Thirty-six Mates" (No. 10) on the move, place the remaining eight White pieces thus: K at K B 4th, Q at Q Kt 6th, R at Q 6th, R at K Kt 7th, B at Q 5th, B at K R 8th, Kt at Q R 5th, and Kt at Q B 5th. The following mates can then be given:—

By discovery from Q	8
By discovery from R at Q 6th	13
By discovery from B at R 8th	11
Given by Kt at R 5th	2
Given by pawns	2
Total	36

The answer to "Setting the Board" is as follows. The White pawns may be arranged in 40,320 ways, the White rooks in 2 ways, the bishops in 2 ways, and the knights in 2 ways. Multiply these numbers together and we find that the White pieces may be placed in 322,560 different ways. The Black pieces may, of course, be placed in the same number of ways. Therefore, the men may be set up in 322,560 × 322,560 = 104,044,953,600 ways. But the point that nearly everybody overlooks is that the board may be placed in two different ways for every arrangement. Therefore, the answer is doubled, and is 208,089,907,200 different ways.

The little game of "Foxes and Goose" should always be won by the Foxes. I do not

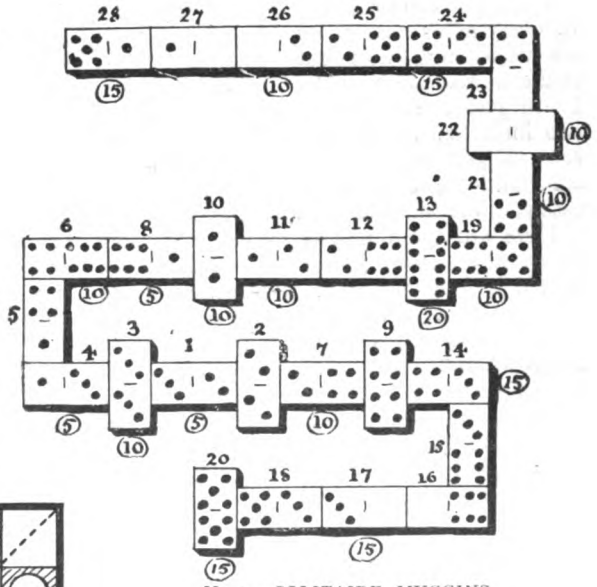


No. 12.—FOUR-IN-LINE PUZZLE.
One solution.

think it necessary in this case to give the line of play, as the reader will have little difficulty in finding it for himself after playing a few games. Though the Goose can temporarily break up the line formation of the Foxes, it will be found that this can soon be restored by correct play and the Goose infallibly driven to the edge of the board and beaten.

In the "Four-in-Line Puzzle" (No. 12) there are four fundamentally different ways of placing the ten draughts so that they shall form five straight lines with four draughts in every line. One case I gave in the last article; the diagrams show the other three. In order to save space, two arrangements are given on the same board.

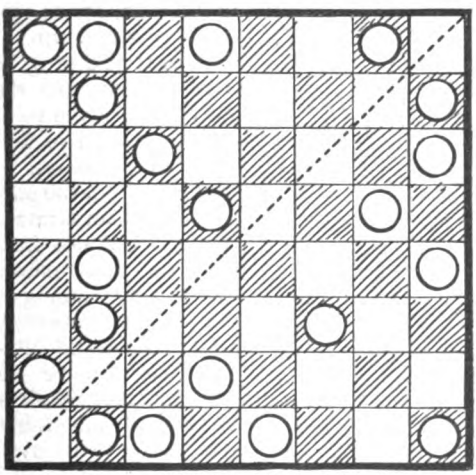
"The Grasshoppers' Quadrille" (No. 13) is quite easy when once you grasp the situation. If we regard only the central column containing three White and three Black draughts, these can be made to change places in fifteen moves. Number the seven squares downwards, 1 to 7. Now play, 3 to 4, 5 to 3, 6 to 5, 4 to 6, 2 to 4, 1 to 2, 3 to 1, 5 to 3, 7 to 5, 6 to 7, 4 to 6, 2 to 4, 3 to 2, 5 to 3, 4 to 5. Six of these moves are simple moves and nine are leaps. Now, there are seven horizontal rows of three White and three Black draughts, if we exclude that central column. Each of these rows may be similarly interchanged in fifteen moves, and as there is some opportunity of doing this in every case



No 14.—SOLITAIRE MUGGINS.
How to score the two hundred.

while we are manipulating the column—that is to say, there is always at some time or other a vacant space in the centre of every row—it should be obvious that all the draughts may be interchanged in $8 \times 15 = 120$ moves.

Passing on to the Domino Puzzles, I give the solution to "Solitaire Muggins" (No. 14). It will be seen from the illustration that the play, indicated in accordance with the method explained last month, scores the maximum of 200. Though this puzzle may be solved by such an illegitimate trick as playing the double three as a single, it will be found

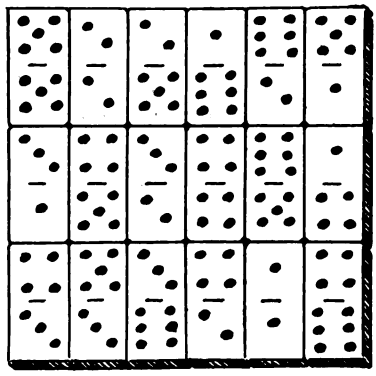


No. 12.—FOUR-IN-LINE PUZZLE.
Two more solutions.

that the solution I give is perfectly straightforward and requires no such artifice.

I show a solution of the "Domino Magic Square" (No. 15) in another diagram. It will be found that all the columns and rows, and the two diagonals, add up 21, as required.

The dice puzzle, "Twenty-five-Up" (No. 16) is solved in this way: The best number to call is either 2 or 3, because, if you, as first player, thoroughly understand the game, the chances are 5 to 1 in your favour against another absolutely correct player. If you select any of the other numbers your chances of winning are only 2 to 1. The reason is this: the only throw that can beat the call of 2 is 5, and the only throw that can beat the call of 3 is 4. In every other case there are two winning throws out of the six that are possible. I will just state that the two important numbers to score, if you possibly can, are 7 and 16, for in either case you win, whatever position the die lies in.



No. 15.—DOMINO MAGIC SQUARE.
Rows, columns, and diagonals add up 21.

Here are the nineteen moves that solve "Central Solitaire" (No. 17). The condition should be remembered that successive leaps with one marble count as only one move; therefore the moves enclosed in parentheses count as one move only: 19—17, 16—18, (29—17, 17—19), 30—18, 27—25, (22—24, 24—26), 31—23, (4—16, 16—28), 7—9, 10—8, 12—10, 3—11, 18—6, (1—3, 3—11), (13—27, 27—25), (21—7, 7—9), (33—31, 31—23), (10—8, 8—22, 22—24, 24—26, 26—12, 12—10), 5—17. All the counters are now removed except one, which is left in the central hole. The solution needs judgment, as one is tempted to make several jumps in one move, where it would be the reverse of good play. For example, after playing the first 3—11 above, one is inclined to increase the length of the move by continuing with 11—25, 25—27, or with 11—9, 9—7.

In the case of "Bachet's Square," let us use the letters A, K, Q, J, to denote ace, king, queen, jack, and D, S, H, C, to denote diamonds, spades, hearts, clubs. In diagrams 1 and 2 we have the two available ways of arranging either group of letters so that no two similar letters shall be in line—though a quarter-turn of 1 will give us the arrangement in 2. If we superimpose or combine these two squares, we get the arrangement of diagram 3, which is one solution. But in each square we may put the letters in the top line in twenty-four different ways without altering the scheme of arrangement. Thus, in diagram 4 the S's are similarly placed to the D's in 2, the H's to the S's, the C's to the H's, and the D's to the C's. It clearly follows that there must be $24 \times 24 = 576$ ways of combining the two primitive arrangements. But the error that Labosne fell into was that of assuming that the A, K, Q, J must be arranged in the form 1, and the D, S, H, C in the form 2. They may obviously be interchanged. So that the correct answer is $2 \times 576 = 1{,}152$, counting reflections and reversals as different.

"The Thirty-one Puzzle." In playing this game, the first player can always win by playing a 5. If your opponent plays another 5 you play a 2 and score 12. Then as often as he plays a 5 you play a 2, and if at any stage he drops out of the series, 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, you step in and win. If after your lead of 5 he plays anything but another 5, you make 10 or 17 and win. The first player may also win by playing a 1, but the play is more complicated. Finally, I will also state that the first player may win by leading a 2. The play, however, is very subtle and difficult, and I have no doubt that many readers will find it immensely entertaining to discover the correct line of play.

1

A	K	Q	J
Q	J	A	K
J	Q	K	A
K	A	J	Q

2

D	S	H	C
C	H	S	D
S	D	C	H
H	C	D	S

3

AD	KS	QH	JC
QC	JH	AS	KD
JS	QD	KC	AH
KH	AC	JD	QS

4

S	H	C	D
D	C	H	S
H	S	D	C
C	D	S	H

BACHET'S SQUARE.
Key to the 1,152 arrangements.

JOHN ADAMS'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

"SMITTEN" was a mild term to apply to John Adams's condition in relation to Miss Burton. "Shattered" would have come much nearer the mark. But John said nothing about it; it was the very deepest and closest secret of his fine, secretive soul.

All the damage was done in a flash—like that of a lightning stroke. It happened on the first night of Miss Burton's appearance at the big farm mansion to give the children music lessons. Supper over, and all the family assembled in the roomy parlour, the new-comer, in pure white, sat down at the piano to show her skill.

Smartly scrubbed and brushed, after his duties in the field, John crept into a seat in a corner. There, motionless throughout the evening, he watched and listened. The next day, Sunday, he burnt up the long hours forging through the tall wheat and the deep wood, striving to shut out the fierce-beating light of love's apocalypse.

Miss Burton—Kitty Burton—had red hair. She was very opulent in this respect. She also had a few freckles—not prominent, but unmistakable. She was not pretty. Her face was disproportionately long, and there was something—cautiously be it said—something otherwise than impeccably straight about her nose. But in her figure and movements, in the texture and tint of her skin, in her manner, temperament, she was exquisite. John, elementally a poet, was wont to talk to himself like this: "When she speaks it's as if a clever hand had touched a harp. When she looks at me I don't see anything but heaven's blue and heaven's stars!"

As Miss Burton was a lovely specimen of what the city could produce, so John was a magnificent example of what the country could produce. Barely twenty-one, six feet tall, gaunt-waisted, deep-chested, with arms as beautiful as they were mighty, he was without a physical rival in the valley. As to brains, no one could look at his great square brow, his penetrating brown eyes, his masterful set of jaw, and doubt that he had brains, especially the crowning attribute of brains—will. As a matter of fact he was just as big mentally as physically. His world was narrow, extending only to the hill-lines and a little way up and down the river, but he knew it to the uttermost, and his thoughts had made many a glorious excursion beyond anything dreamt of in the valley's philosophy.

Many things awkward enough in their way John had dared—quietly, unemotionally, as an ordinary man dares to pat a friendly mastiff's head. At the county fair one day, for instance, happening upon a farm hand who, having lost heavily to a chuck-a-luck "shark," was falling back before a dirk in the hand of the man who had wronged him, John stepped between them, and stood firm-lipped, his big fists clenched.

"Put up the knife!" said John.

"I'll put it into *you!*" cried the ruffian, lunging at John's heart.

A great fist shot out and up, caught the oncoming chin, and there was a crack like the snapping of a hickory stick. The next day, in the potter's field, they buried the chuck-a-luck "shark"; and when John was brought to trial, the evidence in, the jury instructed, the foreman of the panel got up and said:—

"Your honour, it is not necessary to retire; a vote has been taken."

"And what is your verdict?" asked the judge.

"That John Adams—God bless him!—is not guilty!"

But, with all his plentiful courage, in the presence of the self-possessed and delightful Miss Burton John was little more than an inorganic heap. His wits, in these circumstances, worked scarcely at all, and his arms and legs very imperfectly. The spell of the

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piano-playing goddess pursued him even into the fields, interfering with his ability to work and to manage horses. On one occasion he tore down a gate-post and wrecked a hind wheel of his wagon as he drove into the barnyard with a load of hay. John went off with the hay—to his infinite embarrassment—and only his giant-like strength prevented a runaway. On another occasion, while he lay in the shade of a walnut bush, thinking of Miss Burton and under his breath calling her "Kitty," his team actually bolted with a harrow; and in this episode, struggling to check the horses in full gallop, John narrowly escaped with his life.

His father and mother were puzzled. John had never behaved like this before, but no one under the roof of the white mansion save John alone ever suspected the real nature of his trouble.

Miss Burton had been living with the family, patiently instructing the children in music, for about a year, when a great tremor passed over the valley—not an earthquake, but a social disturbance. It was due to the coming to the nearest town—twenty-five miles away—of the "biggest show on earth." Everyone, so far as could be learned, was going to the circus. Certainly all the people at the white mansion were going, Miss Burton with the rest. All the family, except John, would travel in the high spring seats of a huge farm wagon. John would go on horseback, in company with the other young men of the neighbourhood. Possibly he would see something of his own folks during the day, possibly not.

Precisely how it occurred John could not say, but suddenly on the night before the circus he found himself alone with Miss Burton. They were in the parlour. It was the first time he had ventured into that room for a week, and, discovering the critical nature of the situation, he abruptly rose to go. Miss Burton, as usual, was at the piano. Over her ruddy mass of hair, over her long, delicate face, fell a flood of softened light. She was playing something very sweet, touching the keys so lightly that John stopped and held his breath to hear. He was close to her—could have touched her. Her face—he saw nothing but her face—clutched and tugged at his being like a physical force. He was on the point of moving closer, when she looked up, noted his grave, handsome face, and smiled—smiled so sweetly that John's heart could scarce endure the agony of his love.

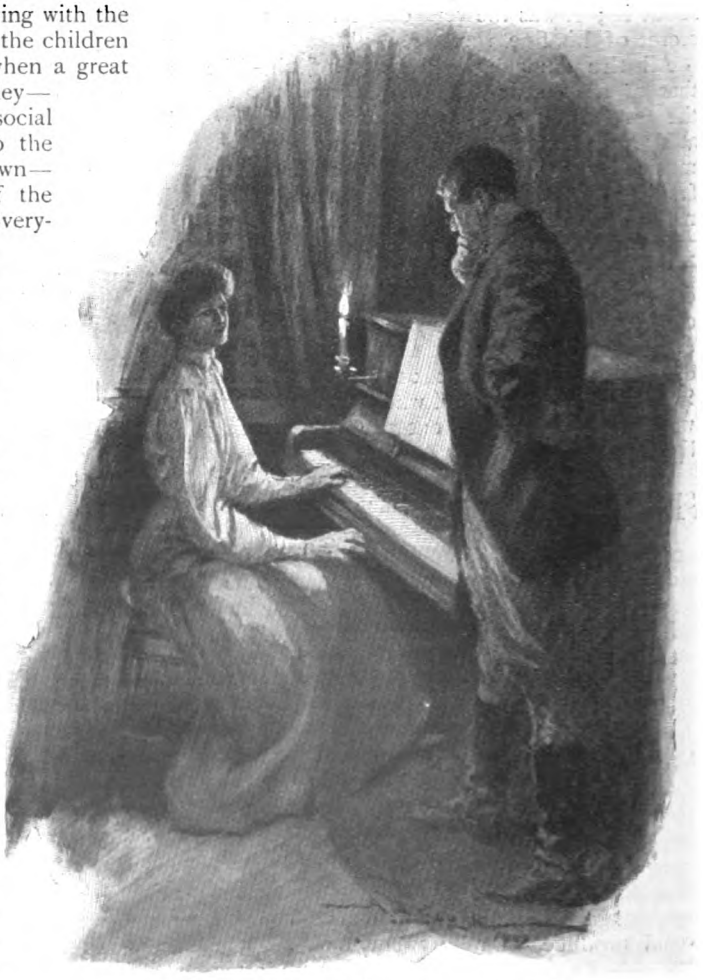
"I'm going to-morrow," she said, suddenly.

John tried in vain to speak.

"I don't mean to the circus—although I am likely to go to the circus, too."

"Going!" stammered John.

"Yes," she said, her lashes drooping, and a deep shade of sadness overspreading her



"'I'M GOING TO-MORROW,' SHE SAID, SUDDENLY."

face. "I'm leaving the valley. And I love the valley!"

"Then, Miss Burton," said John, forcing his words out with almost insuperable difficulty, "why do you leave?"

"Because I've been appointed principal of the music school at home, and must start work at once. It is a very lovely school, you know."

"I am—sorry," said John, thickly. "Good night!"

"Good night," answered Miss Burton, slowly, gazing intently after John's big figure as it passed quickly from the room by the outer door. For a moment John paused in the intense darkness just beyond the threshold. It seemed to him that he must go back; that life would be unbearable without Miss Burton. Then again came that low, sweet harmony, and again John held his breath to listen. Suddenly the music ceased, the light in the parlour was put out, and John heard the closing of an inner door.

"It's getting late," he reflected. "She's gone to bed. But—no matter."

In his room John sat down by the window, the soft south wind blowing full in his face. The moon came up, magnifying his great bulk, silvering his black hair, bringing out superbly his noble cast of face. At last he rose, lit his lamp, and opened his trunk. From the wardrobe, inset in a corner, John took his clothing piece by piece and carefully packed it in the trunk. Then he cleared the photographs off his dressing-table, and packed them, pausing to look closely at the faces of his father and mother. From the mantelpiece he took a number of small objects—among them a tiny, limp-backed book containing a four-leaf clover, brown, dry, graceful, delicate. Many months before Miss Burton had plucked it for one of the children, and the child had put it in John's lapel. In the foolish way people have, John had cherished it. Mere nothing that it was, about it, in his immense loneliness, he had wrapped his tender thoughts, his great affection, like a holy fanatic worshipping an inaccessible deity through some poor tangible trifle. The book and the dead fibre John packed with especial care, lest his symbol crumble. Locking and strapping his trunk, he heard a noise below. It was his father getting up to prepare for the long journey to the circus.

At the break of day John was on the road, astride his own horse, Jim—a tall, wiry, fractious bay, with a finely-arched neck and a flowing tail. Contrary to his intention the day before, he was not riding with the other young men; he had changed his mind about this. The family at the white mansion had been up and bustling, but John had come away first—come without seeing Miss Burton, without wishing to see her. As the day advanced the highway swarmed with vehicles, packed with happy people. Self-absorbed in the extreme, yet John could not be quite insensate to the animated and picturesque show. Again and again, as of old, it rushed in upon him, quickening his pulses, cheering his heart, flashing a bright smile over his melancholy face.

The sun glared and beat. The horses whinnied and strained and glistened. The velvety white dust, rolling up in clouds, settled on the sombre clothing of the men and women, and on the gayer apparel of the younger folk, until all the procession was dimmed and silvered. Close to the edge of the road John passed along at a swift canter. Every face he saw was fresh and beaming. Every voice he heard—and the air palpitated with voices—was vibrant with energy and gladness. Hundreds of people hailed him, young and old—for everyone knew that rangy bay and its great-limbed, fine-tempered, universally-honoured rider. At the joyous call of his friends, at the continually-recurring sound of his name, John bowed and smiled and called back, but his spur was ever tickling Jim's flank, and Jim was ever sweeping ahead.

"Keep him till my father calls for him; and please look after him well."

So instructing the liveryman with whom he left his proud possession, Jim, John set off for the main thoroughfare of the city. He would see the street parade and attend the circus; it might cheer him up—give him some sort of lead. At night he would sit down in his room at the hotel, quietly think matters over, write for his trunk, and break the news to the home-folks as gently as possible. Gone was the vista of a farm life and a forlorn, inarticulate hope; the future was a sealed book—a book that he must get open somehow and without much delay. In his purse was a fairly substantial amount, but it would not carry him far; and to ask his father for money was irreconcilably foreign to his intentions. The world—the mighty world—hospitable to many, somewhere in its vast economy must make room for John Adams. What line he would take he did not know; he knew only the farm; the city he had seen not more than half-a-dozen times in his life. It moved him strangely, made his blood

leap. But it was all haze and glamour and mystery.

From the densely-thronged pavement John witnessed the street parade—the fluttering of the flags and banners, the thunder and crash of the bands, the screeching of the calliope, the tinselled showmen, the plumed horses, the elephants and camels, the wild beasts in their cages—all the noisy, gilded, tawdry, pompous pageant. Then he boarded a street-car labelled "Show Grounds," struggling with hundreds of others to get on. The car went forward with a ceaseless clanging of its big gong, the people babbling, laughing, screaming, jostling. The journey ended close by a city of bristling pole-points and taut white canvas, and John moved slowly with the hot, dusty, pushing throng to the ticket-stand, and thence into the huge, oval-shaped menagerie tent.

For more than an hour, in this stuffy, malodorous wonderland, the young farmer feasted his eyes upon the world's great beasts of prey. Right round the tent they were ranged, in a close, unbroken line of heavily-barred cages—the dense crowd held at a safe distance by a thick guard-rope, supported by stout iron uprights. Before the lions John stood in awe, studying their lithe and muscular frames, their black and yellow marks, their bristling manes, their noble but terrible faces. Thus engrossed, his attention was suddenly attracted by a rapid shuffling of feet in one of the cages. Looking up quickly he saw a keeper in the cage in the act of sharply striking a big lion under the flank with his raw-hide whip. There was a deep, menacing growl. Again the lash leapt, and again the lion felt its waspish tail.

Such was the start of the matter, as John saw it.

The next thing he observed was the lion flying ferociously at the wielder of the raw-hide. This man, nimble as a cat, dodged the onset, cried out harshly, and dealt the animal a third blow with redoubled force. Swinging round, the lion sprang again. Again the keeper, with incredible agility, evaded the attack; but this time, realizing the murderous temper of the brute, he flung back the bolts of an end door, jumped to the ground, and wheeled to refasten the cage. The merest chip of a second was all he needed. The bolts were actually moving, when the lion struck the door with his powerful paws, drove it violently open, and hurled the keeper bleeding to the earth, a cage-length away. Breathless, stereotyped in his tracks, John watched for the injured man to rise; but the moments slipped by, and he lay limp and motionless.

John felt as if his heart had failed; as if he should never move again. Then he became aware of the screams of women, of the anguish and tumult of an awful panic. Behind him he knew that the great crowd was rushing out; that there was a reckless, brutal, indescribable *débâcle*. The lion stood in the cage-door, wearing a contemptuous look of legitimate mastery. All at once it occurred to John to fly. He wondered why he had not fled before. But at this moment he beheld a woman in black, clinging desperately to two little girls, abruptly thrown off from the rushing volume of people directly towards the lion. One great bound and John seized the woman about the waist. He was struggling backwards with her, the children being dragged along, when he saw the lion drop quickly from the cage and boldly approach. His eyes falling upon one of the iron posts supporting the guard-rope, John drew his knife, cut the rope, pulled up the post, and sprang over the half-crouching woman and children sheer in the lion's path.

Still, white, adamantine; chest and left foot slightly forward, right heel sunk in the soft turf, arms half-flexed, knotted fists clamped about his weapon—so towered the bucolic giant. In his ears rang pandemonium, but he did not look back—dare not look back. The slightest waver, the merest turning of his head, as he fully believed, meant certain death. The lion stopped, sank down, fixed the man with its greenish, unwavering glare. Then it slowly rose to its feet, head low between the shoulders, long tail nervously twitching from side to side. It opened its mouth, uttered a low moan. John noted its four sharp-pointed, sharp-edged canines and its short, strong jaw. Again the low, singular moan; and then, exactly as it had sprung at the keeper, the great beast sprang at John.

Unlike the keeper, John did not dodge; he was not good at dodging; in all his life he had dodged but one challenge—that of a stand-up talk with the girl he loved.

John did not dodge.

When the onrush came he met it frontally—met it with all his great weight and sturdy might. The leap spent, the deadly forepaws close to the ground, John drove the point of the iron upright full into the beast's yawning throat. There was an agonized, deafening roar, a guttural spasm, and the warm blood, gushing forth in a stream, spattered John's white face and drenched his big hands. Closing viciously upon the iron, the lion struck and

"WHEN THE ONRUSH CAME HE MET IT FRONTALLY—MET IT WITH ALL HIS GREAT WEIGHT AND STURDY MIGHT."

gnashed at it as if it were human prey. Sturdily John bore the butt of the upright into the ground, and with every lunge the beast drove the weapon deeper into its blood-choked throat.

Of this terrible struggle some age-like moments, John barely preserving life and limb by a masterly use of the short length of unyielding metal. Then, baffled and sorely punished, the lion wriggled to its hind feet, sprang free of the lance-like instrument, and backed slowly away, roaring, gurgling, staggering, strangling. Without pursuing, without heart to pursue, John simply regathered his shattered strength and braced himself as before. At the distance of a single bound the lion stopped and steadied itself, copiously dribbling blood.

Again its head was low, its eyes aflame, its tail twitching. Once more that singular, half-inaudible moan; and then, like a flash, the brute crouched and sprang. So much wiser by experience, this time it came on with its mouth tight-shut. John struck tactically as at first—just at the end of the lion's leap. The formidable weapon pierced

the right nostril, glanced along the frontal bone, and inflicted a ghastly wound in the optic cavity. With a thunderous, piteous roar the monster lurched backwards and swung round and round, furiously smiting its wounded head.

John turned deathly sick. The quick circling of the lion made his brain reel. So far as he was concerned, he felt that the fight was over. His grip on the iron bar had become sadly nerveless. Besides, the bar was bloody and slimy and difficult to hold. With all his heart he hoped the beast would not attack again. If it did, he felt he must go down in helpless defeat.

Two sharp reports, sounding almost together.

The lion stopped whirling, sank on its haunches, threw its ponderous head high, buckled back upon itself, and fell heavily to the ground.

John saw two showmen standing over the fallen beast, their smoking rifles in their hands. Then he dropped the slimy iron and turned on his heel. The tent was empty, the animals skulking in the recesses of their lairs. The place seemed stuffier than ever, the air without vitality. John saw the light at one end of the tent and staggered for it. His weakness weighed him down like the pressure of tons of matter. With both hands he clutched at his throat, rending his collar, tearing open his shirt, exposing his brawny, heaving, blood-streaked chest. Titanically he struggled against collapse, for his mind was whirling with the fearful question—how fared his people, and how fared his heart's idol, in that appalling human efflux?

Two sterling old country people, a man and a woman, slow of gait and sombre of dress, entered the circus grounds from the street. Although the woman was amply proportioned, beside her rugged escort she looked slight and small. Suddenly, observing the crowd in turbulent motion, and hearing vague, alarmist cries, the old couple stood still. From beneath her black sun-bonnet the woman looked anxiously at the man's face. It was a very serious face, that man's face—of pretty nearly everything the old lady's mirror and gauge. A cloud of deep concern swept the grave eyes, and the woman, glancing quickly before, saw a big, bare-headed man reel from the door of the menagerie tent, his face blood-stained, and the clothing rent away from his throat and chest.

"Andy!" screamed the old lady, clutching at her husband's arm; "ain't that John?"

"Turn back quick, mother! I guess it's a fight!"

Not unlike an old war-horse going into battle, Andrew Adams rushed forward. Whoever fell in his way was roughly hurled aside. An attendant in uniform, striving to force him back, received a shattering blow in the breast. Savagely the grizzled farmer forged ahead, unhalting until he threw his great arms about his son.

"Steady, my boy!" he cried. "It's dad, my son! What hound has dared to strike John Adams?"

That deep-toned voice, the loving pressure of those iron-like muscles, John recognised with a stupendous throb of relief. He wanted to ask questions—to explain, but he was unutterably tired, his head insupportably heavy.

Dimly he saw his mother, and heard her sobbing, affectionate treble, "My pore boy—my blessed boy!" Then, sinking into a yielding seat, he heard the rumble of wheels, and was conscious of a fading, multitudinous murmur.

The next thing John definitely knew, Miss Burton had dashed into her own drawing-room, her face like marble. Involuntarily he looked at his hands—they were clean; felt his face—the blood-spots were gone. Before he could speak Miss Burton had burst into tears, fallen on her knees by the couch where he lay, and was covering his lips with kisses. Then she rose, and he heard her say, brokenly:—

"I know you will forgive me, Mrs. Adams; for I, too, love John!"

At daybreak the next morning John left the city on the glossy back of Jim. In the lonely country road he looked at the morning paper. It was all there, in very black ink and very feeling rhetoric, including a long list of persons more or less seriously injured in the stampede. From the lion's immediate menace John learned that he had delivered the wife and children of a beloved riverman known as "The Commodore," whose chief fame, up and down the quays, sprang from his great pride in, and assiduous devotion to, his little family. Sonorous phrases, "unexampled nerve," "unparalleled heroism," abounded. There was also talk of a sum from the heroes' fund, a national medal, and a great mass meeting in the opera house, presided over by the mayor, "to offer the community's homage to John Adams." The

"'ANDY!' SCREAMED THE OLD LADY, CLUTCHING AT HER HUSBAND'S ARM; 'AIN'T THAT JOHN?"

young farmer spurred his horse to a gallop, glancing over his shoulder as if he half expected to behold the medal and the mass meeting in close pursuit.

The trumpet of fame, the magnet of the world—on this sun-flooded opening of a fresh day—stirred no answering impulse in the virginal soul of John Adams. All he heard were the delightful melodies of the field and the wood. All he saw were the long furrows, the waving grain, a little home on the rising ground by the pasture-land. Just a few hours before, with that extraordinary girl Kitty, he had gone out into the soft enchantment of the summer night. There had been innumerable faint stirrings of distant sound. About them had been the close-mown grass, and the flowers, and the wind-tossed crochet of light and shadow. "I, too, love John!" The thing, at last, had become quite natural and simple. John had accepted the long-evaded challenge, and of all the struggles of his life, boy or man, it had brought him the easiest and sweetest victory.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

By GEORGE J. BEESLEY.

THE majority of us are apt to regard a map as a thing without soul—a conglomeration of wiggly-waggly lines and dots, the former being employed to mark the course of rivers, boundaries, etc., and the latter to indicate the position of towns. Of course, there are also innumerable names and figures which are all intended to convey some sort of information; and further to complicate matters (or the reverse, according to the individual way of thinking) some maps are beautified with dabs and splashes of colour which may be intended to distinguish countries, or counties, or cities, or parks, or altitudes, or, in fact, *anything* according to the key to the colour-scheme which you will find neatly tucked away in one corner of the chart. In fact, the man in the street regards a map as a cold, matter-of-fact document, out of which one would expect to get as much amusement as out of a dictionary or a handbook of the law.

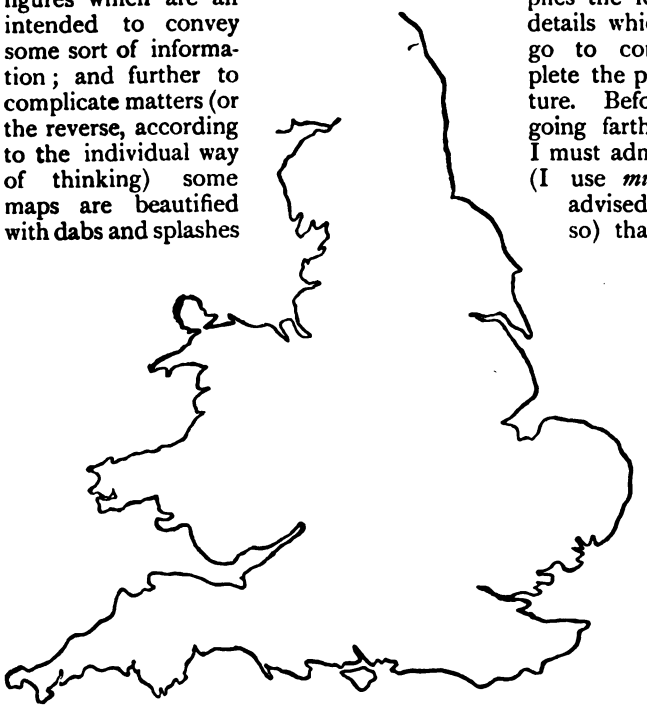


FIG. 1.

Now I want to disillusion you. I will try to show you that a map is really funnier than many so-called comic sketches. The outlines are provided for you, and your imagination, which need not be very vivid, supplies the few details which go to complete the picture. Before going farther I must admit (I use *must* advisedly, my drawings *compel* me to do so) that I am no artist, and that this article is written solely with the idea of providing a little harmless amusement for readers of this Magazine, many of whom are probably no better draughtsmen than the writer, although, at the same time, it is impossible for them to be worse. These, I do not doubt, will be able to find plenty of amusement in exercising their imaginations upon an ordinary atlas, while our more expert brethren will be able to produce many remarkable effects which are altogether beyond the powers of the man in the street.

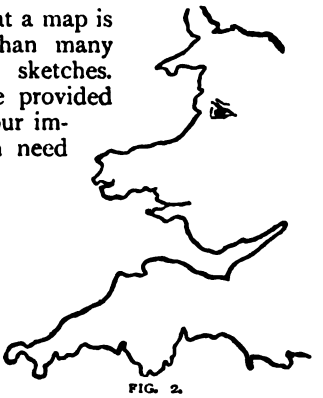


FIG. 2.

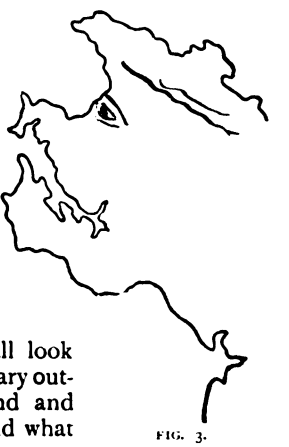


FIG. 3.

Let us first of all look carefully at an ordinary outline map of England and Wales (Fig. 1.) And what

do we see? An extraordinary commotion on the west coast! Yes; a runaway pig—a fine fat animal—being pursued by an old couple to whom it doubtless belongs.

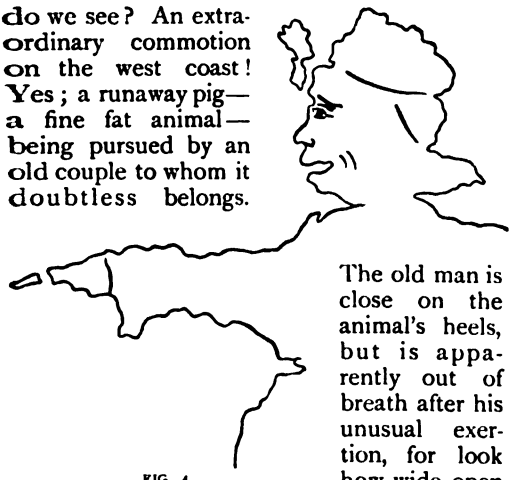


FIG. 4.

The old man is close on the animal's heels, but is apparently out of breath after his unusual exertion, for look how wide open is his mouth! His better half is not far behind; she too is at full trot, but has more staying powers than the old man, and is able to shout out "Stop him!" to someone in the distance, at the same time indicating the runaway animal with outstretched finger. What! you can't see it? Perhaps a glance at illustrations Figs. 2, 3, and 4 will help you.

FIG. 5.

There are heaps of other interesting things in a map of England and Wales which I will leave you to discover for yourselves, merely mentioning in passing that, taking the counties of Northampton, Oxford, Berks, Hants, and Sussex collectively, one has a very good illustration of a "sleeping beauty." Tastes differ with regard to "beauty," and I would prefer

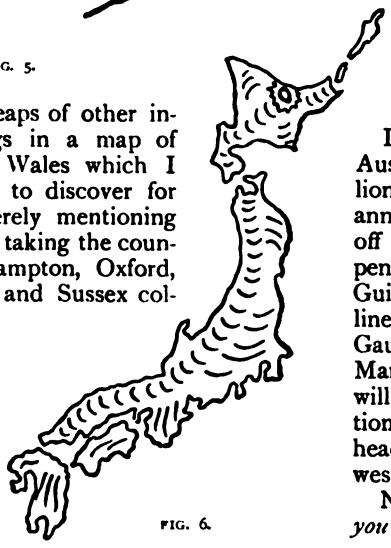


FIG. 6.

to sleep in a more comfortable position, but I have frequently seen workmen taking their after-dinner nap sitting on the floor with their backs to a wall.

However much one may desire universal peace, it appears highly improbable that Alaska and Siberia will ever be reconciled. Whenever one looks at the map, they are "having a few words." (Fig. 5.) It is a dispute that has been going on for ages, and there are no signs of a settlement. Each one, strange to say, sports

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

a sort of "billy-goat" beard, but that is an appendage to which no lady ought to object in a man, as, in time of war, its capture by the opposing party should make it master of the situation.

When in the North Pacific Ocean we should keep our eyes open for a sea-serpent which has caused a great deal of commotion during the last few years. This fearful and wonderful beast is known as Japan. (Fig. 6.)

Our next illustration, Fig. 7, is the face of an impertinent woman with protruding tongue. To obtain this you draw a line across India from Madras, on the east coast, to Trivandrum, on the west. You will find the face on the lower side of the line.

Illustration Fig. 8 is the western part of Australia, which represents the head of a lioness with her ears laid back, as though annoyed at something. Finally, if you cut off the northern peninsula of New Guinea and draw a line through Mount Gautier and the Marianne Strait you will have an illustration of a camel's head and fore-quarters on the western side of the line. (Fig. 9.)

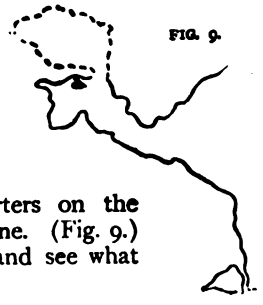
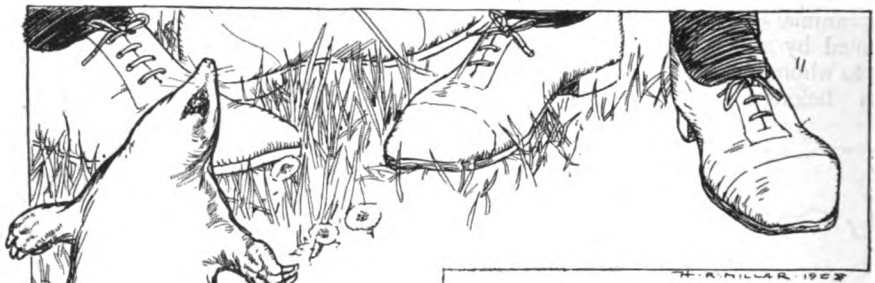


FIG. 9.

Now take a map and see what *you* can do.



THE HOUSE OF ARDEN

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HIGHWAYMAN AND THE ——.

THEY both meant what they said. And yet, of course, it is nonsense to promise that you will never do *anything* again, because, of course, you must do *something* if it's only simple subtraction, or eating poached eggs and sausages. You will, of course, understand that what they meant was that they would never again do anything to cause Mrs. Honeysett a moment's uneasiness, and in order to make this possible the first thing to do was, of course, to find out how to set the clock back. Slowly munching sausage, and feeling, as she always did when she ate slowly, that she was doing something very virtuous and ought to have a prize or a medal for it, Elfrida asked her mind to be kind enough to get some poetry ready by the time she had finished breakfast. And sure enough, her mind, in its own secret backyard, as it were, did get something ready. And while this was happening Elfrida, in what corresponded to her mind's front garden, was wishing that she had been born a poet.

"I wonder," said the girl, "where the clock is that we've got to set back?"

"Oh, Mouldiwarp'll tell us," said the boy.

When breakfast was over they went out into the grassy space round which the ruined walls of the castle rose up so grey and stately with the wallflowers and toad-flax growing out of them, and sat down among the round-faced, white-frilled daisies, and told each other what they had thought, or what they thought they had thought, while they were back in those times when people were afraid of Boney.

And as they sat there it came over Elfrida, suddenly, how good a place it was, and how lucky they were to be there at home at Arden, so that she said, quite without knowing she was going to say anything:—

> Arden, Arden, Arden,
> Lawn and castle and garden;
> Daisies and grass and wallflowers gold—
> Mouldiwarp, come out of the mould.

"That's more like poetry, that is," said the Mouldiwarp, sitting on the green grass between the children; "more lik'n anything I've heard ye say yet—so 'tis. An' now den; what is it for you dis fine day an' all?"

It seemed in such a good temper that Elfrida asked a question that had long tried to get itself asked.

"Why," was the question, "why do you talk like the country people do?"

"Sussex barn an' bred," said the mole; "but I know other talk. Sussex talk's what they call 'racy of the soil'—means 'smells of the earth' where I live. I can talk all sorts, though. I used to spit French once on a time, young Fitz-le-seigneur."

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"You must know lots and lots," said Edred.

"I do," said the mole.

"How old are you?" Edred asked, in spite of Elfrida's warning, "Hush! it's rude."

"'S old as my tongue an' a little older'n me teeth," said the mole, showing them.

"Ah, don't be cross," said Elfrida, "and such a beautiful day, too, and just when we wanted you to show us how to put back the clock and all."

"That's a deed, that is," said the mole; "but you've not quarrelled this three days, so you can go where you please and do what you will. Only you're in the way here if you want to stop the clock. Get up into the gate tower and look out, and when you see the great clock face, come down at once and sit on the second-hand. That'll stop it, if anything will."

Looking out through the breezy arch the children saw a very curious sight.

The green and white of grass and daisies began to swim, as it were, before their eyes. The lawn within the castle walls was all uneven because the grass had not been laid there by careful gardeners, with spirit-levels and rollers, who wanted to make a lawn, but by Nature herself, who wanted just to cover up bits of broken crockery and stone, and old birds' nests, and all sorts of odd rubbish. And now it began to stretch itself, as though it were a live carpet, and to straighten and tighten itself till it lay perfectly flat.

And the grass seemed to be getting greener in places. And in other places there were patches of white thicker and purer than before.

"Look! look!" cried Edred; "look! the daisies are walking about."

They were. Stiffly and steadily, like well-drilled little soldiers, the daisies were forming into twos, into fours, into companies. Looking down from the window of the gate tower it was like watching thousands of little white beads sort themselves out from among green ones.

"What *are* they going to do?" Edred asked, but naturally Elfrida was not able to tell him.

The daisies massed themselves together in regiments, in armies. On certain parts of the smooth grass certain companies of them stopped and stayed.

"They're making a sort of pattern," said Edred. "Look! there's a big ring all round —a sort of pattern."

"I should think they were!" cried Elfrida. "Look! look! It's the clock."

It was. On the pure green face of the lawn was an enormous circle marked by a thick line of closely-packed white daisies. Within it were the figures that are on the face of a clock—all twelve of them. The hands were of white daisies, too, both the minute-hand and the hand that marks the hours; and between the VI and the centre was a smaller circle, also white and of daisies, round which they could see a second-hand move.

With one accord the two children blundered down the dark, dusty, cobwebby, twisty stairs of the gate tower and rushed across the lawn. In the very centre of the clock-face sat the Mouldiwarp, looking conscious and a little conceited.

"How *did* you do it?" Elfrida gasped.

"The daisies did it. Poor little things! They can't invent at all. But they do carry out other people's ideas quite nicely. All the white things have to obey me, of course," it added, carelessly.

"And this is The Clock?"

The Mouldiwarp giggled. "My child, what presumption! The clock is much too big for you to see ever—all at once. The sun's the centre of it. This is just a pretending clock. It'll do for what we want, of course, or I wouldn't have had it made for you. Sit down on the second-hand—oh, no, it won't hurt the daisies. Count a hundred —yes, that's right."

They sat down on the close white line of daisies and began to count earnestly.

"And now," the Mouldiwarp said, when the hundred was counted, "it's just the same time as it was when you began! So now you understand."

"But if we sit here," said Elfrida, "how can we ever be anywhere else?"

"You can't," said the Mouldiwarp. "So one of you will have to stay and the other to go."

"You go, Elfie," said Edred. "I'll stay till you come back."

"That's very dear of you," said Elfrida, "but I'd rather we went together. Can't you manage it?" she asked the mole.

"I *could*, of course," it said; "but . . . he's afraid to go without you," it said, suddenly.

"He isn't, and he's two years younger than me, anyway," Elfrida said, hotly.

"Well, go without him," said the mole. "You understand perfectly, don't you, that when he has stopped the clock your going is the same as your not going, and your being here is the same as not being, and—— What I mean," it added, hastily returning to

"THEY SAT DOWN ON THE CLOSE WHITE LINE OF DAISIES."

Sussex talk, "you needn' be so turble put out. He won't know you've gone nor yet 'e won't believe you've come back. Be off with 'e, my gell."

Elfrida hesitated. Then, "Oh, Edred," she said, "I *have* had such a time! Did it seem very long? I know it was horrid of me, but it was so interesting I *couldn't* come back before."

"Nonsense," said Edred. "Well, go it you like; I don't mind."

"I've *been*, I tell you," said Elfrida, dragging him off the second-hand of the daisy clock, whose soldiers instantly resumed their wheeling march.

"So now you see," said the mole. "Tell you what—next time you wanter stop de clock we'll just wheel de barrer on to it Now you go along and play. You've had enough Arden magic for this 'ere Fursday, so you 'ave, bless yer hearts an' all."

And they went.

That was how Edred perceived the adventure of "The Highwayman and the ——." But I will not anticipate. The way the adventure seemed to Elfrida was rather different.

After the mole said "my gell" she hesitated, and then went slowly towards the castle where the red roof of the house showed between the old, ivy-grown grey buttresses. She looked back, to see Edred and the Mouldiwarp close together on the face of the wonderful green and white clock. They were very still. She made her mind up—ran indoors and up the stairs and straight to The Door—she found it at once—shut the door, and opened the second chest to the right.

"You change your clothes and the times change too—
Change, that is what you've got to do;
Cooroo, cooroo, cooroo, cooroo,"

said the pigeons or the silence or Elfrida.

"I wonder," she said, slipping on a quilted green satin petticoat with pink rosebuds embroidered on it, "whether Shakespeare began being a poet like that—just little odd lines coming into his head without him meaning them to." And her mind, as she put on a pink-and-white brocaded dress, was busy with such words as "Our great poet, the Honourable Miss Arden," or "Miss Arden, the female Milton of nowadays."

She fitted on a white, soft little cap with pink ribbons and ran to open the door. She was not a bit afraid. It was like going into a dream. Nothing would be real there. Yet—as she ran through the attic door and the lace of her sleeve caught on a big rusty nail and tore with a harsh hissing noise—she felt very sorry.

But she had only half the first half of a thought to give to the lace—for the door opened, not on the quiet corridor with the old prints at Arden Castle, but on a quite strange panelled room, full of a most extraordinary disorder of stuffs—feathers, dresses,

cloaks, bonnet-boxes, parcels, rolls, packets, lace, scarves, hats, gloves, and finery of all sorts. There were a good many people there: serving-maids—she knew they were serving-maids—a gentleman in knee-breeches showing some fine goldsmith's work on a silver tray, and in the middle a very pretty, languishing-looking young lady who looked as silly as she was fair. All the women wore enormous crinolines—or hoops.

"What! Hid in the closet all the while, cousin?" said the young lady. "Oh, but it's the slyest chit! Come, see how the new scarf becomes thy Bet. Is it not vastly modish?"

"Yes," said Elfrida, not knowing in the least what to say.

Everything gave a sort of tremble and twist, like the glass bits in a kaleidoscope give just before they settle into a pattern. Then, as with the bits of glass, everything *was* settled, and Elfrida, instead of feeling that she was looking at a picture, felt that she was alive, with live people.

Some extraordinary accident had fixed in Elfrida's mind the fact that Queen Anne began to reign in 1702. I don't know how it was. These accidents do sometimes occur. And she knew that in Queen Anne's day ladies wore hoops. Also, since they had gone back a hundred years to Boney's time, perhaps this second venture had taken her back two hundred years. If so——

"Please," she said, very quickly, "is this 1707, and is Queen Anne dead?"

"Heaven forbid," said everyone in the room; and Bet added, "La, child, don't delay us with your prattle. The coach will be here at ten, and we must lie at Tonbridge to-night."

So Elfrida, all eyes and ears, squeezed into a corner between a band-box and a roll of thick, blue-flowered silk and looked and listened.

Bet, she gathered, was her cousin—an Arden, too. She and Bet and the maids, and an escort of she couldn't quite make out how many men, were to go down to Arden together. The many men were because of the Arden jewels, that had been re-set in the newest mode, and the collar of pearls and other presents Uncle Arden had given to Bet; and the highwaymen, who, Elfrida learned, were growing so bold that they would attack a coach in St. Paul's Churchyard in broad daylight. Bet, it seemed, had undertaken commissions for all her girl friends near Arden, and had put off most of them till the last moment. She had carefully spent her own pin-money during her stay in town, and was now hastily spending theirs. The room was crowded with tradesmen and women actually pushing each other to get near the lady who had money to spend. One woman with a basket of china was offering it in exchange for old clothes or shoes, just as old women do now at back doors. And Cousin Bet's maid had a very good bargain, she considered, in a china tea-pot and two dishes, in exchange for an old green lutestring dress and a hooped petticoat of violet quilted satin. Then there was a hasty meal of cold bacon and bread and beer, and, Elfrida being wrapped up in long-skirted coat and scarves almost beyond bearing, it was announced that the coach was at the door.

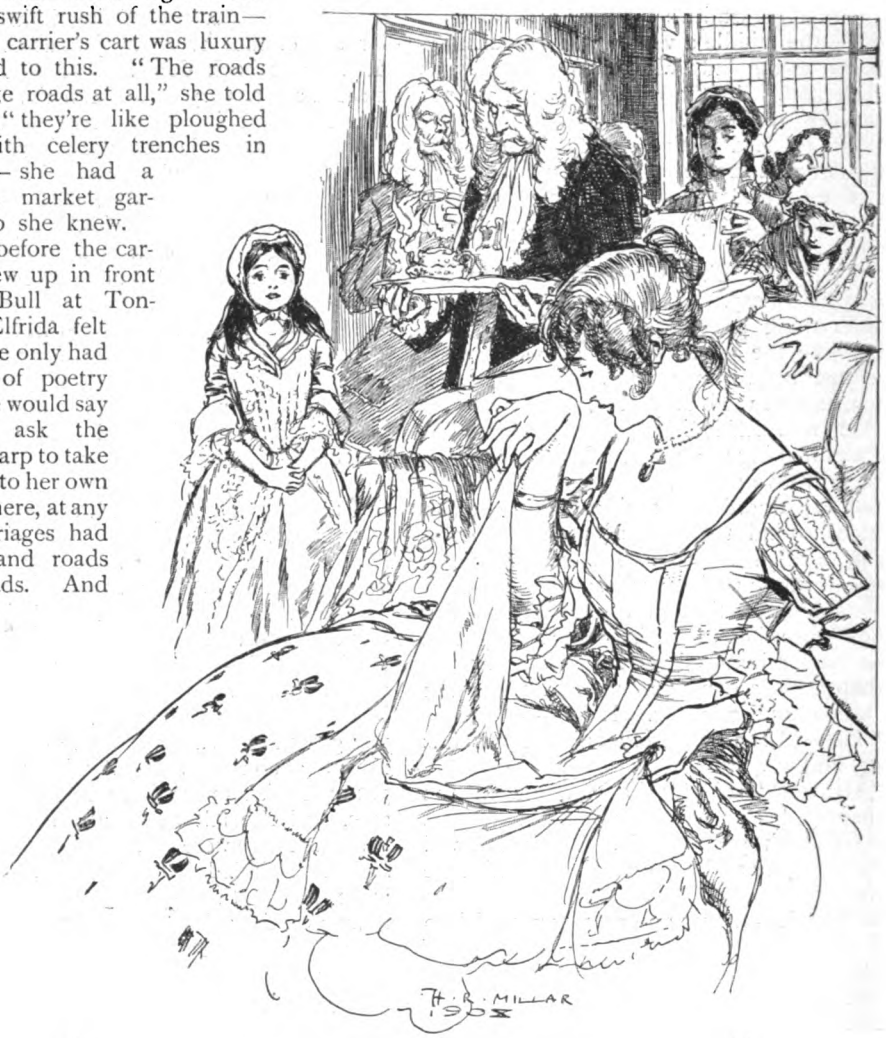
It was a very tight fit when at last they were all packed into the carriage, for though the carriage was large there was a great deal to fill it up, what with Cousin Bet and her great hoops, and the maids and their hoops, and the band-boxes and packages of different sizes and shapes, and the horrid little pet dog that yapped and yahed, and tried to bite everyone, from the footmen to Elfrida. The streets were narrow and very dirty, and smelt very nasty in the hot June sun.

And it was very hot and stuffy inside the carriage, and more bumpety than you would think possible—more bumpety even than a wagon going across a furrowed corn-field. Elfrida felt rather headachy, like you do when you go out in a small boat and everyone says it is not at all rough. By the time the carriage got to Lewisham Elfrida's bones were quite sore, and she felt as though she had been beaten. There were no springs to the carriage, and it reminded her of a bathing-machine more than anything else—you know the way it bumps on the shingly part of the shore when they are drawing you up the beach, and you tumble about and can't go on dressing, and all your things slide off the seats. The maids were cross and looked it. Cousin Bet had danced till nigh midnight, and been up with the lark, so she said. And, having said it, went to sleep in a corner of the carriage looking crosser than the maids. Elfrida began to feel that empty, uninterested sensation which makes you wish you hadn't come. The carriage plunged and rattled on through the green country, the wheels bounding in and out of the most dreadful ruts. More than once the wheel got into a rut so deep that it took all the men to heave it out again. Cousin Bet woke up to say that it was vastly annoying, and instantly went to sleep again.

Elfrida, being the smallest person in the

carriage except Amour, the dog, was constantly being thrown into somebody's lap—to the annoyance of both parties. It was very much the most uncomfortable ride she had ever had. She thought of the smooth, swift rush of the train—even the carrier's cart was luxury compared to this. "The roads aren't like roads at all," she told herself; "they're like ploughed fields with celery trenches in them"—she had a friend a market gardener, so she knew.

Long before the carriage drew up in front of the Bull at Tonbridge Elfrida felt that if she only had a piece of poetry ready she would say it, and ask the Mouldiwarp to take her back to her own times, where, at any rate, carriages had springs and roads *were* roads. And when the carriage did stop she was so stiff she could hardly stand.



"COME, SEE HOW THE NEW SCARF BECOMES THY BET. IS IT NOT VASTLY MODISH?"

"Come along in," said a stout, pleasant-faced lady in a frilled cap; "come in, my poppet. There's a fine supper, though it's me says it, and a bed that you won't beat in Kent for soft and clean, you may lay to that."

There was a great bustle of shouting ostlers and stablemen; the horses were taken out before the travellers were out of the carriage. Supper was laid in a big upper room, with shining furniture and bow windows at both ends, one set looking on the road where the sign of the Bell creaked and swung from a tall post, and the other looking on a very neat green garden, with clipped box hedges and yew arbours. Getting all the luggage into the house seemed likely to be a long business. Elfrida saw that she would not be missed, and she slipped down the twisty-cornery back stairs and through the back kitchen into the green garden. It was pleasant to stretch one's legs, and not to be cramped and buffeted and shaken. But she walked down the grass-path rather demurely, for she was very stiff indeed.

And it was there, in a yew arbour, that she

came suddenly on the grandest and handsomest gentleman that she had ever seen. He wore a white wig, very full at the sides and covered with powder, and a full-skirted coat of dark-blue silk, and under it a long waistcoat with the loveliest roses and forget-me-nots in bunches, embroidered on silk and tied in bunches with gold ribbons. He had lace ruffles and a jewelled brooch, and the jolliest blue eyes in the world. He looked at Elfrida very kindly with his jolly eyes.

"A lady of quality, I'll be bound," he said, "and travelling with her suite."

"I'm Miss Arden of Arden," said Elfrida.

"Your servant, madam," said he, springing to his feet and waving his hat in a very flourishing sort of bow.

Elfrida's little curtsy was not at all the right kind of curtsy, but it had to do.

"And what can I do to please Miss Arden of Arden?" he asked. "Would she like a ride on my black mare?"

"Oh, *no*, thank you," said Elfrida, so earnestly that he laughed as he said:—

"Sure I should not have thought fear lived with those eyes."

"I'm not afraid," said Elfrida, contemptuously; "only I've been riding in a horrible carriage all day, and I feel as though I never wanted to ride on anything any more."

He laughed again.

"Well, well," he said, "come and sit by me and tell me all the town news."

Elfrida smiled to think what news she *could* tell him, and then frowned in the effort to think of any news that wouldn't seem nonsense.

She told him all that she knew of Cousin Bet and the journey. He was quite politely interested. She told of Cousin Bet's purchases—the collar of pearls and the gold pomander studded with corals, the little gold watch, and the family jewels that had been reset.

"And you have all to-night to rest in from the cruel coach?" he said.

"Yes," said Elfrida; "we don't go on again till after breakfast to-morrow. It's very dull—and oh, so slow! Don't you think you'd like to have a carriage drawn by a fiery iron horse that went sixty miles in an hour?"

"You have an ingenious wit," said the beautiful gentleman, "such as I should admire in my wife. Will you marry me when you shall be grown a great girl?"

"No," said Elfrida; "you'd be too old—even if you were to be able to stop alive till I was grown up, you'd be much too old."

"How old do you suppose I shall be when you're seventeen?"

"I should have to do sums," said Elfrida, who was rather good at these exercises. She broke a twig from a currant bush and scratched in the dust.

"I don't know," she said, raising a flushed face, and trampling out her "sum" with little shoes that had red heels, "but I *think* you'll be two hundred and thirty."

On that he laughed more than ever and vowed she was the lady for him. "Your ciphering would double my income ten times over," he said.

He was very kind indeed—would have her taste his wine, which she didn't like, and the little cakes on the red and blue plate, which she did.

"And what's *your* name?" she asked.

"My name," said he, "is a secret. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Elfrida.

"So can I," said he.

And then a flouncing, angry maid came suddenly sweeping down between the box hedges and dragged Elfrida away before she could curtsy properly and say, "Thank you for being so kind."

"Farewell," said the beautiful gentleman; "doubt not but we shall meet again. And next time 'tis I shall carry thee off and shut thee in a tower for two hundred years till thou art seventeen and hast learned to cipher."

Elfrida was slapped by the maid, which nearly choked her with fury, and set down to supper in the big upstairs room. The maid indignantly told where she had found Elfrida "talking with a strange gentleman," and when Cousin Betty had heard all about it Elfrida told her tale.

"And he was a great dear," she said.

"A——?"

"A very beautiful gentleman. I wish you'd been there, Cousin Betty. *You'd* have loved him too."

Then Cousin Bet also slapped her. And Elfrida wished more than ever that she had some poetry ready for the Mouldiwarp.

The next day's journey was as bumpety as the first, and Elfrida got very tired of the whole business.

"Oh, I wish something would happen," she said.

It was a very much longer day too, and the dusk had fallen while still they were on the road. The sun had set red behind black trees, and brown twilight was thickening all about, when, at a cross-roads, a man in a cloak and mask on a big black horse suddenly leaped from a hedge, stooped from his saddle,

opened the carriage door, caught Elfrida with one hand by the gathers of her full travelling coat (he must have been frightfully strong, and so must the gathers), set her very neatly and quite comfortably on the saddle before him, and said:—

"Hand up your valuables, please—or I shoot the horses. And keep your barkers low, for if you aim at me you shoot the child. And if you shoot my horse, the child and I fall together."

But even as he spoke he wheeled the horse so that his body was a shield between her and the pistols of the serving-men.

"What do you want?" Cousin Bet's voice was quite squeaky. "We have no valuables; we are plain country people, travelling home to our farm."

"I want the collar of pearls," said he, "and the pomander, and the little gold watch, and the jewels that have been reset."

Then Elfrida knew who he was.

"Oh," she cried, "you *are* mean!"

"Trade's trade," said he, but he held her quite gently and kindly. "Now, my fair madam——"

The men were hesitating, fingering their pistols. The horses, frightened by the sudden check, were dancing and prancing all across the road; the maidservants were shouting that it was true; he had the child, and better lose a few jewels than all their lives, and Cousin Bet was sobbing and wailing inside the dark coach.

"IF YOU AIM AT ME YOU SHOOT THE CHILD."

Well, the jewels were handed out—that was how it ended—handed out slowly and grudgingly, and the hand that reached for them through the dusk was very white, Cousin Bet said afterwards.

Elfrida, held by the highwayman's arm, kept very still. Suddenly he stooped and whispered in her ear.

"Are you afraid that I shall do you any harm?"

"No," whispered Elfrida. And to this day she does not know why she was not afraid.

"Then——" said he. "Oh, the brave little lady!"

And on that suddenly set spurs to his horse, leapt the low hedge, and reined up sharply.

"Go on home, my brave fellows," he shouted, "and keep your mouths shut on this night's work. I shall be at Arden before you——"

"The child!" shrieked the maids; "oh, the child!" and even Cousin Bet interrupted her hysterics, now quite strong and overwhelming, to say, "The child!"

"Shall I order supper for you at Arden?" he shouted back, mockingly, and rode on across country, with Elfrida, breathlessly frightened and consciously brave, leaning back against his shoulder. It is a very wonderful feeling, riding through the night on a great strong dark horse, through a deepening night in a strange country held fast by an arm that you can trust, and with the muscles of a horse's great shoulder rippling against your legs as they hang helplessly down. Elfrida ceased to think of Mouldiwarps or to try to be a poet.

And quite soon they were at the top of Arden Hill, and the lights of the castle gleamed and blinked below them.

"Now, sweetheart," said the highwayman, "I shall set you down in sight of the door and wait till the door opens. You can tell them all that has chanced save this that I tell you now. You will see me again. They will not know me, but you will. Keep a still tongue till to-morrow, and I swear Miss Arden shall have all her jewels again, and you shall have a gold locket to put your true love's hair in when you're seventeen and I'm two hundred and thirty. And leave the parlour window open. And when I tap, come to it. Is it a bargain?"

"Then you're not really a highwayman?"

"What should you say," he asked, "if I told you that I was the third James, the rightful King of England, come to claim my own?"

"Oh!" said Elfrida, breathless. And he set her down, and she walked to the door of the castle and thumped on it with her fists.

Her tale had been told to the servants, and again to Cousin Bet and the maids, and the chorus of lament and astonishment was settling down to a desire to have something to eat; anyhow, the servants had gone to the kitchen to hurry the supper. Cousin Bet and Elfrida were alone in the parlour, where Elfrida had dutifully set the window ajar.

The laurel that was trained all up that side of the house stirred in the breeze and tapped at the window. Elfrida crossed to the window-seat. No, it was only the laurel. But next moment a hand tapped—a hand with rings on it, and a white square showed in the window—a letter.

"For Miss Betty Arden," said a whispering voice.

Elfrida carried the letter to where her cousin sat and laid it on her lap.

"For me, child? Where did you get it?"

"Read it," said Elfrida; "it's from a gentleman."

"Lud!" said Cousin Bet. "What a day! —a highwayman and the jewels lost and now a love-letter."

She opened it, read it—read it again and let her hand flutter out with it in a helpless sort of way towards Elfrida, who, very brisk and businesslike, took it and read it. It was clearly and beautifully written.

"The Chevalier St. George," it said, "visiting his kingdom in secret on pressing affairs of State, asks housing and hiding beneath the roof of the loyal Ardens."

"Now, don't scream," said Elfrida, sharply; "who's the Chevalier St. George?"

"Our King," said Betty, in a whisper—"our King over the water—King James the Third. Oh, why isn't my uncle at home? They'll kill the King if they find him. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Do?" said Elfrida. "Why, don't be so silly. That's what you've got to do. Why, it's a glorious chance. Think how everyone will say how brave you were. Is he Bonnie Prince Charlie? Will he be King some day?"

"No, not Charles—James; uncle wants him to be King."

"Then let's help him," said Elfrida, "and perhaps it'll be your doing that he is King." Her history had never got beyond Edward the Fourth because of having to go back to 1066 on account of new girls, and she had only heard of Prince Charlie in ballads and story-books. "And when he's King he'll make you Dowager-Duchess of Somewhere and give you his portrait set in diamonds. Now don't scream. He's outside. I'll call him in. Where can we hide him?"

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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THE HALO OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE photograph which I send you is extremely curious, for if your readers will look at the head of the statue of Lord Beaconsfield they will notice that the dial of Big Ben forms a halo around the statesman's head. The curious coincidence is a happy one, and the publication of the picture appropriate, since Primrose Day will be celebrated as usual during the current month.—Mr. Horace W. Nicholls, 9, Amherst Avenue, Ealing.

HOW WAS THIS DONE?

I SEND you a curious photograph. There were no wires, ropes, nails, or boards used to support the man in this poise, which looks difficult. The exposure was half a second, stop sixteen, no double printing, and the plate was not faked or retouched in any way. Can your readers guess how it was done?—Mr. John F. Moore, St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal.

A STILE FOR DOGS.

MY photograph is that of a stile in South Devon, across a field, the hole being for the dog! There are a number of these scattered about Devon.—Cadet S. Stuart-Russell, Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

SINGING FOR A PIG.

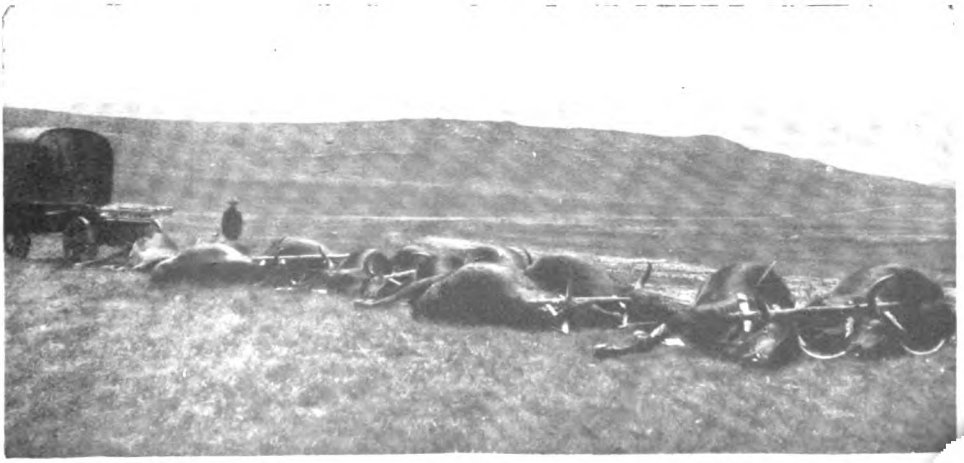
THIS is a photograph of a novel competition at some village sports. Each competitor had to catch a pig and sing a comic song, holding the pig under his arm. Any competitor smiling or laughing was at once disqualified. The gentleman in the photograph was not the winner. — Mr. R. F. Howe, Wetheringsett, Stowmarket.

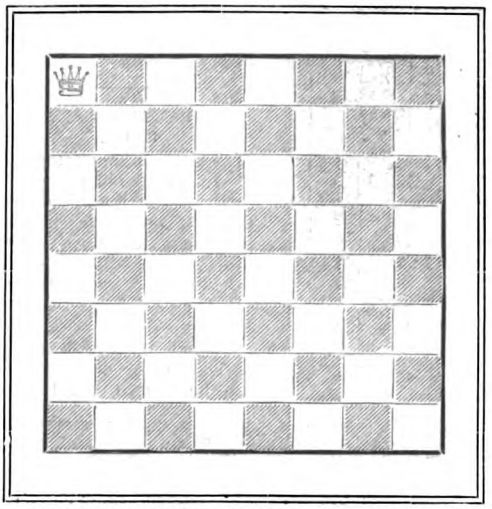
THE POWER OF LIGHTNING.

A MR. SMITH, farmer, of Witzieshoek, sent eight span of oxen to some place near. On the return journey, near Harrismith, a heavy storm suddenly came on, with thunder and lightning. One very sharp flash struck the last span of fourteen oxen, killing them all instantly and stunning the two drivers, who, however, soon recovered. The photograph taken by my son only shows twelve of the victims. —Mr. J. Passmore, 29, Wood Street, Swindon.

A PANAMA CANAL RELIC.

HERE is a photograph of an old dump car used by the French during the time they were engaged in trying to dig the Panama Canal. The car has been standing for over twenty years, and a large tree has grown up between the rails, crowding the car from the track. One of the rails can be seen at the bottom of the tree, and the tree is encircled by a band of iron which forms one side of the car. The photograph was taken at San Pablo, which was quite an important place during the French *régime*.—Mr. J. W. Martin, Tabernilla, Canal Zone, Panama.





ANOTHER CHESS PROBLEM.—THE QUEEN'S TOUR.

THE puzzle is to cover every square on the board in fourteen moves. There are forty-four squares from which the tour can commence. The start in this plan is made from King's Rook square. —Mr. W. Gregory, Glenhurst, Beckenham, Kent.

WOOD *v.* WIRE.

AROUND this curious tree, when quite young, wire netting was placed in order to prevent the rabbits eating the bark. Since then the tree has grown considerably, leaving the wire netting embedded in the tree nearly one inch, giving it the curious appearance shown. The tree is in the village of Meopham, Kent.—Mr. M. Hallward, Woodlands, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent.

Notice for a Instrument Musical Game.

I am Music Player Bag Pipe Carnet B. Clarnet, B. & E. Althorn, Iffuniun, Base, Barı Tune, Tanner Trembon, Six Horn, Side Drum, Big Drum and Mohan Flute Hormunian, and I can repair every kind old and broken Baja's and now my pratice only bag pipe.

I give notice if any man European or Natives in Hongkong and Kowloon who know these all Baja's he play upon and instrument of Music with me these all Baja's but first I would sound bag pipe I promise if he will win me I will give $500 and if I win him I will take $250. from him.

The following Rules for play every march would play from Music Book, first I would see a tune from Music Book and he would sound same tune after he would see a tune and I would sound he would song a March and I would write in Music same March after I would song a tune he would write the same tune I want Music player not by heart period of notice permitted only one month from 15th. August to 15th. September, 1903.

If any gentleman with to sound bag pipe I am ready my fees for a program is $5. first I am pipe Major in 33rd. Burma Infantry I took discharge from 14th. August, 1903.

Committee Members from me is Band Master Dorbe Regiment.

LACHHMAN SINGH,

Teacher of Bag Pipe.

No. 10, Austin Road, Third Floor.

KOWLOON.

"NOTICE FOR A INSTRUMENT MUSICAL GAME."

I SEND you an amusing advertisement sent broadcast by an Indian bagpipe player. His many accomplishments are only exceeded by the remarkable lucidity with which they are expounded for the benefit of the unenlightened masses. —M. B., Hong-Kong.

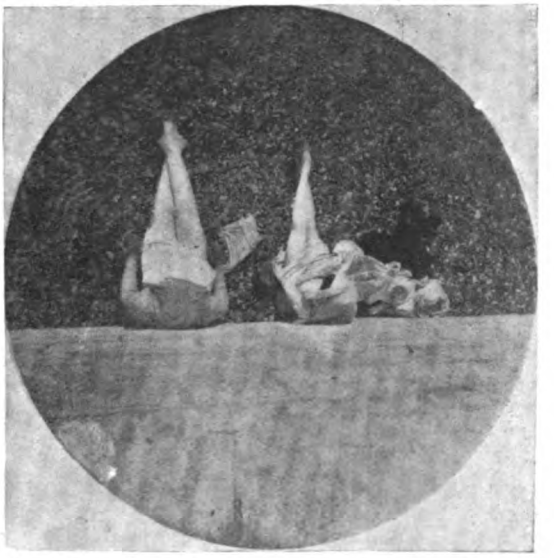
WALKED SIXTEEN TIMES ROUND THE WORLD.

THE accompanying photograph is of Mr. Richard Williams, who recently was the recipient of the Royal Service Medal on his well-merited retirement, after thirty-eight years' service under the G.P.O. as rural postman at Cressage, Salop. He has, during that period, walked the above astonishing distance in going to and returning from duty and during his round. For the greater part of the time Mr. Williams walked thirty-eight miles per day, as he lived at Buildwas, and had to walk to Cressage to go on duty twice daily. The total amounts to four

hundred and fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty miles. Is this a record for a postman? Besides this, during the season Mr. Williams reckons up quite a respectable total of miles he has walked with shooting parties, as he is a well-known figure to every sportsman for miles around. Mr. Williams is justly proud of his Service Medal, and the letter from the Postmaster-General which accompanied it. Mr. Williams was the first postman to deliver a post-card and was also the first to ride a bicycle in the village.—Messrs. Baldwin Bros. and Bartlam, Dawley, Salop.

A PUZZLE PICTURE.

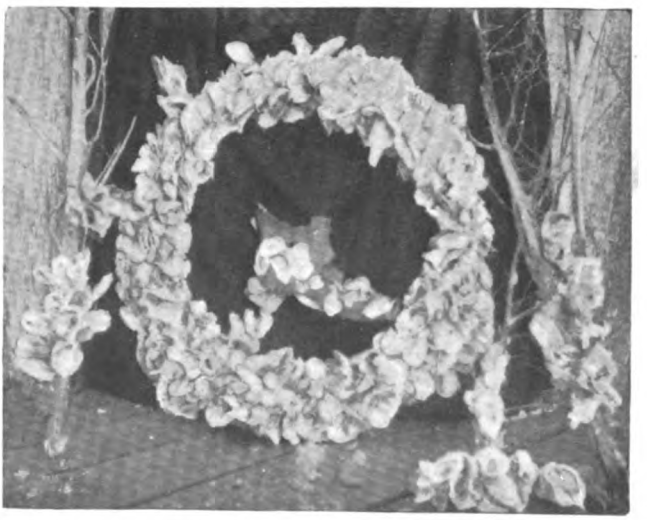
AT first sight one might suppose the next to be a picture of two acrobats doing their turn on a platform in a circus. In reality, however, they are merely a couple of ordinary everyday men who, having just had a dip in the sea, have sat down on



the shingle with their backs to the sea-wall, from the top of which this photograph was taken.—Miss P. D. Harris, Oak Hill, Surbiton.

AN OYSTER WREATH.

THE Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries produce 80 per cent. of the oyster supply of the United States—of this product about one half is taken from the waters of Virginia. It is known that a female oyster will lay several millions of eggs in a single season. Most of these, under favourable conditions, meet male cells, and soon develop into swimming embryos. They finally settle to the bottom, and attach themselves to whatever hard substance they happen to light upon. The Japanese use quantities of bamboo brush for this purpose. The foundation for the beautiful oyster wreath shown in the photograph is an iron hoop of about three feet in diameter. It and the old shoe were recently taken from the waters of Chesapeake Bay along the eastern shore of Virginia. Experts estimate the number of oysters forming the wreath at over ten thousand.—Mr. A. D. Dart, Irvington, Va.



A PECULIAR PET.

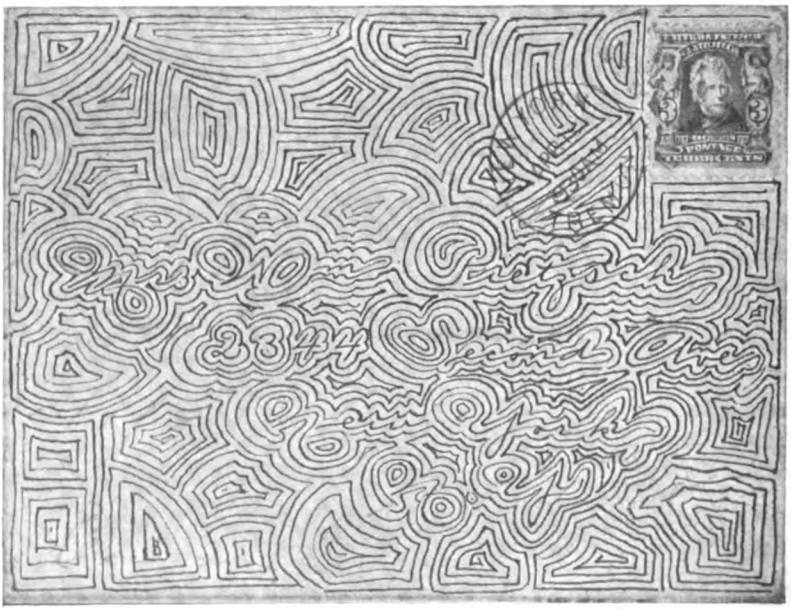
I SEND you a picture of a baby beaver taken several months ago. An Indian found him and gave him to the Chinese trader. The little animal is about seven inches long and very intelligent. It would waddle after its master when hungry, and if no attention was paid to its cries would endeavour to climb up his trousers. To hear it crying one would think a baby was in the house. It was fed for a while on crackers and milk.—Mr. S. D. H. Pope, Fort St. James, Stuart Lake, British Columbia.

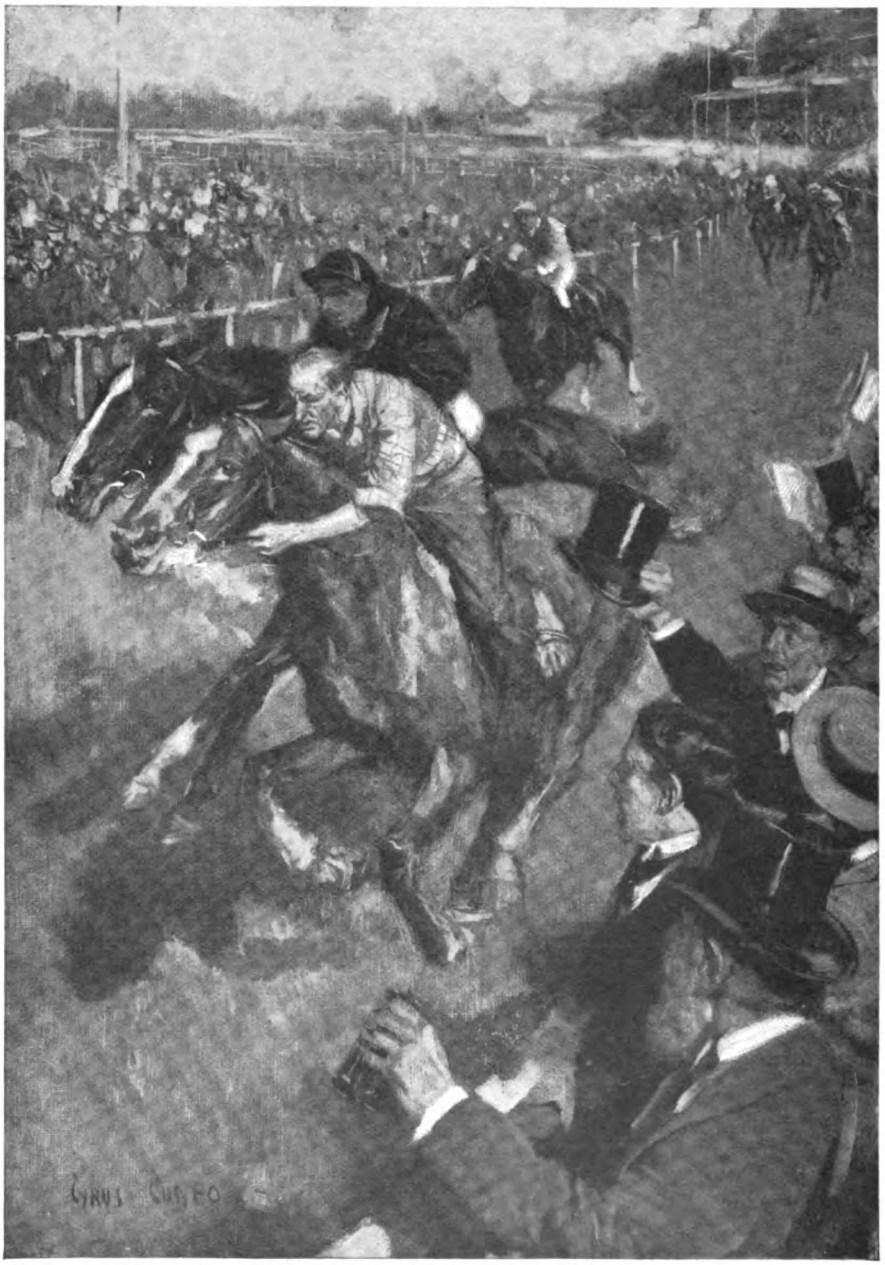
A PUZZLING ADDRESS.

THE accompanying envelope was delivered to me, in spite of its rather curious address. At first glance it has the appearance of being a plan of the ever-popular crystal maze. A closer study, however, will show its true significance, and the address can easily be read.—Mr. Wm. Pietzsch, 2,344, Second Ave., New York, N.Y.

WONDERFUL WOOD-TURNING.

THE enclosed is a photograph of specimens of curious wood-turning, by an old turner here lately past work. The portraits of the two great statesmen on each side of the finely-turned column are extremely difficult to turn on the lathe. They are turned on the inside and outside of a cylinder of wood, which is then cut across into sections, showing the two profiles. The photograph shows two sections, each about the eighth of an inch thick.—Mr. H. C. S. Colborne, 25, Devonshire Terrace, Hastings.





"ONE WAS HALF A NOSE LENGTH IN FRONT OF THE OTHER."

(*See page* 489.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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ZORY'S RACE.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

WHEN Zory Sicks, loyal to his old custom, knelt on the barn-floor that night to pray, his heart suddenly stood still at the sound of a sob. It was so dark about Zory that he could not see his hand before his face. Slowly, breathlessly, he straightened himself and listened. Again he heard the sob, this time so distinct that he knew it was a woman's. Immediately, then, he caught the accents of a man's voice, low and soothing, but itself, if Zory's ear did not mislead him, unsteady with emotion.

"By gracious!" exclaimed the listener, mentally, "it's Billy and Peggy Ann!"

Feeling his way, setting down his bare feet with cat-like softness, Zory laid hold of the perpendicular ladder, climbed noiselessly to the loft, and sank down on the hay. He heard the big barn-doors swing on their hinges, and then the thump of hoofs and rumble of wheels, as Old Nell lumbered up the bridge, with the carriage, into the building. Peggy Ann was riding, and Billy, her husband, was leading the mare. Zory could see the yellow rays of a lantern playing among the shadows amid the rafters. Ordinarily, of course, he would have hurried down to help Billy put up the horse, but the sobs and the shaken voice kept him still. Even when Billy called out, lustily, "Zory!" Zory held his tongue and did not move.

"Seems the ole feller's away somwhere," said Billy, starting to unhitch. "You set where you are, Peggy, till I unharness and feed, and we'll go to the house together."

Billy and Peggy Ann had been to town that day, leaving Zory at home, as usual, to look after the place. They had started very early—considerably before sunrise—so that Zory had had a long and lonesome day of it. Moreover, it had been a somewhat anxious day with him. Billy and Peggy Ann, before starting to town, had not seemed entirely natural; they had been unwontedly silent, and Zory had imagined, while shrinking from over-close observation, that there had been a drawn look about Peggy Ann's mouth. Furthermore, Billy had stopped with two cups of coffee and one helping of ham and eggs for breakfast—beyond dispute, a disquietingly light feed for Billy. And, finally, Zory could not forget that, having taken his stand, as customarily, in the front yard, expecting Billy to glance back at him from the turn in the road, the old farmer had made no sign, driving straight on, his head bent close to Peggy Ann's.

Now, so far as anybody had ever been able to see, Zory's emotional nature was accessible from only one direction—through Billy and Peggy Ann. The rest of the human race might come or go, Zory did not seem to care a whit. But let anything affect the old farmer and his wife—any grief, any joy—and Zory had a heart as sensitive as the heart of a girl. Nor was it hard to understand this—Billy and Peggy Ann were pretty nearly the whole world to Zory. Tramping into the country, years and years before—an utter stranger, his earthly all bound in a red bandanna and slung over his shoulder on a stick—not from Billy Jamison's door had he been turned away; Billy had called off the dogs and taken him in, and Peggy Ann had bid him eat his fill at her heavily-laden board.

Ever since that day Zory had been a sort of moving landmark on the farm—always there, never away for so much as a day. As

Copyright, 1908, by Edward Price Bell.

"PEGGY ANN WAS RIDING, AND BILLY, HER HUSBAND, WAS LEADING THE MARE."

the years passed he shrivelled into a little, grey-haired scrap of a man, good for nothing but work. Billy gave him his board and keep and an odd piece of silver, and Zory was satisfied. All the ups and downs of the family he followed as if he shared its flesh and blood. That billowy little spot under the trees on the hill at the back of the place, where slept Arthur, and Ned, and little Jane, and the rest, was just as sacred to Zory as it was to Billy and Peggy Ann. Taking the cows, morning and night, to and from the woods pasture, often he left the bridle-path through the brush and tarried among the leaf-thatched graves to think.

No real pain ever came to Zory from his reflections on those buried there. They had been dear to him. Each one stood out clear and appealing in his memory. The boys he had taught to ride, and swim, and shoot; so frequently had he rambled and romped with the girls that their bright eyes and wild-blown hair seemed woven into every fragment of the fabric of his long-ago. But Zory thought of them all, boys and girls alike, with a kind of happiness and pride. It was when he left the little graveyard, turned from the dead to the living, that the exaltation died out of his face. Hardship, financial sacrifice, Billy and Peggy Ann had gladly borne for Archibald and Thomas; and then, out in the great world, very far out in the great world, these sound and brave and clever boys had triumphed — and forgot.

Billy's broken voice and Peggy Ann's sobs knocked all the sleep out of Zory's head for that night. Stealthily creeping after the old couple to the house, he crouched beneath the window of the summer kitchen, where they were at supper. Low-toned and desultory was their talk, but not a word, nor any of the meaning, escaped the sharp ear and wit of the little man without.

"Wish I was like I used to be," said Peggy Ann; "with two strong hands and two good eyes!"

Billy gave a sad little laugh.

"Gracious, Peggy! Supposin' I was like *I* used to be!"

A long pause.

"Wonder," said Peggy Ann, "what'll become o' Zory?"

"Oh," answered Billy, "there ain't a farmer in the country but'd be glad to git him. Zory's a splendid worker—small, but stout, and tough's a pine knot."

"B'lieve, if I was you, I'd write to Archie and Tom, anyway," suggested Peggy Ann.

"As a matter o' fact, I did write to Archie."

"And didn't he answer you?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say?"

"Said Tom was in the mountains on a huntin'-trip and *he* couldn't spare nothin'—at present. You see, Peggy, livin' costs an awful lot in the city; 'tain't like out here. Besides, I think the boys' families is gittin' pretty big now. We'll go to court to-morrow; and, if we can't stave ole Crooks off, we'll move to the village, and I'll git a job at the coal-mine."

"*You* can't work in the coal-mine, Billy; you're too old!"

"Nonsense, Peggy! I can't work below, but I can do somethin' about the pit-mouth."

Zory heard no more—except a fresh sob and the wild beating of his own heart. Nor needed he to hear more; old Crooks, he knew perfectly well, meant to appear in court the next day, to foreclose his three-thousand-dollar mortgage on the farm. Zory stole away from the window, passed out into the barn-lot, and lay down on a hay-rack, with his face to the stars. It was the paramount moment of his life; he felt himself in the shadow of a calamity that nobody—nobody but Zory Sicks—stood forth to avert.

Three thousand dollars!

"Lordy!" cried Zory. "And I ain't got the price of a green pumpkin!"

He got on his feet, folded his arms, and stared at the East. The old Zory Sicks—the insignificant, dog-like, do-as-he-was-told Zory Sicks—had vanished into thin air. In his place was a being hard-visaged, self-centred, inflexible, militant. Up and down he paced, his bare feet sinking softly into the flour-fine dust. His mind was full of the farm and the aged figures of Billy and Peggy Ann. To break this trinity, to mar this time and trial-welded unity, struck Zory as an impious horror that no man of feeling could witness and live. He gnawed a morsel off his black plug, saw the lights go out at the house, and turned towards the stable.

Plenty of people were there—thousands of them. Since daybreak they had been pouring in, sending up such clouds of dust as had not previously choked the highways for a year. The streets were crammed with wagons, carts, buggies, carriages, overflowing with humanity. Hundreds of persons were on horseback. The pavements swarmed with pedestrians. Everybody looked well dressed—the older folk smart in decorous black; the young men brave in new suits and flaming neckties; the girls fresh and sweet in frocks snow-white, and ribbons that matched the spectrum of the sun.

Everybody well dressed?

How about that little grey-haired scrap of a man, riding bareback on that rough-coated sorrel filly? His hat was a shapeless rag of felt. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, a home-made checked shirt, and big-legged blue-cotton trousers that flapped audibly about his sockless shanks. His sunburnt feet were bare. He had not troubled to shave. It seemed quite doubtful whether he had even washed his face. But boldly he pressed along, indifferent, oblivious, never speaking except to soothe his restive mare.

The principal day it was of the great agricultural event of the year—the county fair. Through wide-flung gates, under gnarled beeches, the host streamed into the grounds, spreading as it flowed, like a shoreless flood. Gambling, horse-racing, feasting, love-making, mayhap a few fights—these were on the cards, not to mention milder delights by the score. On every hand stretched scarlet-hearted water-melons, fragrant musk-melons, tall glasses of red and white lemonade, twists of snowy taffy, and stands high-heaped with sandwiches, cakes, and rainbow-coloured sweets. The sultry air, pungent with mixed odours, pulsed with the neigh of horses, the rattle of wheels, the buzz of crowds, the cries of hawkers, the laughter of children, the blast of whistles, and the plaint of vague, vagrant melodies.

The quaint horseman, within the grounds, quickly freed himself from the crush, and started off at a smart canter. As he rode he faced the town, and a big, square, stone-columned building rose before him, sharply defined against the sky. So clear was the air that he could see the huge hands on the clock-tower. Both the building and the clock-hands seemed to impress him, for frequently he turned his eyes that way, muttering, the while he urged his nervous steed forward. The length of the string of white-washed racing-stables he traversed without pausing. Then he wheeled the filly and cantered back, closely scanning the faces of horse-owners and jockeys as he went.

"Halloa, Zory!"

Zory abruptly halted.

Out of a stable door had stepped a man in shirt-sleeves—clear-eyed, clean-shaven, ruddy, and rotund.

"Travellin', Zory, or goin' to some place?"

Zory slid off the filly and stepped close up to Rabby Jackson, the greatest horseman in the county.

"Rabby," he said, speaking low, "we're in trouble at the farm. You know ole Crooks?"

Rabby nodded.

"You've heard about his mortgage, I reckon?"

Again Rabby nodded.

"Well"—Zory pointed towards the big building—"he's goin' to be over there to-day, to foreclose. The mortgage is for three thousand, you know."

"Tidy sum, Zory."

"Dear me, I'd reckon 'twas! Rabby, I want your help!"

Rabby frowned.

"I want you to git me into this Gran' Special free-for-all for three-year-olds, about which I've been readin' in the county paper."

"With what, Zory?"

"With this sorrel."

Stepping back, Rabby swiftly envisaged Zory's shaggy mount.

"Why, Zory," said he, kindly, but not without scorn, "that filly can't win the Gran' Special! I ain't even enterin' my own three-year-olds, bred and trained to the track, and good ones, too. There's only one prize, but it's five thousan', and the smartest runners in the country's here. Dewdrop'll win that race, hands down."

"Git me in, anyway, Rabby! I want to try for it. Pay the entrance fee, and I'll make it up to you some day."

Rabby stared hard into the little man's eyes. Then again he examined the filly—critically this time, from hoofs to ear-tips, from teeth to tail. At last he turned to Zory.

"Can she really go some, Zory?"

Zory's troubled eyes twinkled.

"Ain't always lookin' for a hitchin'-post?"

"Hates a hitchin'-post," said Zory. "Take it from me, Rabby, that filly's made o' fire and steel springs, and can run like all git-out!"

"But *you* never rode in a race, Zory. You don't know the game—no more does the hoss."

"I can ride anywhere, Rabby. Ain't I lived with hosses, and broke wild colts and fillies, for thirty-five year? As for the sorrel, she's a little skittish, but she's got a lot o' sense. Put us in the race, Rabby; we *might* win it. There's no other way on earth, so far's I see, to git that money, and git it quick. Once ole Crooks lays hands on Billy's fine stock-farm, nobody'll ever git it away from him. Put us in the race, Rabby. I promise you you'll not be ashamed of us. And you sha'n't lose nothin'. I'll pay you back—some day!"

And when, at the stroke of one, that big field of runners, smartly groomed, smartly mounted, bounced and capered on to the track before the grand stand, Zory and the sorrel were there. Zory's entry had come late, but not fatally; Rabby Jackson had managed it. The names of the sorrel and her rider were absent from the printed programmes, but everything was made plain by a man who shouted through a megaphone from the judge's stand that, at the last moment, "Sorrel Lass, a filly owned by William Jamison, of the southern end of the county," had been entered for the Grand Special. She would be "ridden by Zory Sicks, under the familiar racing-colours—black and orange—of Rabby Jackson."

First on the track galloped the famous Dewdrop—a marvel of action and a dream of beauty. All the odds were on him, with precious little money for the long shots. On his heels followed Clovertop, Scarlet Berry, Red Elf, Black Frank, Stormpetrel, Lady-bird, and the others, each raising a cheer from the huge crowd in the grand stand and the black throngs massed on either side of the track. Almost at the tail end came the tardily-entered Sorrel Lass, with Zory up. For a moment there was complete silence—the crowds breathless with amazement—then peal after peal, scream after scream, of uproarious and irrepressible laughter.

Zory's long-haired mount, by contrast with her shaved and polished fellows, looked less a racehorse than some odd beast of the jungle. In every move she showed her newness to the track—no beautiful parade manners about her. Advancing with painful caution, shying, darting quick glances from side to side, Sorrel Lass was the picture of exquisite torture. At the shrill of a trumpet she almost jumped out of her skin. When the band blared forth, she reared and plunged in an agony of fear, giving Zory urgent need of all the horsemanship wrapped up in his agile and wiry frame.

Zory, except that he was hatless, was dressed exactly as on the road, still in his homely checked shirt and bare feet, with his big-legged trousers making merry with his naked shanks. Stranger than his horse, stranger than himself, was the manner of his mounting. All the other saddles were in the middle of the horses' backs; Zory's—a bare skeleton, with short stirrups, supplied by Rabby—was right over the filly's withers, and the rider grasped the reins within a few inches of the horse's mouth. The other riders stood in their stirrups as they galloped.

"ALMOST AT THE TAIL END CAME SORREL LASS, WITH ZORY UP."

Zory crouched, with flexed knees, over the filly's shoulders, his face against her mane.

"Is it a monkey or a man?" rang a loud voice from the grand stand.

"Sit up, laddie; you'll get curvature o' the spine!" cried another.

"Thinks he's ridin' a bicycle!" shouted back somebody from the opposite side of the course.

"Say, sonny, didn't you saddle the wrong hoss?"

"That filly might win if she had a hair-cut!"

"Great heavens!" roared a white-breeched sport on the edge of the track; "it's straight from the Zoo!"

Heedless of the sharp and pitiless tongue of the crowd, Zory only crooned to the filly and waited for the start. The jockeys, he noted, shared to the full the raging fun about them—absorbed rather less in him and his horse than in the Gatling-fire of rustic wit. As for Zory, blind and deaf to irrelevant sights and sounds, he gave all his mind to the track. Nothing there escaped his piercing eyes—no rider, no horse. Scarce were the runners well warmed in their preliminary movements when Zory felt he had marked the danger-points — knew the gradation of the test looming before him and his mare. Rabby Jackson and the "talent" were right; of this Zory had no doubt.

"If I'm beat," thought he, unconsciously setting his teeth and hard-gripping his reins, "it'll be by Dewdrop."

After what seemed to Zory, and more

particularly to Sorrel Lass, a veritable age of introductory leaping, sidling, cantering, and fast speeding, came the call for the start. Well up the stretch the runners were wheeled into irregular formation. Zory did not fight for any special place—simply sought free going-way among his rivals. Closely bunched, and driving hard, the big field swept past the grand stand, raising a thunderous cheer. Rough crowding, a horse down, and the field recalled. Twice more a non-start, and two jockeys, cut-throating for the pole, were ruled with their mounts out of the race. Carefully clear of the mêlée, Zory patted the filly's shoulder and crooned in her ear. At the starting-post, the fourth try, the field was nearly a bee-line.

"Go!" cried the starter.

"They're off! They're off!" screamed the crowd.

And, fiercely, savagely—fraught with its sublimated horseflesh, its masterly jockeyship, its heavy wagers, its hopes and fears—the Grand Special was on. Zory made no brilliant showing in the get-away. First, he did not know how to manage that highly technical business; and, secondly, he had no mind to break Sorrel Lass's heart at the beginning. "The inside track's all right," reasoned he, "if it don't cost too much. But we got a mile and a half to go—three times round a half-mile course—and there'll be plenty o' chance to fight for the lead—and the race—when the runnin's rightly on." Sorrel Lass, goaded by the wild scrambling and jostling, was keen to make sad havoc of Zory's Fabian tactics, but his hard little hands were too clever and too relentless on the snaffle-bit.

Ladybird's were the laurels of the get-away. At the starter's signal, shooting out like a comet, sharply she swerved in and snatched the lead from under Dewdrop's nose. On Ladybird's flank, pacing her hard, ran Stormpetrel. Crowding Stormpetrel, in turn, sped Scarlet Berry. These three — Ladybird, Stormpetrel, and Scarlet Berry—formed the front of the swift-moving field. Behind them was a close knot of horses, with Sorrel Lass in the centre. Far to the rear galloped three or four laggers, quite unable to stand the pace. All Zory's faculties were active to still the filly's fears, nurse her nerve, and fix her to the work on a level keel.

At the outset Rabby's skeleton saddle and its curious position on the horse gave Zory some inconvenience and concern. But very shortly he realized that his weight—officially just under nine stone—rested so lightly on the mare that she could stride out almost as freely as if riderless. At the end of the first circuit—marked by a deafening roar from the crowd—Zory figured that he had not done so badly; he was still a good way behind Ladybird, Stormpetrel, Scarlet Berry, and Dewdrop, but at least two-thirds of the field were now behind him. Sure that Sorrel Lass was running with an ease and resilience that promised "plenty to come," Zory's courage rose, his heart leapt as with new wine, and his voice fell yet more dulcetly on the ears of the mare.

Again the racers burnt up the half-mile circuit. On this round Zory had been *calling* to Sorrel Lass; and, when the runners flashed by the grand stand, the people forgot to cheer. Out of Sorrel Lass's reserves of action Zory Sicks had coaxed a marvellous crescendo. Gap after gap the long-haired filly had closed, until she was running dead-even with Stormpetrel, and three lengths only behind Ladybird, Dewdrop, and Scarlet Berry—those amazing, lightning-like leaders!

The people forgot to cheer!

Instead of their old full-throated shout broke a babel of bewildered sounds. Neighbour looked at neighbour, wonder-eyed—over the spirit of the whole multitude, confusion. Suddenly, then, by some magic impulse, in every quarter of the crowd the sporting instinct found itself. Bills waved and flapped above the heads of the people, and thick-voiced men shouted even money, then two to one, three, four, five to one, that Sorrel Lass would win second place! Gradually it began to strike the crowd that some strange thing impended; that the expected, the commonplace, was dissolving; that the air was rose-tinted with the heraldry of some glittering surprise. Then came a swirling, reckless-driving mass-scramble for the winning wire, and women and children screamed aloud in the crush.

Out on the track—well round on the last lap—Zory Sicks was riding the ride of his life. His body was in a knot; his bare feet sat firm, but free, in the stirrups; his hands clutched the reins just behind the bit-rings; his cheek pressed gently the filly's mane. Lightly he clung, but leech-like, lying so low that the wind whizzed past him unresisted. Dewdrop wrenching the lead from Ladybird, this brilliant mare dropped far back, next to nothing "left in her." Slowly running away from Stormpetrel, Zory wore down the lead of Scarlet Berry, and put her safely in his wake. Only Dewdrop remained, but Dewdrop was everything to Zory; Dewdrop had troubled Zory's soul from the start. True,

the great colt's lead was now a scant two lengths; but Sorrel Lass seemed to be pouring out the best that was in her, and there was only a quarter to go.

"Git, Lass, git!"

Zory's spurs and lash.

"Git, Lass, git!"

Words, yet rawhide in their sting.

Close-knit body a-throb, head low, flaming nostrils tilted and extended, tail streaming to the wind, Sorrel Lass was running as smooth as a parquet floor. Almost imperceptibly the daylight between her and Dewdrop was closing. Round they flew on to the broad bosom of the home stretch.

"Git, Lass, git!"

Had the filly wings?

"Git, Lass, git!"

Was it the old battle with heat and sleet?

"Git, Lass, git!"

The gales of the wide pasturelands were blowing in her blood. Again she was cleaving her mad way through the bush. Again she was clearing ditches, fences, fallen trees. Again she was circling the fields, measuring the valleys, leaping spray-like up the heights.

"Git, Lass, git!"

Right and left loomed the great crowds, rapt and still. Sounded only the breathing of the horses, the beat of their hoofs, and the stir of the summer wind in the beeches. On—a shaft of light—shot Sorrel Lass. At eighty yards she accounted for the final ray of the rift. Flush with the grand stand her nose was stealing along Dewdrop's flank. Another moment and they were flying neck and neck. A terrific crash of cheers—plus that dripping acid, "Git! git! git!"—and Sorrel Lass flung into the flight the last glorious ounce of her dazzling powers!

Directly beneath the winning wire Rabby Jackson's practised eyes stared straight across the track. As the deafening applause, rising cheer on cheer, culminated in a kind of Olympus roar, Rabby saw two bulging, blood-red nostrils glow like head-lamps. One was half a nose length in front of the other, and out of Rabby's big throat broke a mighty shout.

Far down the track he pulled Zory out of a snowdrift of lather, and pressed back towards the judge's stand, the little man on his shoulders. Up went the official result: "Sorrel Lass First. Time, 2.41¼." The huge throng in the grand stand bent and swayed like tree-tops in a tempest. Over the white paling, pell-mell, burst a frenzied torrent, flooding the whole home stretch with tumult and violence. Out of the vortex of the maelstrom rose the little figure of Zory. His eyes were riveted on the official fiat—"Sorrel Lass First." As its full meaning stormed in on him, he shook like an aspen-leaf. Sleepy, hungry, thirsty, exhausted, a great weakness and dizziness spread all over him. Reeling on Rabby's shoulders, he sank his hands into the big man's hair, and the tears streamed like summer rain from his parched and aching eyes.

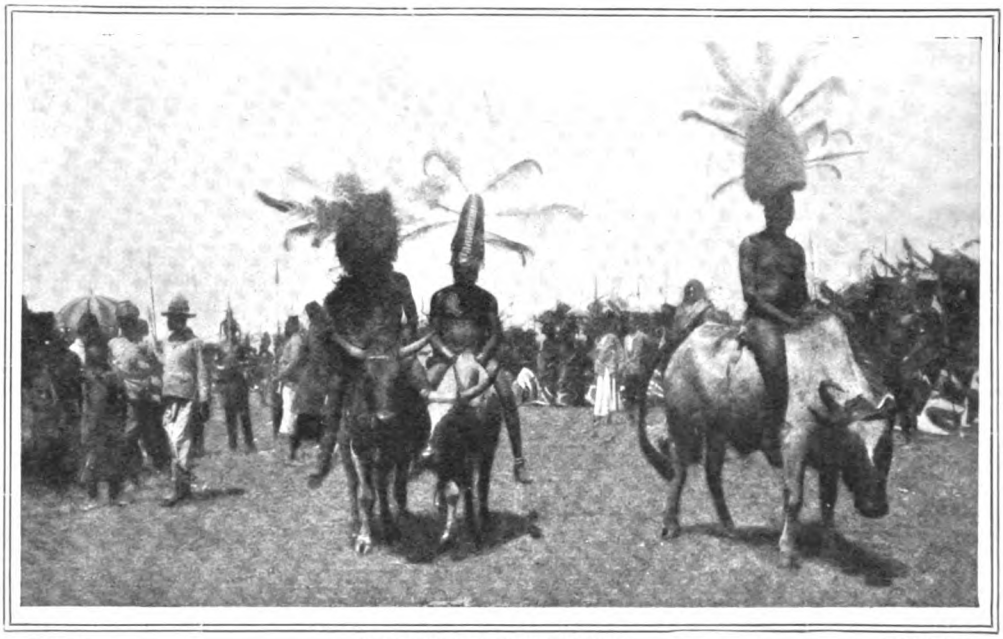
When Zory Sicks and Rabby Jackson hurried into the circuit court-room at a quarter before two o'clock, Billy and Peggy Ann were there, and old Crooks and his lawyer, and the judge. Zory and Rabby had been to the bank, and on the table, before old Crooks's bulging eyes and fallen jaw, Zory counted out three thousand dollars, and a matter of three hundred dollars interest, in crisp new notes.

"Billy's goin' to keep th' farm, Mister Crooks," said Zory, stepping back and fixing the mortgagee with his tired, red eyes.

"Rabby," asked the judge—the mortgage paid off—"how did it happen?"

"Your Honour," replied Rabby, "Zory Sicks won the Gran' Special with Billy's sorrel filly—that's all. Reckon I've watched 'most as many races as I got hairs on my head, but I never see such ridin' before in *my* time! And Billy"—Rabby turned to the speechless old farmer—"I take it you and Peggy Ann—and Zory Sicks—will never be poor again; in spot cash, that filly's worth at least *twenty* farms like your'n."

That night, when the thick-clustering stars twinkled out of the blue, they shone on an old farm wagon, lumbering its slow way along a country road. Her nose almost touching the end gate, followed, listlessly, a shaggy sorrel filly. Billy and Peggy Ann, in the high spring seat, were going home. Behind, in the bottom of the wagon, Sorrel Lass's hitch-rein knotted about his hand, his hatless grey head pillowed on a sack of flour, dead asleep, lay the humble little Wellington of that day's Waterloo, the quaint oddment of a man who had smitten back the feet of the alien from sacred sod and clod.



From a] CHIEFS OF THE KAVIRONDO TRIBE. *[Photograph.*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

III.—THE HIGHLANDS OF EAST AFRICA.

"COLOUR" is already the dominant question at Nairobi. "We mean to make East Africa a white man's country," cries, in strident tones, the Colonists' Association on every occasion. Truly a respectable and impressive policy; but one which seems, at first sight, rather difficult to achieve in a land where there are, so far, fewer than two thousand five hundred whites and more than five million black aboriginals. Can East Africa ever become a white man's country? Can even the Highlands, with their cool and buoyant breezes and temperate, unchanging climate, become a white man's country? Never, certainly, in the sense that Canada, or, indeed, the United Kingdom, are white men's countries—that is to say, countries inhabited wholly by white people and subsisting upon an economic basis of white unskilled labour.

It is scarcely worth while even to imagine the Highlands of East Africa denuded of their native inhabitants and occupied solely by Europeans. Such an idea is utterly impossible. Whatever may be the increase in the white population in the future, it is safe to say that it will be far more than counterbalanced by the multiplication of the natives as they are guarded against famine and prevented from civil war. But were such a solution possible, it would be almost the last thing in the world desired by those who clamour for "a white man's country." For observe it is not against the black aboriginal that the prejudices and interests of the white settler or trader are arrayed. The African, it is conceded, is welcome to stay in his own country. No economic competition has yet arisen or is likely to arise between him and the new-comers. Their spheres of activity lie wholly apart, for the white man absolutely refuses to do black man's work; not for that harsh toil does he exile himself from the land of his birth; and the native could not,

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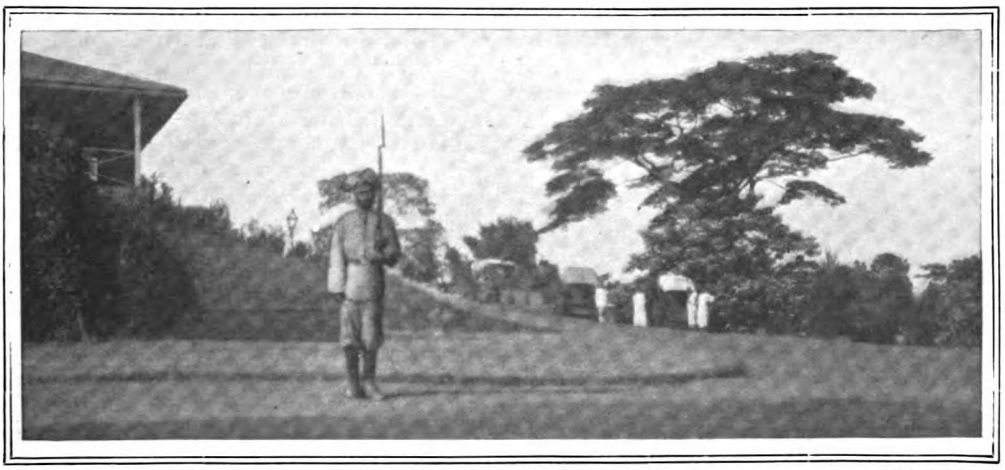
in his present state of development, displace the white man in skilled employments and the superintendence and the organization of industry—even if he would—and nothing is farther from his ambitions.

It is the brown man who is the rival. The European has neither the wish nor the power to constitute a white proletariat in countries like East Africa. In his view the blacks should be the private soldiers of the army, but the non-commissioned officers and the commanders must be white. This should not be dismissed as a mere assertion of racial arrogance. It is an obstinate fact. It is already a grave defect for a community to found itself upon the manual labour of an inferior race, and many are the complications and perils that spring therefrom. But what of the second storey? If there is to be any kind of white society dwelling together year after year within the standards of life and comfort to which Europeans have universally been accustomed to aspire, and largely to attain, this middle stage in the economic system must provide that white society with the means of earning—as professional men, as planters, merchants, traders, farmers, bankers, overseers, contractors, builders, engineers, accountants, clerks—a living for themselves and their families. And here strikes in the Asiatic. In every single employment of this class, his power of subsisting upon a few shillings a month, his industry, his thrift, his sharp business aptitudes give him the economic superiority; and if economic superiority is to be the final rule—as it has never been and never will be in the history of the world—there is not a single employment of this middle class from which he will not, to a very large extent, clear the white man, as surely and as remorselessly as the brown rat extirpated the black from British soil.

Then what remains? What sort of social organizations shall we be building up, with so much labour and expense, in these new lands under the British Crown? There is already no white working class. There is to be no white middle class. Room is left only for the capitalist *pure and simple*—if one may so describe him. A vast army of African labourers, officered by educated Indians or Chinese, and directed by a few individuals of diverse nationalities employing cosmopolitan capital—that is the nightmare which haunts the white population of South Africa, and at which what there is of a white population in East Africa is already shrieking vigorously.

Yet hear the other side. How stands the claim of the British Indian? His rights as a human being, his rights as a British subject, are equally engaged. It was the Sikh soldier who bore an honourable part in the conquest and pacification of these East African countries. It is the Indian trader who, penetrating and maintaining himself in all sorts of places to which no white man would go or in which no white man could earn a living, has more than anyone else developed the early beginnings of trade and opened up the first slender means of communication. It was by Indian labour that the one vital railway on which everything else depends was constructed. It is the Indian banker who supplies perhaps the larger part of the capital



From a] A SIKH SOLDIER. *[Photograph.*

yet available for business and enterprise, and to whom the white settlers have not hesitated to recur for aid. The Indian was here long before the first British official. He may point to as many generations of useful industry on the coast and inland as the white settlers—especially the most recently-arrived contingents from South Africa (the loudest against him of all)—can count years of residence. Is it possible for any Government with a scrap of respect for honest dealing between man and man to embark upon a policy of deliberately squeezing out the native of India from regions in which he has established himself under every security of public faith? Most of all must we ask, is such a policy possible to the Government which bears sway over three hundred millions of our Indian Empire?

We are in presence of one of those apparently hopeless antagonisms of interests which baffle and dispirit all who are concerned in their adjustment. And these questions are not confined to East Africa or to South Africa. A whole series of new problems has arisen, and will grow graver and larger as the immediate history of the British Empire unfolds. They erect themselves upon a field almost wholly unstudied, and familiar only by the prejudices which in every direction obstruct movement and view. The entry of the Asiatic as labourer, trader, and capitalist into competition in industry and enterprise not only *with*, but *in*, the Western world is a new fact of first importance. Cheap, swift, easy means of communication, the establishment of peace and order over land and sea, the ever-growing interdependence of all men and all countries upon one another, have given wings to Asiatic commercial ambition and rendered Asiatic manual labour fluid, as it has never before been fluid since the beginning of things. Unless these new elements in the economic life of mankind can be scientifically and harmoniously controlled and assimilated, great and novel dangers menace alike the Asiatic and the European he supplants. On the one hand we see the possible exploitation under various unhealthy conditions of immense masses of Asiatic labour, to the moral injury of the employer and to the degradation and suffering of the employed; on the other the overturn of the standards of living laboriously achieved or long obstinately battled for among Europeans.

Superadded to these we must foresee the confusion of blood, of manners, of morals, of counting, where operative upon any extensive scale, almost to the disintegration of the existing order of society. And behind—very close behind—lie the appeals to force, by mobs or Empires, to decide in a brutal fashion the brutal question which of two sets of irreconcilable interests shall prevail. It is not easy to measure the degree of political instability that will be introduced into international relations when the subjects of a powerful military and naval State are continually exposed to penal legislation and open violence, and into private life when the white artisan is invited to acquiesce in his own extinction, in virtue of laws which he himself controls, by a competitor whom he believes he could strike down with his hands.

Yet the Asiatic, and here I also include the African, native has immense services to render and energies to contribute to the happiness and material progress of the world. There are spacious lands whose promise can never be realized, there are unnumbered harvests which can never be garnered without his active co-operation. There are roads and railways and reservoirs which only he can make. There are mines and forests which will slumber for ever without his aid. The mighty continent of tropical Africa lies open to the colonizing and organizing capacities of the East. All those new products which modern industry insistently demands are offered in measureless abundance to the West—if only we could solve the Sphinx's riddle in its newest form.

And is it after all beyond our reach to provide, if not a perfect, at any rate a practical answer? There ought to be no insuperable difficulty, in the present state of political knowledge and social organization, in assigning different spheres to the external activity of different races. The Great Powers have partitioned Africa territorially; is it beyond the wit of man to divide it economically? The co-operation of many different kinds of men is needed for the cultivation of such a noble estate. Is it impossible to regulate in full and intricate detail the conditions under which that co-operation shall take place? Here white men can live and thrive; there they cannot. Here is a task for one, there the opportunity of another. The world is big enough. [I write as the stream of the Nile bears me between the immense spaces of beautiful, fertile, unpopulated country that lie north of the Albert Lake.] There is plenty of room for all. Why cannot we settle it fairly?

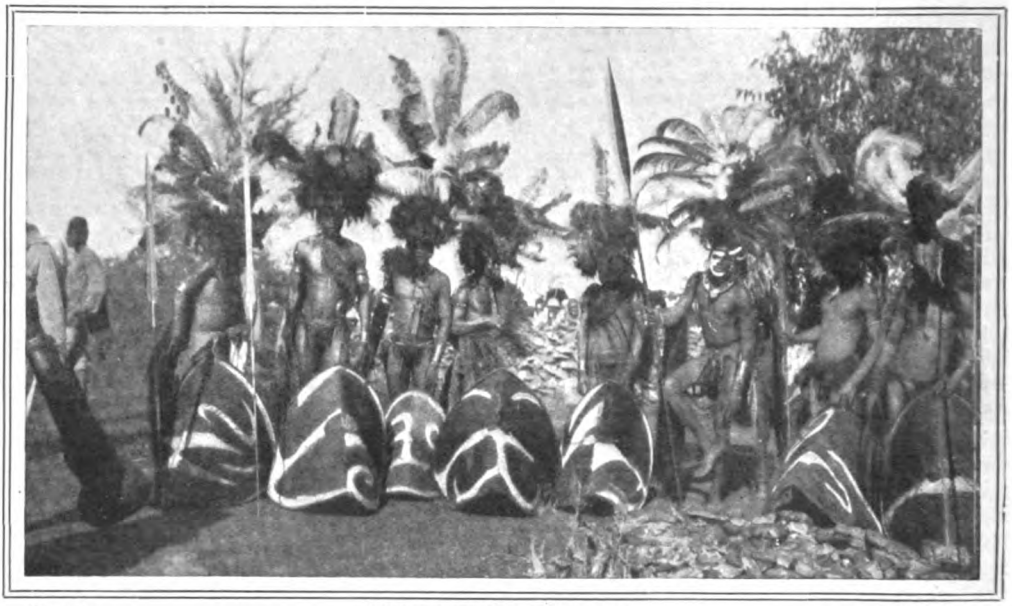
It must be noted that the question of Asiatic immigration presents itself to the

Imperial point of view in several quite distinct forms. There are, first of all, colonies which stand on the basis of a white proletariat, and whose inhabitants, rich and poor, employers and employed, are all Europeans. The right of such colonies to forbid the entry of large numbers of Asiatics, and to preserve themselves from the racial chaos and economic disturbance inseparable from such immigration, cannot be denied, although its exercise ought no doubt to be governed by various prudential and other considerations. But these colonies differ markedly from those where the mass of the population is not white, but black. Again, there are colonies which possess responsible government, and where the number of the white middle-class inhabitants very largely exceeds the Asiatic community. It is evident that these stand in a wholly different position from that of places like the tropical Protectorates of East and West Africa.

Indeed, it may be contended that the very fact that the native of British India will undoubtedly, wisely or unwisely, rightly or wrongly, be refused access in any large numbers to several South African and all Australian Colonies by their respective Governments makes it all the more desirable that the Imperial Government should afford in the tropical Protectorates outlet and scope to the enterprise and colonizing capacity of Hindustan. And, as I have written, these countries are big enough for all. There is no reason why those Highland areas which promise the white man a home and a career, and where alone he can live in comfort, should not, as a matter of practical administration, be in the main reserved for him. Nor, on the other hand, why the Asiatic, if only he does not teach the African natives evil ways—a contingency which must not be forgotten—should not be encouraged to trade and settle as he will in the enormous regions of tropical fertility to which he is naturally adapted. Somewhere in this direction—I do not wish to dogmatize—the immediate course of sound policy would seem to lie, and, guided by the lights of science and tolerance, we may easily find it.

But the course of these reflections has carried me a good deal farther than the politics of Nairobi would seem to justify; and I hasten to return to the question with which I started: "Can the Highlands of East Africa be made 'a white man's country'?" Let us examine this by a fresh process. As one rides or marches through the valleys and across the wide plateaux of these uplands, braced by their delicious air, listening to the music of their streams, and feasting the eye upon their natural wealth and beauty, a sense of bewilderment overcomes the mind. How is it they have never become the home of some superior race, prosperous, healthy, and free? Why is it that, now a railway has opened the door and so much has been published about them, there has not been one furious river of immigration from the cramped and insanitary jungle-slums of Europe? Why, most of all, are those who have come—the pioneers, the men of energy and adventure, of large ambitions and strong hands—why are they in so many cases only just keeping their heads above water? Why should com

From a] GROUP OF NATIVES AT KISUMU. *[Photograph.*



From a) CHIEFS OF THE KAVIRONDO TRIBE. *[Photograph.*

plaint and discontent and positive discouragement be so general among this limited class?

I have always experienced a feeling of devout thankfulness never to have possessed a square yard of that perverse commodity called "land." But I will confess that, travelling in the East African Highlands for the first time in my life, I have learned what the sensation of land-hunger is like. We may repress, but we cannot escape, the desire to peg out one of these fair and wide estates, with all the rewards they offer to industry and inventiveness, in the open air. Yet all around are men possessing thousands of fertile acres, with mountains and rivers and shady trees, acquired for little or nothing, all struggling, all fretful, nervous, high strung, many disappointed, some despairing, some smashed.

What are the true lineaments concealed behind the veil of boundless promise in which this land is shrouded? Are they not stamped with mockery? Is not the eye that regards you fierce as well as bright?

"When I first saw this country," said a colonist to me, "I fell in love with it. I had seen all the best of Australia. I had prospered in New Zealand. I knew South Africa. I thought at last I had struck 'God's own country.' I wrote letters to all my friends urging them to come. I wrote a series of articles in the newspapers praising the splendours of its scenery and the excellence of its climate. Before the last of the articles appeared my capital was nearly expended, my fences had been trampled down by troops of zebra, my imported stock had perished, my title-deeds were still blocked in the Land Office, and I myself had nearly died of a malignant fever. Since then I have left others to extol the glories of East Africa."

These second thoughts err, no doubt, as much on the side of extravagant depression as the first impression was over-sanguine. But that there is a rude reverse to the East African medal is a fact which cannot be disputed, and which ought not, in the interests either of the immigrant or of the country, to be concealed. It is still quite unproved that a European can make even the Highlands of East Africa his permanent home—that is to say, that he can live there without sensible degeneration for fifteen or twenty years at a stretch without ever returning to the temperate zones; still less that he can breed and rear families through several generations. The exhilaration of the air must not lead people to forget that an altitude of from five to eight thousand feet above the sea-level is an unusual condition, producing results not yet ascertained upon the nervous system, the brain, and the heart. Its coolness can never remove the fact that we are upon the Equator. Although the skies look so familiar and kindly with their white fleecy clouds and passing showers, the direct ray of the sun—almost vertical at

all seasons of the year—strikes down on man and beast alike, and woe to the white man whom he finds uncovered! Although sheep and oxen multiply so rapidly, although crossing them with imported stock produces in each generation astonishing improvements in quality, they are subject to many perils little understood and often fatal. And if the landscape recalls to the pensive traveller the peaceful beauties of gentler climes at home, let him remember that it nurses with blithe fecundity poisonous reptiles, and pest-spreading insects, and terrible beasts of prey.

There is no reason, however, for doubting that modern science possesses, or will discover, the means of eradicating or mitigating many of these evils. As the development of the country and the scientific investigation of tropical agriculture and tropical disease proceed, the difficulties which beset the early settler will gradually be removed. He will learn how to clothe and house himself; what to plant, what to breed, and what to avoid. The spread of East Coast fever, now carried by the ticks from one animal to another, and carried by the infected animals from one district to another, will be arrested and controlled by a proper system of wire-fencing and quarantine. Remedies will be discovered against the various diseases which attack sheep or horses. Zebra, rhinoceros, buffalo, and other picturesque and fascinating nuisances will be driven from or exterminated within the settled areas, and confined to the ample reserves of uninhabited land. The slow but steady growth of a white population will create a market for local agricultural produce. The powerfully-equipped Scientific Departments, the Veterinary and Forestry Departments, and the Department of Agriculture newly established on a considerable scale, will be able to guide and assist the enterprise of the new-comer, and save him from repeating the ill-starred experiments of the pioneer. Roads will improve, and railways and mono-rail tramways will extend. Step by step life and the means of living will become easier and more secure. Still it will not be proved that the pure-bred European can rear his children under the Equatorial sun and at an elevation of more than six thousand feet; and till that is proved "the white man's country" will remain a white man's dream.

I have written of Europeans and Asiatics. What of the African? Nearly five millions of these dark folk are comprised within the districts of the East Africa Protectorate which are actually or partially administered. Many more lie beyond those wide and advancing boundaries. What is to be their part in shaping the future of their country? It is, after all, *their* Africa. What are they going to do for it, and what is it going to do for them? "The natives," says the planter, "evince a great reluctance to work, especially to work regularly." "They must be made to work," say others. "Made to work for whom?" we innocently ask. "For us, of course," is the ready answer; "what did you think we meant?" And here we run into another herd of rhinoceros questions—awkward, thick-skinned, and horned, with a short sight, an evil temper, and a tendency to rush blindly up wind upon any alarm. Is the native idle? Does he not keep himself and pay his taxes? Or does he loll at his ease while his three or four wives till the soil, bear the burden, and earn his living? And if idle, has he a right to remain idle—a naked and unconscious philosopher, living "the simple life," without cares or wants, and a gentleman of leisure in a panting world? Is that to be the last word? Is civilization to say definitely that when the African native has kept himself, or made his women keep him, she has no further claim upon him? The white man shall do the rest. He shall preserve the peace, that the tribes may prosper and multiply. His watchful and foreseeing eye shall make provision against famine; his science shall grapple with pestilence and cure disease. Far from his home or from his family he shall hew the trees and dig the wells and build the roads, with anxious heart and "in the sweat of his brow," according to the curse laid upon the child of many wants, while the child of few wants watches him from the shade and thinks him mad.

And to compare the life and lot of the African aboriginal—secure in his abyss of contented degradation, rich in that he lacks everything and wants nothing—with the long nightmare of worry and privation, of dirt and gloom and squalor, lit only by gleams of torturing knowledge and tantalizing hope, which constitutes the lives of so many poor people in England, is to feel the ground tremble under foot. "It would never do to have a lot of 'mean whites' in this country," I heard one day a gentleman say. "It would destroy the respect of the native for the white man if he saw what miserable people we have got at home." So here, at any rate, the boot is on the other leg, and civilization is ashamed of her arrangements in the presence of a savage,

embarrassed lest he should see what lies behind the gold and purple robe of State, and begin to suspect that the all-powerful white man is a fraud. But this is an irrelevancy!

I am clearly of opinion that no man has a right to be idle, whoever he be or wherever he lives. He is bound to go forward and take an honest share in the general work of the world. And I do not except the African native. To a very much larger extent than is often recognised by some who discuss these questions, the natives are industrious, willing to learn, and capable of being led forward. Live for a few weeks, as I have done, in close association with the disciplined soldiers of the King's African Rifles, or with the smart sailors of the Uganda Marine, and it seems wonderful to contrast them with the population from which they have emerged. How strong, how good-natured, how clever they are! How proud their white officers are of them! What pains they take to please the travellers whom they escort; how frankly they are delighted by a word of praise or thanks! Just and honourable discipline, careful education, sympathetic comprehension, are all that is needed to bring a very large proportion of the native tribes of East Africa to a far higher social level than that at which they now stand. And why should men only be taught to be soldiers? Is war always to have the best of everything? Cannot peaceful industry be made as attractive, be as highly organized, as carefully studied as the combined use of deadly weapons? "Why," as Ruskin asks, "cannot men take pride in *building* villages instead of only *carrying* them?"

I wonder why my pen slips off into these labyrinths, when all I set out to do was to give some general idea of politics at Nairobi? But in truth the problems of East Africa are the problems of the world. We see the social, racial, and economic stresses which rack modern society already at work here, but in miniature; and if we choose to study the model when the whole engine is at hand, it is because on the smaller scale we can see more clearly, and because in East Africa and Uganda the future is still uncompromised.

The British Government has it in its hands to shape the development and destiny of these new countries and their varied peoples with an authority and from an elevation far superior to that with which Cabinets can cope with the giant tangles at home. And the fact stirs the mind. But by this time the reader will have had as much of East African politics as I had when, after three days of deputations and disputations, the train steamed out of Nairobi to take us to the Great Lake and beyond.

From a] THE CHIEF OF THE KAVIRONDOS. *[Photograph.*

Winston S. Churchill

(To be continued.)

THE CHOP HOUSE.

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN.

WE found a brown cardboard box waiting for us on the drawing-room table when we got in. Daisy grabbed my scissors and slashed at the string.

"You know uncle likes you to untie the knots," I reminded her.

"Oh, bother!" cried she, flinging off the lid and surrounding herself with a sea of tissue-paper.

"Oh, Primrose! Do look! Isn't it sweet? It's lovelier now than it was in the shop, and that's a thing that hardly ever happens to me. Look at the way those pansies are embroidered on the lace—they seem to be woven in with the pattern—and the silver thread outlining the leaves. Uncle *is* a dear. I never thought he would. When he asked me what I called the flimsy rubbish, and I explained to him that it was lilac chiffon over pale blue chiffon over rose-coloured chiffon, he said he didn't believe it, and if it was true it was simply *silly*. He little knows."

"He'll believe it when he sees the bill," said I, anxiously. "He'll know then. He'll be sure to go into all the details thoroughly. He always does. I wish he wouldn't."

"Don't you think it shows rather a sordid mind, Primrose?"

"Yes," said I. "And it's his sordid mind which makes the Chop House so flourishing, and helps him to pay for your extravagant frocks."

Daisy's face fell. She laid the shimmering mass of chiffon over a chair-back, and walked across to the window and groaned.

"I wish the Chop House would sink into the bottom of the sea," said she, dismally. "It hangs round my neck like a lump of lead. It drowns all my ideals and crushes all my aspirations. It saps my intelligence, and casts a blight over my youth and beauty——"

"Who's that at the door?" I interrupted. "Come in!"

"There's no one there," Daisy said, sharply. "Primrose, it's driving me to my grave. It consumes and withers all my energies and blasts my dearest hopes. It exhausts——"

"It doesn't exhaust your flow of language," I said. "Isn't your metaphor growing a little mixed?"

Daisy giggled.

"I was getting quite poetical," she said. "You shouldn't have stopped me. But, Primrose, it's all true, isn't it? And the worst of it is that the whole horrible atmosphere of the hateful Chop House is embodied in uncle."

"Daisy!"

"No, I'm not," she cried, hastily. "I'm not a little snob. Uncle adopted us as lonely orphans. I know that. But he educated us to hate it too. He shouldn't have had us taught to like—like—well, the kind of people we do like. It isn't fair. Look at his accent!"

"Look at that frock," said I, sharply. Daisy flounced round.

"But that's just it," she cried. "I want to wear that at the Morrisons'. I want to look my best when I go there. And now they've gone and asked uncle too. It's sickening."

"Perhaps he won't go," I suggested, though without much hope.

Daisy stamped her foot.

"Go? Of course he'll go. He loves a dinner-party as his own soul. Better, I should think; because he hasn't had much time in his life yet to think of his soul. He's had the Chop House to think of instead. He'll go. Of course he'll go. He goes everywhere he's asked; everywhere that we're asked."

"Perhaps he won't talk," I suggested, doubtfully.

"Talk! Of course he'll talk. He perfectly revels in conversation. He loves to get in a crowd of people and hear the sound of his own voice. You know he does. Talk! I should think he would. He'll talk about the Chop House, too."

"Oh, well," I said, cheerfully, "what does it matter what people think? They needn't ask us if they don't like us when they've got us. Do pick up all that paper and take the dress upstairs before uncle comes in. He does so hate an untidy room. What does it matter?"

"Matter!" cried Daisy, furiously, turning upon me. "Of course it matters. Mr. Featherstone will be there; you know he will. And he's frightfully fastidious. His mother's an Honourable; you know she is."

"That doesn't affect us," I said, anxiously. I was amazed and distressed to see that the pretty brown eyes of that absurd child were quite wet. Daisy has wonderfully attractive eyes.

"Daisy," I asked, gently, "what is all this about Mr. Featherstone?"

She stood silently looking away through a mist of tears at the twilit window.

"Daisy, dear——"

"No, I don't!" She turned on me with a flaming face. "I don't care a bit, Primrose. Do you hear? And if I did it wouldn't matter, because he hates me."

"Hates you, Daisy? Does he know you well enough to hate you?" I asked, in surprise.

"Oh, how horrid you are! No; you're quite right. He doesn't even hate me. He's—he's brutally indifferent. He doesn't know that I exist. I don't believe he thinks that I'm pretty. I don't believe he's even noticed my eyes."

"No one could help noticing them," I said, consolingly.

"I believe it's because of the Chop House that he ignores me so. He looks upon me as a creature from another sphere."

"I think he's wrapped up in some absurd thing he calls a cause," I murmured, thoughtfully. "I've always heard so. He looks the kind of young man who would be. He's not athletic and jolly and sensible like young Alding, for instance. Dreamy, isn't he? I shouldn't be surprised if he wrote poetry."

"He's perfect," Daisy cried, with a sniff. "I shouldn't love him as I do if he tried to make himself agreeable as Bernard Alding does. It's because he *won't* see how pretty and attractive I really am, in spite of the Chop House and uncle, that I want to make him see so badly. Oh, it makes me furious with uncle for giving us such a handicap. It makes me want to shake him. It makes me almost wish he'd get a bad cold in his head, and then he'd have to stay at home and put it in mustard and water."

"His head, Daisy?"

"Ugh!" She seized the beautiful gown, flung it over her shoulder, took the box under one arm, and marched out of the room. The sea of tissue-paper she left for me to collect.

I didn't follow her upstairs, for this self-betrayal, so unusual in her, had disquieted me considerably. I felt sure that Mr. Featherstone *was* the kind of person to object tremendously to a self-made man like uncle; a man who never opened a book; a man who boldly asserted that he lived his life, and didn't waste his time in reading about other folks' adventures. Even though he was a stanch Conservative and a pillar of the Church, I felt sure that those Honourable Featherstones would never put up with him. Poor Daisy was quite right. Why on earth hadn't the foolish child set her heart on young Alding, who lunched at our Chop House every day, and frankly approved of it and envied us its success? "I wish *I* had a snug little restaurant of my own," he always said, "instead of slaving in an office all day long." Uncle says young Alding's idea of slaving is a humorous one—from ten till four, and ages for lunch, and in his young days you got up at six if you meant to make money. But young Alding has thought of an easier way, I fancy. It's a pity Daisy has such queer tastes.

"Uncle's very late," I said to myself at last. He generally came in about half-past five. I went over to the smoking-room and peeped in to see if there was a good fire waiting for him. There was no light there, and the fire had burnt low in the grate.

"Why, uncle!" I said, in surprise. He was sitting by his little writing-table, his head on his hand. The bald patch shone in the firelight. "Have you come in, uncle?" I asked.

"Do I look as if I hadn't come in?"

His voice made me rather uneasy.

"Have you had any tea?"

"Yes, I've had my tea."

"Have you had enough? Will you——"

"Yes, I've had enough."

"Why, uncle!" I went up to him, amazed by his stern tone. He is generally so jolly and bright when he comes in at night. "Is anything wrong, uncle?"

No answer. Still he sat there, silently

"SHE SEIZED THE BEAUTIFUL GOWN, FLUNG IT OVER HER SHOULDER, TOOK THE BOX UNDER ONE ARM, AND MARCHED OUT OF THE ROOM."

staring across at the large engraving of "The Last of the Garrison" on the red wall. His lips were set in a hard line. I grew more and more alarmed.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked, timidly. Then he raised his head and looked at me with a queer, steady gaze.

"Yes," he said.

I put my hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Oh, uncle! Is anything wrong at the Chop House?"

He started and flung my hand away. Then he brought his clenched fist down on the table with a resounding bang.

"No!" he said, hoarsely. "There's nothing wrong with the Chop House, Heaven bless it. But there's something wrong here."

Daisy, bursting into the room, on the point of running across to kiss him, stopped and stared. She had been crying—I could tell that at once.

He rose hastily from his seat. "So you're ashamed of your uncle, are you?" he asked, grimly.

We exchanged terrified glances.

"You're ashamed of the good business that's given you all your fine dresses, and your aristocratic friends, and your superior education?"

We were silent. What, indeed, could we say?

"You're ashamed of the Chop House, are you? The best restaurant of its kind in the town. That's what the Chop House is. And you're not only ashamed of the way I've made the money you spend, but you're ashamed of me too."

How could we speak? He went on.

"Yes, I heard you. I was coming in when I heard Daisy say something, and then I

listened—I was bound to listen, and I'm glad I did. I'm glad I know. You're rotten to the core, both of you, that's what you are. You're full to the brim of vanity and silly pride, and it's time you learnt a lesson."

"Oh, uncle!" It was Daisy who broke the silence in an eager, distressed voice. "We were only talking nonsense, of course. We didn't mean——"

He smiled grimly.

"*I* mean," he said. "When a girl wishes her uncle might fall ill, and be obliged to stay at home, so that he shouldn't disgrace her, it's time something was done."

"But——" Daisy began again, in frightened tones.

"I heard you." He tapped on the table with his finger. "That's enough for me."

It was too much for us.

"See here," he said. "I've got work to do now. You can go, both of you. I shall dine at the club to-night. You needn't trouble to invent any excuses. Off you go."

Ashamed and crushed, we crept upstairs to the cosy little Liberty room uncle had had done up for us as a surprise while we were in Switzerland with the Marriotts in the summer. It is furnished in a dull soft pink that we both love, and we have tea-gowns to go with it. They cost him six guineas each. The electric lights have little shades the same colour, made like roses. There is a deep soft couch by the fire—one that uncle bought because we love to be lazy, and he likes us to have what we love. Daisy flung herself down on it and burst into tears.

"It is hateful to be so dreadfully misunderstood and then forbidden to defend oneself," she cried, but I did not answer her. I didn't think that "misunderstood" was quite the right word to use, somehow. We had a miserable evening, an evening of horrible foreboding, as Daisy put it, but the blow did not fall for three days. In all that time we hardly saw uncle at all, for we never could manage somehow to get down in time for his early breakfast, and he spent his evenings at the club. Then that awful third day he sent for us into the smoking-room, and pointed to two brown cardboard boxes on the table.

"You're fond of new dresses," said he, quietly. "I've bought you one apiece."

We stared at each other. There was something so strange in his tone. And we thought—both of us—what a pity it was that he hadn't consulted us before he embarked upon such a difficult and dangerous task as choosing new frocks. But it was good of him to bring us a peace-offering after we'd been so horrid. Daisy was beginning to say so, when something queer in his expression stopped her suddenly. With trembling fingers I tried to undo the knots in the string. Uncle always hates to see us cut the string of a parcel, and——

"Cut the cursed string!" said he. I started and gazed in alarm at Daisy. We had never heard him use a word like that in all our lives. Mechanically we obeyed him. Daisy took off the first lid, lifted the tissue-paper with trembling fingers, stopped, and stared at the contents of the box with a white face.

I looked too, and then I sat down suddenly, all sick and trembling. We both of us guessed, you see, what the things meant. There was in each box a neat black serge dress—the kind of dress Walters wears in the afternoon, and a white muslin apron like hers. There was also a cap with streamers, and cuffs and collars. That was all.

Uncle smiled. It was awful to see him.

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock," he said, "you put on those dresses and the quietest out-of-door clothes you've got—no furs and no feathers—and you go down to the Chop House with me. You've had your share of the profits. You shall do some work now. A little hard work will do you a power of good, both of you."

"Uncle!" An indignant cry burst from Daisy's lips.

"Yes," said he, "you shall earn your daily bread for once in your lives."

"Oh!" Daisy cried. "You can't—you can't be so cruel! Why—why, we should be miserable. We should see lots of people we know there!"

"Yes; you'll see people you know, I don't doubt," he said, quietly.

"We shall have to wait on the very men we meet at dances! We shall have to take the orders of the people who take *us* in to dinner."

"Certainly," said he. "Why not?"

It was no good. Tears, threats, entreaties were all of no avail.

"To go and wait on horrid, impertinent men!" Daisy cried.

"It'll do you no more harm to wait on 'em than to dance with 'em," said uncle, brutally.

"To associate with those dreadful girls!"

"The girls are good girls and nice girls. As nice as you, and a deal nicer, some of them."

And so it went on. He remained adamant to the very end. We gave up at last, and

"DAISY LIFTED THE TISSUE-PAPER WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, STOPPED, AND STARED AT THE CONTENTS OF THE BOX WITH A WHITE FACE."

poor Daisy drowned her pillow with tears that night, tears for her Honourable Featherstones, now irrevocably lost to her; and I cried too, partly because I had friends of my own who might see me in that dreadful uniform, partly because we had hurt uncle. We must have hurt him terribly; I was beginning to see that.

We put on our black dresses in the cold grey dawn of the next day, packed our caps and aprons in a leather business bag of uncle's, covered our hateful uniform with the longest, darkest coats we could find, put on our plainest hats and thickest veils, and followed uncle in injured, frightened silence to the corner where we took our omnibus.

I shall remember that day as long as I live. Uncle hadn't told anyone who we were, so we were treated with the deepest disrespect and most flippant familiarity by all the other girls. Daisy cheered up a little when she saw how sweet she looked with the pert little mob cap perched upon her pretty bright hair, but even that consolation was denied me, because I am the kind of girl who needs dressing to an extraordinary degree. We found that the other waitresses had come in old, shabby things, and that from eight till eleven the doors were shut, and a perfect orgy of sloppy cleaning had to be gone through with mops and zinc buckets and bars of yellow soap and brooms and dusters. We agreed, Daisy and I, that we'd better make the best of a bad job, and we set to work with a will and tucked up our skirts, but I don't think Daisy behaved very well. She

need not, for instance, have suddenly flown into a temper, and viciously sent a bucket of dirty water slushing over Miss Smythe's neat strapped shoes.

"I can't help it," she whispered, with a giggle. "She will insist upon telling me all her life's history, and she talks about her gentleman friend till I can't bear it. Primrose, if Mr. Featherstone comes in I shall simply die."

"He won't," said I. "He probably lunches at the Carlton or Prince's. Don't be a little goose."

At half-past ten the whole draggled crew made itself smart and fresh-looking, with the white caps and aprons and collars and cuffs, and laid the tables; and at half-past eleven the doors opened, and the men began to dribble slowly in. There was a bar in one corner, but I am thankful to say we had nothing to do with that. Daisy and I, trembling from head to foot, nervously took the orders at our particular tables as we were bidden. I found with relief that they weren't at all an unpleasing class of men on the whole—City, of course, many of them; but still, we've always mixed in a City set until quite lately, and that was nothing. And even though I found it rather disconcerting at first to be addressed indiscriminately as "Gwendolen" or "old dear," I got used to it in time, and realized that they merely did it from habit, not impertinence. Anyhow, it was my cross, and I had to bear it. I glanced across at Daisy more than once. Her face was very red, I thought, and much more wreathed in smiles than was at all necessary.

At last we found an opportunity to speak to each other. She rushed out of the room and gripped my arm.

"Porter-house chop, sauté sprouts, brussels potatoes, pint of lager, chump steak, mashed cauliflower, potatoes au gratin, pint bottle of Sauterne. Primrose, how *am* I to get them all right and remember which is which? Isn't it fun?"

"Fun?" I repeated, doubtfully. "I don't think you've got your order quite right somehow, Daisy. Do any of them call you their 'old dear' or 'Gwendolen'? And why 'Gwendolen'?"

Daisy dimpled and giggled.

"'Old dear'?" she said. "Oh, that's mild. And 'Gwendolen's' quite humdrum and respectful. Why, there's a young man on the far left who says I'm the pearl of the radiant Eastern sea and the light of the City. He's ordered calves' head, and he told me I was his golden-haired pet before I even took his order. What he'll say when he gets his lunch I daren't allow myself to——"

"Daisy!" She straightened her face at my shocked tones.

"Oh, well, we must grin and bear it, I suppose," she murmured. "We've uncle to thank for it. If he doesn't like it, *we* can't help it. And there's no one else who matters now. Mr. Featherstone's lost for ever."

She disappeared.

I took up the plates of food, and went dreamily on with my work. It doesn't do to be dreamy in a busy restaurant, and I was recalled to the distressing present by a tired voice from a dim corner.

"Where in Hanover is that beefsteak pudding of mine, Evangeline? Have you mislaid the cow? I can't wait till the middle of next week, my dear."

I saw then that I should have to dispel Daisy's affairs from my mind if I was to get all my people served as quickly as they seemed to expect. It was a memorable day. With my own ears I heard a pale, anæmic-looking youth in spectacles address Daisy as the rose of his fancy's garden fair. All his quotations seemed to come from musical comedies, and Daisy's attempt to look freezing simply broke down into a feeble giggle and a rush from the room. It was awful. I told uncle so, frankly, when we got home, and he smiled grimly, and said we should learn how to make ourselves respected in time. I don't entirely agree with him. I don't believe Daisy ever will.

We went to that place every day for a week, and every day I loathed it more and more. When the first freshness and novelty had worn off Daisy detested it as much as I did, and then one day young Bernard Alding came in for lunch and saw us. I shall never forget his face. He turned quite red, and when Daisy went up to take his order he gave it to her as if she'd been an utter stranger. I heard later on that he rushed at once to the conclusion that the business was going to the dogs, and that uncle was making us do this to curtail the expenses. I believe it was an awful blow to him. He said afterwards that he thought it kindest to take no notice of us. But Daisy stood quietly beside him and said, in a low voice:—

"Don't you know me, Mr. Alding?"

"Yes." He never lifted his eyes from the tablecloth. "Is it a joke?" he asked, uncomfortably.

"No," said poor Daisy, grimly. "It's not exactly a joke." And just as she was going to explain, a red-headed terror of a man at

the next table smiled at her and asked her when that liver and bacon was coming, my pet, and that he'd come and help to lasso the pig if there was any difficulty about it, and Daisy grew scarlet and just flew. Uncle's customers do seem to have a pretty wit.

But that wasn't the worst. For, the next day, who should come into the Chop House but Mr. Aubrey Featherstone himself! I knew him at once, for he is very tall and thin, and he stoops a little. His mouth has rather a scornful curve, and I don't wonder that Daisy is so frightened of him. I saw him first, and told her hurriedly to keep out of the way. I said I'd look after that table as well as my own. He wouldn't notice *me*. He never did. But Daisy's lips were set in a hard line.

"No," she said. She walked straight up to him.

"Mr. Featherstone," she said, in a clear, firm voice, "will you please give me your order?"

I was close by—I couldn't help it. I saw him start and look up at poor Daisy's round, pink face and trembling lips, at the disgraceful white cap and apron, at her big, defiant eyes.

"Yes, it's me." Daisy was beyond all restraint of grammar now. "I am a waitress, you see, at uncle's Chop House."

"Miss Daisy!"

I noticed then that even if his lips *were* scornful his eyes were grey and quite kind.

"But that's awfully fine of you," he amazingly said.

"Fine?" Poor Daisy was on the verge of tears. "Fine?"

"It's tremendous." Mr. Featherstone studied her with admiring — certainly they were admiring—eyes. "Splendid, don't you know."

Daisy turned and fled. I took his order in silence. I suppose he used those absurd expressions because he is so extremely well bred that he felt obliged to put us quite at our ease.

At our ease! I could have laughed out aloud at the thought. I don't know how I got that wretched child home at all. She

"I AM A WAITRESS, YOU SEE, AT UNCLE'S CHOP HOUSE."

could do no more waiting that afternoon; it was out of the question, and she was almost in hysterics in the cab. The hard work and early rising, and now this crowning humiliation, had quite broken her down. Uncle was sitting alone in his smoking-room when we got in, and the lights were not lit at all.

Daisy left me to pay the cabman, and crept in there to him. When I followed her I found her kneeling by his side with her head on his shoulder, sobbing piteously, begging him to send her away somewhere—right away where nobody knew her—because her heart was broken.

Uncle just stroked her hair softly, and looked up at me in bewildered inquiry.

"Uncle," I said, in a low voice, "we are bitterly ashamed of ourselves. We spoke thoughtlessly. Don't punish us any more. Daisy can't stand it. She isn't very strong, you know."

He looked from one to the other uncertainly.

"You know we love you," I said, miserably. "Everybody is silly sometimes——"

A muffled sob from Daisy finished the matter. He took us both in his arms and forgave us then and there and said we must tell him all about it, and we did; and when Daisy came to the part about Mr. Featherstone, he surprised us both very much by starting up and saying fiercely that no niece of his should marry an infernal Socialist if he could help it.

We neither of us knew exactly what a Socialist was, but, however dreadful, it didn't matter now.

"I knew he was wrapped up in a stupid cause, or something of the kind," said poor Daisy. "But it's all over now. What does it matter what he is if I've lost him for ever? It's his dreadful blue blood that prevented his taking any notice of me at first, and it's his nasty blue blood now that will——"

She burst into another fit of sobbing. We *did* have a cheerful evening.

Little did she know then what the Chop House had done for her. The next afternoon was Saturday, and a dull and rainy one. We stayed indoors all day, and Daisy lay on the sofa, because her head ached so. And then Walters, without a moment's warning, flung open the door and announced the Honourable Mrs. Featherstone and Mr. Aubrey Featherstone. Daisy sprang up, and I rose nervously to receive them, too amazed to speak.

Mrs. Featherstone was a hearty, handsome lady, very large and very rustling, and her eyes were kind like her son's.

"I've wanted to come and see you for a long time," she said. "And what my son told me yesterday made me resolve to lose no more time. My dears, I think you're simply splendid."

"What for?" poor Daisy asked, in bewildered tones, and I couldn't think of anything splendid that we'd done, either.

Mrs. Featherstone smiled. "Why, for going down and taking your share amongst the other girls who help to make your uncle's money. Aubrey guessed *at once* that you did it to find out all about the life; to see for yourselves whether they were properly treated. It was admirable of you both," she cried.

Daisy sat down suddenly and said her head ached. Mr. Featherstone sat down beside her and said "Does it?" and that he was very sorry. But I faced his mother with a sudden resolve to be honest at any cost.

"No," said I, quickly. "You are making a mistake. It wasn't a noble motive of any kind. We were sent to the Chop House in disgrace. Uncle made us go there to teach us a lesson—because—because we were ashamed of it."

"And ashamed of him, too. Oh, you don't know what hateful little beasts we were." Daisy suddenly rose and stood beside me.

Mrs. Featherstone looked thoughtfully from one to the other, then suddenly smiled in the most charming way, and all at once took Daisy in her arms and kissed her, and said she was a poor little thing with a headache, and that she didn't believe a word of it, and if it *was* true it only showed what dears we were to own up, and what a splendid man uncle really was.

"We must certainly make a Socialist of him, Aubrey," she said, smiling at her son.

How little they knew uncle! But she was a darling, even if she did have a passion for perverting people to her own cause, and she made us promise to dine with them on Wednesday at eight, and take uncle. And when they went away Daisy put her head on my knee and cried again, but I didn't mind *those* tears. I told her that I thought everything would come right now. And so I did, because, you see, he'd had time at last to notice Daisy's eyes.

Artists' Ideals of Beauty.

AS was indicated in a recent article, the painter's view of female loveliness is apt to differ somewhat from that of the layman. In that article, it may be remembered, a number of distinguished artists made their choice from eight photographs selected by the Editor for reproduction as examples of womanly beauty, with the result that four were entirely disregarded, whilst upon the other four only a somewhat grudging and qualified approval was bestowed. This being so, the Editor has thought well on the present occasion to ask the artists themselves to make their own choice, and the seven portraits appearing in these pages accordingly represent the preferences of as many eminent figure-painters.

The choice of Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., falls upon a lady whom he unreservedly describes as "charming"—that is, as she appears in her photograph. "I should certainly like to paint her," Mr. Hacker exclaims, with real enthusiasm. "Of course, I should not choose her as my model in a classical picture—she is far too modern for that. But as a woman of to-day, I repeat, I should enjoy painting her."

Mr. Hacker's pictures, of course, are almost entirely of classical subjects, and comparison with the type of beauty he has embodied in them is not possible, therefore. Nor will Mr. Hacker admit that he has *one* type of beauty.

"I have had so many different types of beauty," he declares; "what pleases me at one time does not please me at another. Of course, some artists get into the habit of painting a particular type of beauty—Burne-Jones and Rossetti, for instance, as you say. But this has not been the case with me."

In making his selection Mr. Ellis Roberts said :—

"Before I can pronounce judgment upon a woman's beauty I must consider not only the face, or even the head and shoulders. A beautiful face may be accompanied by a misshapen neck; a lovely neck may have as its counterpart most ungainly arms and hands. It is the just proportions of the whole figure which make a really beautiful woman."

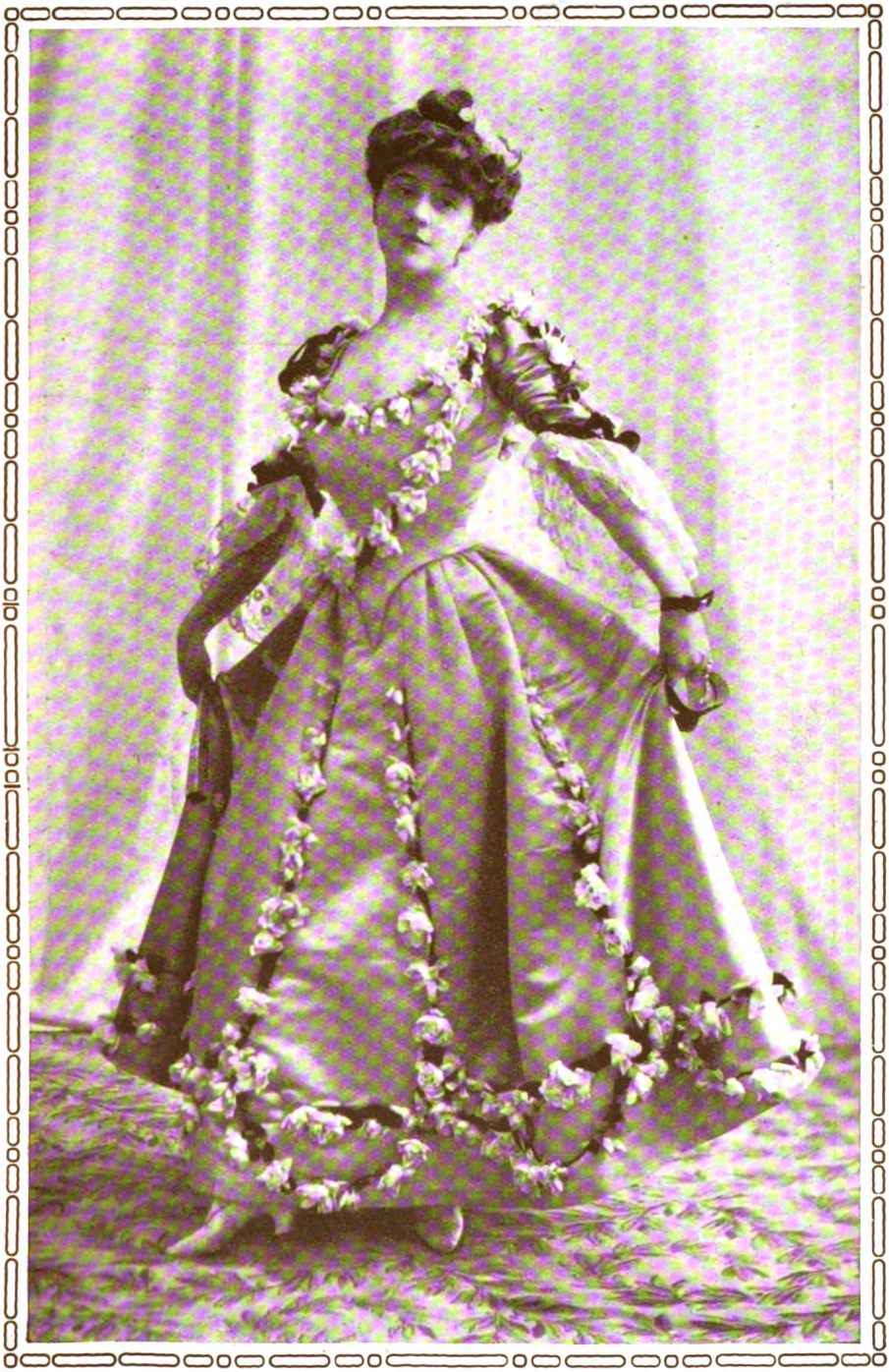
Mr. Roberts, in his studio close to Lowndes Square, is surrounded by portraits—replicas and photographs—of the many fair women he has painted in the English aristocracy. They are full-length portraits for the most part, and one cannot but be struck by the perfect harmony between their several features with which Nature—or is it sometimes Art?—has endowed them.

"My choice," continued Mr. Roberts, "must therefore be of a full-length photograph. Of the lady in this photograph one has as complete a view as is possible—and every part of her will bear scrutiny. She has nice hair, a beautiful face, a good, well-developed bust, graceful arms, and a slim and lissom figure, to which the well-shaped feet just visible beneath the dress give a kind of finishing touch. She looks like a lady and bears herself as one; the pose is artistic without being artificial."

In direct opposition to Mr. Roberts's view, Mr. Dudley Hardy's ideal is expressed in the half-length portrait of a lady whose face and hair are alone visible, neck, arms, and bust being concealed by drapery. "This lady has the most beautiful face, and that is enough for me," Mr. Hardy says in effect. "The rest of her *may* be positively ugly, but I am free to imagine that what is hidden is quite as beautiful as that which is revealed. As depicted by the photographer, this face has not only almost perfect proportions, but it is full of interest—eyes, nose, and lips alike. One feels that here is a woman with a real heart and soul."

No. I.—SELECTED BY MR. ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.



No. 2.—SELECTED BY MR. ELLIS ROBERTS.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

No. 3.—SELECTED BY MR. DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

No. 4.—SELECTED BY MR. JAMES SANT, R.A.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

No. 5.—SELECTED BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, R.I.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

No. 6.—SELECTED BY MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

From a Photograph by Reutlinger.

No. 7.—SELECTED BY MR. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Just at this moment Mrs. Dudley Hardy—herself a woman of exceptional charm—entered the studio. Placing a collection of photographs before her, without indicating in any way the choice he had just made, Mr. Hardy asked which she thought was the most beautiful. Having carefully looked them through, Mrs. Hardy unhesitatingly declared for the one which her husband had selected. So well, apparently, had the artist imbued his wife with his own idea of beauty.

Mr. Dudley Hardy's idea of beauty has somewhat definitely expressed itself in work which is familiar to thousands. Comparing this photograph with the typical girl's head Mr. Hardy has loved to draw, the points of similarity can easily be recognised.

"Human beauty can only be properly judged from portraits in the round," said Mr. James Sant, R.A., when the question was submitted to him. "The partial view, which is all that photography, or even painting, can give you, is apt to be most deceptive. The art of the sculptor is required to do full justice to human features, and hence it is that the Venus of Milo, not a picture, is *the* type of beauty for all time."

With this reservation Mr. Sant selected the fourth photograph as best embodying his idea of a beautiful woman. The qualities which commended it to him were the well-poised head, the apparent mobility of the face, the deep, expressive eyes, the well-formed nose and mouth, and the graceful contour of neck, shoulders, and waist.

"It is not so easy," said Sir James Linton, "to find the photograph of a lady that one would consider combines all that is satisfying as a complete type of one's idea of beauty. I suppose such an ideal is almost impossible of attainment. Amongst several this one is the nearest to my ideal; it is a fine head; better than being merely pretty, it is strong and firm in form. The face has one drawback—the nose is just too broad for the rest of the features, only very little; still, just that little is a pity, as otherwise it is a fine type of female beauty. I should like to call attention to the simple but elegant way in which the arrangement of the hair adds to the character of the face."

Much more in accordance with contemporary fashion is the lady whose photograph is chosen by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

"Beauty," said Mr. Lucas, in giving his verdict in her favour, "is such a subtle thing: it eludes definition, and I find it difficult to explain why I like this photograph above all the others that lie before me. The face has, on the whole, a softness of outline which pleases me, although the nose is, perhaps, a little pointed, a defect which is accentuated in the shadowy reflection of the lady's face, which the photographer has thought well to give us in the background."

Mr. Seymour Lucas is doubtless best known to our readers for pictures in which the figures are nearly always men—soldiers, sailors, troubadours in the "spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth. But he has painted not a few portraits of ladies, in which he shows a sympathetic eye for the softer charms of a pretty woman.

The photograph—for which Miss Maude Branscombe, the actress, sat some years ago—to which Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., gives his imprimatur was the outcome of the artist's second thoughts. His first selection was of a maiden having a Puritan simplicity of both costume and physical beauty.

"I admire many faces, not only one," declared Mr. Storey. "But this is a photograph of what I consider a really beautiful face."

A comparison between some of Mr. Storey's principal pictures, such as "Mistress Dorothy," "Town Gossips," "Philomel," and "A Love Sonnet," reveals considerable similarity in the features of the principal figures, it being an open secret, we believe, that Mrs. Storey has been his model for many of his most successful imaginative pictures of womanhood. In none of his own pictures, we believe, has he painted the lady to whose photograph he now gives pre-eminence.

The choice of these photographs as a whole suggests the conclusion that artists, as much as other men, are varying and unstable in their ideals of beauty. The painters who continue faithful to one ideal, like Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and, possibly, Albert Moore, are the exception and not the rule. As the years pass by their ideals undergo modification of one kind or another, and that which is favoured to-day may be rejected to-morrow. Still, taking their selections as a whole, we think our readers will agree that it would be difficult indeed to find seven types of feminine beauty to excel the loveliness of those whose portraits are here reproduced.

Reminiscences & Reflections.

By JOHN HARE.

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II.

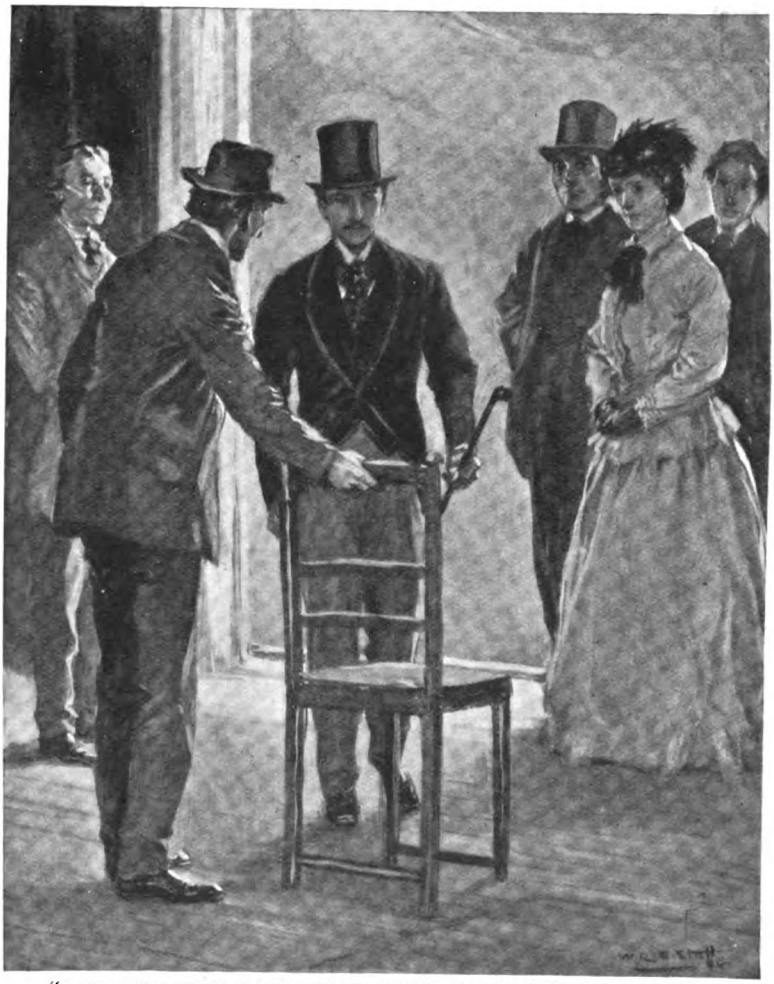
MY trainer, Leigh Murray, had an extraordinary capacity for mimicry, and I remember most vividly his rendering of "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton, with imitations of Macready, Ward, Elton, and other eminent actors he had seen and heard in the various parts. The result was that I seemed to be brought into personal contact with those histrionic giants of another generation, and had the inestimable advantage of obtaining a knowledge of their methods.

Apropos of Murray, I recall an amusing anecdote he told me of himself. He was, at the time of the story, playing at the Adelphi Theatre when his old friend, Sims Reeves, was about to make his first appearance in opera at Drury Lane. Murray was playing the part of an impecunious young "swell" who was very hard up, and carried as a property in the play a pawn-ticket, which replaced his watch in his waistcoat-pocket. As Murray appeared on the scene in evening dress, he thought it obviously unnecessary to change before adjourning to Drury Lane, and deposited his hat and coat in the cloak-room there on arrival. In coming out, however, instead of handing the attendant the numbered ticket he had received, he brought out unconsciously from his waistcoat-pocket the pawn-ticket he used on the stage, and gave it with a lordly air to the astonished attendant, much to his own mortification when his attention was drawn to it.

SIR JOHN HARE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.
From a Photo. by Window & Bridge.

Space will not permit of my referring in detail to my numerous reminiscences of that extraordinary man. Murray was as erratic as he was brilliant. His occasional disappearances when staying with me were most mysterious, until one day I found out their sad significance. Murray was no man's enemy but his own. He was then, I suppose, forty-five or forty-seven years of age, though a young man's recollections of an older man's age are unreliable.

It having been part of the agreement that Murray was to provide me with an opening on the stage when sufficiently proficient, after some months' preparation



"A CHAIR WAS CONSIDERATELY PLACED FOR ME IN THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE BY THE PROMPTER."

he arranged for my *début.* I was engaged — I need hardly say at a purely nominal salary — at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, then under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson. The company at that time included several actors who subsequently won distinction in London—namely, Sir Squire (then Mr. Sydney) Bancroft, Lionel Brough, Blakeley, Miss Sophie Larkin, and others.

It was an eventful day for me when I left London to join my new comrades and embark on my professional career. I recollect to this day my intense nervousness when I stood outside the little Prince of Wales's Theatre in Clayton Square, Liverpool, much like a frightened schoolboy dreading to make his first entry into school, wondering what kind of reception he would get from his more experienced comrades. After considerable delay I was allowed to pass the sacred portals of the stage-door by the dirty Cerberus in charge, and groped my way on to the small and dimly-lighted stage, to find myself in the presence of the company assembled for rehearsal. To my astonishment I was received with more than courtesy—with every token of respect. A chair was considerately placed for me in the centre of the stage by the prompter, and, taking possession of it, I more calmly awaited the development of events. Apparently I was already "discovered." Someone advanced to me respectfully with outstretched hand and his hat in the other, welcoming me to England, and hoped that my first appearance would meet with the success which my reputation predicted. It had preceded me across the seas, he said, to my mystification. I soon found, however, that I had been mistaken for a certain Mr. Raymond, an American "star," whose arrival was awaited in Liverpool. Then, although the deferential attitude assumed towards me disappeared, I must say that, for a new recruit, I received extraordinary kindness and encouragement, especially from Bancroft, with whom I speedily made good friends and have remained so up to the present day.

For my first appearance a little part was entrusted to me in a piece called "A Woman of Business," translated, I think, from the French by John Oxenford. The "star" was J. L. Toole, whose acquaintance I then

made for the first time, and we remained firm friends up to the day of his death. The part I was supposed to play was a young dandy, the Honourable Shrimpton Smallpiece. I could at all events realize my surname, but had little more to do than present an insignificant sketch of an asinine individual. Had it been Hamlet, however, I could not have approached the ordeal with greater diffidence. After a few days' rehearsal, in which I apparently acquitted myself to the satisfaction of Mr. Toole, the first night arrived. My feelings of dismay on walking on to the stage for the first time were such that my self-possession entirely deserted me on becoming aware of the sea of faces in front, with the result that I absolutely forgot every word I had to say. Gaping like a fish out of water, I must have presented a pitiable and ludicrous spectacle. At any rate, I was not left long in suspense—a burst of hisses greeted me from the pit and gallery, harmonizing with the sound of refined but derisive laughter from the boxes and stalls. This reception was my salvation. Indignation enabled me to master my nervousness, so that I recovered my speech and was able to finish the scene in an adequate, if not very successful, manner. Leigh Murray, who had accompanied me to Liverpool to witness my first appearance, was clearly not much impressed with the *début* of his pupil. He did his best, however, to console me with encouragement, and himself with several extra glasses of his favourite beverage.

MR ALFRED WIGAN.
From a Photograph.

The next part of any importance which I undertook was also under Mr. Toole's management in "The Birthplace of Podgers." In that piece I played the small character-part of a poet, Lexicon, and succeeded, apparently, so far as both public and Press were concerned, for I received my first word of critical encouragement in the *Liverpool Courier* the next morning, December 20th, 1864. It was short, but sweet, and ran as follows: "Mr. Hare again manifested rare abilities in character-parts."

The first real opportunity afforded me, however, was by the late Edward A. Sothern in "A Woman in Mauve," by Watts Phillips. Sothern was not in the habit of rehearsing himself, but employed an actor to go in advance of him and rehearse his (Sothern's) parts with the stock company. I had previously played with Sothern and made a bit of a hit as the stuttering Mr. Jones in "David Garrick."

Sothern apparently had taken rather a fancy to me, and seemed to think I had something in me, as he insisted on having me cast for the chief low comedian's part in "A Woman in Mauve," which was to be tried in Liverpool prior to its production in London. I rehearsed this part for a considerable time, but believe there was great dissatisfaction in the theatre amongst comedians of older standing, and occupying more important positions in the company, at my being chosen to create an original character in preference to them. I learnt afterwards that continual representations were made by Mr. Henderson, the manager, and others as to the absurdity of entrusting an important part to an amateur who had shown no aptitude at rehearsal. However, to my good fortune, Sothern was obdurate and insisted on my playing the part. It was that of a ci-devant policeman, Beetles by name, and I managed to convey by my costume and with a telescope, which bore a resemblance to the truncheon identified with that character, a suggestion of his occupation, which, like Othello's, had now gone. On the first night I succeeded in making a palpable hit, and had the honour of a special call, Sothern generously taking me before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience. I remember that he had a song to sing in one scene, and I was supposed to imitate the conductor of an orchestra beating time with my telescope as bâton in a comical manner. The song was usually encored, and the scene went splendidly. A few nights later it seemed to go better than ever, and the shrieks of the audience led me to indulge in extraordinary exertions with my telescope, which I waved with the enthusiasm of a Continental *maestro*. In the midst of my ecstasy

Sothern astounded me by saying quietly in an aside, "It's all right, old fellow; don't worry, but just get off the stage as soon as possible!" I then discovered, to my horror, that some towels with which I had stuffed myself (in order to obtain a suggestion of *embonpoint* with which Nature had not endowed me) had dropped from their moorings and were making an untidy heap on the stage. Need I say I fled from the scene and left the others to finish without me?

With these continual changes of plays and "stars" at Liverpool I had the advantage of being brought into contact with many of the leading actors of the day, and among them Alfred Wigan, a delightful and natural actor. He appeared in several of those parts associated with his name, such as Achille Talma Dufard, in "The First Night." During his visit to Liverpool on that occasion he essayed two new parts—Evelyn, in "Money," and Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," in neither of which he was very successful. He was too old for the former part, and had not breadth and power enough for the demands of Shylock.

An amusing incident occurred on the production of "Money." I had been cast for the character of the old member of the club, a small but effective little part consisting of a repetition of the words, "Waiter, snuff-box!" The scene in the club is so arranged that the old member makes his entrance alone. His "business" is to take his seat and call out, "Waiter, snuff-box!" Then the other characters enter. I had, however, determined to seize this opportunity of making an elaborate character-study of the old gentleman. I do not know exactly what I did, but, instead of going quietly to my seat, I gave a detailed delineation of an asthmatic old gentleman who grunted, coughed, and did everything except speak, to the apparent delight of the audience, who laughed immoderately at my efforts, much to my personal gratification. I, however, delayed the entrance of the principal characters for a considerable time, and was only brought to my senses by the sight and sound of the infuriated Wigan saying to me from the wings, "Now, sir, we've had enough of this. Be silent!" The impression made on the audience showed itself subsequently, for whenever the old member opened his mouth to say, "Waiter, snuff-box!" he received a round of applause, much to the indignation of Wigan.

The next "star" of importance whose advent was heralded with interest to myself and other members of the company, including

"NOW, SIR, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. BE SILENT!"

Bancroft, was Miss Marie Wilton, for in her he found a wife and I a manageress ere long, little though we thought on our first meeting that she was destined to influence our careers to such an extent. Marie Wilton appeared in several of those burlesques in which she was so inimitable. It was then that I made my first appearance in burlesque as Polixenes in the parody of "A Winter's Tale," re-christened "Perdita." My recollections of my efforts in burlesque are not of the happiest, for I did not feel at home in that medium, and could not have impressed her favourably. However, Miss Wilton saw me in some shorter plays and encouraged me by her kind approbation, and it was the recollection of that encouragement which led me to apply for a place in her company at the Prince of Wales's Theatre when later I came to London.

I cannot refrain from reflecting upon the advantages derived from country experience and the incalculable value of the stock companies, to which system we old actors owe so much. It was a training which can never be replaced.

There are, however, reminiscences and reflections of a more disagreeable character to which I must allude. The dirty cellars we inhabited as dressing-rooms! The internal and external state of the theatres in this country, leaving very much to be desired on the score of sanitation, health, and safety. They are better now, but bad still in many quarters, and the situations frequently chosen for sites must make any artist shudder.

On entering most foreign cities, such as Vienna, Berlin, Frankfort, Dresden, Munich, and even many smaller towns abroad, you ask, "What buildings are these?" Your guide points out the municipal buildings, the art gallery, the conservatoire of music, and lastly—often the finest building of all—the theatre or opera-house, as in Paris. How different and sometimes disgraceful it is in this country! You will, it is true, find the municipal buildings, possibly even the art gallery, but when you inquire for the locality of the theatre you are directed, in many instances, to some mean back street, with the front entrance of the playhouse surrounded by shops. And the stage-door—the artistes' entrance? Where is that? Ye gods! It is often up some foul and forbidding alley, causing the self respecting actor, on entering or leaving, to feel humbled at the thought and ashamed of his calling. The coldness, too, of some of the provincial theatres is a menace to many an old actor and a danger to young girls, owing to the defective heating arrangements. It is bad enough for "stars," who are supposed to have every comfort, but it is a crying evil for the poor women compelled to be scantily clad, and the unfortunate ballet-girls, who must not infrequently contract illnesses of a serious, if not of a fatal, character.

These things ought not to be, and surely indicate the indifferent and almost contemptuous attitude of Englishmen towards a branch of art it should be their pride and ambition to foster. A good picture should have a worthy frame.

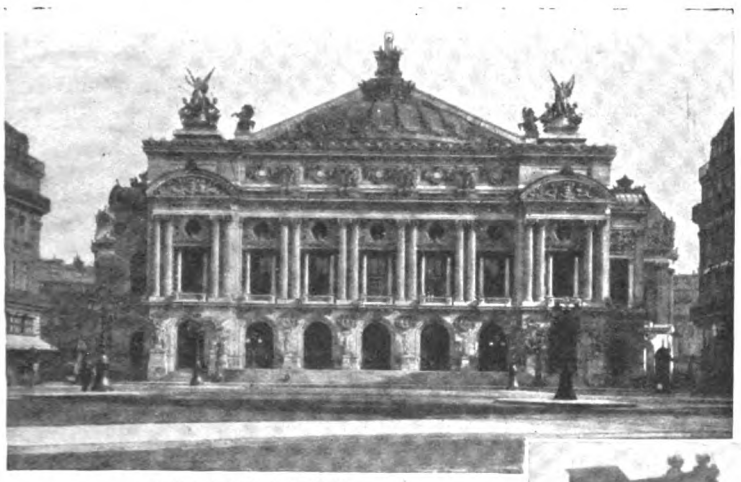
Take London, even. It is little less than a public scandal to see our Opera House situated in the shabby surroundings of an evil-smelling market. I cannot refer to our National Theatre, as we have not got one, but may have a few remarks to make on that subject later. Sufficient for the moment is the reflection that some of our most dignified sites are occupied by music-halls, which show signs of rapidly becoming the staple attraction of the English people.

To revert from such painful reflections to more pleasant ones, it was in the winter of 1864 that, having concluded my engagement in Liverpool, I came to London. At this point in my professional life, in spite of such success as I had then achieved, I had almost decided to retire from the stage at the ripe age of twenty-one, as my prospects were not bright enough to encourage me to continue in my career, thinking it perhaps wiser to resume the occupation for which I was originally intended — namely, the Civil Service. In the meantime I had married. Incidentally meeting John Clarke one morning in the street in London, I told him of my intention, and he argued with me strongly as to the folly of the step I thought of taking. He assured me of the hopefulness of my prospects, and concluded by advising me to apply to Miss Marie Wilton, by whom he was himself engaged. I therefore wrote to her saying that "I would do anything I was told, play any part that was offered me, and be grateful for any engagement I could get"—a philosophical frame of mind I have rarely found existing among young actors since. The result in my case was an engagement at two pounds a week.

My first impressions of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre (the Dust-hole, as it had been originally called) are too numerous to recall here. It was a very small theatre, and the stage was not large enough to swing a cat in—though I am not aware of the exact

amount of space required for that operation. Still, it was large enough for very artistic and elaborate productions of "A School for Scandal," "Money," and "The Merchant of Venice." And I did not feel at all "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd" after my experiences at Liverpool, and was as happy as the day, or, rather, the night, was long.

On September 25th, 1865, I made my first appearance in London in a two-act comedy



THE OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.
From a Photo. by Frith & Co.

entitled "Naval Engagements," in which I was cast for the small part of Short, a landlord. It was a curious coincidence that my *début* in Liverpool should have been in a character named "Smallpiece," and in London as "Short." H. J. Byron was associated in management with Miss Marie Wilton, and his wit was well known and is still pleasantly remembered. He congratulated me facetiously on my appearance in a part for which I was so well suited. "With a short figure, a short name, and a short part," he said, "the critics will say you are, in short, perfect." "Thanks," I replied; "but if I fail?" "Then," he said, "we'll re-christen the play, 'Short Engagements'!"

However, I did not fail, and subsequently made my first and only appearance in a woman's part, Zerlina in "Little Don Giovanni." I had an intense dislike to appearing in woman's clothes, and my relief was great when the curtain descended for the last time on my short skirts and futile efforts.

Then came the reign of Robertson! Much to my delight, I was cast for the part of Lord Ptarmigant in his play called "Society," which I had seen on its original production in Liverpool, with Blakeley in the *rôle* now allotted to me. I could hardly realize that the part I had admired so much then was now placed in my hands, and that at last my opportunity had come. November 11th, 1865, the date chosen for the *première*, was, I felt, to be one of the most eventful nights of my life. The day to which I had been looking forward with nervous apprehension at last arrived, although it was with the prescience that my chance had come, and that I was really going to make a success. On the very eve of this fateful day, however, I became violently ill. So ill was I that, swathed in blankets, I had to be carried down to a four-wheeler, which took me to the theatre to play my part. I appeared that night an unknown actor, and woke the next morning to find that I had

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

succeeded far beyond my hopes, and had laid the foundation-stone of that reputation which the public and Press in their generosity have awarded me.

Speaking of illness reminds me that it has been my misfortune to fulfil many of my most important engagements under extremely unfavourable conditions through ill-health. Sudden and serious illness—not mere indis-

position—seems to dog my footsteps when affairs of more than usual importance claim my urgent attention. I might instance many first nights on which doctors have forbidden me to appear — *e.g.*, my last London appearance in "A Great Conspiracy"; the occasion when I had the honour of responding for the drama at the Royal Academy dinner; when I presided at the Boz Club dinner; as chairman of a meeting convened to advocate the erection of the Irving Memorial (a matter in which I have taken the deepest personal interest); my first command performance before the late Queen at Windsor; and my two recent Royal command performances at Sandringham and Windsor. All these engagements were accomplished under conditions of the severest physical and mental strain.

SIR JOHN HARE AS LORD PTARMIGANT.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

To revert to the production of "Society," it was during the rehearsals of this play that I first made the acquaintance of its author, Tom Robertson, who was destined to have so great an effect on the contemporary drama, revolutionizing the existing form of dramatic writing. He was a charming man and a delightful raconteur, with sometimes a sarcastic tongue, but ever a warm heart. His early struggles had, perhaps, embittered him, but his final triumphs allayed his wounded feelings. He substituted for the stagey, artificial drama of the day plays founded on observation of character and nature. I have no doubt whatever that, had Robertson lived longer—endowed with health and strength—or had his advent been postponed and he had written in the present day, the author of "Caste" would have given to the world much greater plays. Influenced, but not enslaved, by the progress of the age, he would doubtless have combined the sometimes too vivid realism of modern dramatic work with that heart, sympathy, and power of pathos which many of our contemporary European dramatists lack, and in which he was unrivalled.

TOM ROBERTSON.
From a Drawing.

His gifts of stage-management were unique, but it was by his delicate influence and suggestion rather than by mechanical direction that he attained his ends. Even so great an expert as Sir W. S. Gilbert has since shown himself to be wrote of him:—

"I frequently attended his rehearsals, and learnt a great deal from his methods of stage-management, which in those days was quite a novelty, although most pieces are now stage-managed on the principles he introduced. I look upon stage-management, as now understood, as having been absolutely invented by him."

My own close intimacy with Robertson the man took place during the rehearsals of "Society," and lasted till his death, when I lost a staunch and loyal friend. Indeed, to his sound advice I owe the fact that I remained so long at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and was thereby enabled to establish my budding reputation. It was in this wise. After my success as Lord Ptarmigant, followed by that of Mr. Fluker in "A Hundred Thousand Pounds," I not unnaturally, perhaps, looked forward to find myself afforded in Robertson's next play an even greater opportunity; but when "Ours" was read I found myself cast for what I thought the insignificant character of Prince Perovsky. My first inclination — one so often felt by ambitious

young actors—was to refuse to play the part, and leave the theatre to seek "fresh fields and pastures new"; but, before doing so, I had the good sense to consult Robertson. I told him that I did not hope to improve my reputation, but did not wish to ruin it, which I felt would be the case by playing so insignificant a part, of which one could hope to make nothing. His answer to me—and I shall never forget it—was: "Do what you think best, my dear Hare. Honestly, it is a bad part, but I should personally like you to play it. I don't think it will do you either good or harm, but take a friend's advice and don't quarrel with your bread and butter. Be loyal to your management; never refuse a part; you can't tell till you have played it how a part may develop!" I took his advice and played the part. To my surprise I made another great success in it, and remained at the theatre for nine years afterwards—nine of the happiest and most successful years of my professional life. It was while playing Prince Perovsky in 1866 that I first had the honour of personally meeting the Prince of Wales (now King Edward), who summoned me to his presence and expressed his approval of my performance. At the same time, with his eagle-like eye for accuracy, he pointed out several careless mistakes made in the choice of my decorations, which I had selected at haphazard, thinking that they would not be noticed at a distance. From that date to the time of my leaving permanent management at the Globe Theatre in 1904, His Majesty witnessed nearly every play in which I appeared, and never failed to honour me with his personal criticism.

SIR JOHN HARE AS PRINCE PEROVSKY.
From a Photo. by Langfier, Bond Street, W.

After "Ours" came "Caste," and the scene of unanimous enthusiasm among the actors in the green-room when the play was read to us by Robertson will be ever remembered by those present. Actors are said to be bad judges of plays, but not one there had a doubt as to the certainty of its success. As for my original part of Sam Gerridge, when Robertson read the play I saw this character live and move and have its being before the author even told me I was to play it. Watching the author and listening to his eloquent reading of the play, the acting and make-up of my part flashed across me like lightning, and I only realized subsequently in my performance what was felt instantaneously at that first reading.

The performance of this play was remarkable all round. The genius of Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft) was never more wonderfully displayed than in the part of Polly, and Miss Lydia Foote gave a beautiful impersonation of Esther. In Captain Hawtree, Bancroft created with consummate skill a type which must ever be identified with his name. George Honey's performance of Eccles was exceedingly rich in humour, although perhaps slightly more grotesque than real, while the performance of Fred

"THE PLAY WAS READ TO US BY ROBERTSON."

Younge, who was in appearance and age unsuited to play D'Alroy, was so subtle and beautiful in treatment that, even after appearing for a hundred nights with him on the stage, I never failed to admire the delicacy and technique of his acting.

Salaries were not so big in those days. For playing Sam Gerridge I received six pounds a week. I think I am within the mark in stating that the entire salary-list for the company playing in "Caste" could not have exceeded the sum of sixty pounds a week, excluding, of course, Miss Marie Wilton's remuneration as leading actress and manageress. What would such a cast cost at the present day?

It may not be out of place here to say that during the run of "Caste" I received offers of engagement from other managements, but, before deciding, I approached Miss Wilton (Lady Bancroft) with a view to a rise of salary, and received the following letter from her, which it may be of interest to reproduce:—

July 6th, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. HARE,—I am glad to have heard from you. I can quite understand your having offers from other managers, as, independent of their natural wish to add so successful an actor as yourself to their staff, I have good reason to believe a very general desire exists to break up my company. The limited size of my theatre, of course, places me at a disadvantage in coping with managers of larger houses, who can afford to offer big terms to suit their own ends, and my salary-list, good as it at present is, will be much heavier next season. But my desire to retain you is very great, and I offer you eight pounds per week. In justice to myself, I must remind you of the length of my season and of your very enviable position in the theatre, which I am delighted to hear you find comfortable and happy. Let me hear your decision *as soon as possible*, and believe me, my dear Mr. Hare,

Very sincerely yours,

MARIE WILTON,

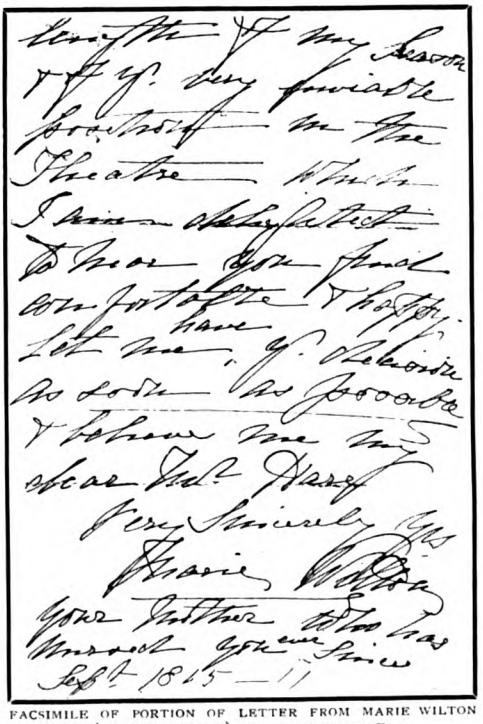
Your mother who has nursed you ever since September, 1865!

I could not resist Miss Wilton's maternal postscript, and remained!

It was in 1867 that I was elected a member of the Garrick Club, a distinction which in those days we considered to be the blue ribbon of an actor's social ambition. What memories those early days recall! The card-room of the Garrick was then, as it is now, the haunt of the most sociable spirits of the club, and when I enumerate a few of the famous men who frequented it in those days—*e.g.*, Millais, Charles Lever, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, and Henry James (now Lord James of Hereford) among others—it may be imagined with what rever-

ence I crossed that threshold, and the wit and humour which reigned within. Another highly-respected member in those days was James Clay, the greatest whist-player of his time, whose book is to the present day regarded as one of the best authorities on the subject. He was not in the habit of playing frequently at the Garrick, where the "points" were only nominal, but usually played for higher stakes at the Turf and other clubs. From time to time, however, in order to be in touch with his old friends, he occasionally played "a quiet rubber" at the Garrick. One day, hearing that he was playing, I entered the card-room unobserved, and took possession of a chair behind him, overjoyed at the opportunity of being a witness to his skill. To my astonishment and amusement, after about the third round he "revoked." Nobody noticed it but myself, and I well remember him turning round and catching my eye, as he laughed heartily at his carelessness.

LADY BANCROFT AND SIR JOHN HARE IN "CASTE."
From a Photograph.



FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF LETTER FROM MARIE WILTON (LADY BANCROFT) TO SIR JOHN HARE.

At the Garrick, too, I have recollections of that distinguished *littérateur*, Anthony Trollope, who had rather a rough and rugged exterior, and seemed to resent my entrance to the club, regarding it apparently as an impertinence at my age. I was then only twenty-three. He hated the theatre and rarely went inside, but during the run of "Caste" a friend and fellow-member persuaded him to go and see the performance. The next day when I went into the card-room Trollope, instead of being gruff and surly, beamed upon me and beckoned me into another room. He complimented me upon my performance and said he would like to write a play—on the same lines as "Caste." He would have it ready within a week or two! Would I read it? Of course, I felt flattered, and said I should be only too proud. I read the play subsequently, but, without being disrespectful, found it not only lacked that literary style for which Anthony Trollope was distinguished, but was also dramatically deficient, both in

dialogue and construction, and politely suggested he should show it to some better authority. "No! I want your candid opinion," he insisted. So I told him what I thought. Afterwards we became the best of friends, though he never wrote another play.

There is a picture now hanging in the card-room of the Garrick Club, painted and presented just after I joined, by Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. It portrays some forty or fifty prominent members, whom I knew personally, and includes such eminent men as Millais, Leighton, Fladgate, T. Creswick, R.A., Shirley Brooks, W. P. Frith, R.A., Val Prinsep, R.A., Frederic Clay, Alfred Elmore, R.A., Sir John Gilbert, the Marquess of Anglesey, Sir W. H. Russell, General Napier, General Lambton, Henry James, and Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. It is a sad reflection to feel that, with the notable exception of two—Lord James of Hereford and Mr. W. P. Frith—all, I think, have joined the great majority. A striking contrast is afforded in the fact that in 1868 I helped to found a small club called the Lambs, limited to twenty-four members, considerably over half of whom are still alive. These included such well-known men as Lord Kilmorey, Lord Hothfield, Sir Douglas Straight, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Charles Santley, H. J. Montague, and Comyns Carr. George du Maurier was also a member, but he has signed his last sketch and told his last story.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

My first acquaintance with Du Maurier had taken place on the original production of "Caste." He had also distinguished himself as an amateur actor, and had just made a very signal success as Box, the printer, in Burnand and Sullivan's charming musical comedietta, "Box and Cox." George du Maurier had a beautiful and most sympathetic voice, and his subsequent success in literature as well as art showed the versatility of that accomplished and delightful man. One day he asked me if I would book him a couple of seats for the performance of "Caste" (in which I was playing Gerridge). I did so, and forwarded him the tickets. The following Sunday afternoon he called with his wife—incidentally to liquidate the little debt, but, finding neither my wife nor myself at home, he left the loose money wrapped up in the accompanying sketch (with an explanatory and amusing rhyme underneath), hurriedly made in the hall. I reproduce this, which I regard as a very preciousmemento of our friendship, as it contains remarkable likenesses of our respective wives, and Du Maurier and myself in our characters of Box and Gerridge.

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY G. DU MAURIER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAST HOPE.

By JOSEPH KEATING.

ON the most expert and official advice, which is wonderful, humanity was told to abandon all hope.

"The man and the boy working with him are dead. The fire has been raging through all the pit for three days and three nights, and only flooding will end it."

That was the unpleasant part of it. People objected to the flooding because they had affections, and a boy and a man were in the burning pit.

"Nothing could live through such a fire," was the expert and official advice. "And all the others are accounted for."

And they opened the channel to turn the river down into the pit instead of letting it flow down the valley into the sea. The sun shone pleasantly on the running water making its way to the mouth of the thirsty pit.

At this sign of the last hope gone an old woman near the brink of the pit took a young woman in her arms, for fear she would throw herself down into the roaring blaze which was reddening the shaft walls far below. The girl could not see the flames. She was weeping for the man they were devouring. There were thousands of people round the top of the shaft, and most of the women were looking at the other two and crying.

It was, of course, quite different far down in and behind the raging red that would not let an animate thing pass in or out of the pit. There, inside, in defiance of all expert advice on the subject, Martin and the boy had decided to go on living.

From up in their dark corner of the workings, among a colony of escaped rats, they were creeping down to have another look at the fire, to see if there were any signs at all of its dying out. The boy's hand was in the hand of the man, in whom he had supreme faith. They had no light, and Martin kept one arm stretched out in front of him, till it touched a door.

"Keep back a little," said he.

The lad drew back; and as Martin slowly pushed open the door the darkness became lurid with the terrible red of the fire. Far away beyond the door they saw the flames burning down the roof-timbers and the square wooden cogs of the side-walls, and wrecking the whole roadway. The glare was on the big, strong door that had sheltered them, on the roof-timbers above them, on the cogs and stones of the rough walls; while the tram-rails underfoot looked red-hot. Also the red light was in Martin's face. It showed that a man could smile and suffer at the same time. His genial good-humour was his best asset. He looked at the blaze.

"There's too much coal on our fire," he said, grimly.

His eyes were coming out of their sockets with the strain of looking for a way of escape. The pit-dust and three days' beard on his face were less formidable than the protruding cheek-bones of hunger. He had neither cap nor coat, and his shirt was torn wide open at his breast.

The poor boy behind him was thin and weak, and his small face was a miniature of smiling misery as he looked up to ask the man: "Is the fire burning itself out, Martin? You said it would."

That had been their one hope for three days and three nights—ever since, in fact, the explosion had sent red death to chase them from tunnel to tunnel, until it drove them up into this black corner.

"It's bound to burn itself out," repeated Martin; though as he stared at it now, with the burning horse-flesh in his nostrils, he saw that the fire must be rather nearer to them. And he added, gaily: "You see, Dicky, it's not nearly so bad as if some old working was flooding the pit; because the water would fill all the roads and stick there all the time. But the fire is bound to burn itself out very soon."

Martin was always ready with some happy idea to keep Dicky in good spirits. But beyond that the man knew very well, and was quite in earnest in the view, that, though he and the lad could live through fire, there would be hardly any chance at all of outlasting a flood. He had no notion that the people outside were carrying the river to the pit to put an end to the fire.

"'KEEP BACK A LITTLE,' SAID HE."

Dicky laughed because Martin was laughing.

"It's a good job the pit isn't flooded," said the boy, repeating faithfully the man's idea.

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed Martin. "The fire will die down, and we will go home together, Dicky, my fine fellow."

"My mother will be glad to see me out safe," said Dicky, confidently. "And I know that Rachel will laugh when she sees you again, Martin."

"Of course," Martin said, and the smile left his thin lips; and the red light on his face made him look terrible. "It's too hot to stay here, Dicky," he added, slowly. "Let's go back and see if the stones have stopped falling up in the hole. There might be a chance back there soon."

He closed the door and the red light vanished. The boy took his hand, and they groped back over the wreckage on the ground to the other end of their prison. From the dark beyond came hollow, ghostly sounds.

"Don't go too near," said Martin, cautiously.

"Pity it keeps falling in there," said the boy from behind.

They stopped at the bottom of what they knew to be a hill of broken rocks. The hiss and crash of falling roof inside was terrifying. They had come to the end of the world, as it were. The only break in the blackness was made by the colony of rats swarming around.

Their eyes were like spots of green fire leaping and creeping everywhere. The rats lived by eating each other; but their instinct made them regard the man and boy as certain and better food, and they were in a great hurry for the feast. Martin threw a stone among the rats to frighten them, and they scurried back, squeaking and fighting in their sudden fright.

The boy kept close to the man. Martin was standing upright, with his face towards a trembling current of air that came from the unknown where the roof was breaking. The man's brain was tired from the endless effort of trying to trace that air-current in imagination to its source. He believed it had its beginning in the higher workings of the No. 2 seam, and came down through some hole made by the explosion.

"And where the air is coming from there should be a way for us to crawl to the shaft."

With that intense thought at the back of his brain Martin had, time after time, tried to climb up into the cavern, and each time had been driven back, bleeding from the blows of the falling stones that crashed down with their queer echoes. And even there Martin, as he stood looking in, caught the flash of red far away in some burning road beyond the cavern. The glow of the fire came through the falling rocks like sunset through evening showers, only these showers came down hissing, roaring, and echoing with the terror of endless night in the sound. Behind him the rats were squeaking, fighting, and preparing for the great feast that the man and boy would make for them.

"Yet it's getting quieter in there," Martin said, genially; "I think I'll have another try, Dicky; and you——"

"What's that?" interrupted the boy, and Martin felt the lad's hand tighten in his clasp. "I heard a funny sound, like water splashing against the door."

"Eh?" said Martin, turning quickly. He thought that the poor lad's mind must be breaking down under the long strain, and he put his arm around Dicky's neck. "Oh, that——," he began to explain.

Martin ended there. The extraordinary coldness of the place made him shiver; and the boy's teeth were chattering.

"The air is colder—aha!" Martin said, buoyantly. "Perhaps the fire is dying out and leaving the road open for us to go home, Dicky! Then there will be a young woman and an old one who will be laughing instead of crying. Down we go to the door, laddie."

Hand in hand they crept down to the door. They were trembling with the cold. Martin's hand was stretched out. It touched the door. He expected it to open at his touch. It did not move.

"That's funny," said he, laughing; though he knew it was not funny at all, but very serious.

"I'm standing in water—I'm freezing," stammered the boy.

"Water!" Martin repeated, quite unbelieving; and he bent down, feeling with his hand along the black bottom.

But when he raised that hand and put it to his cheek, something trickled down under his jaw and dripped from his chin. A strange, smothered gurgle of deep moving water came through the door. But what alarmed Martin most was the peculiar rumbling noise—a whispered roar—which now seemed to be everywhere in the darkness around them. Afterwards he knew that this sudden chill in the air and the rumble came from the river which was fighting the flames and filling all the roads of the pit. If the fire were dying down another enemy was in the way.

Without a word Martin raised his arm to test the door again. He heard the strong planks creaking. There was a subtle, mysterious hissing at the four corners of the woodwork. Invisible sprays were being forced through the cracks made by the strain of a stupendous weight. He put his hand upon the door and pressed; it did not move. The dead *feel* of it was appalling. The road behind must be full of water, and Martin knew that he and the boy were farther off than ever from turning the tears of two women into smiles. Water had taken the place of the fire behind the door! The thought of it paralyzed him. He stood for a second as still and as stiff as death. Something cold caught at his heart, and the chill of it was ghastly.

"When and where did the water break in?"

He did not know he was speaking, but the boy answered:—

"I heard it from the other end, and it is spraying all over me. I am getting wet through, Martin."

"Stand back," said the man. "I wonder can we get through?"

He put a desperate shoulder to the door to force it open.

That was just the help wanted by the thing behind. The hissing became a scream, the creaking a roar. The thick planks cracked one after the other. Then down came the whole woodwork, with water driving

through it and over it, the full of the roadway, like a black blast, invisible but roaring, whistling, screaming, and overwhelming.

"The boy!" was Martin's thought.

The first touch of the flood knocked him staggering back.

"Dicky!" he shouted, with the water rushing all over him.

"Here, Martin!" answered the lad, who, not understanding what had happened, ran forward and was washed off his feet.

But Martin had located him, caught him round the waist, and ran—with the boy in his arms and the flood at his heels—back to the only hole open, where the stones were dropping from the roof. But even the shower of rocks had to be faced now.

The water was up to his hips. A moment's hesitation would be the end of all; and he dashed boldly up over the hill of broken rocks into the long, dark, echoing cavern. Up with him the rats were swarming. The fear of the flood was on them.

The stones fell in the midst of the rats, killing scores for the others to eat. Their terrified squeaking was horrible.

"The water is rising behind us," cried Martin.

The heap of fallen roof had checked the flood for a moment. Martin heard it gurgling, splashing, and swirling at the bottom as it rose higher and higher, to come rushing over; and mixed up with these noises he heard the plunging sounds of the stones dropping into the pool.

"Put me on my feet, Martin, and we can go faster," said the boy. "I am all right; I can creep behind you."

"Keep tight to the side, then, laddie."

That was the guiding instinct, born of Martin's pit experience. In the centre were showers of stones. The roof of the hole had taken the shape of a natural arch, and under the sides the danger of being hit was less than in the middle. Martin put the boy down. The water dripped from their faces, hair, and clothes as the man and boy clung to the side like creatures creeping under a wall for shelter from a storm. They dragged themselves far inward under the arch, the boy behind gripping the man's hand. The sharp edges of the stones in the sides cut through their clothes and tore the flesh from their bodies. Stones were falling in the centre; the flood rising behind. The cavern stretched up into the unknown, and every sound seemed to be carried miles upward and inward and filled the place with clattering echoes.

A red patch of fire suddenly leaped up, as it were, from under Martin's feet; and before he could actually understand what it meant he was slipping down a hole. He was dragging the boy down with him. Whatever was going to happen, Martin would not for a moment let the lad be separated from him. Once parted, it would be a miracle if ever they came together again. His first fear was that they were slipping down into one of the crossing road-ways filled with fire. He remembered the glow that flashed through the cavern. In that case it would be like falling into a furnace. The loose stones rolled down around them, and the boy fell; but Martin managed to keep his feet.

"Don't be afraid!" he called to the lad, and tightened his hand-clasp.

He was relieved to hear his feet splashing into water at the bottom, instead of the other thing. But he soon saw that the fire had been there. The flash was coming from an opening a little way outward on the left. It appeared and disappeared, each time stronger than before, and showed Martin exactly where they were. They were up to their knees in water, and with the vivid red flashes upon it he and Dicky seemed to be wading in a stream of blood. The timbers in the roof and sides were charred. The fire had caught them, but now they were glistening with the water that dripped and trickled into the stream. Martin noted the flow of the stream. It went outward and downward. The dip of the road was towards the pit-bottom.

Martin put the boy on his feet.

"The water came up this road in the first rush and put the fire out," said he.

"That's a good job for us, Martin," answered Dicky, laughing, "or we'd have tumbled right into it."

Martin did not check the lad's merriment, neither did he join in it. He said to himself: "The water will come round here from behind, and be on us again."

He glanced longingly at the opening from which the flashes came. Martin knew that that road led up to the higher set of workings in the No. 2 seam, which opened into the shaft itself at a point above the actual pit-bottom.

"If we could get up there, I could shout up to the top of the pit."

But the road was on fire. Far up the timbers were blazing. The hill was so steep that the water had not been able to rush beyond the opening.

"Our only chance is the pit-bottom, and

"THE BOY FELL, BUT MARTIN MANAGED TO KEEP HIS FEET."

that must be full of water. Come on, Dicky, as fast as you can."

Down with the stream they went, with the water splashing about their knees.

"We are not far from the shaft——"

Martin's voice changed from good-humour to terror.

"Back, Dicky!" he shouted. "The bottom of the pit is flooded."

In the darkness they had run into a black sea, and Martin and the boy were struggling to get back. In the midst of their floundering Dicky cried out:—

"Something is coming behind me!"

Martin felt the current become deeper and stronger about him.

"Lord!" he said, hopelessly. "The flood is rushing round the workings, and now it's coming down behind us! We are caught between."

Up the hill he heard the deep gurgle and hiss of the flood. He saw it! The great black mass of water had just a tinge of red from the fire in the opening he had passed. He heard it roaring and dashing against the roof and side-walls—a wall of water, moving with the swiftness of a bird and the power and noise of a sea let loose. It tore down timber and roof; it ripped down the side walls; it threw up the iron tram-rails along the ground and twisted them into spiral springs.

Yet with final disaster staring him in the face the man stooped to pick up the boy. He was not given time to lift him. The flood caught him with the lad in his arms and flung him down the hill, and washed him into the pool at the bottom of the pit.

In the violence of the cross-currents the man and boy were twisted and turned under water, like a bunch of weeds in a whirlpool. Martin felt himself being hurled against floating timber and wreckage, until one blow nearly stunned him. Then he seemed to be thrown upwards in the surging, bubbling water, as if he were rising from the bottom of a big, round well, walled with stone and iron.

Two things he had power to do. He clung to the boy through all these horrors. Whatever was in store for him he would not abandon the lad. But Martin did not know he was also keeping his eyes open, until right down into the twisting currents of water there shot a spot of white light.

"God in heaven!" was the thought that flew across his brain. "That is daylight. We've been washed in under the shaft itself!"

Down through the boiling blackness came the beautiful ray—a white sword of light driven deep into the heart of darkness; and all the human will to live that was in the man's body and soul gave him strength and inspiration to struggle upwards under this symbol of his last hope.

The fight became more terrible as the light grew stronger. He felt as if he were being heaved upwards in the contrary outer currents of a fierce whirlpool. And in a moment he was conscious of gasping for breath, and of being able to breathe even while he was thrown about helplessly, tossed and dipped and swirled in foaming water as if he were under a titanic waterfall. A thunderous booming sound terrified him. He caught one glimpse of an enormous cataract, as big as a mountain river, roaring and pouring down the shaft into the pool. But the strange thing was that fire seemed to be gleaming on the water that broke over him and lashed the pool into a fury which sent Martin racing round the surface still holding the boy in his arms. Dicky was unconscious, and Martin looked into his small white face with the fear that he might die.

In desperation the man clutched at the first chance of resisting the whirling waters. He was flung against the corner of an arch through which the pool overflowed. That outlet for the water made him understand why he had been able to rise to the top without being smothered. Martin gripped at the edge of the arch and dragged himself away from the violent currents. Never once did he forget the boy. To save the youngster's life seemed to be the strongest instinct. The first thing he did was to lift Dicky's white face above the suffocating waters.

But, holding Dicky in one arm and clinging to the arch, Martin was staring at the tunnel in front of him, where flames were driving out along the roof and water from the pool overflowing and rushing in under it, while he saw that the walls around him were ribbed with iron girders and byats, behind huge pipes and ropes which he recognised.

"Lord!" he shouted, fearfully. "This is No. 2 opening into the shaft, with the fire coming out from the road inside!"

His desperate dive up to the white light had brought him to the point which was guarded from inside by the fire in the road he had seen just before the flood came down the hill and washed him into the black sea. He was clinging to the arched opening of No. 2 seam, with the flames coming out of the roof of the tunnel and the water running over the ledge under the blaze. The outlet kept the pool from rising any higher than this point in the shaft, but the flames came more and more outward above the ingoing stream. Martin looked up despairingly. He saw the spot of daylight at the top of the shaft. It was like looking at a star from the wrong end of a telescope. And behind him was the overwhelming, bewildering cataract, booming and splashing down into the pool. It took Martin some time to understand the meaning of it; to realize that those above had abandoned all hope and were trying to conquer the fire in the only possible way—to realize that the river was pouring into the pit.

"Think of it!" he groaned. "Turning a God-made river upon this poor lad and me! What is to become of us between fire and water?"

He was gripping the corner of the arch, with the lower part of his body swaying in the wild water like a reed rooted in the bank

of the river—the cataract behind him, and the fire in the tunnel in front. Mingled with the white light of day was the red of the blaze, and through the booming of the water came the crackle of flames. He and the boy seemed to be in the midst of a war of all the elements. The water crashed down in terrific volume, and the flames gave it all the colours of the rainbow. Martin's knees struck against something solid. Instantly he drew himself up and found a natural ledge—the lower lip of the mouth of the tunnel—where he knelt, with the pool foaming round his hips.

He shouted to the star of daylight above. He put all his strength into his cry. The noise of the falling water was such that he could not hear his own voice. How long could he live through this thing? he asked himself. The water was running over the ledge. But always it ran under the fire in the tunnel, and he saw the flames shooting out. Not even the enormous volume of water could conquer the increasing heat there on the ledge. The fire was unbearable. Martin had to forfeit his resting-place. He clung to the iron girders in the walls of the shaft and dropped back into the water. To put a barrier between him and the flames he dragged himself around the edge of the foaming pool, trying to get to the smooth part inside the cataract. He could only use one arm, for the other was around the unconscious boy. The lad might be dead, but Martin would not let him go.

Over and over again he called up for help. But he could not hear himself, and could not hope to be heard at the surface. Half in, half out of the water he worked his way round the circular pit-wall in agony.

Yet no sooner had he reached the spot of tranquillity under and inside the downfall than he laughed.

"The knocker wire!" he shouted.

An ordinary-looking, thin wire rope was fastened to the girders. It ran from a lever right down at the bottom of the shaft and up to an iron signal-hammer at the pit-head. The clatter of that iron hammer was the one and only communication between top and bottom. If Martin could make it speak, his problem would be solved.

"Have I got strength enough left?" he asked.

He plunged through the water and grasped the wire with one hand. He raised Dicky up, so that the boy was resting on Martin's breast. This left the man's two arms free for the supreme effort. Martin gripped the wire with both hands, drew up his body until his feet were against the wall under his hands, and his legs almost parallel with his arms.

Behind him the water was thundering down. He pulled at the wire—pulled until his body stretched back on the surface of the pool. His feet were his lever, and into that pull he put every ounce of the weight and strength of his body. Then he suddenly let go and was floundering in the water, hardly able to get back to his grip on the wall. He waited, gasping, for some proof that his signal was heard.

"Lord help us if I have failed," he panted. "I can't hold out any longer."

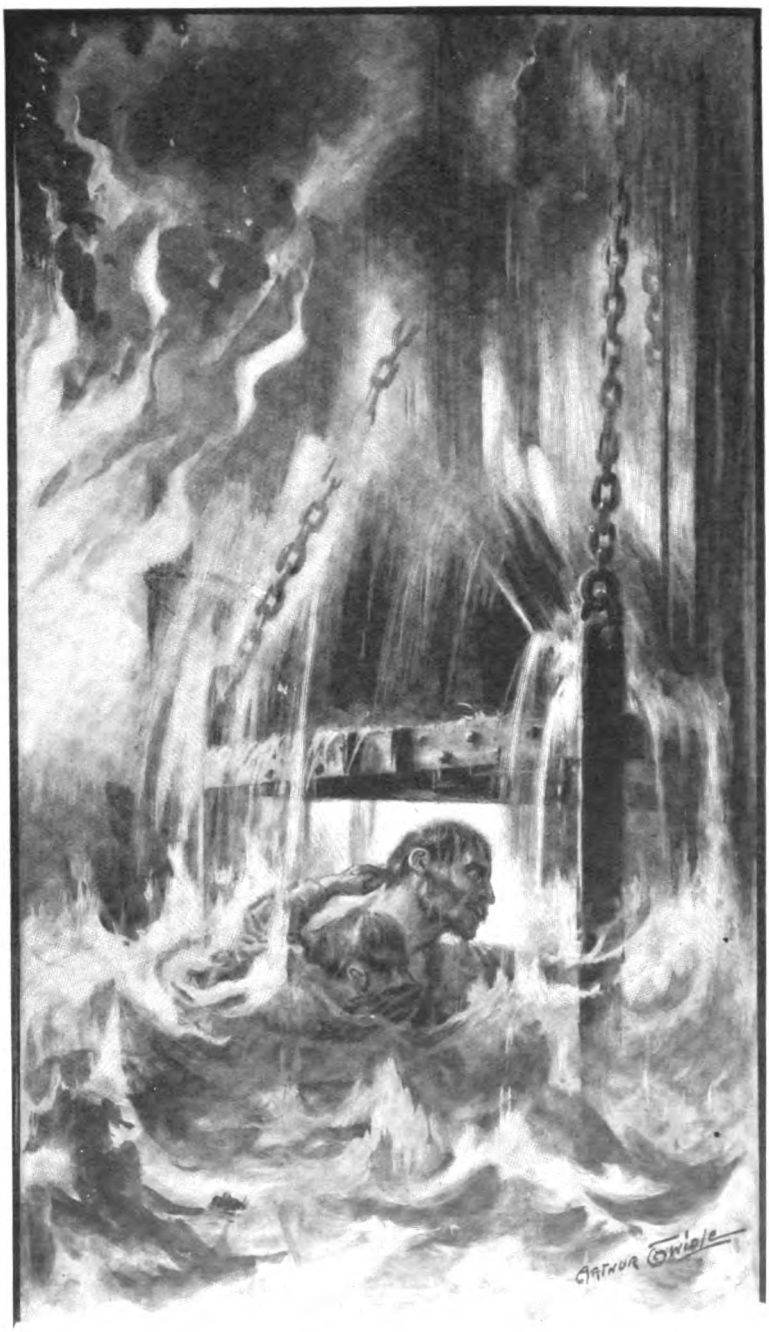
If a signal had come from the dead world to the people up above, the effect would have been the same. Martin had pulled effectively. The startling, single knock of the iron hammer made everyone around the pit-head stare in terror at each other. An old woman comforting a young one looked up as if she expected to see the soul of her child come out of the black mouth of the pit. The men watching the flooding operations turned to run away, fearing that ghosts were rising up through fire and flood. The echoes of the iron stroke hovered tremulously above their heads and died away before the men could believe in the reality of the signal.

And in that moment of delay the man down below endured the pain of eternity. Martin, under the cataract, with the boy at his breast, stared about him. He believed he had failed. Dicky opened his eyes and closed them again, and put his arms round Martin's neck like a tired child going to sleep. Martin drew him closer to his breast, groaning. Then in the midst of the water he saw a black rope moving upwards. The winding-engine above could not send down one of the two pit-cages without pulling up the other.

"They have heard!" shouted Martin. "The carriage is coming up."

The big steel rope was slowly raising the cage up out of the pit. Martin watched every upward movement of the rope. He could see it through the coloured waters of the cataract.

Then he saw a great iron link rise out of the pool, and with it came the four great chains at the end of the rope. Each of the chains was fastened to a corner of the iron carriage. The chains themselves came up, and Martin caught a glimpse of the cage just below the surface of the pool. The sight of it terrified him. The horrid thought shot through his brain that the down-coming carriage would, before any signal could stop



"HE PLUNGED FORWARD UNDER THE IRON ROOF OF THE RISING CARRIAGE."

it, strike him down to the bottom of the pit. Neither the engineman nor any living being could know that he and the boy were clinging to the pit-wall in the track of the down-coming cage. And in the wildness of that moment Martin did a desperate thing. He watched for the moment when the up-coming cage rose above the pool.

"We must make a last dive for it, Dicky!" he cried.

Then he plunged forward along the pit-wall, under the iron roof of the rising carriage. It was drawn slowly upward. At first Martin had the horror of the feeling in the water that he had missed his mark. Then he found the water sinking from his breast to his hips; from there to his knees, and down below his ankles. His feet found a solid resting-place. He was standing on the firm bottom of the carriage, and the big pit-rope was pulling him up. He heard the great waterfall thundering on the iron roof of the carriage. The water broke over and around him in terrific foaming showers. But the iron roof and framework of the cage were strong, and Martin laughed into the white face of the unconscious boy.

"Your mother will bring you back to life, laddie, and there's a girl who will be smiling instead of crying. We are going up into God's sunshine, head first!"

How a Picture is Composed.

By CHARLES GUNTHER.

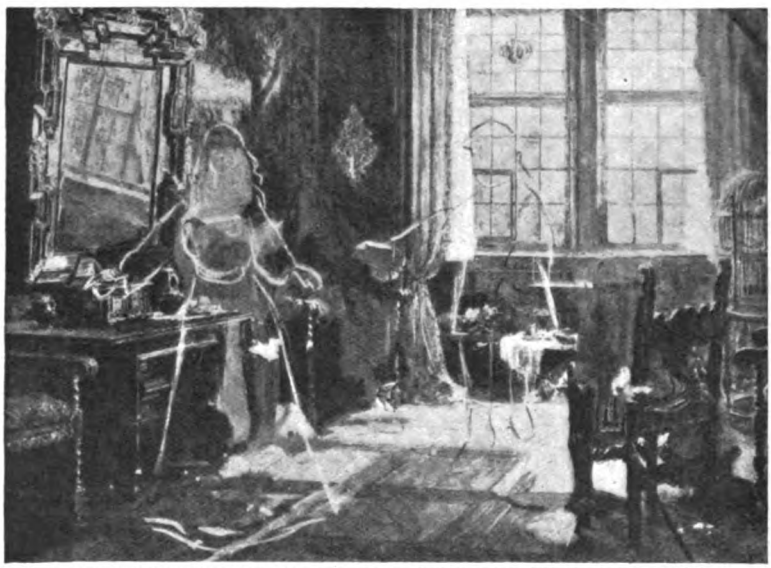
WHEN you see a popular subject picture in a gallery you do not—unless you are the "hundredth man"—at all take into account one kind of skill which has gone to its making. It is the kind of skill which the architect and the playwright have also in common—the skill in the art of "building." In examining such a picture as Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" or Détaille's "Saluting the Wounded" you are inclined to think that the painter saw the scene as a whole—that he arranged his models and straightway proceeded to delineate the scene on virgin canvas. But, alas for this theory, were you to take a knife and commence scraping that same canvas you would find a pathetic record of figures once alive and now for ever blotted out—the soldier or the Pharisee who once stood prominently here now stands obscurely there—this tree or house was yonder, and yonder figure's place was once filled by a post or a detail of landscape. Pictorial composition is for the most part a tale of repeated experiments. Very few, even of the greatest geniuses, can strike out a picture hot, as it were, from Nature or the imagination. Studies have to be made, models and backgrounds have to be sought, and when these are carefully painted they have to be adroitly arranged with a view to effectiveness.

I will try to illustrate my own method for the benefit of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE; and I dare say it is the method adopted by painters the wide world over. We know, from the picture-restorers, that Velazquez's "Boar Hunt" was composed with difficulty, for figures and trees have been painted out and other figures and foliage painted in after the picture was outwardly complete. It is the same with Rubens's "St. Bavon," and it is the same with Mr. Frith's "Derby Day."

We will suppose that an artist picked up a book or a periodical and read some such legend as that about Oliver Cromwell and the Royalist lady. I do not know whether you have heard the story, but it is about a Cavalier who was in hiding, leaving his brave wife to take care of his mansion and lands. Early one morning, ere she has risen, there is a noise of a horseman without. It is a messenger bearing letters from her husband. While she is reading them the messenger himself comes unannounced into the room. It is the Lord Protector himself! "Pardon my intrusion," he says, "but here is another missive I have not yet delivered. It is the death-warrant of my godson, Sir Thomas Varley, for treason. Your husband, madam, is our prisoner." She turns from him in consternation while he proceeds to say that the death-warrant will not be signed if Lady Varley will entreat her husband to swear to have no more treasonable correspondence with the enemy, and to meddle with naught but his house and lands.

There is the subject for a picture, "Cromwell and Lady Varley" (No. 2). Of course, the first thing is to get a suitable background—a Tudor or Jacobean interior

is called for. Now, an artist who is intent on picture-making does not wait until the time arrives for painting his subject for finding out and painting backgrounds. Whenever he encounters a striking bit of landscape, or a picturesque village street or lane, or the quaint exterior of a house, or anything, in fact, that will be likely to play a part in some future picture, he is throwing away opportunity if he fail either to sketch it or, if he have time and conditions favour, to paint it then and there on canvas. Wherefore I turn to my portfolios and unfinished canvases, and after a good deal of search find the very thing I want. It is an interior filled with furniture appropriate to the period. It now only remains to place the *dramatis personæ*. Shall I have Cromwell entering the door from the right hurriedly, and the lady confronting him *en déshabille* with ill-concealed indignation? Or shall I choose the moment when he has flung aside his cloak, revealed his identity, and told her that he carries a death-warrant for her husband? All that needs to be considered.

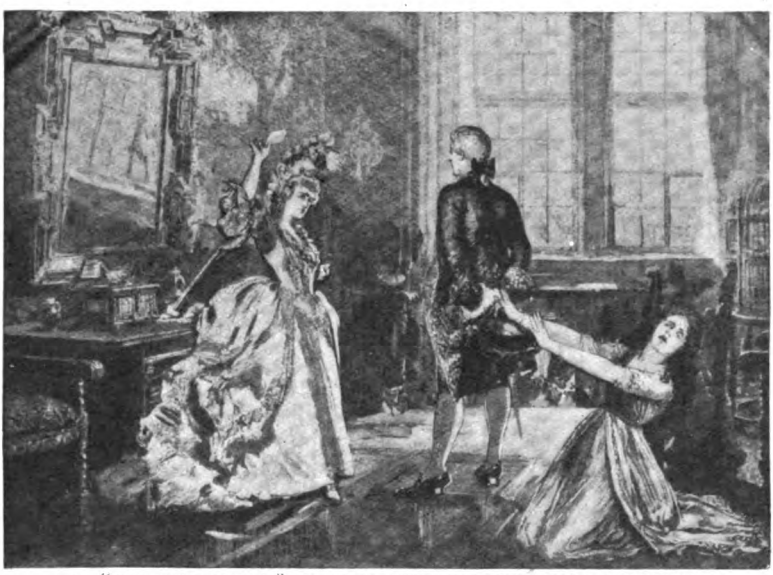


1.—STUDY OF BACKGROUND, AFTERWARDS USED IN THE THREE FOLLOWING PICTURES.

2.—"CROMWELL AND LADY VARLEY."—THE SUCCESSFUL USE OF THIS BACKGROUND.

With a piece of chalk I am able to indicate

broadly on the canvas the proportions of my figures. It may be necessary to paint out a chair, or add to the foreground, or raise the height of the picture, or else lower it. Then comes the question of the figures themselves, very thing for my Lady Varley—a tall young woman, with arms gracefully outstretched and a general look of surprise and consternation, amazement, stupor, or even of the walking somnambulist. I decide that she shall be on



3.—"THE FATAL LETTER."—AN UNSUCCESSFUL USE OF THE SAME BACKGROUND.

4.—"JEALOUSY."—ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL USE OF THE SAME BACKGROUND.

which here consist of but two in number—their costume and character. I turn to the portfolios again—there may be something suitable for the lady, but I am not so sure about Cromwell. And then I remember the the left, near the writing-desk, and a small rough sketch of the whole composition having been made, with Cromwell approaching from the window, a model for Cromwell is found and the picture is soon a *fait accompli.*

5.—STUDY OF DOORWAY, AFTERWARDS USED IN THE THREE FOLLOWING PICTURES.

6.—"THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON."

Now, in order to explain the other pictures it must be remembered that, if for some reason or other the artist's picture is not a success and the picture is not sold, he feels himself at liberty to use his material all over again. Of course, I had no need to cook my porridge again after "Cromwell and Lady Varley," but I must confess that before that I had tried the effect of two compositions, one of which was entitled "The Fatal Letter" and the other "The Jealous Husband," or rather simply "Jealousy," to which I altered it at the last moment. Both pictures are supposed to tell their own story, and in both pictures the identical background is used. In the photographs you can see the marks where the previous figures were painted out. There is something else in common between this pair of pictures, and that is the kneeling figure of the woman, who is seemingly struck in a frenzy of terror and despair at the consequence of her wickedness. It was too good an attitude to be lost, and a frugal artist might use it several times, or even lend the sketch to other artists who find a difficulty in getting models to pose properly and are in haste for a particular figure.

A picturesque doorway is always useful—almost as useful as a woodland bower or an old-fashioned inn parlour. All that you see here is merely the closed door, a half-opened lattice-window, and steps strewn with leaves. It only needs figures to make it a picture. To me it seemed to suggest an admirable setting for such subjects as "The Autumn of Love," "Disillusionment," or "The Waning of the Honeymoon." So I took up the canvas and, having found a study of a gallant young lover, painted him with his back in the doorway; and as for the poor young wife, what could I do better than turn to the old portfolio containing "Lady Varley"? She really served admirably—a few accessory touches here and there giving the proper effect, and the picture was done.

I have already said that my pictures tell their own story. That is true; but they do not tell the same story to everybody. There is, for example, a composition by the Hon. John Collier which is just now very popular in France and Germany, and people tell me they have seen it framed and hung up in the house

of a Chinaman at Shanghai. It is called "A Marriage of Convenience," and presents two women in a bedroom, one of whom, *en déshabille*, is weeping half prostrate on the floor, while the other, in evening dress, stands leaning cynically against the mantelpiece. Now the story this picture tells is capable of a dozen different interpretations, but the Chinaman thought it was wife No. 2 who had stripped and beaten wife No. 1 and donned her garments! So much for the story in a picture.

The models who figured together in two of the pictures already described were destined to play their part in another in precisely the same attitudes. This I consider a striking instance of the value of background. Having been compelled to give up my Jacobean interior to Cromwell and the lady, I had to find another *milieu* for the unhappy couple. Why not try the doorway? At all events, the experiment is well worth trying. Only this time the story becomes a very different one. A beautiful girl, pursued by a villain, seeks refuge in a garden. Her cries for help are quickly answered. The door is thrown open, and a brave cavalier issues forth, sword in hand. "For Beauty in Distress" is the title of this picture (No. 7).

But, like most artists, I am still dissatisfied, and after I had exhibited "For Beauty in Distress" I painted the familiar figures out and tried one with the same background called "Good-bye to the Bride," showing two women casting flowers at some figure which does not appear in the picture. This is still unfinished, but such as it is I give it here with (No. 8).

There are two other pictures in my collection which reveal the labour of composition. I had a finished study of the courtyard or quadrangle of an old German prison. The question arose how to utilize it, and at last I came across the story of the honest officer who was slain by a wicked baron just as he was leaving the prison with his wife. The latter called out for justice on the murderer. "The King shall avenge this," she cried. Just then a figure appeared; it was Frederick himself, attended only by the very baron who had instigated the murder. The widow, Marie von Hunsberg, recognises her Sovereign and pours out her woes in the Royal ear, while the villain remains rooted to the ground. But, somehow, the picture, "An Appeal to Cæsar" (No. 9), did not please me, and so I planned a radical alteration, in which I did entirely away with the suppliant lady, and in her stead introduced our old friend with

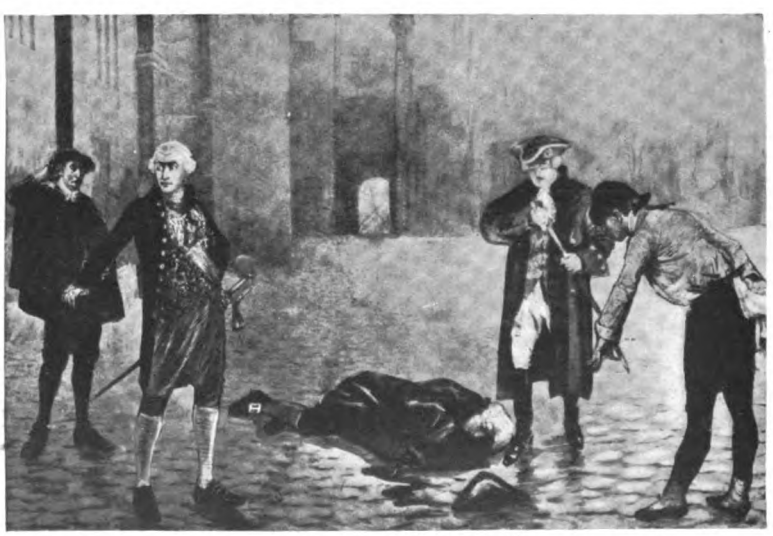
7.—"FOR BEAUTY IN DISTRESS."

8.—"GOOD-BYE TO THE BRIDE."

the half-drawn sword. The great Frederick I replaced by a barber-surgeon, and the composition I now entitled "The Duel in the Prison" (No. 10).

It is related of Meissonier that in one case works. Nevertheless, I have been told that the sleeping man is in one picture and the advancing assassin in another, while the young woman who was wickedly instigating the crime survives upon yet a third canvas. For

9.—"AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR."

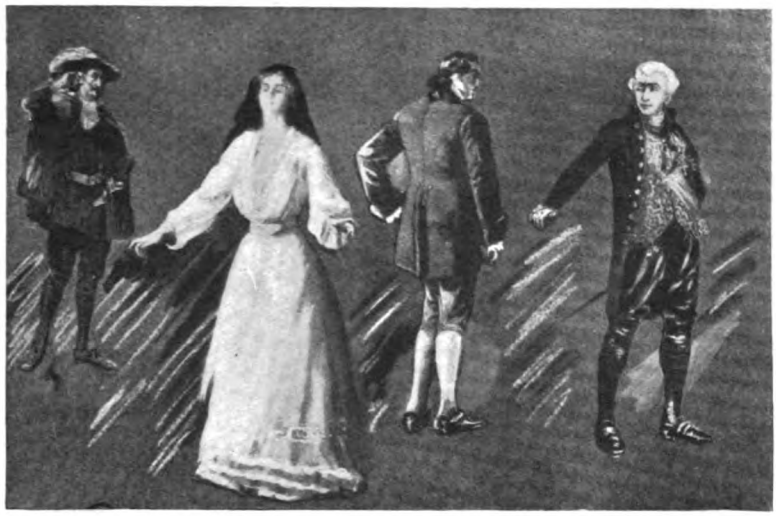


10.—"THE DUEL IN THE PRISON."

the idea of a picture was suggested to him by the chance pose of a model. Instantly a possible composition presented itself to his mind. A young man was moving stealthily, sword in hand, upon a sleeping foe, but "The Dastard," as the picture was to be called, never got itself painted, or at least is not to be met with to-day among Meissonier's it so happened that one day, while posing to the celebrated French painter of genre, the model for the assassin got in front of a door of the studio, and instantly a wholly different idea was suggested. The door was painted as background; the same model posed again for another crouching figure, the sleeper was painted out, and the

result was a canvas entitled, I think, "Lying in Wait."

All this may seem a very fantastic and school-boyish procedure; but it is a comfort to painters of lesser talent to know that—on the boards of a theatre when the rehearsals for a new piece are in progress. But even here the analogy is nowadays very rare, because playwrights have thought out, not only the whole scene, but the whole action,



11 AND 12.—STUDIES OF CHARACTER. ALL THESE WILL BE FOUND, SOME OF THEM TWO OR THREE TIMES, IN THE PRECEDING PICTURES.

shall we say?—cakes do not come hot from the oven without a good deal of preliminary mixing and manipulation.

I suppose the best analogy is to be found in such detail beforehand, and have issued such peremptory stage directions as to leave little scope for the art of the stage-manager who wishes to create an effective curtain.

THE SILVER THAW.

By R. E. VERNEDE.

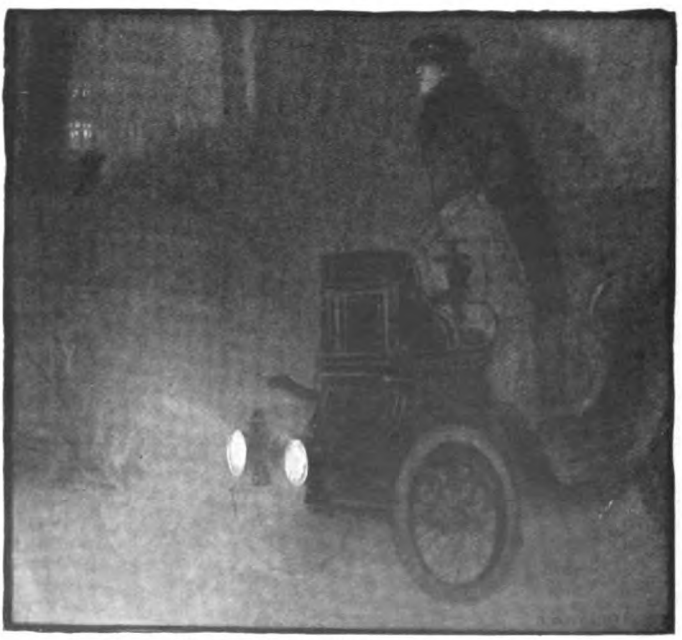
A SILVER thaw had set in. The icy rain fell so suddenly and so quickly that Masson felt his car skid on what had been a dry—almost a dusty—high road before he was well aware of the cause. Two minutes later the imperative necessity of pulling up became apparent, and he came to a stop at the end of a hundred yards' slide.

"If it had been downhill," he thought to himself, "the depreciation on this particular four and a half horse-power de Dion would have been considerable. I suppose I'm in luck."

The luck, on second thoughts, was of a very dubious kind. A mist, following on the break of the frost, had already obscured the beauty of the night; the roadway seemed absolutely deserted, and the nearest approach to a village was, as Masson guessed, some five miles off. His lamps, shining upon what might have been a frozen canal between two high hedges, showed that he could as well have been twenty miles from a village for all chance he had of getting there either on foot or on wheels. Pulling out his watch, he found the time to be ten o'clock. He had been about half an hour on the road. Calculating that he had done some twelve miles, and that there were fifty separating the place he had dined at from the place he had intended to reach, he was still thirty-eight miles from the latter.

"No London for me to-night," he said, turning up his coat-collar. "This thaw may turn to rain and it may not. The point is what am I to do if it doesn't?" He stood up in the car to prospect.

An answer came in lights that glowed yellow through the mist, from some house evidently that stood a little off the road to the left. They had been hidden until that moment by the hedge, and seemed all the nearer now for their suddenness. They meant shelter from that icy drip, possibly a bed for the night. There was no resisting the prospect. Masson climbed gingerly down, commended the car to Providence, and made for a white gate in the hedge that seemed to



"HE STOOD UP IN THE CAR TO PROSPECT."

indicate the entrance to the drive. His fingers were so numbed that he could scarcely unlatch it.

Anyone who has tried the business of walking in what is called—romantically enough—a silver thaw will know that romance is the last thing that occupies the mind of a person so engaged. The constant striving to remain perpendicular, the grovelling with unseizable earth forced upon a man who has sat down upon it with an unexpectedness that is outside all experience, the doubts as to whether any material progress can be made except on all fours, combine to keep the attention fixed upon practical things. Add the darkness of a clouded winter sky, a gathering mist, and a path—if it could be called a path—at once barely visible and totally unknown, and it will be clear that a man encountering these difficulties will be justified in wishing romance to the deuce. Masson wished it farther before he had done with it that night.

The only warning that he had before he was plunged into it, willy-nilly, was the sound of a whistle, as of someone expressing surprise, from the high road he had left. He imagined that it proceeded from some yokel who had come upon the deserted de Dion, and he sincerely hoped that the yokel would not have the time or inclination to overhaul its machinery. For a moment, indeed, with some of the yearning instinct of the motorist for his car, he thought of returning to it and warning the yokel off. The very act of trying to come to a decision, however, made his heels go from under him, and when he had got them under control again the decision was formed. It was to reach the house—or congeal.

Another five minutes' skidding and he reached it. The back of it apparently, for there was no door. The result of a polite hail was that a window was opened from overhead and a voice—a girl's voice—said:—

"Is it you?" She said it in a whisper, only just audible.

"Who?" returned Masson, a little surprised.

It was not, perhaps, an intelligent question, but it did not seem to justify what followed. The window was shut with a little shriek, and a pair—or two pairs—of sturdy arms closed about Masson's body. It did not require so much force as was used to bring him to the ground, his antagonist or antagonists on top of him. He explained as much with some warmth as he lay there, but only had the satisfaction of hearing one of the men say to the other—there were two, it seemed: "You tak' un by the lags, Mr. Board, and ef 'e tries kicken' Ah'll gi'e un a jog in the belly."

"Right y'are, Jenkins. . . . Now, sir, gently, if you please."

The last words were addressed to Masson, and he guessed, from the tone of reluctant respect, that the speaker was some house-servant. Probably the butler.

"All right," he said. "Only, if you're going to carry me, for Heaven's sake be careful. If you drop me, it's murder, mind. You'll be hanged for it."

"No fear, sir," said Mr. Board, genially. "We won't hurt you, never fear. What the squire'll do is another matter, sir, as I dessay you guess. Ready, Jenkins?"

"Ah," said Jenkins, and moved forward with Masson's head. Mr. Board followed with his legs. In this manner, and with an unpleasant feeling that one or other of them would certainly slip, Masson made his untriumphal procession into the house.

He was dumped, brutally by Jenkins, respectfully by Mr. Board, on the turkey-carpet of what—so far as he could see for the sudden glare of lights—was the large and armoured hall of a manor-house.

He lay for a moment on the turkey-carpet with closed eyes. When he looked up there was a tall and irascible old gentleman standing over him with a heavy riding-whip.

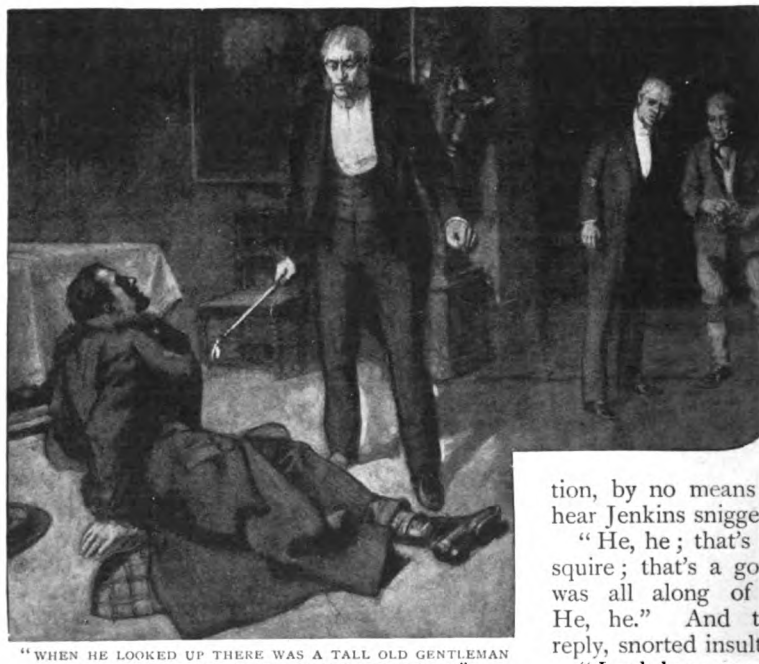
"Stand him on his feet, Jenkins, and you stand by the door, Board, and see that he don't make a rush. Now, sir"—the old gentleman addressed himself to Masson with a most threatening countenance—"you're going to elope with my daughter—eh, what?" Masson stared.

"Going to elope with your daughter? Might I ask—can you explain to me what the meaning of this assault on me by your servants—I presume they're your servants—means?"

"You might," said the old gentleman, caustically. "They had their orders, sir, from me, to bring you in neck and crop, sir—neck and crop, by gad. You didn't expect *that* when you came sneaking round here after my daughter—eh, what?" He thrashed the air significantly. "Any excuse to offer before——"

Masson backed away a little towards a light, but solid, chair that stood near. It might serve as a weapon if this old madman attacked.

Mr. Board—a middle-aged man, unmistakably the butler—put his back against the



"WHEN HE LOOKED UP THERE WAS A TALL OLD GENTLEMAN STANDING OVER HIM WITH A HEAVY RIDING-WHIP."

hall door and stood rubbing his hands. Jenkins, a gaitered person, choked a guffaw. It seemed to Masson that, with three able-bodied persons opposed to him, he had better try the discreet before the valorous part.

"It seems to me," he said, raising his voice a little, "that the excuse should be offered to me. I can only imagine you're labouring under some delusion——"

"Ha!" said the old gentleman.

"Which I am quite willing to help to clear, so far as I am concerned. I haven't the least idea what you mean by accusing me of sneaking round after your daughter. I have never set eyes on your daughter. I don't know who she is or who you are. I came here off the high road—perhaps I ought to say I'm motoring to London—because the roads are so slippery I couldn't get on. Seeing your lights, I thought I could get some assistance here."

"That's why you went round to the back of the house, eh?"

"My dear sir," said Masson, impatiently, "are you aware that it's a pitch-dark night, that the back and the front of your house are equally strange to me, that the mistake I made in going to the back instead of the front is the kind of mistake any stranger trying to get here would make?"

He spoke with a good deal of indignation, by no means soothed to hear Jenkins snigger:—

"He, he; that's a good un, squire; that's a good un. Et was all along of a mistake. He, he." And the squire's reply, snorted insultingly:—

"Look here, my young man, I knew you were a rogue. I didn't know you were a cur too. Likely story, ain't it? Motoring, eh? Never seen my daughter! What? Never seen John Clifton o' the King's Arms neither, I dare say? Well, I have. John Clifton knows me, and he knows I've got him in my pocket. So when you went and ordered a horse and trap for ten o'clock to-night, mentioning—hang your impudence—that you might be wanting it for a young lady you were going to elope with, John Clifton, he came round to me. 'He'll be waiting about ten-thirty to-night, under missy's window. That's the arrangement, squire.' John Clifton told me that. 'Ten-thirty,' said he, and, by gad, ten-thirty it is."

"I've never heard of John Clifton in my life," said Masson, soothingly.

"Stick to your lie," snorted the squire.

"Stick to your mulish idiocy," returned Masson, equally enraged; "only, if you want to avoid making a drivelling fool of yourself, send for your daughter. I imagine she'll be able to inform you that you've made a mistake, so far as I'm concerned."

Whether the squire, thus braved, would have proceeded at once to carry out the intention his hands, twitching at the whip, suggested, Masson hardly knew. At that moment an elderly lady opened a door at the far end of the hall and entered.

"Oh, Reginald!" she cried.

"What is it?" asked the squire, turning at her.

"Is this the young man?"

"Is this the——" the squire choked. "No, it isn't. This is the young man who swears he isn't the young man. That's who this young man is. Wants me to call Judith down to verify him. I'll be——"

"Merely in justice to the young lady," said Masson, scornfully, as the squire stopped for breath.

"Perhaps——" said the elderly lady, in a deprecating voice. "Possibly, Reginald, it would be fairer. You have never seen the young man before, have you? Judith——"

"Judith's a minx!" said the squire, furiously.

"But she has never told a lie," said the elderly lady.

"Call her!" The squire rumbled the order, and the elderly lady fled. "Judith, my dear, Judith!" Masson could hear her twittering to her charge as he leaned on the back of the chair which was to have served him for a weapon, in case the squire had proceeded to extremities. He supposed that the matter was now as good as ended, and could afford a smile at the disappointed expression of Jenkins, who was evidently the squire's principal backer in the scheme of *force majeure*. Mr. Board, indeed, had allowed a sigh, as of relief, to escape him at the new turn of affairs, and was for leaving his post at the door.

"Didn't I tell you to stay there?" said the squire, sharply; and, observing Masson's smile, "Don't you imagine, my fine fellow, that you've escaped your thrashing yet. Ha!"

The last word was an acknowledgment of his daughter's arrival under the wing of the elderly lady. Masson looked at the girl with interest. She was tall and slender—a pretty girl. There was, Masson judged, some grounds for the squire's suspicions, for she was dressed for out of doors, in hat and furs, and seemed pale and upset. She avoided Masson's eyes.

"You wanted me, father," she said.

"No, I didn't; confound it!" said the squire, rudely. "It was your aunt wanted you. This rogue"—he indicated Masson with his riding-whip—"wants to save his skin; says he isn't your man. Ha! What do you say?"

"'THIS ROGUE'—HE INDICATED MASSON WITH HIS RIDING-WHIP—'WANTS TO SAVE HIS SKIN."

Masson waited in all serenity for her reply. She seemed to hesitate and gulp for words. It was excusable, Masson thought. The old curmudgeon had frightened the wits half out of her.

"What do you say?" roared the squire, again.

She twisted her hands together, took a

step forward, and, in a trembling voice, addressing Masson :—

"Oh, Dick!" she said, fondly.

Masson became aware that the dropping of a pin might have been audible but for Mr. Board's respectful sigh of dismay at the door. For a second he doubted his full possession of his senses.

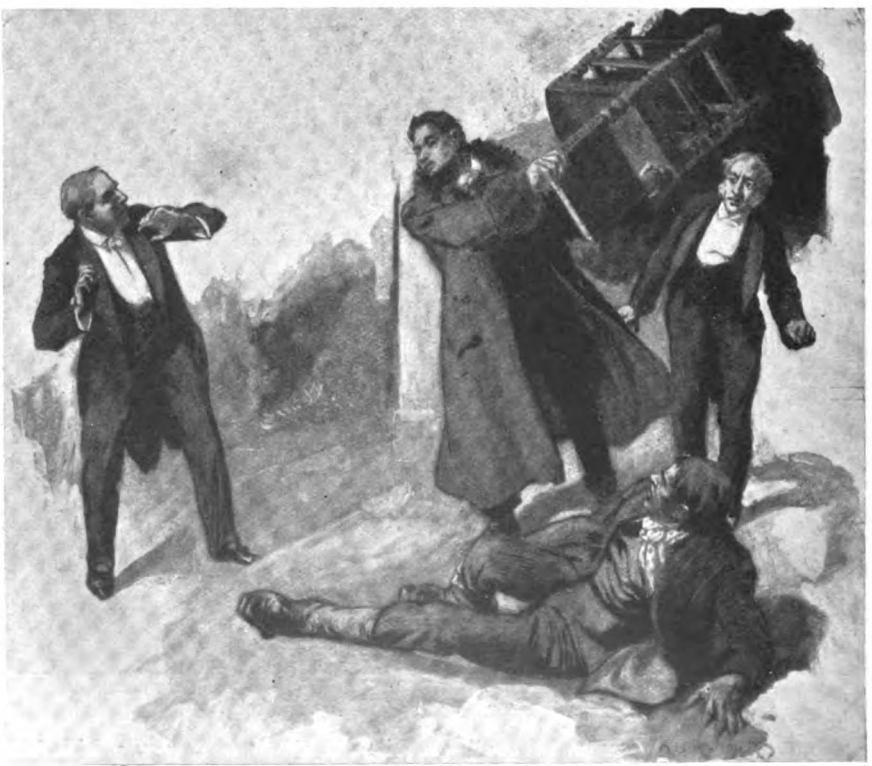
"What did you say?" he stammered.

"Oh, Dick! Why, why did you come? I wish——" she burst into gentle sobs.

Masson looked about him wildly. He felt a mere fool.

"My name is Henry," he explained; "Henry Masson."

"Just so," said the squire, grimly. "Martha, take Judith upstairs. Send her to bed. Quickly now; no talking. Now, sir" (to Masson, as the door closed upon the two ladies), "are you going to take your thrashing standing up or lying down?" He had recovered his self-possession, and it was Masson who felt his leaving him. Only for a moment, however. Then, "Standing up," he said, and gave Jenkins, as that individual advanced to collar him, a kick that brought him to the ground. He seized the momentary advantage to dodge the squire's whip and to give a swing of the chair into Mr. Board's bread-basket. Mr. Board fell back; unfortunately, upon the hall door which was against Masson's chance of escaping. It is probable that the next five minutes offered as good an exhibition of rough-and-tumble fighting as the hall of the manor-house had ever been privileged to witness. Only superior agility enabled Masson to keep his end up, for, though Mr. Board's attack was reluctant, it was not devoid of cunning, and both the squire and Jenkins were bulls for fierceness. Indeed, Masson, panting hard, was having his chair wrenched from him by the latter, while he dodged the squire's attempts to clinch, when he felt the other door, through which the ladies had vanished, scrape his back. It gave him an idea, and he acted on it. Letting Jenkins have the chair at full grip, which sent him staggering backwards, Masson butted the squire, turned the handle, and was through. He hung on to the handle desperately, feeling for a key. There was none. The opposition forces had got their hold and were forcing the door open.



"HE SEIZED THE MOMENTARY ADVANTAGE TO DODGE THE SQUIRE'S WHIP."

It was at this crisis that the elderly lady

again made her appearance. She came bustling into Masson's back, crying aloud, "She's gone! She's gone with the other young man! Oh, dear" (as she perceived Masson), "what is happening? Where is my brother?"

"In there," said Masson, and let go.

"Reginald!" she cried, as the squire came bouncing through. "Stop! It's not this young man. It's another young man; and Judith's gone. She got out by her bedroom window, and they're driving off now!"

"What?" cried the squire.

"Perhaps," said Masson, politely, "you will now believe what I said."

He might as well have addressed the walls for all the attention he received. The squire had no sooner grasped the new situation than he was foaming for the front door, giving directions at the top of his voice.

"Put in the mare, Jenkins. Saddle Black Beauty. Tell the boy to ride for the police. Drat and confound this——"

Masson gathered that the squire's broken sentences signified that he had stepped out into the ice-paved night, with the inevitable results. However, he must have picked himself up, for his halloaing grew fainter.

"But how it will all end, Heaven only knows," said the elderly lady to Masson, in a despairing way.

"I'm afraid you're right," said Masson. "Good evening, madam."

The hall door was open, his late antagonists had disappeared, but since there was no knowing when they would return, or in what frame of mind, it was not wise to lose an opportunity. Stepping out into the darkness, Masson found that the silver thaw had turned to rain, and that the path, though slippery in parts, was safety itself to what it had been. He followed the winding drive until he came to the white gate and the road beyond. There, unnoticed, it seemed, and untouched, stood his car by the side of the road. He started it and moved on at a moderate pace. A couple of minutes later he neared two figures going at a plodding canter in the light of his lamps. The one that led was tall and large. "The squire," thought Masson, and hooted vigorously.

"A hundred pounds if you'll give me a lift," cried the squire. "I want to catch up a horse and trap—just ahead. Won't take you three minutes. A hundred pounds! Come!"

"For mercy's sake, sir, do!" said the other—Mr. Board, it was clear. Neither of the two seemed to know whom they were addressing; or else they had forgotten the events of the evening, which hardly seemed possible.

"I'm afraid—very sorry—but I can't stop," said Masson, politely. He bore them no grudge, on the whole; but having witnessed the squire in the fullness of his raging, he felt no desire to cumber himself with him any more. It would be conniving at manslaughter. "Quite impossible," he repeated, as he whizzed by them.

He put on speed, turned a bend of the highway a minute and a half later, and pulled up just in time to avoid not mere connivance, but actual committal of manslaughter. For there, in the very centre of the highway, was the horse and trap which the others were so anxious to come up with. Only it was no longer a horse and trap united, but a horse and a trap quite separate entities—of which, moreover, the trap lay on one side, minu a wheel and with broken shafts.

So much Masson's lights showed him as he came to a stop just in time. A little shriek that arose at the same moment from the bank at the side of the road revealed more.

"Oh, Dick, is it—father?"

"No," said Masson. With every wish to be neutral in this family affair, he could not resist giving so much consolation. A young man who had, it seemed, been divided between soothing the author of the little shriek and holding on to the frightened horse—not altogether a simple division of labour—came forward at this. "Excuse me, sir," he said to Masson. "I don't know who you are, but——"

"Oh, Dick, it's the other young man—Mr.—Mr. Henry." The squire's daughter spoke from the bank.

"Henry Masson," said that gentleman; "not Dick! I should have been obliged," he continued, with a good deal of urbanity, "if you could have mentioned that fact half an hour ago." He bore the squire's daughter no grudge, on the whole, but he felt that he was entitled to that small piece of irony at least. It was not altogether amusing to be "the other young man."

The young man—the real Dick—had apparently received only a partial account of the evening's proceedings.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he said, frankly. "I know something went wrong up at the house—Judy was telling me just as our horse came down—confound that ice thaw. The squire mistook you for me, didn't he?"

"Well," said Masson, "the squire couldn't very well help making the mistake when—"

"HE CAME TO A STOP JUST IN TIME."

A fierce bellowing not far in the rear interrupted him. "That is the squire, I suppose," he went on. "I passed him a couple of minutes ago. He seemed anxious to come up with you."

"Good heavens," said the young man. "Look here, sir. I don't know if you know the state of affairs. This lady and I wish to get married. You see what's happened? Cart smashed. If you could give us a lift——"

He spoke very pleasantly and yet earnestly. Masson bore no grudge against him. As he hesitated the squire's daughter came from the hedge bank, where she had been sitting, into the light of his lamps.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" she said, winningly. "It was my only chance of getting away. I was frantic." She looked very piteous and pretty in the light of the lamps. "You will, won't you?" she repeated.

"Certainly," said Masson; "there's nothing to forgive. Pray get in. I ought to think myself lucky to have been the young man, if it was only for ten minutes.'

"Come, Dick—quick!" cried the squire's daughter.

The young man let the horse go and climbed into the car.

"Just in time, I think," he said, as Masson backed a little and slipped the car past the fallen trap to a loud chorus of "Stop, you rogue!"

"Good night, squire!" they all cried, as they went ahead through the thin falling rain.

Later on, when Masson accepted an invitation to be best man at the wedding of Mr. Richard Castle with Miss Judith Trelawney, he realized that he had not come so badly out of that silver thaw. He felt magnanimous, in fact.

CATKINS.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," "Minute Marvels of Nature," etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THE hedgerows and woodlands are once again producing those quaint floral structures known as "catkins." At the end of January, long before the leaf buds wake up from their winter sleep, these curious blossoms begin to attract the eye. Throughout February, March, and April their variety increases, one species of tree after another putting forth its blossoms. Many people quite overlook the fact that our forest trees all bear flowers; in fact, it may be said that all British plants produce flowers, excepting ferns and mosses, and still lower forms that we need not consider. Probably some of my readers will feel certain that they have seen trees and plants which never produce flowers, but that conviction would only prove that either they have failed to notice the flowers in their proper season, or that the plant has failed to flower solely from lack of proper cultivation.

Many of these plants whose flowers appear and are almost unnoticed at the time produce fruits or seeds that are familiar to most persons. Now, the mere fact of gathering a nut, berry, or a juicy fruit from a tree is conclusive evidence that it has previously flowered, for the fruit is the product of the flower. We find striking examples of this amongst familiar trees. Comparatively few people are acquainted with the flowers of the oak, elm, beech, and hazel trees; yet the acorns of the oak, the winged seeds of the elm (Fig. 10), the beech-nuts, and likewise the hazel-nuts (Fig. 4) are perfectly familiar to them when they appear.

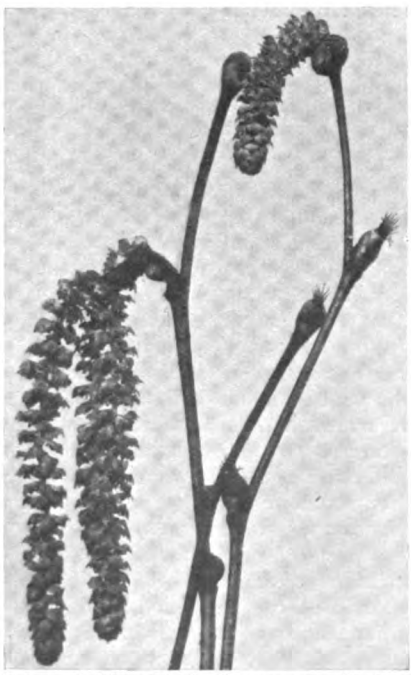


FIG. 1.—Catkins of the hazel or nut tree. The long scaly catkins are the males; two female catkins (which eventually produce the seeds, or "nuts") are seen on the right. They are very like leaf-buds, but can be recognised by their protruding stigmas.

This unfamiliarity with tree flowers is easy to explain. These flowers develop their parts during early spring, mostly before the leaves appear, when the trees themselves are not very readily distinguished by the ordinary untrained eye. Then, again, the flowers of trees are generally catkins, which all more or less resemble each other, and, consequently, are not readily recognised as different species. The hazel catkins of the hedgerows and woodlands (Fig. 1) are the first to make their appearance, and are doubtless the most familiar of this class of blossom. There is, however, a common error with regard to these catkins. The long pendent blossom is often said to develop into hedge-nuts. That this is quite wrong you may readily prove by observing that, when the leaves begin to appear, the catkins drop from the branches just as the leaves do in autumn. Nevertheless, those catkins have performed their functions, and without them there could certainly be no hedge-nuts.

If on a still day you suddenly strike a branch of hazel tree bearing catkins, you will immediately observe a cloud of yellow dust issuing from the catkins. By studying illustration Fig. 1, the catkins will be seen to be composed of numerous scales which stand out horizontally from the central axis. Each of these scales covers eight tiny stamens, which produce the yellow dust that falls so readily from the blossoms. If you should not know what stamens are, you have but to look into

the centre of a poppy or a lily to find there some stalked objects whose large heads are continually bursting and producing quantities of the coloured dust called "pollen." Also, in the middle of the poppy and the lily will be found a central part or ovary which produces the seed. It should be observed, too, that both the poppy and the lily develop coloured petals around their stamens and ovary. These coloured parts attract the eyes of insects who come to feed upon the pollen and nectar that the flowers provide for them. The flowers not only invite the insects in this way to the feast they have prepared for them, but they often go farther and throw out sweet perfumes to reach passing insects that might not see their coloured petals. Some of these things I have mentioned before in previous articles in this Magazine, when dealing with the subject of floral structures, and I mention them here again for the benefit of the reader who may not have seen these other articles, and also because I now want to call attention to flowers which do not invite insects to visit them—which, in fact, arrange their parts on entirely different principles and for quite other purposes.

In the illustration Fig. 1 the catkins are shown of natural size, and it should be observed that the scales are arranged in spiral fashion about the pendent stalk; the average number of scales on each catkin is about one hundred and sixty, so that each catkin bears about that number of little flowers; for each scale with its eight stamens is a flower. The catkin is, therefore, a little pendent spike of flowers; and these flowers are all male flowers, for they consist of stamens covered with a protective scale. It will be understood that what we call male flowers contain the pollen and that those which we call female flowers contain the seeds.

It is obvious that these catkins of male flowers can never produce seeds like those of the lily or poppy, for they have no ovary; and, as I have previously stated, they drop from the trees after the stamens have shed their pollen. We have, therefore, to search elsewhere for the female flowers, *i.e.*, the flowers that eventually become hedge-nuts.

Glancing along the branches that bear the catkins, you will find here and there a bud with some crimson filaments protruding from its apex (two examples can be seen in illustration Fig. 1), and it is these buds which contain the female flowers, together with the future hazel-nuts. These female blossoms are crowded together within the bud-like catkin, a scale placed between each two of the tiny ovaries, the outer scales of the catkin being empty. From the summit of each ovary spring two crimson stigmas, each pair, therefore, representing one female flower within. The female catkin, then, like the larger male catkins, contains numerous flowers.

Now, having mastered the technicalities of structural detail, we may proceed to discover why the hazel has developed these curious catkins of colourless, insignificant-looking flowers, and also why the females and males need different forms of catkin. There is, I think, although probably all botanists will not agree with me, good reasons for thinking that these catkins of our woodland trees were once handsome flowers, and that their remote ancestors may have wooed insects with attractive colours and sweet nectar. All that, however, has passed away; they can now afford to ignore the services of their insect allies. Sometimes a clumsy bee is seen struggling with one of these catkins, because it has discovered that it can make use of the pollen, which so early in the year is valuable; but no nectar is provided, and to climb a dangling catkin is anything but comfortable; therefore, when better and more profitable flowers begin to appear, catkins are left severely alone. To the catkins themselves the visit of the bee is generally a sheer loss, for the bee does not visit the female catkins and convey the fertilizing pollen to their stigmas, but, instead, carries quantities of the pollen away for its own purposes. Besides that, the bee wastes much of the pollen by so clumsily shaking it from the catkins, causing it to be distributed where it will effect no useful purpose. The bee is in the wrong place; the catkins have changed their love, they no longer woo insects, but *the wind*.

There is the secret of the whole matter. Rich nectar, coloured petals, sweet perfumes, convenient landing-stages, with sign-posts such as rows of hairs, coloured lines, and spots all converging to the nectar of the flowers, are all absent in the flowers of the catkins, because the wind does not require these inducements. Instead of them we have rows of horizontal scales with hollow cavities in their backs all arranged one above the other, and beneath them stamens that are continually ripening and shedding their pollen, which falls from them into the hollowed backs of the scales immediately below them, accumulating there into little heaps. In this way, when the atmosphere is still, the catkin becomes, as it were, a row of little shelves

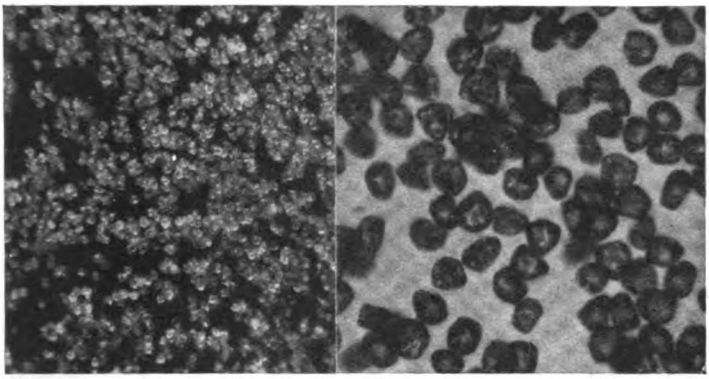


FIG. 2.—Pollen-grains from the hazel catkins. To the left they are magnified one hundred diameters and to the right three hundred diameters.

all loaded up with pollen. Then comes a gentle puff of wind that vibrates the catkin, and from its scales arise little clouds of dust. Then a larger gust shakes the branches, and quite a shower of the golden dust rains down from the numerous catkins, floating into the atmosphere like a cloud of smoke. After this comes a pause, and the little shelves once more begin to accumulate their loads of pollen; the ends of the catkins go on lengthening out and new scales are spread, and new stamens ripen. How beautifully adapted is the structure of the catkin for the action of the wind! The complex arrangements of the insect-pollinated flowers are marvellous indeed, but this mechanism for wind-pollination is none the less wonderful in spite of its simplicity.

The pollen-grains that float away so readily into the atmosphere are so small and light that they often travel for miles even when borne by gentle winds. It follows, therefore, that the grains of pollen must be exceedingly minute. How minute they really are Fig. 2 will help to make clear. The pollen-grains are there shown to the left magnified one hundred diameters; or to put it more simply, they there appear ten thousand times as large as they really are. Again, to the right some of the grains are shown magnified three hundred diameters, or ninety thousand times their actual size.

Having seen, then, how extremely tiny is each of these pollen-grains, we are better able to realize that, when we shake the bough of the hazel bush and cause a yellow cloud of pollen to be dispersed, the cloud does not consist merely of thousands of pollen-grains, but *many millions of them.*

In view of this, it is not surprising that the rosy stigmas protruding from the female, bud-like catkins should receive some of the pollen from the atmosphere. I have selected at random from a hazel branch one of these catkins, taking care while gathering it not to shake upon it any pollen from the catkins on the same branch. In Fig. 3 a magnified view of this catkin is shown, and it is particularly interesting owing to the fact that the pollen seems to have adhered to the stigma only on the sides that face in one direction; and the side of the catkin itself that faces the same way is also dotted over with the tiny pale yellow grains. These details, together with the fact that the grains are thinly scattered, all point to the conclusion that the pollen visible had slowly accumulated from a given direction; most probably carried by the wind, or, it may be, by falling showers in regular succession from the catkins of the branches near by.

Thus the hazel gets its stigmas pollinated without producing colours, sweets, perfumes, and any other devices that will attract insects and cause them to convey the fertilizing pollen from bloom to bloom. Of course, in spite of the vast quantities of pollen produced, insect fertilization is much the surer method, for an insect flies from flower to flower as it sees them, whereas pollination by the wind is

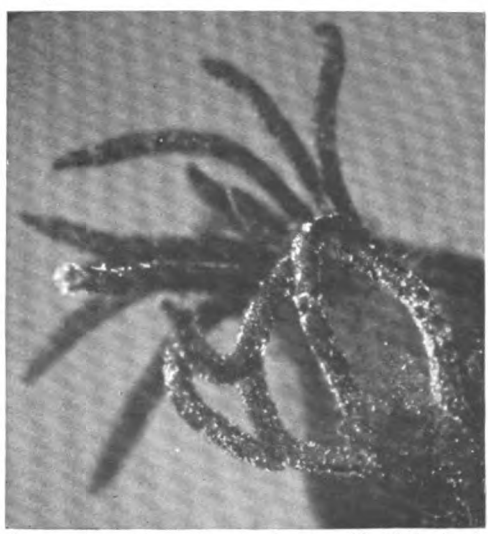


FIG. 3.—A magnified view of a female catkin of the hazel, showing the minute pollen-grains on its stigmas, carried there by the wind.

FIG. 4.—The catkins are produced in the autumn at the same time as the ripe seeds, or "nuts," and remain on the trees throughout the winter, developing, as shown in Fig. 1, in the early spring. Two male catkins are seen on the lower branch.

purely a matter of chance. Probably this accounts for the fact that so many of the seeds of the crimson-tipped catkins never ripen. Even the catkins that do mature rarely produce more than two or three seeds, although they often contain nine or ten female flowers. And this is the reason why we find hedge-nuts singly or clustered in twos and threes, according to the product of the catkin (Fig. 4).

What is the use of the crimson stigmas, if colour is of no service to the catkins? This is a question that may naturally be asked. The answer is that crimson and purple browns are great attractors of heat rays, and during the early months of the year the weak rays of sunlight have to be made much of. If the male catkins are noticed before they lengthen out they will also be seen to be of a reddish-brown colour, the colour being concentrated on the side that meets the sunlight. Therefore the crimson filaments of the stigmas attract warmth and stimulate the pollen to carry out the function of fertilization.

The tiny pollen-grain seems almost too minute to give any heed to, and yet what marvels it performs after reaching the stigma! A kind of germination takes place, and the little grain develops a delicate tube which penetrates the tissues of the stigma. This tube travels right away to the embryo seed within the heart of the catkin, the fertilizing element of the grain being thus conveyed to the future seed, which afterwards rapidly develops. A glance at Fig. 3 will show that the extremely minute pollen-grain must extend a tube many hundreds of times its diameter to reach the embryo seed within the catkin. In Fig. 5 is shown a section of the stigma of a flower of the evening primrose to show how pollen-tubes penetrate the tissues of the stigma; this example is used for illustration because the pollen-grains and tissues of the evening primrose are larger and more suitable for photographic purposes. However, the movements of the pollen-tubes through the stigmas of the hazel catkins are practically the same.

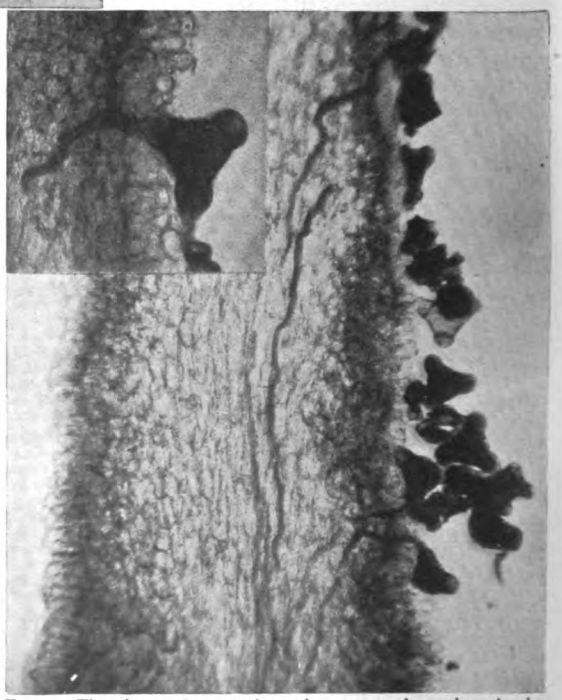


FIG. 5.—The stigma of an evening primrose seen in section, showing how the minute pollen-grains penetrate its tissues by extending tubes, which eventually reach the seeds at the base of the ovary; magnified fifty diameters. The upper example is magnified one hundred diameters, and shows the first development of a pollen-tube

In some previous articles on plant life I have called attention to the devices which insect-pollinated flowers employ to effect cross-pollination, by means of which stronger and better seeds are produced. The hazel attains that end by producing its male and female flowers in separate catkins; and as the male catkins are pendulous, while the female are upright, the latter are much more likely to receive pollen blown from other quarters than from their immediate neighbours.

FIG. 6.—The female catkins of the alder develop into little woody cones. Some in their early stage are seen immediately beneath the male catkins.

FIG. 7.—The flowers of the ash tree, which break out from black buds at the ends of the branches and eventually produce the winged seeds shown in Fig. 11.

Having thus dealt in detail with the hazel, my reader will now be able to investigate on his own account amongst other catkin-bearing trees; for what I have written here regarding the hazel applies in a general way to others. However, in conclusion, I will just glance at one or two slightly different examples.

Near the river and in watery places we shall find the alder, whose male catkins are very like those of the hazel, but the female catkins form little cones of a red colour, which eventually develop into woody structures with seeds between their scales; the old woody cones may often be found together with the new on the same branches (Fig. 6).

Then there are the curious black buds that break out on the ends of the branches of the ash, revealing clusters of brownish flowers (Fig. 7). These flowers are very simple in structure, some being male and consisting only of a pair of stamens, others female, consisting only of a single ovary, while still others may possess both ovary and stamens, these last being, of course, both male and female. An enlarged photograph of one of these latter is shown in Fig. 8. The three forms may sometimes be found upon the same tree, and they eventually develop into the winged seeds known as "keys" (Fig. 11).

Finally, we may consider the flowers of the elm. These grow at the summit of the branches and are often difficult to reach, although rooks when building will frequently throw down branches bearing good specimens. In Fig. 9 some of these flowers are shown. They appear in clusters, and each flower consists of an ovary surrounded by a brown

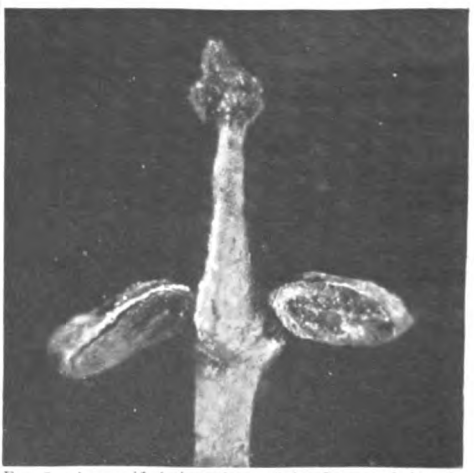


FIG. 8.—A magnified view of one of the flowers of the ash, which consists of an ovary and two stamens.

FIG. 9.—The flowers of the elm, which grow in clusters on the tops of the higher branches of the tree.

FIG. 10.—The leafy, winged seeds of the elm.

cup-like envelope bearing six stamens; so that they more nearly approach such flowers as the lily and poppy, previously referred to. Later, when the leaves appear, each of their ovaries develops into a leaf-like fruit with a thickened seed in the centre, the fruit being readily dispersed by its leafy attachment (Fig. 10).

There are many other examples that might be considered, such as oak, willow, beech, birch, hornbeam, etc., but these will all be found, more or less, to resemble those examples I have mentioned above; and the rambler in search of them may fathom their secrets in most cases by means of a sharp penknife and a magnifying lens. And while he is so doing he may think not only of the wondrous details of Nature's minute work, but also how well planned are her schemes. Glancing at the leafless branches he will ask: Why do not the catkins appear, like most other flowers, together with the leaves? Then let him reflect upon the agency of the thicket of leaves in intercepting the pollen carried by the winds, and the answer is obvious. Again, March and April are the two months of the year when the catkins hold their revels; and also these are the two most windy months of the year. The infinitely minute pollen-grain, the "March winds," and the oak or elm tree are all simple links in a perfect chain of interrelated facts, another example of that perfect unity that underlies all Nature's processes.

FIG. 11.—The winged seeds, or "keys," of the ash.

THE NEW GOVERNESS.

Edited by Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

THIS isn't a story. If it was I couldn't write it, because I'm only eight years old, and I never could do even compositions properly. As soon as I had to choose a subject—"Sunset," or "On a Mouse Caught in a Trap," or anything like that, my head began to feel funny, like the head of Kitty's doll that I broke, all hollow; and I hadn't an idea about the sun or mice, though lots would pop into my head about every other subject in the world.

But this is different, because it's to tell about real things that happened in our house; and a friend of ours who writes stories thought, as I knew more about the happenings than anyone else, I might put everything down as I remembered it, and then she would make the spelling and the expressions and punctuation marks right.

We wouldn't have had the new governess if our old one hadn't got married to the curate, who used sometimes to come to our schoolroom teas and ask if we knew our catechism, though such things were none of his business if he came to flirt with Miss Pindar, as mother's maid, Witting, said he did. But Kitty and I—we're twins, though I'm a boy and she's a girl—were jolly glad Miss Pindar got married, because we were tired of her—she was so unpretty, and always had a cold in her head which made her sniff every minute regularly, as if she was a clock and had to tick like that. But she knew a lot, and was connected with lords, which was, perhaps, why the curate wanted to take her away from us and have her himself.

We are not lords; but my father's a knight, which I think sounds much braver and nicer, though he says he was never in battle, except in the City, where, it seems, you have to fight a lot if you want to get rich. Dad is very rich; Witting told me so when I asked her, and so did a boy whose mother brought him to see me when she called on mother. But he was a nasty boy, for he said nobody but new, vulgar people you needn't know anything about were as rich as we; so I was going to hit him, when I remembered he was in my house, and I only made a face at him instead.

We've got two houses, one in London and one in the country. I like the one in the country a lot the best, and so does Kitty. It's called Blackdean Towers, and it's hundreds of years old, with lots of history about it, but it wasn't ours when the history was being made; we've only had it since Kitty and I were born. We were there when Miss Pindar got married, and a cousin of hers was engaged to come and be our governess in her place, but she had measles or some silly children's disease Kit and I outgrew long ago, so there was a great fuss. The wedding couldn't be put off, and there was danger of our running about like young colts (that's what dad said), with no one to look after us but Kitty's nurse Brian, whom she's begun to call her "maid" now that she's going on nine.

Perhaps mother could have helped take care of us for a little while (and we would have enjoyed that, for she's perfectly sweet, and we can make her do exactly as we want), but she was busy because a lot of people were coming to stay in the house. Some of them were very grand, earls and such things, who like dad's shooting; and earlesses too, who must be amused every minute, so, of course, mother wouldn't have time for us.

We were hoping they wouldn't find another governess, and we would have some fun; but the morning of the day the first lot of people were expected, Witting came into the room where Brian was brushing Kitty's hair, and said she: "The new governess is arriving this afternoon by the 5.58 train."

She was talking to Brian, who is a pal of hers, and I was reading a book, but I pricked up my ears.

"Well, it's a good thing,' said Brian. "I shall get a little peace, maybe. I can tell you, the two of them is a handful." (I can imitate Brian nicely, which annoys her very much; but, of course, I can't do it on paper.) "I hope," she said, "the new governess has the strong hand."

"H'm!" said Witting, and pinched in her lips in a prim way she has—for she's an old maid, like Miss Pindar. "My lady knows very little about her. She was so anxious to have someone in a great hurry that she had to be satisfied with what she could get. It

will be the young woman's first situation as a governess, and she is only twenty-three."

"And me thirty, and they catch *me* napping!" groaned Brian, with an awful look at Kitty's back hair.

"What's more, the only recommendations her ladyship has for this Miss Kennedy come from Mrs. Murray-Romaine, who admits that she knows nothing of her at first hand. She's a distant relative of a clergyman Mrs. Murray-Romaine has helped in some charities, and he recommends her highly. But who's *he*, I ask? And she a blood relation!"

"A—ah!" sighed Brian. "I *hope* it will turn out for the best. Anyhow, there'll be some peace."

"Will there?" asked Witting. "And as for hope, it's easy to hope. Hope's cheap. If my lady had taken my advice she'd have waited for Miss Pindar's cousin, a most respectable person of about my age; I remember well her once coming to spend an afternoon with Miss Pindar. But her ladyship said, 'We'll try Miss Kennedy. She'll be better than nothing, and if she doesn't get on with the children we can send her away. Anyhow, it will tide over an emergency. And she can't do much harm in a fortnight.' That's what my lady says. But who knows with a stranger? And I have a kind of *presentiment*."

Then they both began to talk about presentiments, which seem to be bad thoughts about other people which turn out to be true, so that you can say, "I told you so." They were so interested in telling each other anecdotes that they forgot all about the new governess, but Kitty and I didn't. We thought having somebody young, who'd never taught children before, would be almost as good as having no governess at all, if we began with her in the right way. And, besides, people that Witting disapproves of are almost always rather nice.

There was so much excitement in the house about the grand visitors who were coming—the grandest that mother and dad had ever been able to get together yet, we heard some of the servants saying—that Kit and I managed to sneak out and hide in the big clump of larches close to the north gate, where the carriages have to pass going to the station to meet trains.

The porter at the lodge there is an old thing dad kept on when he bought Blackdean Towers, so when we two dashed out of the trees and told Parsons—that's the red-haired groom—that we wanted to drive with him to meet our new governess, there was no one to take us back home if he refused. So, after a fuss, he lifted us both up to the seat beside him in the dog-cart that was going to fetch Miss Kennedy.

There were so many people coming by the same train to stop at our house that the motor-omnibus and all the carriages were going down too, and Kit and I were quite excited. It was almost like being in a procession.

Little Binks jumped down from the back seat when we got to the station, to meet the train coming in and try to find the governess. As soon as she came I was to climb over and sit next to Binks, for there'd only be room for Kitty with a squeeze on the front seat by Parsons going back. But I sat where I was to wait till I should see somebody who looked like a governess, with Binks carrying her bag.

All the grand people came first. I knew them, though I'd never seen them before, because they got into our carriages, but they didn't look any grander than anybody else, and none of the ladies were as pretty or

"A LOVELY LADY WALKED THROUGH THE GATE, WITH A TALL MAN BESIDE HER."

smart as mother. But by-and-by a lovely lady walked through the gate, with a tall man beside her. He was good-looking, too, with a nice brown face and a scar on his forehead, and she—sakes *alive!* (as Brian says)—but she *was* pretty.

"Oh, isn't she a real beauty?" said Kitty. "She must be an earless." But, if you'll believe it, she was the new governess. Who would have thought governesses could be like that? She had jolly yellow hair, with beautiful thick waves in it, and big purply-blue eyes just like violets. When she came up to the dog-cart and saw us staring at her she smiled, and two dimples ever so deep made little round dents in her pink cheeks. Her teeth were just as white and even as Kitty's, too, and a lot nicer than mine, for one of mine is out, and I have to keep touching the place all the time with my tongue for fear a gold tooth will grow in.

She was a jolly girl! She climbed up as if she'd been used to dog-carts all her life, nodded to the nice brown man, thanked him for being kind to her (who *wouldn't* be kind, was what I thought), and when she found that I'd like to sit by her she said we could manage quite well if she took Kitty on her lap.

The only luggage she brought with her was a big brown kit-bag, just like almost all the other kit-bags I've ever seen in the world, for her box had to come up afterwards. She could do without that till to-morrow morning, if necessary, she said, but the bag she *must* have, so it went on the back seat with Binks.

We had a ripping time driving home, and I wished it had been ten miles instead of four, because Miss Kennedy was so agreeable, and told us such lots of interesting things. She said it had been so dreadfully crowded second-class, she'd had to come first, in a smoking-carriage at that; and there had been a little accident—just something on the line, which made all the carriages "bump, bump"—and the brown man who came as far as the cart with her had been very good. He changed seats with her, so as to sit next to the window, which had been broken in the shock, and bound up her wrist with his handkerchief, after taking some bits of glass out of it. She asked if we knew who he was, but we didn't, for we'd never seen him before. We knew he was for our house, though, because he got into the motor-omnibus with some other people, but he might be one of the earls, or he might be a judge (there was a judge asked), or he might be the man who was invited because he knew how to give a funny entertainment in the drawing-room. We were keen on him, because mother had promised that perhaps we might sit up and see the entertainment, but we didn't know the man's name.

"If I was a grown-up and as pretty as you are," said Kitty, "I wouldn't be a governess."

"I'm glad you think I'm nice to look at, because then you may learn to love me," answered Miss Kennedy. "But about being a governess, I expect you'd be one if you didn't have any more money than I have. Besides, I don't think I shall mind when I have pupils like you, who will help me and make me fond of them."

Neither Kitty nor I said anything. We just stared up at her, dumb as fishes, with our mouths open, as if we were drinking her in; but she looked right down into my eyes, and we somehow seemed to understand each other through and through. I had such a queer feeling that went to my finger-ends and my toes. I suppose it must have been falling in love. Kitty's been in love several times, but I never was before. It does feel funny! I didn't know whether I liked it or not; but I knew one thing: I'd have fought for Miss Kennedy, and I wouldn't have cried a drop if the other fellows broke my head open, especially if she'd been looking on.

Well, we got home, and drove round to a side entrance, because all the earls and earlesses were arriving at the front door. Mother was busy receiving them, so we didn't see her; but we took Miss Kennedy with us to show her everything. First we showed her her own room, across the corridor from ours, in what the grown-ups call the "children's wing"; then we took her into Kitty's and my rooms, and would have taken her into Brian's too, only she wouldn't go; then we trotted her to our playroom, and last of all to the schoolroom. She was delighted with that, and we had a good time looking at our favourite books, which we are allowed to keep there in bookcases with glass doors, though they're not school-books at all. We didn't give her a minute to go and take off her hat, but she didn't seem to mind, and the first thing we knew it was half-past six, which is our time for supper. She was to have it with us, of course—the governess always does—so she said she would just run and put away her hat, without waiting to change, so as not to keep us long. "I can unpack afterwards," she told us; but Kitty said that Thompson, the maid who does our wing, had unpacked Miss Kennedy's bag already;

she'd met her in the corridor on the way to do it.

When Miss Kennedy heard that she didn't look pleased. She flushed up and seemed to forget about us for a minute. But she came to herself again, ran away to her own room for a moment, and then came back all fresh and rosy with cold water.

"You must have been mistaken, dear," she said to Kitty, "about my bag being unpacked. It hasn't even come up yet."

We had awfully good things to eat that night, I remember, and Miss Kennedy let us smear more jam on our bread than Miss Pindar used to. She was telling us a story, when Brian came to the door. "Master Eric, her ladyship wishes to see you," said she. "No, Miss Kitty, not you. You are to stop where you are."

I tried to think what I'd been doing that was naughty, but couldn't remember anything very particular. Brian took me to mother's room, where she was dressing for dinner. It was only eight o'clock, and dinner isn't till a quarter to nine for the grown-ups, but she was almost ready.

She did look nice in a shiny white dress, with lots of diamonds sparkling all over her as far down as her waist, and a kind of crown in her hair. But she didn't have a pretty colour in her cheeks as she usually does. She was pale, and seemed scared.

In the room were Witting and Thompson, both looking very queer.

"Eric," mother began, "I hear you and Kitty went in the dog-cart that was sent to meet your new governess, Miss Kennedy?"

I said "yes," expecting to be scolded; but she didn't scold, or even seem to care.

"Miss Kennedy had a kit-bag, hadn't she?" mother went on. "Did she say anything about it?"

"She said she must have it to-night, but didn't mind about the rest of her things," I answered.

"A—ah!" exclaimed mother; and she and Witting gave each other a long, odd look.

"What do you think of her?" mother asked.

"Oh, we both think she's a regular ripper," said I. "She's beautiful, and she tells splendid stories."

"The minx, trying to curry favour with those poor innocents and get them on her side," whispered Witting, in a hissing kind of voice; but I heard every word and wondered what she meant.

"'MISS KENNEDY HAD A KIT-BAG, HADN'T SHE?' MOTHER WENT ON."

"What a mercy she forgot to lock the bag!" mother murmured; but I heard that too. And she asked me: "Has Miss Kennedy said anything about her bag to you or Kitty since you arrived at the house?"

I thought a minute, and then I told how she hadn't seemed pleased when Kitty had said Thompson had gone to unpack her bag. "But afterwards she went to her room and found it hadn't even been brought up," I remembered to say, "so it was all right."

"All right, indeed!" Witting repeated, in

a hollow voice, that sounded as if it came up from a cellar. "What are you going to do *now*, my lady?"

"Oh, I don't know," said mother. "It's such a responsibility. But, of course, she must be got rid of at once. Only to think of her being so young!"

"I dare say she's not so young as she contrives to look, my lady," said Witting. "No doubt it's all paint and powder and yellow hair dye, such as anybody might use to make themselves as good-looking as she is, if they hadn't their self-respect to think of. A regular hussy, that's what I said to myself, my lady, the first instant I clapped eyes on her, coming into the house with those poor, blessed babes. Nor I wasn't surprised either, for it went right in with my presentiment, as I was saying to your ladyship, when Thompson was fainting away in my room in consequence of what she had seen in the bag."

They'd forgotten me by this time, but I was taking in every word, and, though I couldn't understand half what they meant, I felt my eyes getting bigger and bigger and my ears hotter and hotter. Whatever it was, they seemed to be saying bad things about my beautiful governess, and I just felt I couldn't stand it.

"She isn't a hussy and she doesn't paint, and you're an old pig, Witting!" I almost cried.

"Eric, I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed mother. "Be silent, unless you are questioned; and go and sit over there in that corner till I give you permission to come out."

"I want to go back to Miss Kennedy," I said, for I didn't care now whether I was punished or not.

"You will not go back to Miss Kennedy, nor will she be long in the house," said mother. "Brian, take Master Eric and put him in that high chair by the window. Now, in half an hour I must go down to the drawing-room, and something must be settled first, for that creature can't possibly be allowed to spend the night in this house. Even without her bag, there is no telling what she might not do."

"Wouldn't you let me fetch Sir James, my lady?" asked Witting.

"It would be best, but I'm so afraid he would insist on sending for the police, and it would be too hateful to have a scandal."

"I'm sure Sir James will quite see that, my lady, if you'll allow me to suggest."

"Very well. You may call him."

So Witting bounced out, looking very important, and mother sent Brian away, but kept Thompson. In a minute dad came in, with his white tie untied, and his nice white waistcoat only half buttoned.

"What's the row about the new governess?" he asked.

"James," said mother, "she's a burglar—a professional burglar."

"Nonsense, my dear girl!" said dad.

"It's not nonsense. It's the solemn truth, as I will prove to you. Oh, James, my heart stands still to think of the wonderful escape we have had, by discovering her dreadful wickedness in time. What a clever fiend! She must have found out that we were going to have a house-party, with half-a-dozen women famous for their pearls, to say nothing of Lady Mather's Indian ruby and Mrs. Cass-Underwood's emeralds, which she's sure to have brought. If the awful creature hadn't forgotten to lock her bag, and Thompson hadn't started to unpack it, we would have all been robbed and perhaps murdered in our beds."

"What was in her bag?" asked dad. And I was dying to know, too; but they'd forgotten about me again, and I thought the best thing I could do was to keep still and not remind them that there was a me.

"Thompson shall show you what is in the bag," said mother. "Poor Thompson is quite a heroine. When she had opened it she nearly fainted at the horrid sight, but she kept presence of mind enough to take up the bag, stagger with it as far as Witting's room, and not faint until she was there."

"Very wise of her," said dad. "But where's the bag?"

"Here!" exclaimed mother, in a tone like the lady in the pantomime I went to at Christmas. With that she swept a white velvet dressing-gown of hers out of the way, and showed a brown kit-bag that it had been hiding as it hung over a chair. It was the kit bag we had brought up from the station in the dog-cart.

Dad bent over and looked in, for the bag was open, and then he exclaimed, "By Jove! A regular cracksman's outfit!"

"What did I tell you?" asked mother. "And a disguise, too. A wig, and mask, and a long grey gown—probably to make her look like a ghost, and frighten people, if she were seen."

"Surely there must be some mistake," said dad. "Mrs. Murray-Romaine recommended the girl, didn't she?"

"Yes; but she knew nothing about her, really. It was only that she was a cousin of

"THEN HE EXCLAIMED, BY JOVE! A REGULAR CRACKSMAN'S OUTFIT.'"

a poor clergyman—apparently a very worthy man, but he might have evil relatives; or this creature may have in some way got rid of the real applicant and be masquerading in her place, for the purpose of making a great haul of jewels here at the Towers. Oh, I tremble to think of it. Of course, she has accomplices. No doubt they are hiding somewhere in the neighbourhood now, waiting for her to open the house and let them in."

"Sounds a bit melodramatic," said dad; "but, anyhow, we'd better have her here and talk to her."

"*You* talk to her. I am too nervous," said mother. "But promise me you won't send for the police. Couldn't we have her put out of the house and arrested afterwards, when it needn't be associated with us in any way?"

"We'll see about that," said dad, pulling his moustache. "It's a queer business."

Everyone in the room was either looking into the bag, or else looking at the people who were looking into the bag. That gave me a chance to run for it and warn Miss Kennedy. I didn't care what any of them said. I knew she wasn't bad, but good, and I wasn't going to let her be arrested and put in prison if I could help it.

My chair, where I'd been told to sit still, was close to the window—a big window, with long, thick, blue satin curtains that were drawn across it. But I was sure the window would be open, for it was always kept so, because mother thinks there's nothing like fresh air, whatever the weather is.

All the backs were turned to me, and, though I couldn't have run across the room without being seen and caught, I could easily slip softly down from the chair and behind the curtain. I did it, and in another instant I was over the window-sill and letting myself down by the ivy, which was so old it was just like a great network of ropes.

Mother's room is on the first floor, so it was nothing of a climb, even for a little boy like me, and in two or three minutes I was running across the lawn to the big bow window in the library. It wasn't closed yet, so I got in all right and darted upstairs to our wing, hoping to be in time to save Miss Kennedy. But when I softly opened the door of the schoolroom there was dad, looking about seven feet tall, talking to our new governess.

He was just saying, "But there are the contents of your bag! How do you explain them?"

"I can't explain them," answered Miss Kennedy, with the pink gone out of her cheeks. "All I can say is that I hadn't any such things in my bag. If they are there some cruel person must have put them in for a practical joke—a horrible practical joke."

"I'm afraid that is rather a lame explanation," said dad. "Unless you can prove your innocence——"

But I didn't wait to hear any more. I knew he was going to say he would have her

arrested, and perhaps she would be in prison for the rest of her life. Suddenly I thought of a thing I might try to do for her, although it all depended on another person, and the trouble was, I didn't even know his name. But, anyhow, I slid down the balusters to get downstairs in a hurry, and asked Peter, the nicest footman, if he knew which was the room of a tall gentleman with a brown face and no moustache or beard and a nice smile. Peter said there were three or four gentlemen cut on that pattern now in the house; but when I told him the one I meant had a scar across his forehead as if he might have fought in a war he knew who it was—a Mr. Nevill, said he—and sent me to the right room. I knocked at the door, and bolted in the minute someone answered. It was the man I wanted, and he was all dressed for dinner, looking awfully nice, and writing something by the electric lamp on the table.

"Halloa!" said he. "Come in. Glad to see you. We've met before, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "That's why I came. Miss Kennedy—that's our new governess we were meeting at the station when we saw you—told us you were good to her in the train, so I thought maybe you'd be good again now that she's in trouble."

"In trouble?" he repeated after me, his nice smile gone in an instant and his eyes very solemn, looking hard at me. "I am sorry indeed to hear that, but you must tell me as quickly as you can what I can do, and you may be sure that I will do it."

"She doesn't know I've come," I explained. "I thought of it myself. But you see she's all alone, without any friends except Kitty and me, and it isn't as if we were grown up. Mother and dad think she's a wicked girl, and they're going to send her away at once; but I know she isn't wicked, but very good, or she couldn't be so pretty and sweet, or tell such nice stories. They say she's a burglar, and that she's here to rob everybody of their jewellery; and that she wants to let more burglars, friends of hers, into the house to help her steal."

"Good heavens! how did they get such an idea into their heads? It's preposterous."

"It's because of what's in her bag—all sorts of queer things such as burglars use. And she says it must be a practical joke; she's talking to dad about it now, as pale as a ghost, but he won't believe her; so, before he could send her away to prison, I came to ask if you would be so kind as to pretend the bag was yours. Maybe I oughtn't to ask you, for it would be a fib, of course; but poor Miss Kennedy——"

While I was talking he jumped up and went across the room to a bag that was standing on the floor—a big brown kit-bag, just like Miss Kennedy's and everybody else's.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, twice over, in a queer voice, without answering me or seeming to pay any attention. "Why, it's locked!" he went on. "I know I didn't lock mine. What if——" Then he turned to me, almost fiercely. "Where is Sir James Burnside talking to Miss Kennedy?" he asked.

"In our schoolroom," I said.

"Can you take me there at once?"

Of course, I said I could, and I was very glad, for now I knew he was going to help Miss Kennedy. He picked up the brown bag from the floor, and when we met Peter in the corridor and he asked if he shouldn't take the bag, Mr. Nevill said no, thank you, he would prefer to carry it himself.

I showed him the way to the schoolroom and went right in, Mr. Nevill following. We were in time, because dad was still there, and Miss Kennedy was crying.

"Sir James," said the nice brown man, when dad looked round surprised and cross at seeing me, "this splendid little chap of yours has shown presence of mind worthy of one three times his age. He has done exactly the right thing at the right moment, and by bringing me here to you now he has prevented a great wrong from being committed—a wrong not so easily righted afterwards."

"My dear Nevill, I can't imagine what you're driving at," said dad.

"I'm going to tell you. My young friend here says that this lady has been suspected by you and Lady Burnside on account of some strange things found in her travelling-bag. Well, that is my bag, and those are my things."

"A burglar's outfit!" exclaimed dad.

"Just so. For the entertainment you kindly asked me to give to-morrow night. You wrote, 'Please give us your latest'; and 'Burglar Ben' is my latest."

I could have hugged him for being so good to Miss Kennedy and me as to take it all on himself, just as I'd wanted him to; but when he plumped the other bag from his room down on the floor under dad's nose, and said, "This must be Miss Kennedy's property. They're just alike, but they must have got mixed up in a slight accident we

"MR. NEVILL SAID NO, THANK YOU, HE WOULD PREFER TO CARRY IT HIMSELF."

had in the train, when both fell. This is locked. If it's Miss Kennedy's, she'll no doubt have the key," I began to wonder if it was true and not a make-up story to save her, after all.

"I have the key in my pocket, but I wasn't certain whether I'd locked the bag or not," said Miss Kennedy. "I'm sure this is mine. If it is, there ought to be a blue cashmere dressing-gown on top, and a little white silk work-bag."

With that she stooped down to unlock the bag, and there were the blue gown and the white silk bag, sure enough. I just clapped my hands, I was so glad.

"I can only beg you to forgive us," said dad. "But what were we to think?"

"Oh, I don't blame you," said Miss Kennedy, in a shaky voice. "But it has been a dreadful adventure. If it hadn't been for—for Mr. Nevill——"

"For Eric, you mean," said Mr. Nevill, with his hand on my shoulder. "If he hadn't come to see me when he did, I wouldn't have opened this bag till it was time to give my entertainment to-morrow night, and——"

"I should have been sent out of the house in disgrace," finished Miss Kennedy. "Oh, don't think I've forgotten to be grateful to Eric." And she kissed me.

I never liked being kissed before, but I liked that, and I felt so happy and queer, all at one time, that I didn't know whether I wanted to laugh or to cry.

"Was it really and truly and honour bright your bag with the burglary things they found in it?" I asked, in a hurry, so they wouldn't notice how red I got.

"Really and truly," said Mr. Nevill. "You see, I write plays, short ones and long ones, anything that comes into my head, and they are played at theatres; but just to please my friends sometimes (and your dad is my friend), if there's a bit of one with only a character or two, I act in them myself, at the friend's house. This time it was to be a little play with a burglar in it, and there was a whole bagful of the burglar's things, to make it seem real. Now do you understand?"

I nodded; for I did understand—almost.

"But if it hadn't been for you, my foolish mistake this afternoon in mixing up the twin brown kit-bags might have made Miss Kennedy's 'adventure,' as she calls it, a great deal more serious and unpleasant than it was. Eric, you're a man and a brother, and I'd like to shake hands with you."

I *was* proud. It was almost as good as being kissed by *Her*, though, of course, not quite.

Dad went to fetch mother, so that she could apologize to Miss Kennedy too, and while he was gone Mr. Nevill and Miss Kennedy talked a lot to each other, very fast, each one patting my hair, so their hands must have almost touched sometimes. But they looked as if they liked each other a good deal, so perhaps they wouldn't mind.

Mr. Nevill gave me a splendid tip, and every afternoon after that he came and had tea with Miss Kennedy and Kitty and me in the schoolroom. He took walks with us in the park, too, and I was awfully sorry when he said at last that he was going away.

"Won't you ever come back?" I asked.

"WITH THAT SHE STOOPED DOWN TO UNLOCK THE BAG."

"Yes," said he, "I shall come again—to fetch Miss Kennedy's brown bag."

"Why, has she given it to you—to go with yours?" I asked.

"Not yet; but she's promised to. And she's promised to give herself to me with it."

"That's because you were so good to her," said I.

"It's to give me a chance to be good to her all the rest of my life," said he, "and I mean to make the most of it. Look here, Eric; I think you ought to be best man at the wedding. I shall owe the bride to you."

"But I want her for my governess," I said. "I sha'n't have Miss Pindar's cousin."

"I'll see if I can't get your dad to give you a tutor," said Mr. Nevill. "How would you like that?"

"Not so well as having Miss Kennedy," I grumbled. "I love her."

"So do I," said Mr. Nevill.

"And I love you both," said Miss Kennedy.

Of course, it was he who got her, because he is a big man and I'm a little boy, which I don't call fair, anyhow. Still, I'm not sorry I called him in to help. I'd do it over again if I had to; and the lady who's putting my spelling and the other things right says it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But I *won't* have Miss Pindar's cousin.

THE OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS.

A Comparison Between British and Foreign Performances.

IN this article is given a brief biographical sketch of the most prominent athletes who are likely to travel to England to compete in the Olympian Games. At the present time it is of the very greatest interest to every class of reader to know what men are coming across to meet our own athletic champions, and, therefore, the following particulars, which we believe to be made accessible for the first time in this country, are of unique interest and value.

In writing of representatives of foreign countries we have, in the first place, given portraits and records of the best men available, and these we have followed, whenever possible, by a comparison between the performances of the foreigners and those of our own men, so that the reader will be able to see at a glance what chance we have of winning the event.

AMERICA.

As regards the men who will represent America in the forthcoming Olympic Games, it would be quite easy to mention the names of several who are likely to put the Stars and Stripes in first place at Shepherd's Bush next July; but of all the men most likely to earn winning brackets, the names of J. B. Taylor, Ralph Rose, Melvin W. Sheppard, and Nathaniel J. Cartmell at once suggest themselves.

J. B. TAYLOR.
Sprinter.

J. B. Taylor, who attended the Central High and Brown Preparatory Schools, Philadelphia, before entering the University of Pennsylvania in 1903, is not only the fastest man in America at a quarter of a mile, but is the only known case of a negro who has the leg muscles of a white man and the sprinter's instep. In his freshman year at the University he broke the Intercollegiate record for the quarter, previously held by M. W. Long, of Columbia University. Taylor's time was 49 1-5sec., one-fifth of a second better than that of Long, who, by the way, won the 400 metres (just over 437yds. English measurement) at the Olympic Games held in Paris in 1900 in 49 4-5sec.

For a sprinter, Taylor has not enjoyed very robust health, but under the watchful eye of Mike Murphy, the University of Pennsylvania trainer, he produced his very best form last year.

At the Intercollegiate Championships, held at Harvard on May 31st and June 1st, he covered the quarter in 48 4-5sec., creating an Intercollegiate record which should stand for many a long day, and only likely to be beaten by himself. At the American Amateur Championships at the Jamestown Exposition he won the quarter in 51sec., but would probably have made much faster time had he been pushed. Whoever beats Taylor at the forthcoming Olympic Games is likely to do the quarter in record time. The University of Pennsylvania flyer is twenty-four years of age, is nearly 6ft. in height, and weighs 11st. 11lb. He is very unassuming, and therefore popular at the University.

(Taylor's fastest quarter is 48 4-5sec., a time which was equalled by our representative, W. Halswell, in 1906. The 1907 A.A.A. champion, however, took 52 3-5sec. to complete the distance; thus, on this time, we should be some 3 4-5sec. to the bad.

The British amateur record stands at 48½sec., made by H. C. L. Tindall in 1889 and tied by E. C. Bredin in 1895.)

MELVIN W. SHEPPARD.
Runner.

Melvin W. Sheppard, who was born at Almonesson, N.J., on September 5th, 1883, is undoubtedly the best runner between half a mile and two miles that America has ever produced. Although he ran prior to 1904, it was in that year that he appeared in the athletic firmament as a star of the first magnitude. At the Interscholastic meeting held in New York he captured the half-mile and mile races for the Brown Preparatory School with ease, his times being 2min. 3 4-5sec. and 4min. 34 1-5sec. respectively, both records for indoor meets. In the same year he accounted for the half-mile and mile in the Olympic Interscholastic Championships at St. Louis. In the following year he broke both the mile and two miles record, the first at Cornell in March, when his time was 4min. 28 2-5sec., and the second at the carnival

held by the University of Pennsylvania, his time being 9min. 57 2-5sec. In 1906 Sheppard joined the Irish-American Athletic Club, and won the 1,000yds. and mile indoor National Championships in their colours. He next won the mile in the Metropolitan, National, and Canadian meetings. He is the holder of the 1,000yds. indoor record of 2min. 17 4-5sec. made at Madison Square Gardens on November 9th, 1906.

In 1907 he ran better than ever, covering the half-mile in 1min. 56 2-5sec. at the Metropolitan Championships, 1min. 58 2-5sec. in the National Championships, and 1min. 58 1-5sec. in the Canadian Championships.

Unlike the majority of Americans, Sheppard does not pay any particular attention to training, but keeps himself in condition by running practically all the year round. He is 5ft. 8½in. in height, and weighs 10st. 10lb.

(On our best performance of 1906, by A. Astley, we should be 1 2-5sec. slower than the American, and in 1907 Mr. Fairbairn-Crawford could do no better than 1min. 59 3-5sec., as compared with Sheppard's 1min. 56 2-5sec.

In the mile race, however, the comparison is in favour of England. G. Butterfield has held the A.A.A. Championship for three years running, and on his 1907 time of 4min. 22 2-5sec. we make a better show than the American, whose time is 4min. 28 2-5sec., by 6sec. Butterfield has done the distance in 4min. 18 2-5sec.

British amateur record for half-mile, made by F. J. K. Cross in 1888, is 1min. 54 3-5sec. British amateur record for mile, made by J. Binks in 1902, is 4min. 16 4-5sec.)

N. J. CARTMELL.

J. B. TAYLOR.

AMERICA.

NATHANIEL J. CARTMELL.

Sprinter.

As Nathaniel J. Cartmell is only just twenty-four years of age it is probable that his best form is yet to be produced. Nevertheless he has already done enough to stamp him as America's fastest sprinter at the present day. As long ago as 1903 he broke three Interscholastic records by negotiating the

M. W. SHEPPARD.

100yds. in 10 1-5sec., the 220yds. in 22 1-5sec., and the quarter in 54sec. Although he ran second to Schick of Harvard in the Intercollegiate Championships in 1904, he made amends by winning the 220yds. in the dual meet between the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia, and the 100yds. and 220yds. between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell. In 1905 he did not compete, but in 1906 he won the 100yds. and 220yds. in the Intercollegiate Championships, and repeated the performance last year, when he did the 100yds. in evens and the 220yds. in 21 4-5sec. At the Intercollegiate Championships held at the Jamestown Exposition he did even better time, covering the 100yds. in 9 4-5sec., the 220yds. in 21 3-5sec., and the quarter in 51sec. It will be remem-

bered that Cartmell, although beaten, ran a very close race with J. W. Morton for the 100yds. Championship of England last year. Cartmell is the captain of the all-conquering University of Pennsylvania track team, which won six firsts out of thirteen events in the Intercollegiate Championships at Harvard on May 31st and June 1st, 1907. The Pennsylvania track captain is nearly 6ft. in height and weighs 12st.

(On September 17th, 1904, J. W. Morton ran the distance of 100yds. in 9 4-5sec., a time which equals the American's record. In 1905, however, Morton took 10 1-5sec.; in 1906, 10 2-5 sec.; and in 1907, 10 4-5sec. This was the occasion on which Mr. Cartmell was beaten by our representative.

The British record for the 100yds. is 9 4-5 sec., made by A. F. Duffey in 1901.)

TOM LONGBOAT.

ROBERT KERR.

"CHUCK" SKENE.

CANADA.

CANADA.

ROBERT KERR.

Sprinter.

Canada's hope in the Olympic sprints will be Robert Kerr, of Hamilton, Ontario. Born in Enniskillen, Ireland, he went to Canada as a baby. He is now twenty-five years of age, and has been for three years Canadian champion at 100yds. and 220yds. He commenced running in 1902. The first year out, the best he could do was 10 3-5sec., but he improved steadily until he is now the unchallenged Canuck champion and a consistent 10sec. man. He was timed twice last season in 9 4-5sec. Kerr is a trifle slow at getting away, but he is a very strong finisher. He himself likes the 220yds. dash, and says that it is his best distance. His best 220yds. time is 21 2-5sec. Personally, Kerr is one of the finest athletes in Canada. He stands 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighs, in condition, 142lb. He has won over 200 prizes in his career. Kerr's style is good, and his countrymen believe that with good coaching he will be able to gather a few laurel wreaths for his country.

(Here again the English record is equalled, and J. W. Morton's 1907 time is much slower. In the 220yds. the Canadian again has the advantage, inasmuch as J. P. George, in the 1907 A. A. A. meeting, took 22 4-5sec. against Kerr's time of 21 2-5sec.

The British record for the 220yds. is 21 4-5sec. (or only 2-5sec. slower than the Canadian's time), made in 1887 by C. G. Wood.)

TOM LONGBOAT,

Long-Distance Runner.

Tom Longboat, of the Irish-Canadian Athletic Club, Toronto, the Onondoga Indian who is Canada's hope, and probably the most feared man in the Olympic Marathon, is a puzzle to athletic Canada. A year ago he was unknown. On Thanksgiving Day, 1906, a long gaunt redskin, clad in a grotesquely-barred bathing suit, flashed home in front of a field of thirty of the best distance runners on the American continent, in the *Hamilton Herald's* Annual Around-the-Bay Road Race at Hamilton, Ontario, and at once leaped into the limelight.

Longboat, whose Indian name is Cog-wa-ger, covered the 19 miles 168yds. course in 1hr. 49min. 25sec. He was a 100 to 1 shot in the betting, and the very fact that an obscure Indian with practically no training won the Canadian road running classic made the country sit up and take notice. His time was within 32sec. of the course record. Five miles of the course is over a stretch of heavy sandy road. Then the Indian jumped into the road Marathon, a 10-mile road race at Toronto, and won it as he pleased over a course ankle-deep in mud. Last spring he was, after much difficulty, got into condition for the Boston Marathon race, a 25-mile American road fixture. There he met 115 United States and Canadian runners, and after cooking them up with a hot clip in the first 15 miles, waved them a laughing farewell, went on, and won all alone, doing the 25 miles in 2hrs. 24min. 24sec. He won by nearly a mile, breaking the record by 4min. 59 2-5sec. This wonderful race made the redskin famous, and all last season his career was one line of unbroken victory. He has won every race he ever entered, with the exception of one, with consummate ease. The only time he was beaten was the first time he ever ran indoors, and by George V. Bonhag, the United States 3-mile champion, who beat the Indian at his (Bonhag's) own favourite distance. The Indian was beaten by a foot and the record was broken by 4sec. Longboat will be twenty-one years of age in June. He started running at 135lb., but now weighs 155lb. He is 5ft. 11in. in height, a big, deep-chested fellow, with long, lean legs. He runs flat-footed. He smokes continually, and his training is decidedly spasmodic. He has all an Indian's obstinacy, and is a very unsatisfactory man to handle.

(Here, as in the case of the French representative, it is hard, if not impossible, to make a fair comparison. But should Appleby be picked, he should make a good show against the Indian.)

JOSEF STEINBACH.

AUSTRIA.

CHARLES SKENE.

Walking Champion.

Charles Skene, better known as "Chuck" Skene, the Canadian walking champion, is a tall, rangy youth of twenty-two years. He weighs 162lb. in condition. Walking is a comparatively new sport in Canada, but such races were quite a feature last season. Skene commenced to walk three years ago, and won the first race he entered—a 10-mile jaunt. He has walked and won fifteen or sixteen races in three years, and last season he won the Canadian Championship and went through the season without a defeat. Skene likes the 3-mile distance best. He covers this in 22min. 10sec. He won the Canadian Championship at a mile, doing the journey in 7min. 14sec., but he has done a mile in 7min. 5sec. He is as game as a pebble.

(The English times are faster than Skene's. For instance, G. E. Larner has walked a mile in 6min. 26sec. (record), against 7min. 5sec. accomplished by Skene, and in the 1907 A.A.A. Championships 6min. 38 1-5sec. was clocked for the mile.)

AUSTRIA.

JOSEF STEINBACH.

Weight-Lifting Champion.

Josef Steinbach, who is at present the most distinguished representative of athletics in Austria, is twenty-nine years of age, and entered upon his sporting career in 1898. His height is 5ft. 9½in., weight about 18st., and he is well proportioned.

His principal performances are :—

One-arm pulling, left and right	176lb.
One-arm pressing in end position	132lb.
One-arm pressing in end position	198lb.
Two-arm pressing in divided weight	289lb.
Two-arm pushing divided weight	337lb.
Two-arm pressing a target pole	363½lb.

With this performance he beat a record made by Turk, which had only been 308½lb.

Two-arm pressing the pole, 3 times	286½lb.
Two-arm pressing the pole, end position ...	291lb.
Two-arm pressing the pole, end position (11 times) ...	220lb.
Two-arm pushing the pole, 3 times	349lb.

By this performance an older world's record of Beck's was beaten, while, on the other hand, Turk's record of 356lb., although Steinbach perhaps accomplished a more difficult feat, remained unbroken.

In the year 1900 Steinbach gained the championship of the Austrian Athletic Club Union, in 1902 the Championship of Austria-Hungary, and in 1904 the World's Championship in lifting the weight.

FRANCE.

JARDIN.

Standing Jump.

Although Jardin began his sporting career by running, he tried all forms of sport before devoting himself to the long standing jump. He gave himself up entirely to it, following scrupulously the ancient methods. His victories have been many, and he classes them himself as follows:—

JARDIN.

Champion of France, open to all classes (inter-academic)—
Putting the weight ... 1901
Throwing the disc 1901 and 1905
Standing high jump ... 1907
Olympian Games at Tourcoing 1907

These are his successive figures:—

Long standing jump	10ft. 0½in.
,, ,, ,, ...	10ft. 6in.
,, ,, ,, ...	10ft. 7in.
,, ,, ,, ...	10ft. 10in.

This last result was confirmed in 1907 at the Championship in Paris.

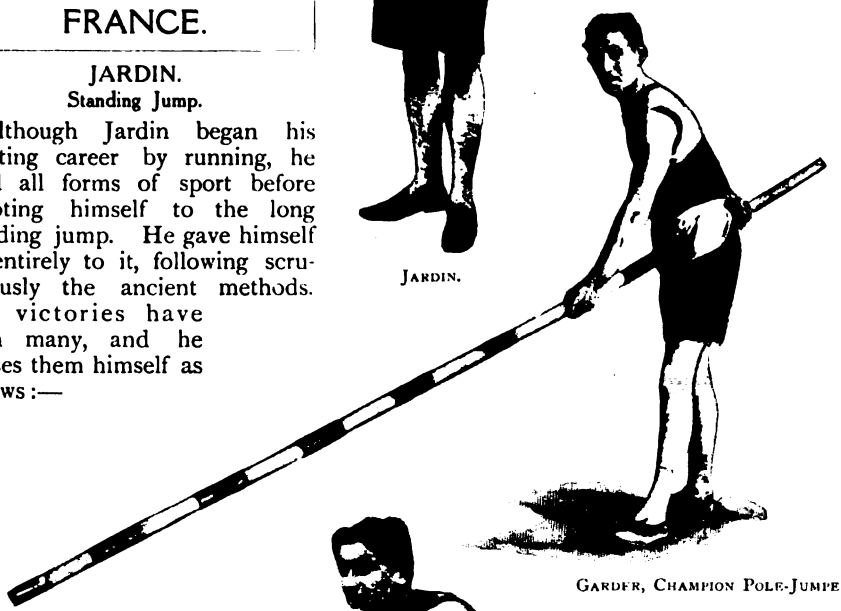
Physically, Jardin answers perfectly to the idea one would have of the champion of the long standing jump. He seems to be endowed with special physical qualities, and he appears fit to face a sporting experience like the one which is forthcoming.

(There is no official English equivalent for the French standing jump. In the 1906 Olympian Games the standing long jump was won by R. Ewry, America, with 10ft. 10in., which ties with Jardin's best effort.)

RAGUENEAU.

Long-Distance Runner.

When one sees Ragueneau one wonders that a man of this stamp should give the proofs of endurance that he has done. This little Lyonnese (he was born in Lyons in 1881) is an untiring runner, who retains all his powers, not by skilful training, but by natural faculties. His performances are remarkable. He gained the Cross-Country Championships in 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, and 1906. Four times he made the record in time, his record of 1906 being 5 miles 1,268yds. to the half-hour, and 11 miles 398yds. within the hour. He was also the victor in the international "cross," contested in Paris in 1906 and 1907, defeating Pearce in a hotly-contested event at Glasgow. He has gained the Goudrant prize



GARDER, CHAMPION POLE-JUMPER.

RAGUENEAU.

five times and the Roosevelt prize once.

One of Ragueneau's peculiarities is that, whatever fatigues he may undergo, he is always in form. At a boxing match held in Paris (Adie Gaucher against Moreau) he remained the whole night with J. Mortane, the secretary of the "Open-Air Life," but this did not prevent him from returning on foot to his lodgings at daybreak in order to get ready for running a few hours later. And what is most remarkable, he won the race against adversaries who were in excellent form.

(F. Appleby is a runner who may be picked to represent this country in the Marathon race. He is the holder of the 13, 14, and 15 miles running records, but these are on the track, so between Ragueneau's road and Appleby's track times it is hardly possible to make a fair comparison. Long-distance running is not popular in England.)

BELGIUM.

LEON DUPONT.

High Jumping Champion.

Leon Dupont, son of the famous fencing-master of that name in Brussels, is twenty-five years of age and is an all-round sportsman. He has practised especially boxing and rowing. He is a member of the Athletic and Running Club of Brussels. For four years he has been training for the high jump, with or without start. Without start he has cleared 5ft. ½in. This was at Stockholm in 1907. At Paris and Roubaix he attained, with start, 5ft. 8¾in. Quite recently, when training, he cleared 5ft. 10¾in.

Leon Dupont is a very modest sportsman, and a real amateur. "I shall never beat the high-jumping record," he says; "but *without start* I may achieve good results, and very few will be able to match me."

BRUSSELS WATER-POLO TEAM.

LEON DUPONT.

JEAN KONINGS.

At the time of writing he is training for the Games.

(Dupont does not compare well with our performances. Six feet was attained in the 1906 and 1907 A. A. A. Championships by Con Leahy.

British record, 6ft. 4¾in., made by P. J. Leahy in 1898.)

JEAN KONINGS.

Runner.

Jean Konings is Belgian champion for 100 metres (just over 109yds.). He started his career as a sprinter in 1905, and was noted at once as a splendid light-weight racer. He won numerous events all over Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the North of France. In 1906 he started training seriously, and had many successes. In 1907 he met one of our English sprinters and beat him twice—in the 100yds. and 100 metres. Unofficially Konings claims to have covered the 100yds. in less than 10sec., and hopes when he comes to the Games in London to duplicate his best time. He is twenty-two years of age, and, as a medical student, is working to become a military surgeon. His father is an old-time athlete, and it is under his parent that the son has made rapid progress.

(From figures it would seem that Konings is on a par with J. W. Morton's later times, although his time of 10sec. is not official.

British record for the 100yds. is 9 4-5sec., made by A. F. Duffey in 1901.)

F. FAYAERTS.

Swimmer.

F. Fayaerts is captain of the water-polo team of Brussels and belongs to the Cercle du Bain Royal at Brussels. He first commenced swimming in earnest in 1894, one of his victories being the 400 metres (just over 437yds.) at Antwerp. In 1900 he came to reside in London and joined one of our foremost swimming clubs, where he made the acquaintance of Jarvis, who gave him invaluable lessons. In 1898 he was the Belgian champion for 500 metres (about 547yds.), his time being 8min. 27sec. In 1907 he reduced this time to 7min. 13sec. He has covered one mile in 26min. 24sec., and he won the Emperor's Cup at Frankfort in 1904. He is the long-distance champion of Belgium, having covered 5,000 metres (about 5,468yds.) in 48min. in the River Meuse, with the current.

He intends to bring his team of water-poloists to the Games in London, and they started training in March. The Belgian climate, however, hampers training, as it is so very changeable. He spends his summers at his country residence on the River Meuse, at Anseremme, in the Ardennes, and it is here that he puts in such a lot of training. He is a strict observer of the usual training methods.

(Fayaerts's time for the mile is 26min. 24sec., a time which was beaten in 1907 by H. Taylor, who swam the distance in 25min. 4 3-5sec.

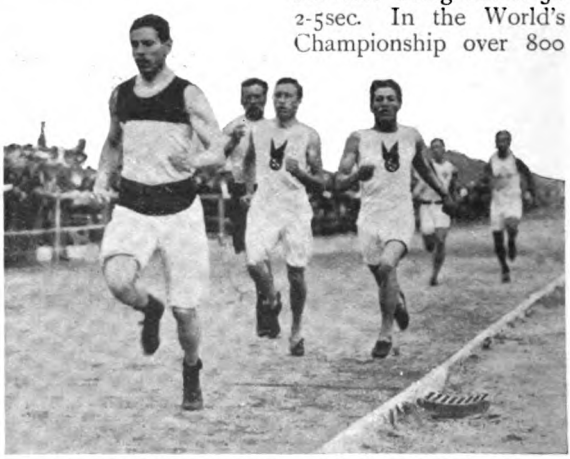
The English record was made by D. Billington in 1905, the time being 24min. 42 3-5sec.)

GERMANY.

JOHANNES RUNGE.

Runner.

By profession Mr. Runge is a schoolmaster, and is Germany's best runner for medium distances. He was sent by the Government to the Olympian Games at St. Louis in 1904, and to Athens in 1906. At the former place he won the 800yds. handicap with 10yds. start, his time being 1min. 58 2-5sec. In the World's Championship over 800



JOHANNES RUNGE—MR. RUNGE IS THE LEADING FIGURE IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

GERMANY.

metres (about 874yds.) Runge, however, was only fifth. In Athens, in 1906, Runge had no success at all. For one thing the competition was exceedingly keen, and the athlete did not produce his best form. In the 800 metres World's Championship he gave up at a little over 600 metres (about 656yds.) through exhaustion. In Germany itself he has not his equal. He holds three German records:—

400 metres (437yds. 1ft. 4in.) in 51 1-5sec.
800 metres (874yds. 2ft. 8in.) in 1min. 59 2-5sec.
1,500 metres (1,640yds. 1ft. 3in.) in 4min. 17sec.

Runge is a many-sided athlete. He is a good jumper, and holds a German record for broad-high jump, 5ft. high and 10ft. 2in. broad. At the time of writing he was in most careful training for the English contests.

(This runner's times do not compare very favourably with our English records. He has run 800yds. (with 10yds. start) in 1min. 58 2-5sec., against A. Astley's time of 1min. 57 4-5sec. for the half-mile.)

DENMARK.

HJALMAR SAXTORPH.

Swimmer.

Although swimming, up to a comparatively recent period, hardly received the attention in Denmark as, for instance, in Sweden, and although Copenhagen does not possess such swimming baths as Stockholm, this sport now counts a host of fervent admirers. As a proof may be mentioned the large number of men and women in Copenhagen who practise sea-bathing throughout the year, irrespective of ice, and who have formed a regular club under the appropriate name of the Vikings. Mr. Hjalmar Saxtorph, Danish one-mile champion, and holding the 100-metre (just over 109yds.) Danish record, is an enthusiastic swimmer, who for several years has gone in for winter swimming in the sea. Mr. Saxtorph, who is now twenty-three years old, to begin with preferred other kinds of sport, such as football, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus, etc., but, having once been thoroughly initiated in the delights of swimming, he gives it the absolute first place, practising its different methods with equal pleasure. He competed at the Olympic Games in Athens, and, although he was not then in the first flight, he was in front of the Swedish swimmers. Like a number of Danish sportsmen, Mr. Saxtorph is not a total abstainer, but a pronounced temperance man.

HJALMAR SAXTORPH.

DENMARK.

SWEDEN.

ROBERT ANDERSSON.

Swimmer.

There is probably no country where gymnastics and outdoor sports have to a higher degree assumed the nature of a national movement than in Sweden, and there is assuredly no nation which more fervently loves open-air life and open-air exercise than do the Swedes; they simply revel in outdoor pastimes. Mr. Robert Andersson, who was born in the year 1886, has chosen a sport very popular in Sweden for what may be called his leading speciality, namely, swimming, first winning his first prize five years ago. Three years, however, were allowed to pass before he secured his first championship, but those of 1906 (100 metres, just over 109yds., and 500 metres, nearly 547yds.) were duly followed up the next year by the 100, 500, and 1,000-metre championships, and Mr. Andersson also holds several records over similar distances, besides, amongst other prizes, the first for the 1,000-metre at the International match at Helsingfors, Finland, in August, 1907.

In addition to swimming Mr. Robert Andersson goes in more especially for jumping, besides the different sports necessary to qualify for the much-coveted National Swedish Sports Badge, for which, amongst others, the Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus has recently been qualifying. Mr. Andersson has now taken to regular systematic training for long-distance swimming, but has otherwise not been too conscientious about regular training; he goes in extensively for water polo, which he looks upon as the best possible training both for short and long-distance swimming. Mr. Andersson does not smoke and always abstains from intoxicants within the last month of a match, but does otherwise not consider any special diet necessary.

R. ANDERSSON.

SWEDEN.

SALTHAVEN

BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER XIII.

"MR. VYNER wants to see you, sir," said Bassett, as Hartley, coming in from a visit to the harbour, hung his hat on a peg and began to change into the old coat he wore in the office. "Mr. John; he has rung three times."

The chief clerk changed his coat again, and after adjusting his hair in the little piece of unframed glass which he had bought in the street for a penny thirty years before, hastened to the senior partner's room.

Mr. Vyner, who was rinsing his hands in a little office washstand that stood in the corner, looked round at his entrance and, after carefully drying his hands on a soft towel, seated himself at his big writing-table, and, leaning back, sat thoughtfully regarding his finger-nails. His large, white, freckled hands were redolent of scented soap, and, together with his too regular teeth, his bald head, and white side-whiskers, gave him an appearance of almost aggressive cleanliness.

"I rang for you several times," he said, looking up with a frown.

"I have just come back from Wilson's," said Hartley; "you told me to see them to-day."

Mr. Vyner said "Yes," and, caressing his shaven chin in his hand, appeared to forget the other's existence.

"How long have you been with us?" he inquired at last.

"Thirty-five years, sir," said Hartley, studying his face with sudden anxiety.

"A long time," said the senior partner, dryly. "A long time."

"A pleasant time, sir," ventured the other, in a low voice.

Mr. Vyner's features relaxed, and took on —after some trouble—an appearance of benevolence.

"I hope so," he said, in patronizing tones.

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"I hope so. Vyner and Son have the name for being good masters. I have never heard any complaints."

He pushed his chair back and, throwing one leg over the other, looked down at his patent-leather boots. The benevolent expression had disappeared.

"Thirty-five years," he said, slowly. "H'm! I had no idea it was so long. You have—ha—no family, worth mentioning?"

"One daughter," said Hartley, his lips going suddenly dry.

"Just so. Just so," said the senior partner. He looked at his boots again. "And she is old enough to earn her own living. Or she might marry. You are in a fortunate position."

Hartley, still watching him anxiously, bowed.

"In the event, for instance," continued Mr. Vyner, in careless tones—"in the event of your retiring from the service of Vyner and Son, there is nobody that would suffer much. That is a great consideration—a very great consideration."

Hartley, unable to speak, bowed again.

"Change," continued Mr. Vyner, with the air of one uttering a new but indisputable fact—"change is good for us all. So long as you retain your present position there is, of course, a little stagnation in the office; the juniors see their way barred."

He took up a paper-knife and, balancing it between his fingers, tapped lightly with it on the table.

"Is your daughter likely to be married soon?" he inquired, looking up suddenly.

Hartley shook his head. "N-no; I don't think so," he said, thickly.

The senior partner resumed his tapping.

"That is a pity," he said at last, with a frown. "Of course, you understand that Vyner and Son are not anxious to dispense with your services—not at all. In certain circumstances you might remain with us another ten or fifteen years, and then go with a good retiring allowance. At your present age there would be no allowance. Do you understand me?"

The chief clerk tried to summon a little courage, a little dignity.

"I am afraid I don't," he said, in a low voice. "It is all so sudden. I—I am rather bewildered."

Mr. Vyner looked at him impatiently.

"I said just now," he continued, in a hard voice, "that Vyner and Son are not anxious to dispense with your services. That is, in a way, a figure of speech. Mr. Robert knows nothing of this, and I may tell you—as an old and trusted servant of the firm—that his share as a partner is at present but nominal, and were he to do anything seriously opposed to my wishes, such as, for instance—such as a—ha—matrimonial alliance of which I could not approve, the results for him would be disastrous. Do you understand?"

In a slow, troubled fashion Hartley intimated that he did. He began to enter into explanations, and was stopped by the senior partner's uplifted hand.

"That will do," said the latter, stiffly. "I have no doubt I know all that you could tell me. It is—ha—only out of consideration for your long and faithful service that I have—ha—permitted you a glimpse into my affairs—our affairs. I hope, now, that I have made myself quite clear."

He leaned back in his chair and, twisting the paper-knife idly between his fingers, watched his chief clerk closely.

"Wouldn't it be advisable——" began Hartley, and stopped abruptly at the expression on the other's face. "I was thinking that if you mentioned this to Mr. Robert——"

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Vyner, with great sharpness. "Certainly not!"

Anger at having to explain affairs to his clerk, and the task of selecting words which should cause the least loss of dignity, almost deprived him of utterance.

"This is a private matter," he said at last, "strictly between ourselves. I am master here, and any alteration in the staff is a matter for myself alone. I do not wish—in fact, I forbid you to mention the matter to him. Unfortunately, we do not always see eye to eye. He is young, and perhaps hardly as worldly-wise as I could wish."

He leaned forward to replace the paper-knife on the table, and, after blowing his nose with some emphasis, put the handkerchief back in his pocket and sat listening with a judicial air for anything that his chief clerk might wish to put before him.

"It would be a great blow to me to leave the firm," said Hartley, after two ineffectual attempts to speak. "I have been in it all my life—all my life. At my age I could scarcely hope to get any other employment worth having. I have always tried to do my best. I have never——"

"Yes, yes," said the other, interrupting with a wave of his hand; "that has been recognised. Your remuneration has, I believe, been in accordance with your—ha—

services. And I suppose you have made some provision?"

Hartley shook his head. "Very little," he said, slowly. "My wife was ill for years before she died, and I have had other expenses. My life is insured, so that in case of anything happening to me there would be something for my daughter, but that is about all."

"And in case of dismissal," said the senior partner, with some cheerfulness, "the insurance premium would, of course, only be an extra responsibility. It is your business, of course; but if I were—ha—in your place I should—ha—marry my daughter off as soon as possible. If you could come to me in three months and tell me——"

He broke off abruptly and, sitting upright, eyed his clerk steadily.

"That is all, I think," he said at last. "Oh, no mention of this, of course, in the office—I have no desire to raise hopes of promotion in the staff that may not be justified; I may say that I hope will *not* be justified."

He drew his chair to the table, and with a nod of dismissal took up his pen. Hartley went back to his work with his head in a whirl, and for the first time in twenty years cast a column of figures incorrectly, thereby putting a great strain on the diplomacy of the junior who made the discovery.

He left at his usual hour, and, free from the bustle of the office, tried to realize the full meaning of his interview with Mr. Vyner. He thought of his pleasant house and garden, and the absence of demand in Salthaven for dismissed clerks of over fifty. His thoughts turned to London, but he had grown up with Vyner and Son and had but little to sell in the open market. Walking with bent head he cannoned against a passer-by, and, looking up to apologize, caught sight of Captain Trimblett across the way, standing in front of a jeweller's window.

A tall, sinewy man in a serge suit, whom Hartley recognised as Captain Walsh, was standing by him. His attitude was that of an indulgent policeman with a refractory prisoner, and twice Hartley saw him lay hold of the captain by the coat-sleeve, and call his attention to something in the window. Anxious to discuss his affairs with Trimblett, Hartley crossed the road.

"Ah! here's Hartley," said the tall captain, with an air of relief, as Captain Trimblett turned and revealed a hot face mottled and streaked with red. "Make him listen to reason. He won't do it for me."

"What's the matter?" inquired Hartley, listlessly.

"A friend o' mine," said Captain Walsh, favouring him with a hideous wink, "a *great* friend o' mine, is going to be married, and I want to give him a wedding-present before I go. I sail to-morrow."

"Well, ask *him* what he'd like," said Trimblett, making another ineffectual attempt to escape. "Don't bother me."

"I can't do that," said Walsh, with another wink; "it's awkward; besides which, his modesty would probably make him swear that he wasn't going to be married at all. In fact, he has told me that already. I want you to choose for him. Tell me what *you'd* like, and no doubt it'll please him. What do you say to that cruet-stand?"

"Hang the cruet-stand!" said Trimblett, wiping his hot face.

"All right," said the unmoved Walsh, with his arm firmly linked in that of his friend. "What about a toast-rack? That one!"

"I don't believe in wedding-presents," said Trimblett, thickly. "Never did. I think it's an absurd custom. And if your friend says he isn't going to be married, surely he ought to know."

"Shyness," rejoined Captain Walsh—"pure shyness. He's one of the best. I know his idea. His idea is to be married on the quiet and without any fuss. But it isn't coming off. No, sir. Now, suppose it was you—don't be violent; I only said suppose—how would that pickle-jar strike you?"

"I know nothing about it," said Captain Trimblett, raising his voice. "Besides, I can't take the responsibility of choosing for another man. I told you so before."

Captain Walsh paid no heed. His glance roved over the contents of the window.

"Trimblett's a terror," he said in a serene voice, turning to Hartley. "I don't know what it's like walking down the High Street looking into shop-windows with a fretful porcupine; but I can make a pretty good guess."

"You should leave me alone, then," said Trimblett, wrenching his arm free. "Wedding-presents have no interest for me."

"That's what he keeps saying," said Walsh, turning to Hartley again; "and when I referred just now—in the most delicate manner—to love's young dream, I thought he'd ha' bust his boilers."

As far as Hartley could see, Captain Trimblett was again within measurable distance of such a catastrophe. For a

moment he struggled wildly for speech, and then, coming to the conclusion that nothing he could say would do him any good, he swung on his heel and walked off. Hartley, with a nod to Walsh, followed.

"That idiot has been pestering me for the last half-hour," said Captain Trimblett, after walking for some distance in wrathful silence. "I wonder whether it would be brought in murder if I wrung old Sellers's neck? I've had four people this morning come up and talk to me about getting married. At least, they started talking."

"Turn a deaf ear," said Hartley.

"Deaf ear?" repeated the captain. "I wish I could. The last few days I've been wishing that I hadn't got ears. It's all Truefitt's doing. He's hinting now that I'm too bashful to speak up, and that weak-headed Cecilia Willett believes him. If you could only see her fussing round and trying to make things easy for me, as she considers, you'd wonder I don't go crazy."

"We've all got our troubles," said Hartley, shaking his head.

The indignant captain turned and regarded him fiercely.

"I am likely to leave Vyner and Son," said the other, slowly, "after thirty-five years."

The wrath died out of the captain's face, and he regarded his old friend with looks of affectionate concern. In grim silence he listened to an account of the interview with Mr. Vyner.

"You know what it all means," he said, savagely, as Hartley finished.

"I—I think so," was the reply.

"It means," said the captain, biting his words—"it means that unless Joan is married within three months, so as to be out of Robert Vyner's way, you will be dismissed the firm. It saves the old man's pride a bit putting it that way, and it's safer too. And if Robert Vyner marries her he will have to earn his own living. With luck he might get thirty shillings a week."

"I know," said the other.

"Get her to town as soon as possible," continued the captain, impressively. He paused a moment, and added with some feeling, "That's what I'm going to do; I spoke to Mr. Vyner about it to-day. We will go up together, and I'll look after her."

"I'll write to-night," said Hartley. "Not that it will make any difference, so far as I can see."

"It's a step in the right direction, at any rate," retorted the captain. "It keeps her out of young Vyner's way, and it shows John Vyner that you are doing your best to meet his views, and it might make him realize that you have got a little pride, too."

Partly to cheer Hartley up, and partly to avoid returning to Tranquil Vale, he spent the evening with him, and, being deterred by the presence of Miss Hartley from expressing his opinion of John Vyner, indulged instead in a violent tirade against the tyranny of wealth. Lured on by the highly-interested Joan, he went still further, and in impassioned words committed himself to the statement that all men were equal, and should have equal rights, only hesitating when he discovered that she had been an unwilling listener on an occasion when he had pointed out to an offending seaman certain blemishes in his family tree. He then changed the subject to the baneful practice of eavesdropping.

By the time he reached home it was quite late. There was no moon, but the heavens were bright with stars. He stood outside for a few moments listening to the sound of voices within, and then, moved perhaps by the quiet beauty of the night, strolled down to the river and stood watching the lights of passing craft. Midnight sounded in the distance as he walked back.

The lamp was still burning, but the room was empty. He closed the door softly behind him, and stood eyeing with some uneasiness a large and untidy brown-paper parcel that stood in the centre of the table. From the crumpled appearance of the paper and the clumsily-tied knots it had the appearance of having been opened and fastened up again by unskilled hands. The sense of uneasiness deepened as he approached the table and stood, with his head on one side, looking at it.

He turned at the sound of a light shuffling step in the kitchen. The door opened gently and the head of Mr. Truefitt was slowly inserted. Glimpses of a shirt and trousers, and the rumpled condition of the intruder's hair, suggested that he had newly risen from bed.

"I heard you come in," he said, in a stealthy whisper.

"Yes?" said the captain.

"There was no address on it," said Mr. Truefitt, indicating the parcel by a nod; "it was left by somebody while we were out, and on opening it we found it was for you. At least, partly. I thought I ought to tell you."

"It don't matter," said the captain, with an effort.

Mr. Truefitt nodded again. "I only

"'I HEARD YOU COME IN,' HE SAID."

wanted to explain how it was," he said. "Good night."

He closed the door behind him, and the captain, after eyeing the parcel for some time, drew a clasp-knife from his pocket and with trembling fingers cut the string and stripped off the paper. The glistening metal of the largest electro-plated salad-bowl he had ever seen met his horrified gaze. In a hypnotized fashion he took out the wooden fork and spoon and balanced them in his fingers. A small card at the bottom of the bowl caught his eye, and he bent over and read it:—

"*With Hearty Congratulations and Best Wishes to Captain and Mrs. Trimblett from Captain Michael Walsh.*"

For a long time he stood motionless; then, crumpling the card up and placing it in his pocket, he took the bowl in his arms and bore it to his bedroom. Wrapped again in its coverings, it was left to languish on the top of the cupboard behind a carefully-constructed rampart of old cardboard boxes and worn-out boots.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. HARTLEY'S idea, warmly approved by Captain Trimblett, was to divulge the state of affairs to his daughter in much the same circuitous fashion that Mr. Vyner had revealed it to him. He had not taken into account, however, the difference in temper of the listeners, and one or two leading questions from Joan brought the matter to an abrupt conclusion. She sat divided between wrath and dismay.

"You — you must have misunderstood him," she said at last, with a little gasp. "He could not be so mean, and tyrannical, and ridiculous."

Her father shook his head. "There is no room for misunderstanding," he said, quietly. "Still, I have got three months to look about me, and I don't suppose we shall starve."

Miss Hartley expressed the wish—as old as woman—to give the offender a piece of her mind. She also indulged in a few general remarks concerning the obtuseness of people who were unable to see when they were not

wanted, by which her father understood her to refer to Vyner junior.

"I was afraid you cared for him," he said, awkwardly.

"I?" exclaimed Joan, in the voice of one unable to believe her ears. "Oh, father, I am surprised at you; I never thought you would say such a thing."

Mr. Hartley eyed her uneasily.

"Why should you think anything so absurd?" continued his daughter, with some severity.

Mr. Hartley, with much concern, began to cite a long list of things responsible for what he freely admitted was an unfortunate mistake on his part. His daughter listened with growing impatience and confusion, and, as he showed no signs of nearing the end, rose in a dignified fashion and quitted the room. She was back, however, in a minute or two, and, putting her arm on his shoulder, bent down and kissed him.

"I had no idea you were so observant," she remarked, softly.

"I don't think I am really," said the conscientious man. "If it hadn't been for Trimblett——"

Miss Hartley, interrupting with spirit, paid a tribute to the captain that ought to have made his ears burn.

"I ought to have been more careful all these years," said her father presently. "If I had, this would not have mattered so much. Prodigality never pays—never."

Joan placed her arm about his neck again. "Prodigality!" she said, with a choking laugh. "You don't know the meaning of the word. And you have had to help other people all your life. After all, perhaps you and Captain Trimblett are wrong; Mr. Vyner can't be in earnest, it is too absurd."

"Yes, he is," said Hartley, sitting up, with a sudden air of determination. "But then, so am I. I am not going to be dictated to in this fashion. My private affairs are nothing to do with him. I—I shall have to tell him so."

"Don't do anything yet," said Joan, softly, as she resumed her seat. "By the way——"

"Well?" said her father, after a pause.

"That invitation from Uncle William was your doing," continued Joan, levelling an incriminating finger at him.

"Trimblett's idea," said her father, anxious to give credit where it was due. "His idea was that if you were to go away for a time Robert Vyner would very likely forget all about you."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Joan, with a slight smile. "I mean—I mean—what business has Captain Trimblett to concern himself about my affairs?"

"I know what you mean," said Hartley, in a low voice.

He got up, and crossing to the window stood looking out on his beloved garden. His thoughts went back to the time, over twenty years ago, when he and his young wife had planted it. He remembered that in those far-off days she had looked forward with confidence to the time when he would be offered a share in the firm. For a moment he felt almost glad——

"I suppose that Captain Trimblett is right," said Joan, who had been watching him closely; "and I'll go when you like."

Her father came from the window. "Yes," he said, and stood looking at her.

"I am going out a little way," said Joan, suddenly.

Hartley started, and glanced instinctively at the clock. "Yes," he said again.

His daughter went upstairs to dress, and did her best to work up a little resentment against being turned out of her home to avoid a caller whom she told herself repeatedly she had no wish to see. Her reflections were cut short by remembering that time was passing, and that Mr. Vyner's punctuality, in the matter of these calls, was of a nature to which the office was a stranger.

She put on her hat and, running downstairs, opened the door and went out. At the gate she paused, and, glancing right and left, saw Robert Vyner approaching. He bowed and quickened his pace.

"Father is indoors," she said with a friendly smile, as she shook hands.

"It's a sin to be indoors an evening like this," said Robert, readily. "Are you going for a walk?"

"A little way; I am going to see a friend," said Joan. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Vyner, and turned in at the gate, while Joan, a little surprised at his docility, proceeded on her way. She walked slowly, trying, in the interests of truth, to think of some acquaintance to call upon. Then she heard footsteps behind, gradually gaining upon her.

"I really think I'm the most forgetful man in Salthaven," said Mr. Robert Vyner, in tones of grave annoyance, as he ranged alongside. "I came all this way to show your father a book on dahlias, and now I find I've left it at the office. What's a good thing for a bad memory?"

"'I REALLY THINK I'M THE MOST FORGETFUL MAN IN SALTHAVEN,' SAID MR. ROBERT VYNER."

"Punish yourself by running all the way, I should think," replied Joan. "It might make you less forgetful next time."

Mr. Vyner became thoughtful, not to say grave. "I don't know so much about running," he said, slowly. "I've had an idea for some time past that my heart is a little bit affected."

Joan turned to him swiftly. "I'm so sorry," she faltered. "I had no idea; and the other night you were rolling the grass. Why didn't you speak of it before?"

Her anxiety was so genuine that Mr. Vyner had the grace to feel a little bit ashamed of himself.

"When I say that my heart is affected, I don't mean in the way of—of disease," he murmured.

"Is it weak?" inquired the girl.

Mr. Vyner shook his head.

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

Mr. Vyner sighed. "I don't know," he said, slowly. "It is not of long standing; I only noticed it a little while ago. The first time I had an attack I was sitting in my office—working. Let me see. I think it was the day you came in there to see your father. Yes, I am sure it was."

Miss Hartley walked on, looking straight before her.

"Since then," pursued Mr. Vyner, in the mournful tones suited to the subject, "it has got gradually worse. Sometimes it is in my mouth; sometimes—if I feel that I have offended anybody—it is in my boots."

Miss Hartley paid no heed.

"It is in my boots now," said the invalid, plaintively; "tight boots, too. Do you know what I was thinking just now when you looked at me in that alarmed, compassionate way?"

"Not alarmed," muttered Miss Hartley.

"I was thinking," pursued Mr. Vyner, in a rapt voice, "I was thinking what a fine nurse you would make. Talking of heart troubles put it in my mind, I suppose. Fancy being down for a month or two with a complaint that didn't hurt or take one's appetite away, and having you for a nurse!"

"I think that if you are going to talk nonsense——" began Joan, half stopping.

"I'm not," said the other, in alarm. "I've quite finished; I have, indeed."

He stole a glance at the prim young figure by his side, and his voice developed a plaintive note. "If you only knew what it was like," he continued, "to be mewed up in an office all day, with not a soul to speak to, and the sun shining, perhaps you'd make allowances."

"I saw you down by the harbour this morning," said the girl.

"Harbour?" said the other, pretending to reflect—"this morning?"

Joan nodded. "Yes; you were lounging about—in the sunshine—smoking a cigarette. Then you went on to the *Indian Chief* and stood talking for, oh, quite a long time to Captain Trimblett. Then——"

"Yes?" breathed Mr. Vyner, as she paused in sudden confusion. "What did I do next?"

Miss Hartley shook her head. "I only saw you for a moment," she said.

Mr. Vyner did not press the matter; he talked instead on other subjects, but there was a tenderness in his voice for which Miss Hartley told herself her own thoughtlessness was largely responsible. She trembled and walked a little faster. Then, with a sense of relief, she saw Captain Trimblett approaching them. His head was bent in thought, and his usual smile was missing as he looked up and saw them.

"I wanted to see you," he said to Joan. "I'm off to London to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated the girl, in surprise.

"Twelve thirty train," said the captain, looking shrewdly from one to the other. "I'm just off home; there are one or two matters I must attend to before I go, and I wanted to talk to you."

"I will come with you," said Joan, quickly. "I haven't seen Mrs. Chinnery for a long time." She nodded to Mr. Vyner and held out her hand. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said that gentleman. He shook hands reluctantly, and his amiable features took on a new expression as he glanced at the captain.

"Try and cheer him up," he said, with an air of false concern. "It's only for a little while, cap'n; you'll soon be back and—you know the old adage?"

"Yes," said the captain, guardedly.

"Although, of course, there are several," said Mr. Vyner, thoughtfully. "I wonder whether we were thinking of the same one?"

"I dare say," said the other, hastily.

"I was thinking of 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'—of the *Indian Chief*," said the ingenuous Robert. "Was that the one you were thinking of?"

The captain's reply was inaudible as he turned and bore off Miss Hartley. The young man stood for some time watching them, and, as Joan and her burly companion disappeared round the corner, stifled a sigh and set off home.

"He'll sober down as he gets older," said the captain, after they had proceeded some way in silence. "I'm glad I met you. Your father told me you were going to London, and I was thinking we might go up together. It's odd we should both be going. Quite a coincidence."

"In more ways than one," said Joan. "Father told me you had arranged it together. I quite know why I am going."

The captain coughed.

"I know why you are going, too," said Joan.

The captain coughed again, and muttered something about "children" and "business."

"And if I'm going to-morrow I had better get back and pack," continued the girl.

"Plenty of time in the morning," said the captain. "It'll make the time pass. It's a mistake to stow your things away too soon—a great mistake."

"I would sooner do it, though," said Joan, pausing.

"You come along to Tranquil Vale," said Captain Trimblett, with forced joviality. "Never mind about your packing. Stay to supper, and I'll see you home afterwards."

Miss Hartley eyed him thoughtfully.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Pleasure of your company," said the captain.

"Why?" said Miss Hartley again.

The captain eyed her thoughtfully in his turn.

"I—I haven't told 'em I'm going yet," he said, slowly. "It'll be a little surprise to them, perhaps. Miss Willett will be there. She's a silly thing. She and Peter might make a duet about it. If you are there——"

"I'll take care of you," said Joan, with a benevolent smile. "You'll be safe with me. What a pity you didn't bring your little troubles to me at first!"

The captain turned a lurid eye upon her, and then, realizing that silence was more dignified and certainly safer than speech, said nothing. He walked on with head erect and turned a deaf ear to the faint sounds which Miss Hartley was endeavouring to convert into coughs.

Mrs. Chinnery, who was sitting alone in the front room, rose and greeted her with some warmth as she entered, and, the usual reproachful question put and answered as to the length of time since her last visit, took her hat from her and went upstairs with it. An arch smile from Miss Hartley during her absence was met by the ungrateful captain with a stony stare.

"I came to bid you good-bye," said Joan, as Mrs. Chinnery returned. "I am off to London to-morrow."

"London!" said Mrs. Chinnery.

"I am going to stay with an uncle," replied Joan.

"Quite a coincidence, isn't it?" said the captain, averting his gaze from the smiling face of Miss Hartley, and trying to keep his voice level.

"'I'VE GOT TO GO TOO,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

"Coincidence!" said Mrs. Chinnery, staring at him.

"I've got to go too," said the captain, with what he fondly imagined was a casual smile. "Got to run up and see my boys and girls. Just a flying visit there and back. So we are going together."

"You!" said the astonished Mrs. Chinnery. "Why didn't you tell me? Why, I've got

nothing ready. Serves me right for putting things off."

The captain began to murmur something about an urgent letter, but Mrs. Chinnery, who had opened the cupboard and brought out a work-basket containing several pairs of the thick woollen socks that formed the captain's usual wear, was almost too busy to listen. She threaded a needle, and, drawing a sock over her left hand, set to work on a gaping wound that most women would have regarded as mortal. Mr. Truefitt and Miss Willett entered from the garden just as the captain was explaining for the third time.

"Children are not ill, I hope?" said Mr. Truefitt, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"No," said the captain.

Miss Willett, who had seated herself by the side of Mrs. Chinnery, ventured to pat that lady's busy hand.

"He will soon be back," she murmured.

"He will look after that," said Mr. Truefitt, with a boisterous laugh. "Won't you, cap'n?"

Miss Willett sat regarding Captain Trimblett with a pensive air. She was beginning to regard his diffidence and shyness as something abnormal. Hints of the most helpful nature only seemed to add to his discomfort, and she began to doubt whether he would ever muster up sufficient resolution to put an end to a situation that was fast becoming embarrassing to all concerned.

"Of course," she said, suddenly, "it is only right that you should run up and see your children first. I hadn't thought of that."

"First?" repeated the captain, his face flooding with colour as he realized the inward meaning of the remark. "What do you mean by first?"

His voice was so loud that Miss Willett sat up with a start and looked round nervously.

"Miss Willett means before you sail," said Joan, gently, before that lady could speak. "How pleased they will be to see you!"

"Aye, aye," said the captain, regaining his composure by an effort.

"What a lot of things he will have to tell them!" murmured the persevering Miss Willett. "Have you ever seen them?" she inquired, turning to Mrs. Chinnery.

"No," was the reply.

"How strange!" said Miss Willett, with a reproachful glance at the captain. "I expect you'll like them very much when you do."

"Sure to," chimed in Mr. Truefitt. "Susanna was always partial to children."

"I'm sure she is," said Miss Willett, regarding the industrious Mrs. Chinnery affectionately. "How fortunate!"

She rose as she spoke, and, screwing her face up at Joan with great significance, asked her whether she wouldn't care to see the garden.

"Very much," said Joan. "Come along," she added, turning to the captain. "Now come and show me that rose-bush you have been talking about so much."

Captain Trimblett rose with an alacrity that mystified Miss Willett more than ever, and, having gained the garden, found so many things to show Miss Hartley, and so much to talk about, that supper was on the table before he had finished. Fearful of being left alone with Miss Willett, he stuck to his young protector so closely that in going in at the door he trod on her heel. Miss Hartley entered the room limping, and, having gained her seat, sat eyeing him with an expression in which pain and reproachful mirth struggled for the mastery.

"What a delightful evening!" she said, in an affected voice, as the captain walked home with her about an hour later; "I have enjoyed myself tremendously."

The captain uttered an impatient exclamation.

"It reminded me of the old fable of the lion and the mouse," continued Joan.

The captain grunted again, and, in a voice that he vainly endeavoured to render polite, said that he did not know what she was talking about.

(To be continued.)

Some Much-Discussed Puzzles.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

THERE are many little puzzles, some of which were familiar to our grandfathers and are of unknown origin, that people to-day will be found "fighting" over by the hour. There are others about which one is perpetually hearing the remark, "Yes; I know that is the answer, but I have never been able to find anybody to explain the thing." Every month in the year one is being asked to settle, for the five-hundredth time, some of these time-worn questions between disputants, and editors of newspapers are being perpetually worried to act as arbitrators in these matters. Therefore, in attempting to explain in these pages some of the most popular of these little posers, one is, perhaps, doing a public service. I do not propose to deal with any of the more profound problems that people wrangle about, but only with those that are ordinarily discussed in the home circle and in the club-room.

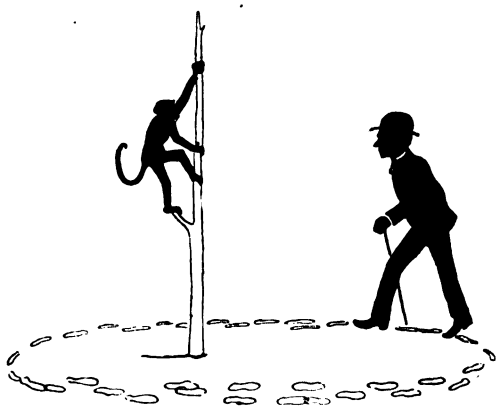

FIG. 1.—DOES THE MAN GO ROUND THE MONKEY?

A most common subject of debate is the puzzle of the monkey (or sometimes squirrel) on a pole. A man walks around a pole on which is a monkey, but as he goes the monkey turns round the pole so that he is always on the opposite side facing the man. Does the man go around the monkey? (Fig. 1.)

The answer depends entirely on what you mean by "go around." If a man walks in a complete circle and some object remains all the time within that circle, then he certainly "goes around" it. But many people persist in holding that to "go around" a thing you must proceed so as to see all sides of it. If, however, this definition is understood and accepted, there is no necessity to argue further, for then the man as certainly does not go around the monkey. When a man asks you this question, always insist on his first giving you his meaning of the words "to go around," and there is no puzzle, and can be no dispute.

One is often asked, If two snakes start swallowing one another simultaneously, each getting the tail of the other in its mouth, so that the circle formed by the snakes becomes smaller and smaller, what will eventually become of the snakes? (Fig. 2.) The real crux of this problem is to decide at what exact point the swallowing must cease. Even if we assume that they both go on until the bitter end, we cannot prophesy that end unless we know something about their relative vitality and swallowing capacity. We cannot say how much of either snake must be swallowed, or for how long a time, before a vital organ is sufficiently affected to cause death. Perhaps we are asked to assume that the swallowing process goes on indefinitely, but this is assuming the absurd and utterly impossible. We can say what will not happen — that the snakes will not go on swallowing one another until both disappear altogether! But where it will really end it is impossible to say.

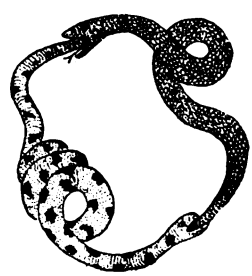

FIG. 2.—WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THIS GOES ON?

One is frequently asked the old question of the man who, while pointing to a portrait, says, "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son." What relation did the man in the picture bear to the speaker? There is no difficulty if you simplify the question by saying that "my father's son" must be either "myself"

or "my brother." But, since the speaker has no brother, it is clearly "myself." The statement simplified is thus nothing more than "That man's father is myself," and it was obviously his son's portrait. Now it so happens that as often as not people will ask the question wrongly—thus: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father *was* my father's son." Another relationship catch, not quite so well known, is this: "A blind fiddler had a brother, who died. What relation was the fiddler to the brother who died?" Of course, we are expected to answer "Brother," whereupon we are informed that the fiddler was a woman, and was therefore his sister. If we answer "Sister," then we are met by the rejoinder that the fiddler was a man and it was "Brother." The answer is thus indeterminate until we are told the sex of the blind fiddler.

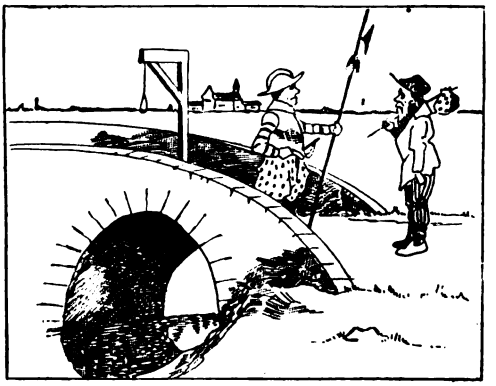

FIG. 3.—THE SENTINEL IN A DIFFICULTY.

The puzzle of the Sentinel (Fig. 3) first appeared, so far as I have been able to discover, in "Les Petites Aventures de Jerome Sharp" (Brussels, 1789). An ancient monarch put a sentinel on a bridge and ordered that he should question every person who wished to cross as to his destination and intentions. If he told the truth he was to be allowed to pass on; if he did not tell the truth he was to be cast into the deep waters of the river and drowned. If the sentinel failed to carry out his instructions on any occasion he was to be hanged on the gallows close by. One day a man, on being stopped and questioned, replied, "I am going to be cast into the river by you and be drowned." Here was a nice dilemma for the sentinel! If he allowed the man to pass on he was clearly disobeying his orders, for the stranger had then told an untruth. If he cast him into the river, then he was also in the wrong, because he had executed a man who had truthfully answered his question. Death was therefore staring the sentinel in the face, whatever he did. How might the sentinel escape the gallows, without asking for mercy or accepting it, and without flying from the neighbourhood? The answer given by the author certainly gets over the difficulty. He says: "The sentinel might have escaped the gallows by fastening a heavy stone to his neck and throwing himself into the river!" But I think, if I had been the sentinel, I should have thrown the sophistical traveller into the river instead, for he obviously lied as to my intentions, and the fact of his truthfully prophesying the consequences of his false statement should not affect the matter in the right judgment of the monarch. Still, the author's answer is beyond dispute.

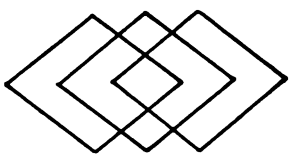

FIG. 4.—TO BE DRAWN WITH ONE STROKE OF THE PENCIL.

A little puzzle that Lewis Carroll was fond of giving to his child friends (see his "Life and Letters," page 370) was that of the three interlaced squares or diamonds.. I give an illustration of it (Fig. 4). The puzzle is to draw the figure in one continuous stroke without lifting the pencil from the paper or going over a line twice. This is sometimes ascribed to him as its originator, but I have found it in a little book published in 1835. It is too easy for it to be necessary for me to give the solution; you can start at any point you like and complete the figure. I introduce this puzzle simply in order to compare it with the old circle and square (Fig. 5), of which I also give an illustration. The conditions here are the same, but a solution is quite impossible without some such trick as folding the paper, so as to get two parallel lines with one stroke of the pencil. The rule is this. With any figure of this sort, half as many separate lines are necessary as there are points where an odd number of lines meet. It will be seen that there are four of

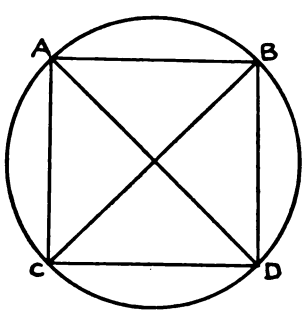

FIG. 5.—THIS CANNOT BE DRAWN WITH A SINGLE STROKE.

these points, A, B, C, and D, in the figure where five (an odd number of lines) meet. Therefore, it requires two separate continuous lines to complete the figure. Leave out the straight line, as an example, between C and D. Then the rest of the figure may be drawn in one stroke, only we must begin at A and end at B, or the reverse. Leave out other lines so that there shall remain only two odd "nodes" and you will find the rule work. Now, Lewis Carroll's figure has no odd "node"; therefore, it may be solved in one stroke, and we may begin anywhere we like.

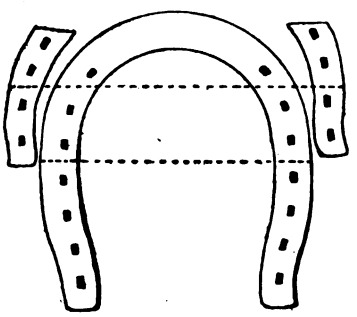

FIG. 6.—HOW TO CUT THE HORSESHOE.

One of the simplest puzzles ever propounded is this: A box of sweets cost twopence-halfpenny, but the sweets cost twopence more than the box. How much did the box cost? It is quite a sad example of the slipshod way in which people think, that nine out of ten (I do not think the proportion is too great) will reply that the box must have cost a halfpenny! But if so, then, since the sweets cost twopence more than the box, the two together must have cost threepence. Of course, the correct answer is that the box cost a farthing and the sweets twopence-farthing.

Some favourite old puzzles are solved by mere tricks, but these have doubtless served their purpose in sharpening the wits of children. Take, for example, the three pennies. Place three pennies in a row on the table, and ask the child to take away the coin from the centre without touching it. The answer, of course, is to remove one of the end coins, and the one indicated will no longer be in the centre. Then there is our ancient friend the Horseshoe (Fig. 6). Cut the shoe out of paper, and place the fourteen dots to represent nails, as in the illustration. The puzzle is to cut the horseshoe into seven parts, each containing two nails, with two straight cuts. First make the lower cut, indicated by the dotted line; then place the three pieces together, as shown, and make the upper cut.

A better class of puzzle is the well-known one of the Railway. If New York and San Francisco are just seven days' journey apart, and if trains start from both ends every day at noon, how many trains coming in an opposite direction will a train leaving New York meet before it arrives at its destination at San Francisco? This puzzle, which many people find so perplexing, is quite easy if you refer to the diagram I have given (Fig. 7). It will be seen that at the moment the train starts from New York there are six trains already on the way in the positions indicated, since it is a seven days' journey. The train numbered 7 also starts at the same time. Therefore the train has to meet all these seven. But when the New York train is at point 1, an eighth train will be leaving San Francisco, when it is at point 2 a ninth train will be leaving, at point 3 a tenth, at point 4 an eleventh, at point 5 a twelfth, and at point 6 a thirteenth train will be leaving San Francisco. Therefore the train will meet thirteen others on the journey. Of course, at the moment of its arrival a train will be just starting, but it cannot be said to "meet" this one on the journey.

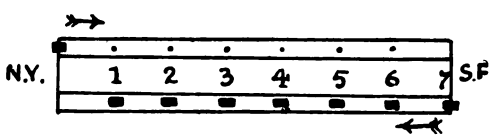

FIG. 7.—THIS WILL EXPLAIN THE RAILWAY PUZZLE.

There is another question that has been put to me hundreds of times during the last few years—I have even received a request for the answer while writing this article—and it is perpetually appearing in the newspapers from innocent correspondents who seek the solution. Here it is, and I have no doubt thousands of readers will recognise it as a puzzle that has floored them. A man had in his pocket current silver coins of the realm to the value of fourteen shillings, but he was unable to give change for half a sovereign. What coins had he? Now I confess to being utterly tired of saying, in print and out of it, that there is no possible solution. The fact is that the question must originally have been propounded by some practical joker as a hoax. Many of us would no doubt like to find that man. I am afraid that every attempt to destroy the hoax only gives it new life, and it is quite possible that some ill-disposed readers, who read of it here for the first time, will set the thing going again, like some pernicious daisy chain. Now a vast number will be put on their guard.

Who has not heard the ancient puzzle of the Christians and Turks (Fig. 8), first propounded by "Tartaglia" (Nicola Fontana) in the sixteenth century? Fifteen Christians and fifteen Turks being at sea in the same vessel, a dreadful storm came on which obliged them to throw all their merchandise overboard. This, however, not being sufficient to lighten the ship, the captain informed them that there was no possibility of its being saved unless half the passengers were thrown overboard also. Having, therefore, caused them all to arrange themselves in a circle, by counting from nine to nine, and throwing every ninth person into the sea, it was found that after fifteen persons had been thrown overboard the fifteen Christians remained. How did the captain arrange those thirty persons so as to save the Christians? A very similar story is told by Hegesippus, the historian, of Josephus, who died A.D. 93. There is no easier way of solving the puzzle than by arranging thirty dots in a circle and making the actual count, as I have shown in a diagram. The numbers indicate the order in which the men are counted out, removed, and thrown overboard. I begin the count at the bar and always go in the direction of the arrow. We at once see where the Turks must stand in the ring. In fact, starting at the bar, we get the men in this order round the circle: 4C, 5T, 2C, 1T, 3C, 1T, 1C, 2T, 2C, 3T, 1C, 2T, 2C, 1T. This means four Christians, then five Turks, then two Christians, and so on. To remember the order of the numbers, all you have to do is to commit to memory this line, "From number's aid and art, never will fame depart." The vowels "a," "e," "i," "o," and "u" represent the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 respectively. Therefore the vowels in the sentence will at once give us the order of numbers, 4, 5, 2, 1, 3, etc., for Christians and Turks alternately.

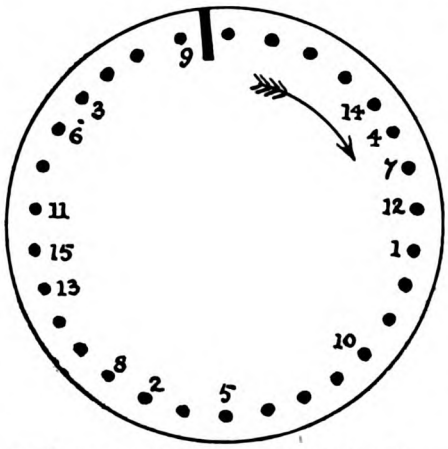

FIG. 8.—HOW TO ARRANGE THE CHRISTIANS AND TURKS.

Here is another old familiar friend (Fig. 9), but it is not generally known that it is supposed to have been invented by Lord Chancellor Chelmsford (Sir F. Thesiger), who died in 1878. A man had a square piece of land. He reserved to himself one-fourth part of it, as indicated in the diagram by the smaller shaded square. The remainder he divided among his four sons, so that each received a piece of land of equal size and exactly similar in shape. How was the land divided? The geometrician will get at the answer in his own light and playful manner by a consideration of right angles and perimeters, but the infant just out of arms will simply divide the land into twelve equal squares as shown by the dotted lines, and, remembering that the number of fours in twelve are three, will without any difficulty so allot three squares to each son that they form in every case a similar shape, as indicated by the dark lines.

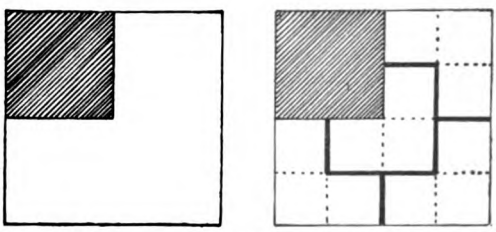

FIG. 9.—LORD CHELMSFORD'S LITTLE PUZZLE.

The large majority of my readers will doubtless have heard of Lewis Carroll's "Monkey and Weight" puzzle (Fig. 10). A rope is supposed to be hung over a wheel fixed to the roof of a building. At one end of the rope a weight is fixed, which exactly counter-balances a monkey which is hanging on to the other end. Suppose that the monkey begins to climb the rope, what will be the result? Here is an extract from the author's diary ("Life and Letters," page 318), showing the very divergent views held by mathematicians on the question: "Got Professor Clifton's answer to the 'Monkey and Weight Problem.' It is very curious the different views taken by good mathematicians. Price says the weight goes up, with increasing velocity; Clifton (and Harcourt) that it goes up at the same rate as the monkey; while Sampson says that it goes down." The opinion hastily arrived at by most people

(who overlook the point of the centre of gravity) is that given by a correspondent quoted in "The Lewis Carroll Picture Book," page 268, that "the weight remains stationary." Our friend, the man in the street, generally settles the matter to his own satisfaction in a very few minutes, but it is really much more complex and difficult than he supposes. It is not very hard to arrive at an answer theoretically if you eliminate such things as frictional resistances, inertia of pulley, weight of rope, initial impulse, air resistances, and so on, and the solution will depend on which of these things you ignore. But when you have to deal with a live monkey and a rope and pulley of which you know nothing, the conditions are such that it is not possible to give an answer to the question. Mechanical contrivances have been devised to try to settle the question, but the results are not satisfactory, for, to take only one point, a clockwork apparatus will ascend with a steady motion that cannot be expected of any monkey.

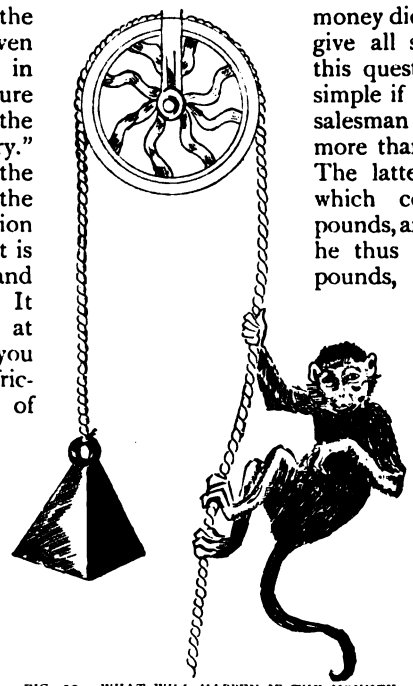

FIG. 10.—WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE MONKEY CLIMBS THE ROPE?

Here is a little tangle that is perpetually cropping up in various guises. A cyclist bought a bicycle for fifteen pounds and gave in payment a cheque for twenty-five pounds. The seller went to a neighbouring shopkeeper and got him to change the cheque for him, and the cyclist, having received his ten pounds change, mounted the machine and disappeared. The cheque proved to be valueless, and the salesman was requested by his neighbour to refund the amount he had received. To do this, he was compelled to borrow the twenty-five pounds from a friend, as the cyclist forgot to leave his address, and could not be found. Now, as the bicycle cost the salesman eleven pounds, how much money did he lose altogether? People give all sorts of absurd answers to this question, and yet it is perfectly simple if one just considers that the salesman cannot possibly have lost more than the cyclist actually stole. The latter rode away with a bicycle which cost the salesman eleven pounds, and the ten pounds "change"; he thus made off with twenty-one pounds, in exchange for a worthless bit of paper. This is the exact amount of the salesman's loss, and the other operations of changing the cheque and borrowing from a friend do not affect the question in the slightest. The loss of prospective profit on the sale of the bicycle is, of course, not direct loss of money out of pocket.

It is a curious fact that the answers always given to some of the best-known puzzles that appear in every little book of fireside recreations that has been published for the last fifty or a hundred years are either quite unsatisfactory or clearly wrong. Yet nobody ever seems to detect their faults. Here is an example: "The Sheep Fold." A farmer had a pen made of fifty hurdles, capable of holding a hundred sheep only. Supposing he wanted to make it sufficiently large to hold double that number, how many additional hurdles must he have? I will leave the reader to examine this simple question for himself. Here is another old friend: "The Puzzle Wall" (Fig. 11). There was a small lake, around which four poor men built their cottages. Four rich men afterwards built their mansions, as shown in the illustration, and they wished to have the lake to themselves, so they instructed a builder to put up the shortest possible wall that would exclude the cottagers, but give themselves free access to the lake. How was the wall to be built?

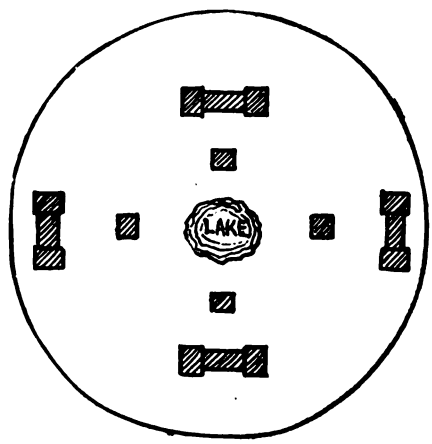

FIG. 11.—BUILD A WALL TO SHUT OFF THE COTTAGES FROM THE LAKE.

(The correct answers to the last two little puzzles will appear in our next number.)

The House of Arden

BY E. NESBIT

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECRET PANEL.

"WHERE shall we hide him?" Elfrida asked, impatiently.

Cousin Bet, fired by Elfrida's enthusiasm, jumped up and began to finger the carved flowers above the chimneypiece.

"The secret room," she said; "but slip the bolt to and turn the key in the lock."

Elfrida locked the room door, and turned to see the carved mantelpiece open like a cupboard.

Then Elfrida flew to the window and set back the casement quite wide, and in climbed the beautiful gentleman and stood there, very handsome and tall, bowing to Miss Betty, who sank on her knees and kissed the white, jewelled hand he held out.

"Quick!" said Elfrida. "Get into the hole."

"There are stairs," said Betty, snatching a candle in its silver candlestick and holding it high.

The Chevalier St. George sprang to a chair, got his knee on the mantelpiece, and went into the hole, just as Alice goes through the looking-glass in Mr. Tenniel's picture. Betty handed him the candle, which his white hand reached down to take. Then Elfrida jumped on the chair and shut the panel, leaped down, and opened the room door just as the maid reached its other side with the supper-tray.

When the cousins were alone Bet threw her arms round Elfrida.

"Don't be afraid, little cousin," she whispered; "your Cousin Bet will see that no harm comes to you from this adventure."

"Well, I do think!" said Elfrida, getting out of the embrace most promptly, "when it was me let him in, and you'd have screamed the house down if I hadn't stopped you——"

"Stop chattering, child," said Bet, drawing a distracted hand over her pretty forehead, "and let me set my wits to work, how I may serve my King."

"*I*," said Elfrida, scornfully, "should give him something to eat and see that his bed's aired; but I suppose that would be too vulgar and common for you."

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The two looked at each other across the untasted supper.

"Impertinent chit," said Bet.

"Chit yourself," retorted Elfrida.

Then she laughed.

"Come, Cousin Bet," she said; "your uncle's away and you're grown up. I'll tell you what to do. You just be wise and splendid, so that your portrait'll be in the illustrated Christmas numbers in white satin and an anxious expression. 'The saviour of her King'—that's what it'll say."

"Don't wander in your speech, child," said Cousin Bet, pressing her hand to her brow; "I've enough to distract me without that. And if you desire to ask my pardon, do so."

"Oh, well, I beg your pardon—there!" said Elfrida, with extreme irritation. "*Now* perhaps you'll give your King something to eat."

"Climb into that hole—with a tray? And the servants, perhaps, coming in any minute? What would you say to them if they did?"

"All right, then, *I'll* go," said Elfrida, only too glad of the chance.

Bet touched the secret spring, and when Elfrida had climbed into the dark hole—which she did quite easily—handed her the supper-tray.

"Oh, bother," said Elfrida, setting it down at her feet with great promptness. "It's too heavy. He'll have to come down and fetch it. Give me a candle and shut the panel, and tell me which way to go."

"To the right and up the steps. Be sure you kneel and kiss his hand before you say a word."

Elfrida reached down for the candle in its silver candlestick, the panel clicked into place, and she stood there among the cob-webby shadows of the secret passage, the light in her hand and the tray at her feet.

"It's only a Mouldiwarp magic adventure," she said, to hearten herself, turned to the right, and went up the stairs. They were steep and narrow. At the top she saw the long, light line of a slightly-opened door. To knock seemed unwise. Instead, she spoke softly, her lips against the line of light.

"It's me," she said, and instantly the door opened and the beautiful gentleman stood before her.

The secret room had a little furniture—a couch, a table, chairs—all old-fashioned, and their shapes showed beautiful, even in the dim light of the two candles.

"Your supper," said Elfrida, "is at the bottom of the stairs. The tray was too heavy for me. Do you mind fetching it up?"

"If you'll show me a light," he said, and went.

"You'll stay and eat with me?" said he, when she had lighted him back to the secret room and he had set the tray on the table.

"I mustn't," said Elfrida. "Cousin Bet's such a muff; she wouldn't know where to say I was if the servants came in. Oh, I say! I'm so sorry I forgot. She told me to kneel and kiss your hand before I said anything about supper. I'll do it now."

"Nay," said he; "I'll kiss thy cheek, little lady, and drink a health to him who shall kiss thy lips when thou'rt seventeen and I am—what was it—five hundred?"

"Two hundred and thirty," said Elfrida, returning his kiss cordially.

"The absent tray will betray you," said he, taking food and wine from it and setting them on the table. "Now I will carry this down again. You have all the courage, but not quite the cunning, of a conspirator."

"How long are you going to stay here?" Elfrida asked. "I suppose you're escaping from someone or something, like in history?"

"I shall not stay long," he said. "If anyone should ask you if you have seen the King, what would you say?"

"I should say 'no,'" said Elfrida, boldly. "You see, I can't possibly know that you're the King. You just say so, that's all. Perhaps really you aren't."

"Exquisite!" said he. "So you don't believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" said Elfrida; "but I needn't, you know."

"S'life!" he said. "But I wish I were. There'd be a coronet for somebody."

"You wish you were——"

"Safely away, my little lady. And as for coronets, the jewels are safe. See, I have set them in the cupboard in the corner."

Then he carried down the tray, and Elfrida, who was very hungry, tried to persuade Bet that she must eat, if only to keep up her strength for the deeds of daring that might want doing at any moment.

But Bet declared that she could not eat; the least morsel would choke her. And as for going to bed, she was assuring her cousin that she knew her duty to her King better than that, and that she would defend her Sovereign with her life, if need were, when her loyal ecstasies were suddenly interrupted.

For the quiet of the night was broken by a great knocking at the castle door and the heavy voice of a man crying:—

"Open, in the Queen's name!"

"They've come for him! All is lost! We are betrayed! What shall we do?"

"*Eat*," said Elfrida; "eat for your life."

She pushed Bet into a chair and thrust a plate before her, put a chunk of meat-pie on her plate and another on her own.

"Get your mouth full," she whispered, filling her own as she spoke — "so full you can't speak—it'll give you time to think."

And then the door opened, and in a moment the room was full of gentlemen in riding dress, with very stern faces. And they all had swords.

Betty, with her mouth quite full, was trying not to look towards the panel.

Elfrida, whose mouth was equally full, looked at the gentleman who seemed to be leading the others, and remarked:—

"This is a nice time of night to come knocking people up!"

"All hours are alike to a loyal subject," said a round, fat, blue-eyed gentleman in a green suit. "Have you any strangers under your roof to-night?'

"'NOW,' SAID A DOZEN VOICES, 'THE TRUTH, LITTLE MISS.'"

"Oh!" cried Bet, "all is lost!"

The gentlemen exchanged glances and crowded round her.

"You *have* a stranger here?" they asked; and "Where is he?" and "You cannot refuse to give him up."

"My heart told me so," cried Bet. "I knew it was he you were seeking," and with that she fainted elegantly into the arms of the nearest gentleman.

"Ask the child—children and fools speak the truth," said the fat, blue-eyed gentleman.

Elfrida found herself suddenly lifted on to the table, from which she could see over the heads of the gentlemen who stood all round her. She could see Bet reclining on the sofa, and the open door with servants crowding in it, all eyes and ears.

"Now," said a dozen voices, "the truth, little miss."

"What do you want to know?" she asked, and, in a much lower tone, "I sha'n't tell you anything unless you send the servants away."

The door was closed and the truth was asked for again.

"If you'll only tell me what you want to know," she repeated.

"Does any stranger lie here to-night."

"No," said Elfrida. She knew that the beautiful gentleman in the secret chamber was not lying down, but sitting to his supper.

"But Miss Arden said 'All is lost,' and she knew 'twas he whom we sought."

"Well," Elfrida carefully explained, "it's like this. You see, we were robbed by a highwayman to-day, and I think that upset my cousin. She's rather easily upset, I'm afraid."

"Very easily," several voices agreed; and someone added that it was a hare-brained business.

"The shortest way's the best," said the plum-coloured gentleman. "Is Sir Edward Talbot here?"

"No, he isn't," said Elfrida, downrightly; "and I don't believe you've got any business coming into people's houses and frightening other people into fits, and I shall tell Lord Arden when he comes home."

"Zooks!" someone cried, "the child's got a spirit; and she's right, too, strike me if she isn't."

"If," said Elfrida, "you think your Talbot's playing hide-and-seek here, and if he's done anything wrong, you can look for him if you like. But I don't believe Lord Arden will like it. That's all. I should like to get down on to the floor, if you please!"

I don't know whether Elfrida would have had the courage to say all this if she had not remembered that this was history times, and not now-times. But the gentlemen seemed delighted with her bravery.

They lifted her gently down, and, with many apologies for having discommoded the ladies, they went out of the room and out of the castle. Through the window Elfrida heard their voices and the clatter and stamp of their horses' hoofs as they mounted and rode off, laughing heartily.

She could not bear to go back into her own time without seeing the end of the adventure. So she went to bed in a large four-poster, with Cousin Bet for company. The fainting fit lasted exactly as long as the strange gentlemen were in the house, which was very convenient.

Elfrida got up very early in the morning and went down into the parlour. She had meant to go and see how the King was, and whether he wanted his shaving-water first thing, as her daddy used to do. But it was so very, very early that she decided that it would be better to wait a little. The King might be sleepy, and sleepy people were not always grateful, she knew, for early shaving-water.

So she went out into the fields where the dew was grey on the grass, and up on to Arden Knoll. And she stood there and heard the skylarks. And presently she saw two figures coming across the fields from where the spire of Arden Church rose out of the tops of trees as round and green as the best double-curled parsley. And one of the gentlemen wore a green coat and the other a purple coat, and she thought to herself how convenient it was to recognise people half a mile away by the colour of their clothes.

Quite plainly they were going to the castle—so she went down too, and met them at the gate with a civil "Good morning."

"You are no lie-abed, at least," said the green gentleman. "And so no stranger lay at Arden last night, eh?"

Elfrida found this difficult to answer. No doubt the King had lain—was probably still lying—in the secret chamber. But was he a stranger? No, of course he wasn't. So—

"No," she said.

And then through the open window of the parlour came, very unexpectedly and suddenly, a leg in a riding boot, then another leg, and then the whole of the beautiful gentleman stood in front of them.

"So-ho!" he said. "Speak softly, for the servants are not yet about."

"They *are*," said Elfrida, "only they're at the back. Creep along under the wall; you will get away without their seeing you then."

"Always a wonderful counsellor," said the beautiful gentleman, bowing gracefully. "Come with us, little maid. I have no secrets from thee."

So they all crept along close to the castle wall to that corner from which, between two shoulders of down, you can see the sea. There they stopped.

"And the wager's mine," said the beautiful gentleman, "for all you tried to spoil it. That was not in the bond, Fitzgerald, entering Arden at night at nine of the clock, to ferret me out like a pack of hounds after Reynard."

"There was nothing barred," said the green gentleman. "We tried waylaying you on the road, but you were an hour early."

"Ah," said the beautiful gentleman, "putting back clocks is easy work. And the ostler at the Bull loves a handsome wager nigh as well as he loves a guinea."

"I do *wish* you'd explain," said Elfrida,

almost stamping with curiosity and impatience.

"And so I will, my pretty," said he, laughing.

"Aren't you the King? You said you were."

"Nay, nay—not so fast. I asked thee what thou wouldst say if I told you I was King James."

"Then who *are* you?" she asked.

"Plain Edward Talbot, Baronet, at your ladyship's service," he said, with another of his fine bows.

"But I don't *understand*," she said; "*do* tell me all about it from the beginning." So he told her, and the other gentlemen stood by, laughing.

"The other night I was dining with Mr. Fitzgerald here, and the talk turned on highway robbery, and on Arden Castle here, with other matters. And these gentlemen, with others of the party, laid me a wager—five hundred guineas it was—that I would not rob a coach. I took the wager. And I wagered beside that I would rob a coach of the Arden jewels, and that I would lie a night at Arden beside, and no one should know my name there. And I have done both, and won my wager. I am but newly come home from foreign parts, so your cousin could not know my face. But, zounds, child! had it not been for thee I had lost my wager. I counted on Miss Arden's help—and a pale-faced, fainting, useless fine lady I should have found her. But thou—thou'rt a girl in a thousand. And I'll buy thee the finest fairing I can find next time I go to London. We are all friends. Tell pretty miss to hold that tongue of hers, and none shall hear the tale from us."

"But all these gentlemen coming last night. All the servants know."

"The gentlemen came, no doubt, to protect Miss Arden, in case the villainous highwayman should have hidden behind the window curtain. Oh, but the wise child it is—has a care for every weak point in our armour!"

Then he told his friends the whole of the adventure, and they laughed very merrily, for all they had lost their wager, and went home to breakfast across the dewy fields.

"It's nice of him to think me brave and all that," Elfrida told herself; "but I *do* wish he'd *really* been the King."

When she had told Betty what had happened everything seemed suddenly to be not worth while; she did not feel as though she cared to stay any longer in that part of the past—so she ran upstairs, through the attic and the pigeon-noises, back into her own times, and went down and found Edred sitting on the second-hand of the daisy-clock; and he did not believe she had been away at all. For all the time she had been away seemed no time to him, because he had been sitting on that second-hand.

So when the Mouldiwarp told them to go along in, they went; and the way they went was not in, but out, and round under the castle wall to the corner from which you could see the sea. And there they lay on the warm grass, and Elfrida told Edred the whole story, and at first he did not believe a word of it.

"But it's true, I tell you," said she. "You don't suppose I should make up a whole tale like that, do you?"

"No," said Edred. "Of course, you're not clever enough. But you might have read it in a book."

"Well, I didn't," said Elfrida, "so there!"

"If it was really true, you might have come back for me. You know how I've always wanted to meet a highwayman—you know you do."

"How could I come back? How was I to get off the horse and run home and get in among the chests and the pigeon-noises and come out here and take you back? The highwayman—Talbot, I mean—would have been gone long before we got back."

"No, he wouldn't," said Edred, obstinately. "You forget I was sitting on the clock and stopping it. There wasn't any time while you were gone—if you *were* gone."

"There was with *me*," said Elfrida. "Don't you see——"

"There wouldn't have been if you'd come back where I was," Edred interrupted.

"How can you be so aggravating?" Elfrida found suddenly that she was losing her temper. "You *can't* be as stupid as that, really."

"Oh, can't I?" said Edred. "I can, though, if I like. And stupider—*much* stupider," he added, darkly. "You wait."

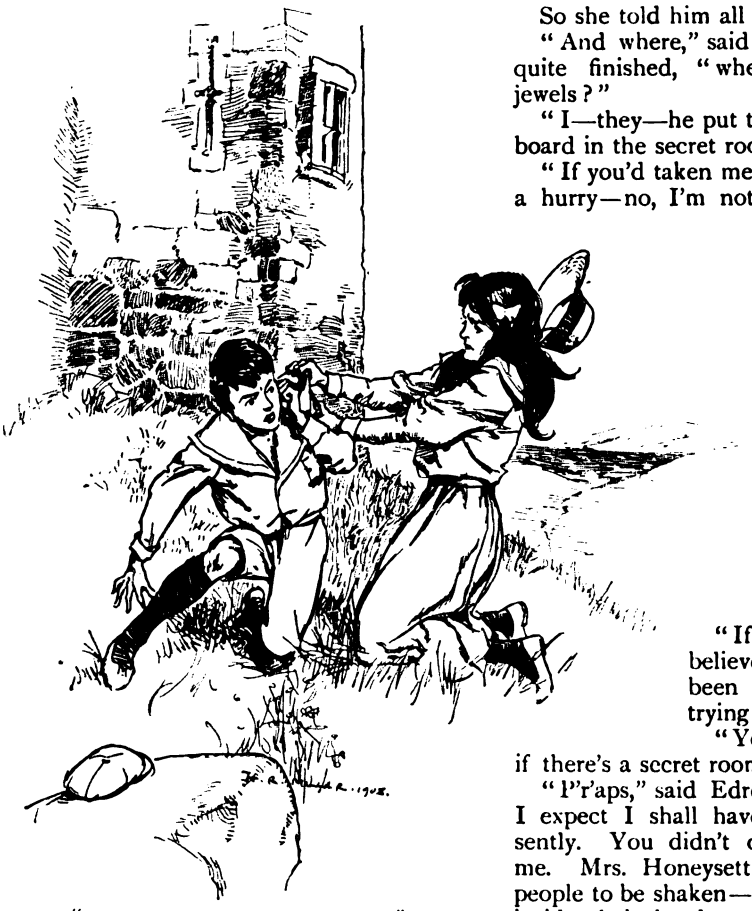
"Edred," said his sister, slowly and fervently, "sometimes I feel as if I *must* shake you."

"You daren't!" said Edred.

"Do you dare me to?"

"*Yes*," said Edred, fiercely.

Of course, you are aware that after that, by all family laws, Elfrida was obliged to shake him. She did, and burst into tears. He looked at her for a moment and—but no—tears are unmanly. I would not betray the weaknesses of my hero. Let us draw a veil,



"ELFRIDA WAS OBLIGED TO SHAKE HIM."

or take a turn round the castle and come back to them presently.

It is just as well that we went away when we did, for we really turned our backs on a most unpleasant scene. And now that we come back to them, though they are still crying, Elfrida is saying that she is very sorry.

"Oh, all right," he says, "I'm sorry too. There! But us saying we're sorry won't make us unquarrel. That's the worst of it. We sha'n't be able to find The Door for three days now. I do wish we hadn't. It *is* sickening."

"Never mind," said Elfrida; "we didn't have a real I'll-never-speak-to-you-again-you-see-if-I-do quarrel, did we?"

"I don't suppose it matters what sort of quarrel you have," said the boy, in gloom. "Look here—I'll tell you what—you tell me all about it over again and I'll try to believe you. I really will, on the honour of an Arden."

So she told him all over again.

"And where," said Edred, when she had quite finished, "where did you put the jewels?"

"I—they—he put them in the corner cupboard in the secret room," said Elfrida.

"If you'd taken me and not been in such a hurry—no, I'm not quarrelling, I'm only reasoning with you like Aunt Edith—if *I'd* been there I should have buried those jewels somewhere and then come back for me, and we'd have dug them up, and been rich beyond the dreams of—what do you call it."

"But I never told Betty where they were. Perhaps they're there now. Let's go and look."

"If they are," said he, "I'll believe everything you've been telling me without trying at all."

"You'll have to do that if there's a secret room, won't you?"

"I'r'aps," said Edred; "let's go and see. I expect I shall have got a headache presently. You didn't ought to have shaken me. Mrs. Honeysett says it's very bad for people to be shaken—it mixes up their brains inside their heads so that they ache, and you're stupid. I expect that's what made you say I was stupid."

"Oh, dear," said Elfrida, despairingly. "You know that was before I shook you, and I did say I was sorry."

"I know it was, but it comes to the same thing. Come on—let's have a squint at your old secret room."

But, unfortunately, it was now dinner-time. If you do happen to know the secret of a carved panel with a staircase hidden away behind it, you don't want to tell that secret lightly—as though it were the day of the week, or the date of the Battle of Waterloo, or what nine times seven is—not even to a grown-up so justly liked as Mrs. Honeysett. And, besides, a hot beef-steak pudding and greens do not seem to go well with the romances of old days. To have looked for the spring of that panel while that dinner smoked on the board would have been as unseemly as to try on a new gold crown over curl-papers. Elfrida

felt this. And Edred did not more than half believe in the secret, anyway. And, besides, he was very hungry.

"Wait till afterwards," was what they said to each other in whispers, while Mrs. Honeysett was changing the plates.

"You do do beautiful cooking," Edred remarked, as the gooseberry pie was cut open and revealed its chrysoprase-coloured contents.

"You do the beautiful eating then," said Mrs. Honeysett, "and you be quick about it. You ain't got into no mischief this morning, have you? You look as though butter wouldn't melt in either of your mouths, and that's always a sign of something being up with most children."

"No, *indeed* we haven't," said Elfrida, earnestly, "and we don't mean to either. And our looking like that's only because we brushed our hairs with wet brushes, most likely. It does make you look good, somehow; I've often noticed it."

"I've been flying round this morning," Mrs. Honeysett went on, "so as to get down to my sister's for a bit this afternoon. She's not so well again, poor old dear, and I might be kept late. But my niece Emily's coming up to take charge. She's a nice lively young girl; she'll get you your teas, and look after you as nice as nice. Now don't you go doing anything what you wouldn't if I was behind of you, will you? That's dears."

Nothing could have happened better. Both children felt that Emily, being a young girl, would be more easy to manage than Mrs. Honeysett. As soon as they were alone they talked it over comfortably, and decided that the best thing to do would be to ask Emily if she would go down to the station and see if there was a parcel there for Master Arden or Miss Arden.

"And if there isn't," Elfrida giggled, "we'll say she'd better wait till it comes. We'll run down and fetch her as soon as we've explored the secret chamber."

"I say," Edred remarked, thoughtfully, "we haven't bothered much about finding the treasure, have we? I thought that was what we were going into history for."

"Now, Edred," said his sister, "you know very well we didn't go into history on purpose."

"No—but," said Edred, "we ought to have. Suppose the treasure is really these jewels. We'd sell them and rebuild Arden Castle like it used to be, wouldn't we?"

"We'd give Auntie Edith a few jewels, I think, wouldn't we? She is such a dear, you know."

"Yes; she should have first choice. I do believe we're on the brink, and I feel just exactly like as if something real was going to happen—not in history, but here at Arden—Now-Arden."

"I *do* hope we find the jewels," said Elfrida. "Oh, I do! And I do hope we manage the lively young girl all right."

Mrs. Honeysett's best dress was a nice bright red—the kind of colour you can see a long way off. They watched it till it disappeared round a shoulder of the downs, and then set about the task of managing Emily.

The lively young girl proved quite easy to manage. The idea of "popping on her hat" and running down to the station was naturally much pleasanter to her than the idea of washing the plates that had been used for beefsteak pudding and gooseberry pie, and then giving the kitchen a thorough scrub out—which was the way Mrs. Honeysett had meant her to spend the afternoon.

Her best dress—she had slipped the skirt over her print gown so as to look smart as she came up through the village—was a vivid violet, another good distance colour. It also was watched till it dipped into the lane.

"And now," cried Elfrida, "we're all alone, and we can explore the great secret!"

"But suppose somebody comes," said Edred, "and interrupts, and finds it out, and grabs the jewels, and all is lost. There's tramps, you know, and gipsy-women with baskets."

"Yes—or a drink of water, or to ask the time. I'll tell you what—we'll lock up the doors, back and front."

They did. But even this did not satisfy the suddenly cautious Edred.

"The parlour door, too," he said.

So they locked the parlour door, and Elfrida put the key in a safe place, "for fear of accidents," she said. I do not at all know what she meant, and when she came to think it over later she did not know either. But it seemed all right at the time.

They had provided themselves with a box of matches and a candle—and now the decisive moment had come, as they say about battles.

Elfrida fumbled for the secret spring.

"How does it open?" asked the boy.

"I'll show you presently," said the girl. She could not show him then, because, in point of fact, she did not know. She only knew there *was* a secret spring, and she was feeling for it with both hands among the carved wreaths of the panels, as she stood

with one foot on each of the arms of a very high chair—the only chair in the room high enough for her to be able to reach all round the panel. Suddenly something clicked and the secret door flew open—she just had time to jump to the floor, or it would have knocked her down.

Then she climbed up again and got into the hole, and Edred handed her the candle.

"Where's the matches?" she asked.

"In my pocket," said he, firmly. "I'm not going to have you starting off without me—*again*."

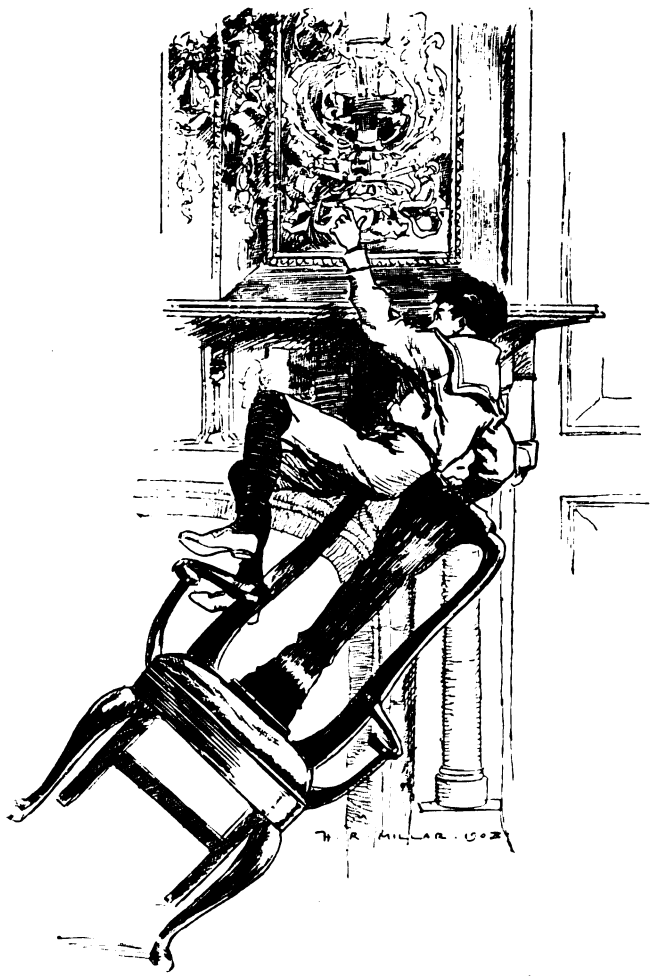
"Well, come on, then," said Elfrida, ignoring the injustice of this speech.

"All right," said Edred, climbing on the chair. "How does it open?"

He had half closed the door, and was feeling among the carved leaves, as he had seen her do.

"Oh, come on," said Elfrida; "oh—look out!"

Well might she request her careless brother to look out. As he reached up to touch the carving the chair tilted, he was jerked forward, caught at the carving to save himself, missed it, and fell forward with all his weight against the half-open door. It shut with a loud bang. Then a resounding crash echoed through the quiet house as Edred and the big chair fell to the floor in, so to speak, each other's arms.



"EDRED AND THE BIG CHAIR FELL TO THE FLOOR."

There was a stricken pause. Then Elfrida from the other side of the panel beat upon it with her fists and shouted:—

"Open the door! You aren't hurt, are you?"

"Yes, I am—very much," said Edred, from the outside of the secret door, and also from the hearthrug. "I've twisted my leg in the knickerbocker part, and I've got a great bump on my head, and I think I'm going to be very poorly."

"Well, open the panel first," said Elfrida, rather unfeelingly. But then she was alone in the dark on the other side of the panel.

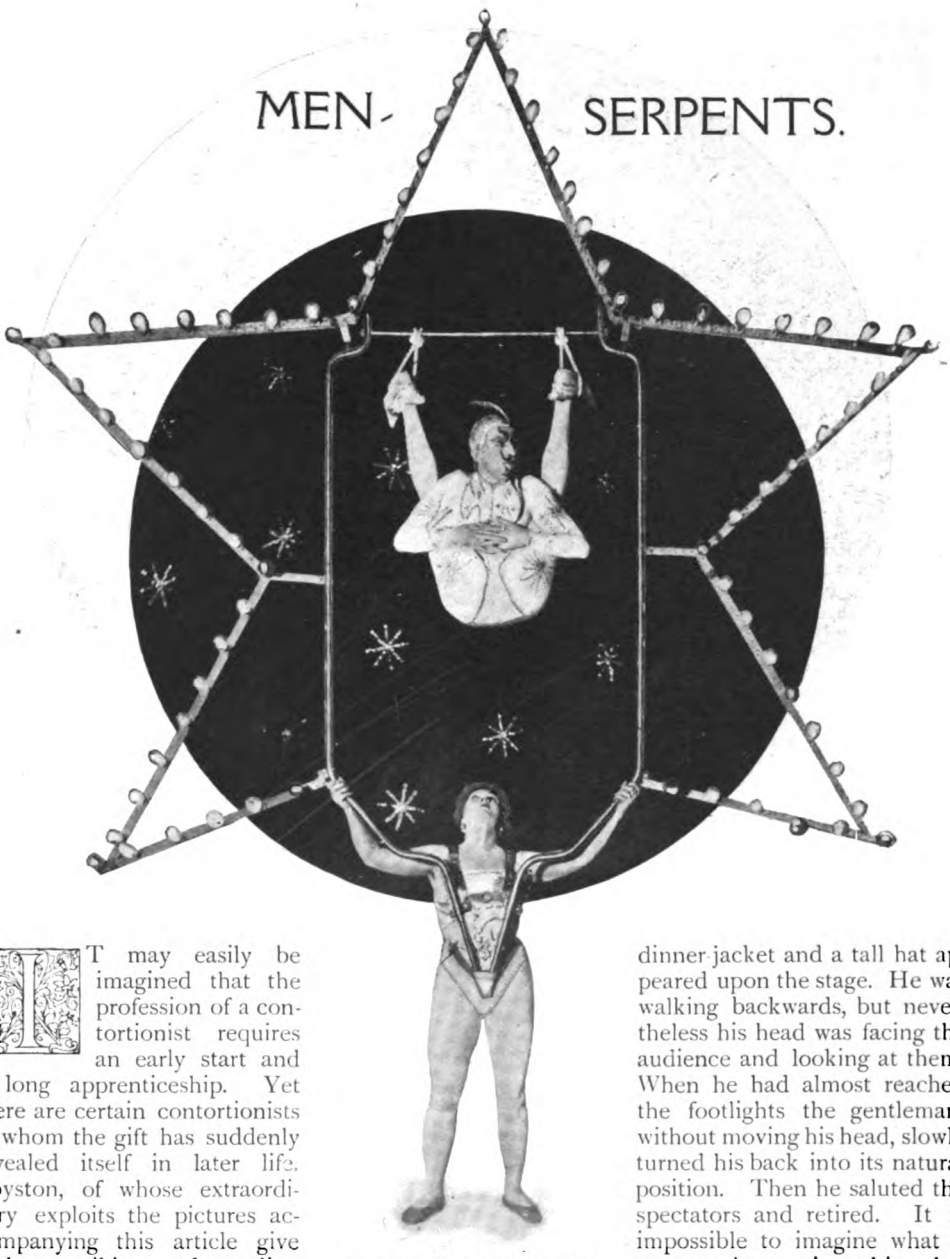
"I don't know how to," said Edred, and Elfrida heard the sound of someone picking himself up from among disordered furniture.

"Feel among the leaves, like I did," she said; "it's quite easy. You'll soon find it."

There was no answer from Edred, only silence.

(To be continued.)

MEN-SERPENTS.



BOYSTON, "THE INDIA-RUBBER MEPHISTO," AND HIS WIFE IN ONE OF THEIR MOST EXTRAORDINARY FEATS.

IT may easily be imagined that the profession of a contortionist requires an early start and a long apprenticeship. Yet there are certain contortionists in whom the gift has suddenly revealed itself in later life. Boyston, of whose extraordinary exploits the pictures accompanying this article give such a striking and startling idea, started life as a tailor.

These pictures give such a vivid impression of Boyston's feats that further description of them is unnecessary. He may be called one of the kings of his profession. But without attaining quite such marvellous results, there are many methods by which a contortionist can produce a sensation. One startling exploit which sent a thrill through the whole audience happened a few weeks ago at a theatre in Berlin. A gentleman in a dinner-jacket and a tall hat appeared upon the stage. He was walking backwards, but nevertheless his head was facing the audience and looking at them. When he had almost reached the footlights the gentleman, without moving his head, slowly turned his back into its natural position. Then he saluted the spectators and retired. It is impossible to imagine what a strange impression this phenomenon produced.

The acrobats of the music-halls have no end in view except to cause amusement. But suppose one should meet them in ordinary life! Mr. Berkeley, the proprietor of a London hotel, was in his office about six o'clock one evening when he heard a knock at his door, while a voice, which seemed to express pain, cried "Open!" Mr. Berkeley obeyed, but a cry of horror escaped him, and he almost fell backwards. He saw

ANOTHER REMARKABLE POSITION OF "THE INDIA-RUBBER MEPHISTO."

before him, rolling on the ground, topsy-turvy, a kind of human ball, which was walking upon its hands, with the head twisted round, eyes protruding, and neck contorted.

"I did not wish to alarm my neighbours," gasped this extraordinary being—it was a contortionist from a circus, who had been practising in his room—"but I cannot unhook my leg from behind my neck, and unless you can help me I am afraid it is all up with me."

Mr. Berkeley disentangled the acrobat, who fell exhausted on a chair. He had descended twenty stairs upon his hands in this position!

Among many Oriental nations contortionism forms a part of their religious professions, especially among the Indian yogas and fakirs. Bava Luchman Dass is a Brahmin of the first class, as is attested by the red patch which marks his forehead. For fourteen years he received from the priests of the Black Caves of Central India the necessary education in order to become a yoga, as a yoga must be capable of taking the forty-eight postures of the Hindu idols. Bava was soon the most extraordinary and the most skilful of contortionists. At Benares he was seen by a rich English merchant of Bombay, who advised him to exhibit himself in Europe. It is impossible, for want of space, to describe Bava's extraordinary performances, but perhaps his greatest trick consists in balancing himself on the ends of his fingers while the whole of his body is in the air. Bava seemed very surprised at the startling success of this exhibition, as, he states, in order to obtain the rank of yoga in the Black Caves of India he had to continue in this position on the ends of his fingers, under the eyes of the judges, without a second's interval, *for seven days and nights!*

Just as tight-rope walkers acknowledge as their chief the famous Blondin, so contor

tionists take as their model the celebrated man-serpent, Marinelli. Besides his appearances in public, he has given a performance for scientific purposes before the Paris Faculty of Medicine. One of his extraordinary poses on that occasion is shown in the picture reproduced below. Four hundred doctors were present, who declared that the elementary laws of physiology and anatomy did not exist in the case of Marinelli.

AN UNRIVALLED DOUBLE FEAT OF CONTORTIONISM.

It is a surprising fact that in this particularly difficult branch of the acrobatic art are numbered many women. As may be seen by our pictures, the wife of Mr. Boyston is hardly a less successful contortionist than himself. Another famous lady acrobat was Kate Weber, a German girl, with whom is connected a romantic story. One evening at the circus she had the misfortune to fall from her trapeze. At the same moment a spectator sprang on to the stage, lifted the young girl in his arms, and carried her into the wings, where he remained until the doctor assured him she was out of danger. For a fortnight he reappeared no more, but every morning a messenger left an enormous bunch of roses at the lady's house. Finally the handbills announced the return of Kate Weber, and that very night the stranger was in the theatre again, seated in the same stall as before. On recognising him, Kate was so agitated that she broke down in her performance and retired in great distress. But in the wings the stranger rejoined her.

MARINELLI IN ONE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY POSES WHICH HE EXHIBITED BEFORE THE PARIS FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

"Excuse me," he said, "I am so faint-hearted that but for the accident of the other day I should never have declared my feelings. I love you, and I ask you to be my wife. Will you take me?"

Kate Weber accepted him. This timid stranger proved to be a very wealthy man, and the lady acrobat, at the cost of a bad shaking, thus won the happiness of her life.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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ARE HER EYES OPEN OR CLOSED?

THE peculiarity about this photograph is that on close examination the eyes appear open, while on holding it at a distance they look to be closed. This effect was caused by the lady moving her eyes while I was taking the portrait.—Mr. F. Oberndorfer, 58, Alexandra Road, Hampstead, N.W.

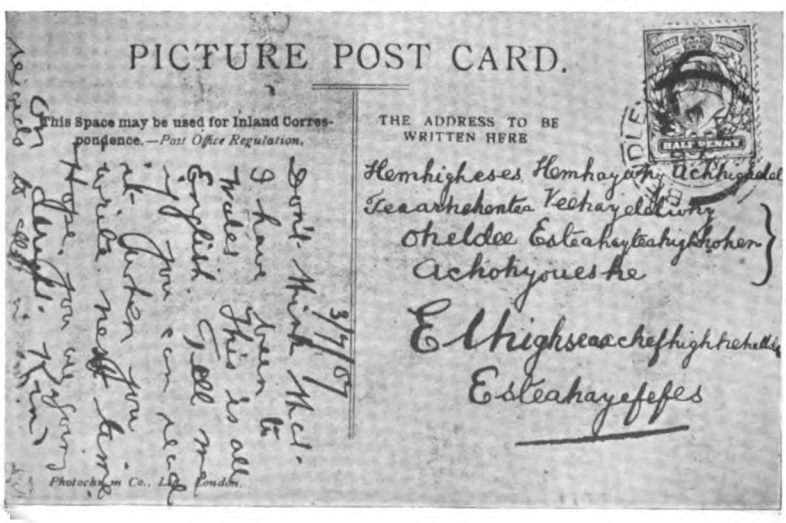
A MUSICAL TRAMP.

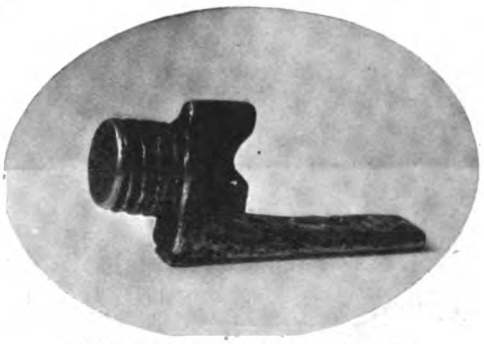
THIS curiously-made violin is the work of an ingenious tramp who earns his living by playing in the streets. The body of it is made out of an old tin, with the top of a spade fixed in as a handle, while for a bow he has tied some hair out of a horse's tail on to a stick. Needless to add, this strange-looking instrument attracts no little attention, and probably serves its owner's purpose far better than a Stradivarius

would ever do.—Mr. Walter White, 2, Providence Place, River Street, Windsor, Berks.

CAN YOU READ THIS ADDRESS?

THIS post-card was sent through the post in the ordinary course and delivered without delay, though it proved something of a puzzle to the Post Office officials at one end of the journey, as they admitted it took them twenty minutes to decipher the address. How long it took to make it out at the other end I do not know, but it is only another instance of what the poor Post Office clerks have to contend with! I leave it to readers of THE STRAND to solve the puzzle, which is quite an easy matter once the clue is obtained. From a photo. by W. A. Bullock, Lichfield.—J. W. W.





AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

I SEND you a photograph, exact size, of a breech-pin, weighing two and a quarter ounces, which remained for over twenty-three years in the head of a Mr. William Rickard. It was in 1838, as the result of an accident, that the pin entered his head through the right eye, and not until 1861 was it recovered. In November of that year a tumour which had formed burst, and the pin came out through the mouth. This curiosity is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Rickard, of Faversham (son of the above-named), on whose behalf I send you the photograph.—Mr. A. H. De'Ath, The Eoro' Studio, Faversham, Kent.

WHAT A PENNY EARNS AT COMPOUND INTEREST.

IN sending us the accompanying table, Mr. A. A. Keeves, Boundary Street, Shoreditch, N.E., states that he believes himself to be the only person who has calculated the exact accumulations (to the nearest farthing) of a penny invested for one thousand nine hundred and five years at five per cent. compound interest. He also adds that the answer will be found correct to the millionth of a penny.

DECORATED EGGS AS GIFTS.

IN certain districts of Hungary the peasants have a pretty custom of giving decorated eggs as parting gifts to their friends. After being boiled the eggs are

painted, varnished, and stencilled with such mottoes as "May your path be strewn with roses," "May your future be bright and happy," etc. Photo. by Mrs. Adam.—Mr. H. S. Lumsden, 57, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE MAGIC OF FIGURES.

A Problem. If a penny had been current coin in the beginning of the Christian Era and had been invested at **5% Compound Interest**, what would it accumulate to (to the nearest farthing by the end of 1905 A.D.? In working out the problem no allowance need be made for leap years or for the 11 days struck out of the Calendar by Act of Parliament in the year 1752 A.D.

THE ANSWERS AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

YEARS.	POUNDS.							SHILLINGS.	PENCE.	DECIMAL PLACES IN EXACT ANSWER.
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1·05	2
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1·4071, &c.	14
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1·9799, &c.	28
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3·9201, &c.	56
56	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	3·3674, &c.	112
112	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	8·1573, &c.	224
119	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	7	8·2971, &c.	238
224	—	—	—	—	—	—	232	7	6·3014, &c.	448
238	—	—	—	—	—	—	460	1	9·3820, &c.	476
448	—	—	—	—	—	12	959,693	16	7·7679, &c.	896
476	—	—	—	—	—	50	803,673	8	4·2629, &c.	952
896	—	—	—	—	40,308	879,414	882,005	15	7·2320, &c.	1,792
952	—	—	—	—	619,443	175,857	274,891	3	0·6293, &c.	1,904
1792	—	389,953	382,324	039,595	039,480	398,765	824,427	9	10·0423, &c.	3,584
1904	92	090,363	547,875	228,779	593,601	554,821	067,499	16	3·1047, &c.	3,808
1905	96	694,881	725,268	990,218	573,281	632,562	120,874	16	0·8600, &c.	3,810
Numeration	Sextillions.	Pentillions.	Quadrillions.	Trillions.	Billions.	Millions.	—	—	—	—

COMPARISON.—At **5% Simple Interest** the answer would have been exactly **eight shillings and one farthing.**

As any sum of money invested at 5% Compound Interest doubles itself in 14·2066, &c., years, it follows that just over 134 series (in geometrical progression) are required for 1905 years, as for example:—1d., 2d., 4d., 8d., &c., &c.

The number of figures involved in the working of the above problem exceed 47,000. An exact answer to every possible decimal place would involve 10,193,000 figures, but the opening decimals would not be different to the above.

The result of the problem is quite beyond the grasp of the human mind, and it is only by expressing it in a concrete form that a clear conception of its overwhelming magnitude is possible. It would require one hundred and fifty thousand millions of pure golden globes the size of this Earth to exhaust the answer.

If a column containing at its base 10,000 square miles of sovereigns, packed as closely as possible in a vertical position, were raised from this Earth to a star sufficiently distant to expend the sovereigns contained in the answer, the light of that star—travelling at the rate of 180,000 miles per second—would take nearly 29½ years to reach us.

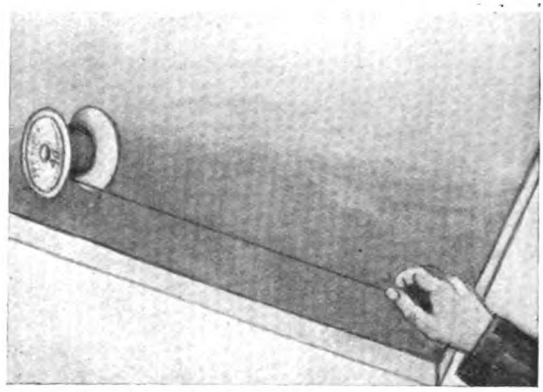
It is therefore evident that the lucky investor would now experience some little difficulty in pocketing his unearned increment!

The Fallacy.—Although the result is theoretically correct, it is obviously impossible in practical affairs. The extent to which 5% Compound Interest can be earned is limited by the capital being employed in production.

A. A. KEEVES,
BOUNDARY STREET, SHOREDITCH,
LONDON, N.E. 1906.

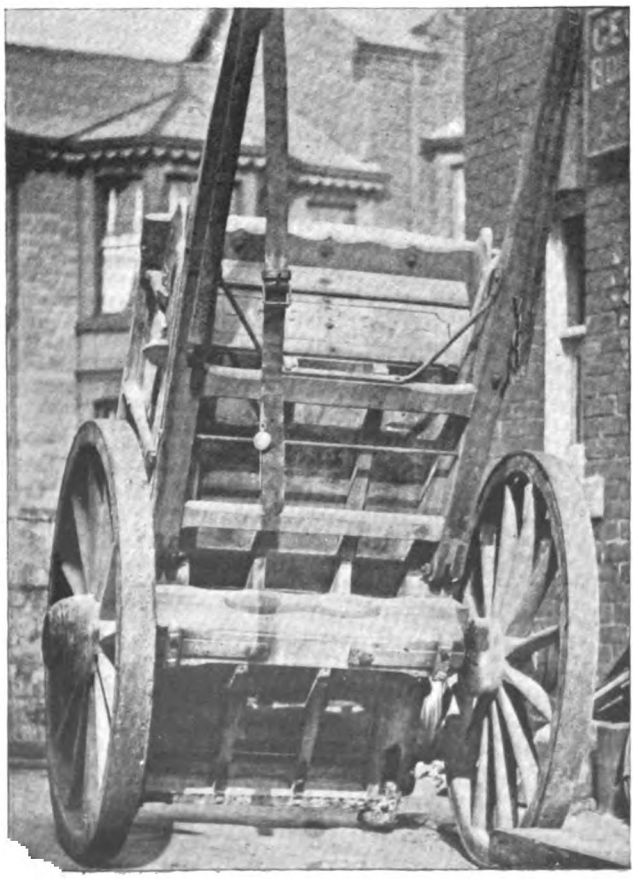
ANOTHER EXPERIMENT IN DYNAMICS.

AMONG the Curiosities in the February STRAND was a description of an interesting experiment with a bicycle. A somewhat similar experiment can be made with a half-emptied reel of cotton. If such a reel be placed on a table with a length of cotton coming from the under side, and if the cotton be pulled gently, as shown in the accompanying drawing, it might be supposed that the thread would unwind from the reel, causing the latter to roll away from the hand. The opposite effect, however, is produced—the reel rolls towards the hand that pulls the thread, winding up the latter as it comes, the reel travelling at a greater rate than the pulling hand.—Mr. H. T. Flather, 48, Hill Street, St. Albans, Herts.



AN INANIMATE THIEF.

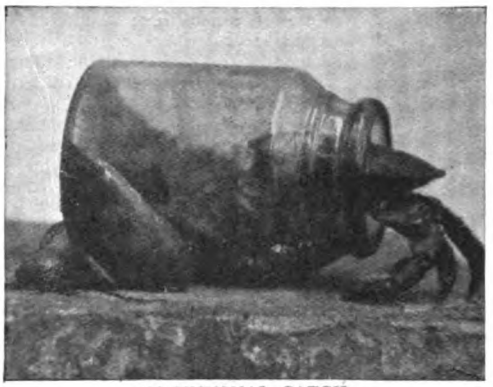
I SEND you a photograph of a watch found in a most peculiar position—viz., on the girth-band of a cart-horse, hanging on a little piece of leather chipped out of the band. It is remarkable that it should have kept its position on such an insecure fastening, despite the wind blowing it backwards and forwards, and the shaking it would receive when the cart was tipped up. More extraordinary still, perhaps, is the fact that it escaped observation, though only a yard away from the high road. The most probable explanation is that the watch caught in the band when the cart was being tipped up, for the owner of the watch, our carter, always kept it in the top pocket of his waistcoat, with the chain in the pocket below.—Mr. R. H. Fisher, 43, Crystal Road, South Shore, Blackpool.



SOMETHING NEW IN DOOR-STOPS

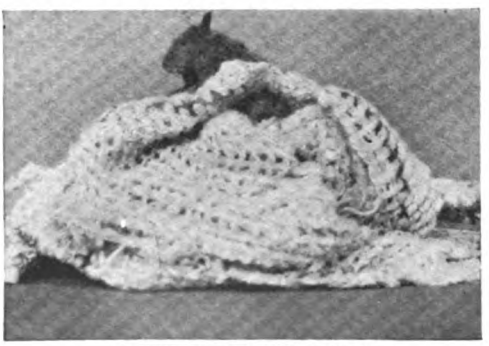
BELOW is a photograph of a novel door-stop which some of your readers may like to copy.

It was made of an old wine-bottle filled with sand, to which a doll's head was fastened, the whole then being dressed as a little "slavey," who, though so small, when placed in position only seemed to be doing her duty in holding open the door. The variety of figures that can be made in this way is practically unlimited, and to those of an inventive turn of mind the work makes a special appeal. Of course nimble fingers are needed, combined with a certain amount of patience, but the results will be found so pleasing as fully to repay the expenditure of a little time and trouble.—Mrs. L. Savory, 51, Horsford Road, Brixton, S.W.



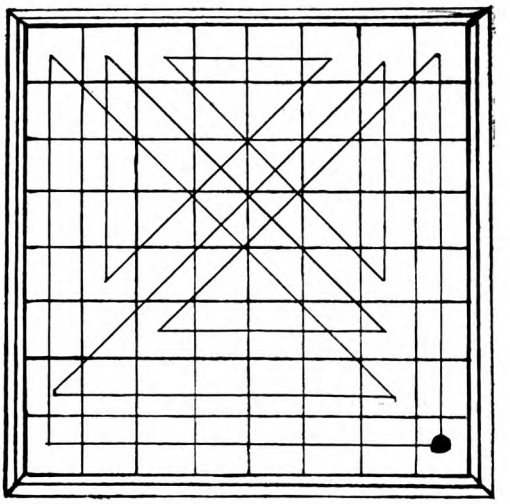
AN UNUSUAL CATCH.

MR. GEORGE HOLMAN, an Exmouth fisherman, while fishing for flat fish, had his bait taken by the crab shown in the accompanying photograph. It is surmised that the crab, while shedding its shell, must have got into the bottle, and, the new shell forming and expanding, prevented its getting out again. It is extraordinary that the crab continued to exist, for it would be quite unable to drag the bottle about, and the barnacles on it prove that it must have been stationary for some considerable time. —Mr. H. S. Coles, Queen's Hotel, Exmouth.



A PECULIAR MOUSE-TRAP.

HERE is a photograph, which I took myself, showing the very strange manner in which a mouse met its fate. The duster which served as mouse-trap was one of the open network type, and was found rolled up in the drawer where it is usually kept, with the mouse entangled fast in the meshes. The hind legs of the little animal were tightly secured, and its body partly, through a hole which it had apparently gnawed and tried in vain to force its way through. But the poor little mouse had only succeeded in twisting the net even more tightly round its body, thus causing its own death. The occurrence seemed to me such an unusual one that I thought you would consider the photograph worthy of a place among your Curiosities. —Mr. J. H. Cartwright, Fern Bank, Moore, near Warrington.



CHESS PROBLEMS.

WE give herewith the solution to the "Queen's Tour" Problem, in which the puzzle was to cover every square on the board in fourteen moves.

Our readers will remember the chess problem in the February number, in which four queens and a castle had to be so placed that they commanded every square on the board. Mr. E. R. Gilbert, 60, Gillette Street, Hartford, Conn., has discovered that the problem can be solved by using three queens and two castles, instead of four queens and one castle, and thinks this may be an improvement on Mr. Blackburne's improvement on the problem by Mr. Sam Loyd, who used five queens for the same purpose. We will give Mr. Gilbert's solution next month.

"OVER THE GARDEN WALL."

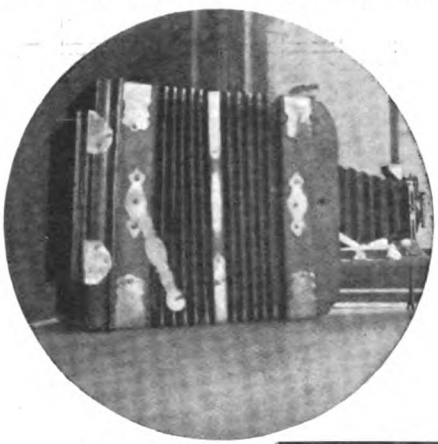
OUR neighbours never borrow—quite the reverse. The other day I collected a few gifts received, anonymously, over the wall that protects us from the street. The group includes a door-mat, broom, hair-brush and comb (slightly damaged), a rather passé pipe, mouth-organ, lamp-oiler, rubber bag, scrubbing-board, sofa-castor, and sundry empty boxes and tins. They do not make a very imposing show, it is true, but the photograph may not be without interest to some in our neighbourhood. Might I take this opportunity of thanking the donors, as it has been impossible to reply to them individually?

RINGS CARVED FROM OLD BONES.

THE four rings here shown appear at first sight to have been carved from real ivory, yet such is not the case. They were made by an old man, eighty-three years of age, from a mutton-bone, his only tools being a knife with a saw blade and a piece of a small file. By means of his saw he cut the bone into sections, and then with the aid of his knife and file fashioned the pieces into rings, which he afterwards disposed of for a few coppers.—Mr. F. H. Cornell, 39, St. George's Avenue, Tufnell Park, N.

A TIP FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BY this combination of melodeon and camera I have succeeded in making a very serviceable

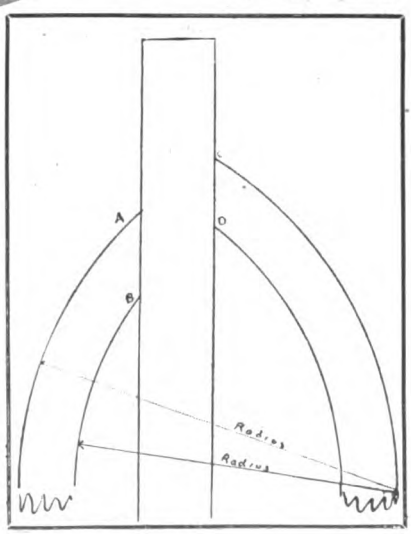


instrument for copying photographs. The musical parts of the melodeon being broken, I took them out and, fixing the camera in front and the dark slide at the back, thus made a camera with the necessary long extension.—Mr. H. Freeman, 18, Clifford Street, Bond Street, W.

A CLOCK MADE OF PENNIES.

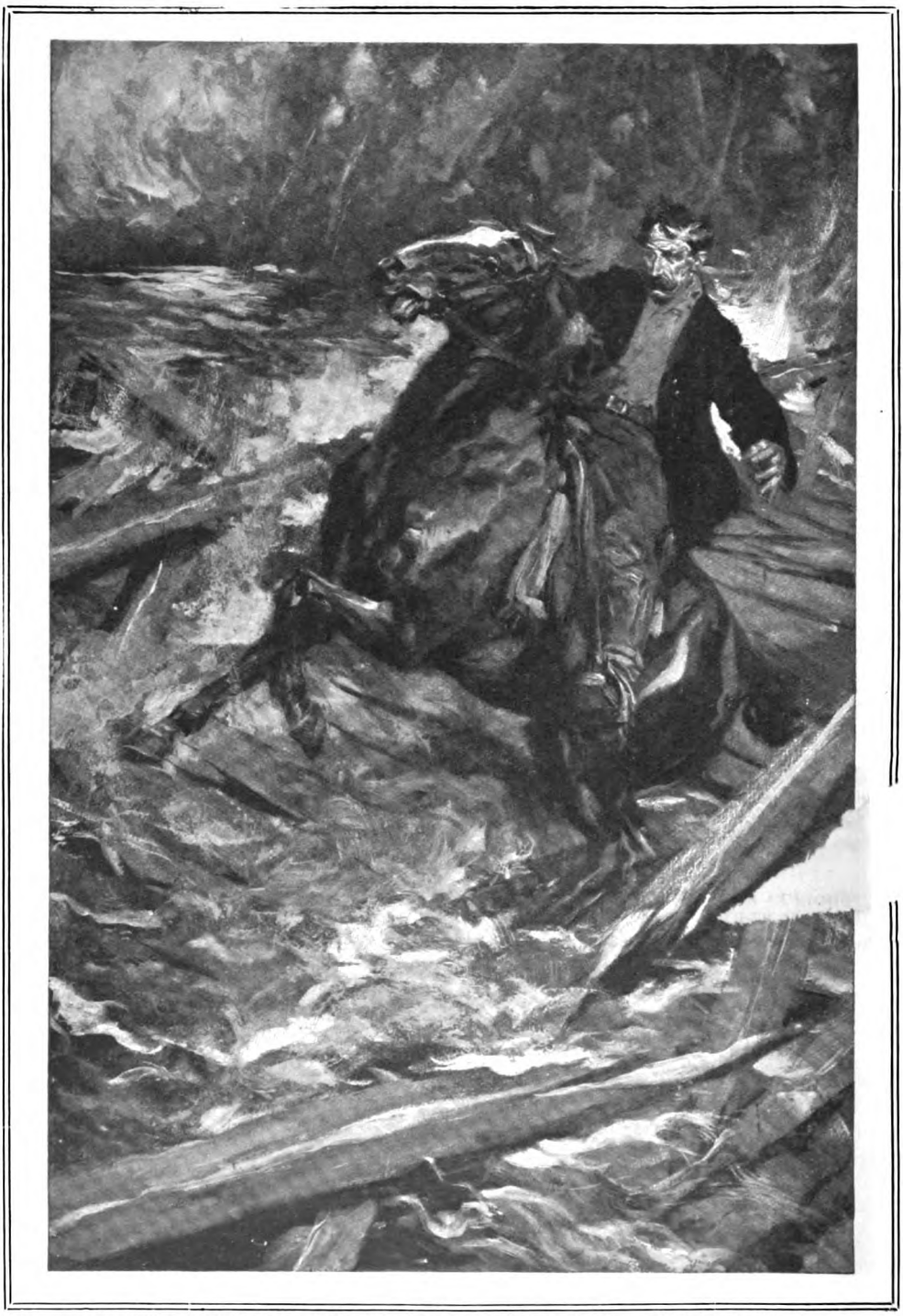
I SEND you a photograph of a clock I made out of old pennies. The coins, of which there are ninety-six, all bearing the date 1797, were beaten out to almost double their original size and then riveted together, while the figures were made of small strips of copper, cemented on to the face. The clock stands fourteen inches high and is eight inches broad at the base. That "time is money" is an adage with which we all more or less agree, but this is a case in

which the saying might be reversed and still remain true.—Mr. J. Norman Longfield, Laurel Bank, Ilkley, Yorkshire.



ANOTHER CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.

AT first sight it appears that the lines A and B would not join correctly to C and D without deviating from their proper course, and so not form a perfect arch. This is not so, however, for if the lines are continued they will meet at the points for which they were intended.—Mr. R. G. Parkinson, 41, Royal Park Terrace, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.



"HE FELT THE TOTTERING PLANKS SWING UNDER HIM."

(*See page* 611.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxv. JUNE, 1908. No. 210.

LAWLESS OF PRESIDIO.

By C. C. ANDREWS,

Author of "In the Days of the Old Régime," etc.

THE rains, for the season of the year, had been extraordinarily many and heavy, and White River was very high. So high that the swollen current, sucking hungrily at its banks, had here and there overlapped them, flooding the broad road that, winding round the foot of the mountain and bisecting the little township, descended into the valley beyond, and, climbing the hill to Leadville, ran downwards past Cross Corners and on to Basset. So high that old Squire Lamotte, standing in his office doorway watching the revolutions of the great sawmills which had "made" both the locality and himself, shook his head ominously, as doubting whether they would stand the strain, and to his nephew and partner, busy at his desk within, had declared his opinion that the bridge below the bend would be likely to go before night. So high, finally, that Lawless, as he rode, had more than once found himself in water so far above his horse's fetlocks that his buckskin leggings were splashed to the knee.

More than one head turned to watch his stately, slouch-hatted figure, erect in the saddle as an Indian's, probably noting unusual traits in it beside the fact that it was strange. Some Spanish blood had gone to his making—his sallow, lean, clear-cut face, with its expression of melancholy gravity, its dense blackness of eyes and brows, hair and long curved moustaches, might have belonged to a Don of Old Castile. Two pretty girls, laughing and chattering in a doorway, flung him sidelong glances as he passed and nudged each other. One burst into fresh giggles.

"Guess he's a regular cowboy, Mamie! But he's real handsome," she whispered.

"Handsome!" The other tossed her curly head. "You'd better say he's real old—guess he's fifty!" she said, with disdain.

Lawless saw neither; his eyes were quietly alert for the sight of a certain name. Seeing it he dismounted and went striding in. Young Lamotte turned in surprise as the light was blocked by the towering, square-shouldered figure.

"You'll be Squire Lamotte, I reckon?" said Lawless, quietly.

"No; that is my uncle. He has just stepped out, I believe. But I am his partner. If I can do anything——" Lamotte began.

"Reckon you can," said Lawless, as before. "Thank 'ee, Mr. Lamotte, and I ask pardon for troubling you." He shook hands gravely. "My name's Lawless—Lawless of Presidio, Texas. You'll have heard of me, likely."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Lawless."

"Is that so? Well, I allow it is considerable of a call from Vermont to the Rio Grande. I've got a ranch there—a tolerable big one, but maybe it isn't as big as I calculate. What I've come to ask is this, to put it short: whether you or your uncle—it's all the same, I reckon—have got working for you a man by the name of Swayne?"

"Swayne?" Lamotte smiled. "You won't have come all the way from the Rio Grande to White River to ask that question, Mr. Lawless?"

"Maybe you think not—I reckon I have," said Lawless, calmly. "I heard he was likely here, and I headed out. If I'd heard he was on Staten Island, I'd have headed that way. It isn't for the first time, and it won't be the last—till I find him. The name of Swayne."

He stood with great shoulders squared, waiting. A subtle air in the attitude of his massive figure, in the set gravity of his face, seemed to suggest a power to wait indefi-

nitely, indomitably. Lamotte was kindly, his sympathies were quick; behind this front of stolid patience he divined something of the fire that fed it. He rose, interested and curious.

"Swayne?" he repeated. "Yes, we have a man of that name, sure enough. Getting a little too old for his work now, but——"

"Old?" Lawless interrupted quickly.

"Yes. He must be all of sixty, and——"

"I allow the man I want won't be more than thirty-five."

"Then this won't be the one. He is much older."

Lawless half swung round to the door, hesitated, and swung back again. He put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out something attached to a long loop of black cord—a woman's gold watch, hardly bigger than a locket. It flew open to his touch upon the spring, showing that it was a mere shell—the works were gone. He held it out, lying on his palm.

"Maybe," he said, slowly, "you're thinking he's older than he is—maybe he's younger than he looks. Here's the picture of the man I've been looking for now for close on four years, though not all the time, you understand. I'll be obliged, Mr. Lamotte, if you'll say if he looks anything like the man that's working for you."

Lamotte took the watch, turning it to the light. Within was a roughly-shaped disc of cardboard, and pasted upon it the portrait of a man which had evidently been cut from a newspaper—a young, pleasantly good-looking man with a moustache and short, pointed beard. He shook his head.

"Not at all," he said, decisively.

"It don't look like him?"

"Not in the least. Swayne must be full five-and-twenty years older, and when he was young can't have looked at all like this." He examined the picture again. "And yet—I don't know—I seem to know someone this is like."

"Ye do?" cried Lawless, eagerly.

"I believe so." He turned towards an inner door, called, and a young man appeared.

"Take a look at that, Bridgeman, will you? Know anyone it looks like?"

"Guess I do. He's station-boss over at Addison," said the man, tersely, at once.

"You're sure?"

"Guess I'm sure enough to bet on it unless he's got a twin brother his mother never heard of. It's him, Mr. Lamotte. Why, you'll have seen him yourself, likely?"

"I think I have. What is his name?"

"Well, I dunno, though I guess I've heard it. It's a short one. Something like Lang or Lane, I reckon."

"Or Swayne?"

"Well, it might be that," agreed the man.

He handed back the watch, withdrawing in obedience to his employer's nod. Lawless closed and replaced it in the inner pocket from which he had taken it. His absolute stolid composure had seemed to deepen. But his eyes were brighter.

"I guess this is my man," he said, quietly. "Thank 'ee, Mr. Lamotte. If ever you're down my way in Texas I'll be proud to give you the best sort of a time. And now I'll be obliged if you'll tell me what may be the nearest road to Addison."

He went out. Lamotte, following, pointed out the way to the track which led over the shoulder of the mountain, and added directions as to the road across the plain beyond. Lawless listened with the same gravely-fixed, attentive face, and with an expression of intensity and concentration curious to see. It impressed Lamotte, and brought out a question before he was aware.

"This Swayne a friend of yours?" he asked.

"No," said Lawless, simply. He swung himself into the saddle and gathered up the reins. "I've never seen him. I don't look to see him—more than once."

"No? Is that so? Four years is sort of long to be looking for a man you don't know."

"I reckon you won't ever know how long, Mr. Lamotte. Thank 'ee again, and good day," said Lawless, quietly, and so rode away.

The ascent of the winding mountain road was here and there fairly difficult, but he took it easily, letting his horse choose its own pace. In all the journeys of the past four years which the pursuit of his relentless search had entailed he had never been in a hurry, perhaps because he had never wavered in his belief that he must run his quarry to earth at last—had doubted it no more than what, when he did so, his course of action would be. When he came face to face with Swayne there would be but one thing to do, as there would be but one sentence to speak—"I'm Lawless of Presidio, Steve Lawless's brother," and so shoot the man down. An eye for an eye! Of a nature utterly uncomplex, to him the simple, stern old law was one of indefeasible justice and right, and as he designed to mete it out, so he would have asked nothing better than that it should be measured to him again.

He rounded the shoulder of the mountain and struck into the downward track to the right, winding in among the trees that here grew thickly—so thickly that he presently rode in a deep green arch of shadow. Passing the belt of forest he emerged upon a wide, sloping glade dotted with clumps of bushes and rank undergrowth, and so came within sight of the plain—a waste of sunburnt tussocky grass and coarse scrub. The afternoon was growing late; it would probably be dark when he reached Addison, in which case it would be as well to wait until morning before——

He reined up with a jerk. There could be no doubt about the sound that had startled him—it was the cry of a child. Not a piteous, weak wail, but a vigorous, roaring howl, the expression of anger or fright, or both. It came again with increased volume, and now there was no doubt about its direction. In a moment Lawless was off his horse and, pushing his way through a tangle of brushwood, looked down at the grubby, tear-stained face of a small girl in a blue gingham frock and sun-bonnet, who stopped with another howl suspended to stare at him.

"Hul-lo!" ejaculated Lawless, amazed.

The child said nothing; her pink mouth and her blue eyes remained wide open together. Lawless stooped and lifted her out of her nest of flattened ferns, revealing a pair of plump, scratched, mottled legs, shoes much the worse for wear, and both socks down.

"Where's your mammy, little 'un?"

"Dunno." The mouth rounded for another roar, which again stopped suspended.

"How's you get here, sissy?"

"Yun away."

"Run away?" translated Lawless, doubtfully.

"'Ess—yun away." Still wavering on the brink of a howl, she suddenly changed it to a smile of the widest amiability. "Me an' Toby," she finished, with what, on the whole, was a complacent air.

"Toby?" Lawless echoed.

"'Ess." She made a dive that nearly sent her sprawling at something that frisked in the bracken, and clutched it—a fat white terrier puppy; a squirming, wriggling, canine infant of some three months or so. "Bofe yun away—me an' Toby," she explained cheerfully, with the kicking puppy upside down.

"Little girls shouldn't run away. Guess you're a naughty girl—real naughty," said Lawless, severely.

"'Ess." The blue bonnet wagged in solemn self-admonishment. "Naughty girl—weal naughty girl!" she agreed, comfortably.

"Where d'you live, little 'un?"

"Dunno." She chuckled. "Toby yunned an' I yunned, an'——"

"What's your name, sissy?"

"Huh!"

"What's your name?"

The resultant mouthful was a long one. It sounded like "'Ic'oria."

"Eh?" asked Lawless.

"'Ic'oria," she repeated.

"Oh! You don't say?" Lawless pulled his long moustache perplexedly. "Let's have it again, sissy," he said, coaxingly. "All of it, dear."

The mouthful promptly swelled longer than ever. "'Ic'oriahallett," she said, with a terrific effort and elaborate articulation. "'Ic'oriahallett."

"Oh! Is that so?" Then he had a sudden inspiration. "Victoria?" he hazarded, hopefully. "Victoria Hallett? Is that it, sissy?"

"Zat's it—'course it is!" The blue bonnet confirmed the discovery with a nod distinctly contemptuous. "An' I yun away, an' Toby yun away, an'——"

"Guess you did—all right." He surveyed the tiny figure, gravely helpless. "You'd best come along with me and find your mammy, eh?"

Miss Hallett expressed her acquiescence in the suggestion by holding out her arms to be lifted with the utmost confidence, seeming to consider it unexpectedly sensible in the circumstances. Lawless mounted, holding her carefully bunched before him, and disposed of Toby by stuffing him into a pocket. So young a child—she could hardly be three years old—could not have wandered far, he thought. If the first house he came to did not prove to be her home, it would surely be one where she was known and where he could leave her. On the other side of the glade a cart-track to the left presently became visible, and he turned into it, coming into sight of some outbuildings and a small shingled house, from the front of which a wide space opened and the road wound downwards to the level of the plain. As he rode through the yard-gate a woman appeared in the doorway—a mere girl, slim and fair, with a baby in her arms, and Victoria, from her perch, gave a scream of delight.

"I yun away, mammy!" she piped, shrilly, with a triumphant tattoo of her heels against the horse's shoulder. "I yun away an' Toby yun away, an' I yided all ze way home!"

"Oh, Victoria, you bad child—you real bad child!" cried the girl, running down the porch steps. Her pretty face was pale and frightened, her blue eyes quite wild. "I had ought to whip you, that I ought—I've been 'most scared to death! Naughty, naughty girl!"

"'Ess—naughty girl! An' I yided all ze way home!" crowed the culprit, joyously.

"AS HE RODE THROUGH THE YARD-GATE A WOMAN APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY."

Lawless was dismounting—he set the child on her feet, lifting his hat with a bow. He had found her a mile away up the track, he explained, gravely, and would have passed but for hearing her cry. She was none the worse, except maybe for a scratch or two. Little Mrs. Hallett, pink with mingled shyness and relief—mother and children were alike charming with rosy, blond tints and rounded curves—plunged into eager thanks. She had missed Victoria "as much as two hours ago, and had been just about crazy." But she had not dared to leave the house because baby had been "sort of feverish and fractious since morning; she guessed it was his teeth," and Sandy (her husband) was away over in White River. He had come home only a few minutes ago, and was looking around the out-buildings before starting to search up and down the track. It was "real lucky" that he would not have to go, for he was "all used up

already"; he had been "pretty weak" since —— Here he was!

She broke off, breathless. A man had appeared round the corner of the house, Victoria had plunged at him with a squeal of delight, and he had caught her up, hugging her. Lawless found his hand wrung and more thanks poured out; Hallett was even more eager and voluble than his wife had been. He—Lawless—was riding to Addison? It would be real dark before he got there; he must stop supper—Almira would have it ready right away—and the night over, if he would, but supper, anyhow. Lawless, hardly knowing whether he had assented or not, found himself following to a stable, and standing by while the other started to feed and water his horse. In a moment he took the pail away.

"Reckon you're pretty weak, ain't you?" he asked, quietly.

"Sort of, I suppose," confessed Hallett. He had swayed under the weight of the heavy vessel as he filled it, and almost stumbled. "I'm feeling considerable used up to-night. It's 'most the first time I've been out since I was sick."

"Fever?" asked Lawless. His eyes were gravely compassionate as they surveyed the other's slight figure and feeble movements.

"Yes, but I had an accident first—got pitched out of the wagon one night and broke some ribs and put my shoulder out. My head was hurt some, too. Guess I was pretty well smashed up altogether. I'm pulling along smart enough now, though." He laughed. "Guess a man's got to when he's got a wife, not to count young ones."

"That's so," Lawless assented. "Reckon you want to take your time, though, and walk before you can run."

"Oh, I'm fit enough, thank 'ee," said Hallett, briskly. "I allow I'm glad I don't have to go hunting for the little 'un, though."

The baby had been laid down to sleep in an inner room when they entered the house, and the pretty Almira was bustling briskly about the big kitchen, from stove to pantry and back again, in her preparations for supper. Victoria, her little flaxen head a tangle of curls as the removed blue bonnet had rumpled it, came sidling up to stand at Lawless's knee, to which she presently hauled herself by gripping his coat with two small grubby hands, proceeding to an examination of his buttons and so forth with much composure. Mrs. Hallett, turning from the fire, whose heat had flushed her pink cheeks red, glanced at her husband and back again.

"Guess she's taken to you," she said. "She's real shy with men mostly, though she's wonderful fond of her father, isn't she, Sandy? But children generally know those that's fond of and used to them. Though I allow you'll hardly have any as little as she is?"

"Nor bigger, neither, ma'am, seeing that I never had a wife," said Lawless, simply. He stroked Victoria's head as she burrowed it into his waistcoat. "But maybe in a way I'm as used to them as many that have. I raised one once from the time when he was considerable smaller than this, and 'most single-handed, too. He could only just about make out to stand when his mother—that wasn't mine, you'll understand—died and left him, my half-brother, to me."

"Say, is that so?" cried Almira. She looked with increased favour and kindness at the face whose grave, black-browed, Spanish handsomeness had impressed her simple fancy at once. "Guess you must have got to feel 'most as if he was your own instead of your brother," she said, with sympathy.

"That's so, ma'am. I don't reckon there's many fathers that get to think more of their sons than I did of Steve."

"He ought to think as much of you as you do of him. Guess he's real fond of you, isn't he?"

"He was, ma'am. Next month it will be four years since he was killed," said Lawless, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, blankly. Her pretty face turned pale with consternation. "Oh, I'm real sorry!" she said, distressed. "I wouldn't have said—I wouldn't have asked if I'd have known. But I didn't have a notion, or—— Killed? I reckon that's a sight worse than just dying. I had an aunt killed in an accident on the cars once, and I used to think I'd never be over dreaming about it. Oh, Victoria, you naughty girl! Put it down this minute!"

She looked, and was relieved to make the diversion. Victoria, tugging at a loop of cord, for which she knew no precedent and could see no reason, had pulled out the little gold watch-case attached to its end. She clutched it, holding back.

"Want it!" she said, resolutely. "Pitty tick-tick! 'Ic'oria wants it. Pitty tick-tick!" She wriggled to hold the case to her ear, listening eagerly. Lawless looked at her mother.

"I guess she can't hurt it any, ma'am—it's not a watch. And it wasn't an accident that killed my brother Steve. He was murdered."

"Murdered!"

Hallett echoed the word as well as his wife, his hollow face and bright eyes thrust into the firelight as he started forward in his chair. Lawless looked only at her.

"That's so, ma'am," he said, quietly—"murdered. Shot down without warning, and before he'd time to pull his own gun. It's what I call murder, I reckon, and maybe you do too. He wasn't twenty when it happened."

"Of course I do! How dreadful!" cried Almira. "It's real awful, Sandy, isn't it? I hope you didn't see, did you?"

"See?" Lawless laughed grimly. "If I'd been there instead of near fifty miles away I wouldn't be here now, ma'am, and the grave of one skunk and coward wouldn't have waited four years for him."

"He got off, then, the man that did the shooting? How did it happen?" she asked, eagerly.

The pretty flushed face with its interest and sympathy was an incentive to speech. Lawless, responding to it, perhaps entered more fully than he had ever done yet into the circumstances of his young brother's death. It was a bald and cruel little story enough. Steve Lawless had fallen in with Swayne, a stranger, at a roadside drinking saloon not far from the little township to which some business of the ranch had taken him. The two had played at cards, had quarrelled, there had been accusations of cheating, fiercely bandied, furious denial, and the man, drawing upon the boy, had shot him down and escaped. A pursuit had been organized, but he had eluded it, and by the time he, Lawless, heard of the tragedy all trace of him had been lost, a thing likely enough to happen in a district so wild and thinly populated as that part of Texas chanced to be. All his own efforts to trace the man had failed, and the reward offered for his capture had been fruitless. Then there had followed, at intervals now long, now short, his patient, unrelenting pursuit of clues that in the end had always failed and broken in his hand. Little Mrs. Hallett, listening, intent upon the face set in its concentrated expression of fixed, waiting gravity, flushed redder.

"I'd feel just like you if it was my brother!" she cried, warmly. "I'd never give over looking for him either—no, that I wouldn't! A cruel, mean skunk—guess he deserves all he'll get when you catch him. I'd give him up myself if I could; he ought to pay for what he did. Don't you say so, Sandy? But I don't see how you'll ever find him when you only just know his name, and not what he looks like."

"He shall pay, ma'am," said Lawless, quietly. "Sure as he killed Steve, and I'm Lawless of Presidio, he shall pay for what he did. And I reckon I do know what he looks like—when I see him."

"You do?" she cried.

"Near enough. There was his picture in the paper. A man who'd watched him playing with Steve drew it—it was his trade. They said it looked just like he did. I don't calculate he'll have changed enough in four years for me not to know him!" He rose, letting the child slip to the floor, and drew the watch-case away from her. "This was Steve's mother's—he always carried it; the bullet he was killed with struck it—there's the mark. I took the works out and cut the picture out'n the paper and put it there instead. Since, I've always carried it, same as he did. I've got Swayne's picture—here!"

He struck a finger on the case as it lay on his palm. Almira started forward eagerly.

"Guess you'd better let me see it, Mr. Lawless. Maybe he don't call himself Swayne now—likely he wouldn't; but I've got a real good memory for faces, haven't I, Sandy? I don't ever seem to forget one. He might happen along here one day, and I'd know him, sure, if I'd seen his picture. I'd be real glad to help you to put your hands on him if I could, and I sort of owe you something for finding Victoria."

"I reckon I know, at last, where to put my hands on him, ma'am. But if you feel like seeing it——" Lawless began.

He had not glanced round. Almira stood with her back that way; neither had seen her husband's face, ghastly and grey, peering from the shadow, or marked his movement as he rose up behind her. Now he made a stumbling stride forward and caught her outstretched hand by the wrist.

"There's—the baby!" he said, hoarsely. "He's—crying, Almira. Guess he'll be—sick again. You'd best go."

The words came in gasps, thickly. He pointed to the inner room. With a little scared mother-cry of alarm and distress the girl ran to the door, disappearing beyond, and it fell to behind her. Hallett swung round upon Lawless.

"Ye skunk!" he said, fiercely. "Ye would have showed it to her, curse ye! She'd have known it, sure enough. I looked like that when she knew me first. It was only when we were going to get married that I shaved.

"HE MADE A STUMBLING STRIDE FORWARD AND CAUGHT HER OUTSTRETCHED HAND BY THE WRIST."

Go out—there's the child listening, and she'll come back."

Lawless, with a great wordless gasp, had fallen back towards the door. He passed out of it, and the other followed. In the moment's dead silence, as they faced in the open, the child thumped at the shut door, crying to follow them. Lawless's fingers closed mechanically upon the dangling watch-case. He slipped it into his breast.

"You're Swayne? Ye mean it? You're Swayne?"

"Ye didn't know it?" Hallett panted.

"Know it?" Lawless struck his hand down upon the stone gate-post beside him, holding it out, clenched and bleeding. It was his one violence of action; he was suddenly, terribly calm. "I reckon," he said, slowly, "that I'd have burnt this hand off at the wrist before I'd have touched yours—if I'd have known it. I reckon I'd have cut my tongue out before it spoke friendly to you —if I'd have known it. Know it? I was going to Addison to find a man there that I'd heard looked like your picture, and that I allowed might be you. Know it? By the Lord, I'd have shot ye down on sight, as I swore to do four years ago—if I'd have known it!"

"Ye'd best do it now, an' quick!" said Hallett, doggedly.

He stood with clenched hands; the breath whistled through his shut teeth. Lawless slowly drew a pace away.

"I figured it out," he said, with the same deliberation, "that I'd shoot down, on sight, soon as I found him, the man that killed Steve Lawless. But I hadn't reckoned on his having folks belonging to him—folks that maybe think as much of him as I did of Steve. You've got them—wife and children. Maybe I'm wrong—maybe I hadn't ought to do it—but I'll give ye a chance of your life."

"What?" cried Hallett, incredulously.

"I say I'll give ye a chance," Lawless repeated. "There's light enough yet, and there's a level place a little piece to the right outside there. Here's two shooters—I mostly carry two—and they're loaded both alike. We'll stand back to back, take ten paces, turn, and shoot. D'ye understand?"

"Yes," said Hallett, hoarsely.

He took one of the revolvers and led the way out of the gate. The spot of which Lawless had spoken was but a few yards away—a smooth little stretch of grass beside the track. In silence, with weapons cocked and ready, the two placed themselves back to back. Lawless's ears were the exquisitely sensitive and acute ears of the plainsman—at the seventh pace some subtle change in the step behind him made him swerve round and downwards with the swiftness of lightning, and Hallett's bullet sang over his lowered head. The next instant the discharge of his own revolver struck the weapon from the other's hand, and with a spring Lawless had him by the throat.

"Ye hound!" he said, fiercely. "Ye meant murder, did ye? Ye treacherous dog!"

He flung him away. Hallett, weakly staggering, almost falling, recovered his balance and stood still. He was chalk-white. Lawless stooped, picked up the fallen pistol, and slipped it into his hip-pocket. Then he faced round.

"Ye meant murder, did ye?" he repeated.

"Yes, I did!" said Hallett, desperately. He laughed. "You'd have shot me for one reason—your brother. I'd have shot you for

"HALLETT'S BULLET SANG OVER HIS LOWERED HEAD."

three—those in the house there. Guess that's all there's any need to say. You've got your shooter. Now finish it!"

He straightened himself, standing rigid. As he did so a sudden cry came from the house. Almira's voice shrieked wildly.

"Sandy, Sandy—quick! Where are you? Oh, baby, baby!" she screamed.

A flutter of her dress and the yellow of her blond head showed in the yard as though she had opened the door and run out; she called her husband's name piteously again and vanished. Hallett swung about.

"You've got to wait!" he said, fiercely, and started running. In the gateway he stumbled, staggering, and Lawless, involuntarily running too, caught hold of and steadied him. They came almost together into the inner room, where the child lay upon the bed with discoloured face and turned-up eyes, struggling convulsively; from the little gasping mouth came the horrible resonant barking cough of croup.

"He's dying, Sandy!" Almira cried, distractedly. "What is it? Victoria wasn't ever like this. You'll have to go and fetch the doctor. He'll die, sure, if we don't get him here quick. Look at him!"

"Yes, yes," said Hallett, hurriedly. He freed the arm she had clutched. "You keep quiet, Almira. I'm going—I'll have him here in an hour!"

He ran out. Lawless gave one look at the tiny writhing body, followed in a stride, and got before him.

"Ye can't go!" he said, bluntly. "Reckon you'll be out'n the saddle in a mile the way you are now, and she'll go near crazy if she's left alone. Where's the doctor? The nearest?"

"White River," said Hallett.

"I came from there—guess I'll find the track again well enough—the moon'll be up in a little. I'll have him here soon as you would, even if you could ride. My horse is fagged—you got one fresh that'll carry me?"

"Yes—the mare. She's blood—she'll go till she drops," Hallett panted.

The words were exchanged as they ran to the stable; Hallett was almost tottering again; he could barely lead out the mare. In little more than a minute Lawless, dexterous and swift, had the saddle upon her and vaulted into it. "That's convulsions and croup—tell her to try a hot bath and keep him warm," he shouted, and galloped out of the yard.

Down by the Rio Grande there were many tales told of the horsemanship of Lawless of Presidio, but perhaps he had never ridden quite as he rode to-night, and certainly the mare, in the course of her mettlesome life, had never, at every available point, had her last ounce of pace so perfectly got out of her. In the open the rising moon showed the track well and the going was almost easy, but in the wide belt of forest the shadows were black, and twice at least only her rider's lightning quickness and consummate skill of foot and hand saved her from broken knees and himself from a fall. White River came hurrying to its windows as the pair, with a furious clatter of flying hoofs, swept by, and young Lamotte, in the act of closing his office door, stared amazed at the figure that sprang down beside him.

"The doctor?" Lawless demanded. "I've got to fetch him. It's a child. Where's his house?"

Lamotte answered—it was but a stone's throw—and the two hurried there together. The doctor was away, and would not return before morning. There was no other in the place. Lawless spoke a few rapid sentences of explanation and sprang into the saddle again.

"Where will be the nearest?" he demanded, as before.

The nearest would be at Emerson, on the opposite bank, but news had come that the bridge, three miles away, beyond the bend, was unsafe, and, if the water continued to rise, would not stand till morning. There was a ford at the fork, a mile lower, but in the present state of the river it would be almost, if not quite, impassable—certainly no stranger could hope to make it in safety. Lawless hardly waited to hear the words out—he "reckoned he would risk the bridge," he said, briefly, and so in a moment was away again at top speed, flying along the flooded road. So much had the river risen within the last three hours that it was all awash. He slackened as he came within sight of the bridge—it seemed to span but the centre of a vast lake, straining and trembling as the furious, hungry water dashed over it in showers of spray. Part of its central supports were already gone—a great mass of beams and timber was torn away as he looked, and went whirling by, a heap of wreckage—the whole structure groaned and quivered and swayed. Plainly it would stand but little more—a rush might carry him safely across—it was the one chance. He lashed the mare and dashed upon it, felt the tottering planks swing under him, heard a frightful, jarring, rending crash, saw them bend, dip.

vanish, and in an instant was struggling in the water, that closed over and sucked him greedily down.

He had instinctively jumped free of the snorting and terrified mare, but his head had struck in falling, and as he came to the surface, striking out mechanically, was for the moment really conscious of nothing. But the force of the current had done him good service, and carried him beyond the jagged piles of the wrecked bridge and the *débris* of broken timber that might have dashed his life out. His eyes cleared, his reeling senses steadied, and the moonlight showed him the mare swimming strongly some twenty yards away. A few powerful strokes and he caught her bridle, turning her head towards the shore. Some minutes of desperate effort and he was out of the full force of the current, and so presently found solid ground under his feet, and, giddy and gasping, struggled up the flooded bank.

It was a dishevelled, dripping figure that burst in upon the Emerson doctor, and, blurting out its errand, dropped breathless into a chair. The doctor, grasping its import, began to demur dubiously. Had the bridge stood he would have hesitated to cross it, and the ford at the fork, if not absolutely impassable, would at best be dangerous—perhaps, by morning, the river—— Lawless rose up, towering over the little plump man, huge and resolute.

"I guess you're coming, doctor," he said, quietly. "I'm peaceable and pleasant—I don't calculate to say anything that isn't so, but—— Well, you'll come considerable more comfortable if I don't have to carry you. There isn't any time to waste. I've seen that kind of croup before—once. Guess you'll come right along now, and smart as you know how."

Ever afterwards the Emerson doctor vowed that he had been a fool to go, and asseverated that only by something akin to a miracle was the flooded ford crossed in safety, declaring, moreover, that nothing but the skill and giant strength of his companion had saved himself, his horse, and buggy from being swept bodily away. He wiped his forehead presently as they splashed along the swamped road.

"I wouldn't risk that again," he said, with emphasis, "for a fee of a hundred dollars!"

"I'll send ye bills for a hundred, doctor," Lawless answered, quietly, "if we're in time."

They were in time. Hallett appeared as they drove into the yard and hurried the doctor in. Lawless, following, had, before the door of the inner room was shut, a sight of Mrs. Hallett, with hair disordered and face stained and swollen with tears, holding the child in her lap, and heard the hoarse, harsh, choking struggle with which each feeble breath was drawn. He dropped into a chair and sat listening to the whispers and sounds within. Almira presently gave something like a laugh—a little cooing-mother sound of relief and joy—and his tense attitude and muscles relaxed as he heard it. A long interval went by before the doctor's voice was audible in the yard, followed by the rattle of wheels and hoofs as he drove away—he was going back to White River for the night. Then the door opened and Hallett came out; a musical murmur of singing followed him—his wife was fondly crooning to the child. He stood for a moment looking at the other before he spoke. His face was the face of an old man.

"Thank 'ee," he said, hoarsely.

Lawless nodded.

"Doctor says the croup's what they call membraneous. If he hadn't come he'd have choked in a little, sure," went on Hallett, with difficulty.

"Reckon so," agreed Lawless, briefly.

"That means you've saved his life, for I couldn't have made out to sit in the saddle long enough to get to White River the way I am now. . . . If it was any other man had done it. . . . But it's you. . . . I want to say—you don't need to trouble. I'll do it myself."

Lawless looked at him.

"I'll do it myself," Hallett repeated. "Reckon it don't much matter to you 'long as it's done. It's enough sight better than hanging or the States Prison, anyway, and good as I deserve, I suppose." He swayed a little, recovered, and made a gesture towards the inner room. "When it's done—afterwards—ye won't need to tell—her?"

"No," said Lawless.

"She'll likely think I was sort of out of plumb in my head. I did talk considerable foolish when I was sick—she said so. She's got the children, and she'll have enough to get along. Maybe, if she don't know, she'll get over it pretty soon."

"Hope so," said Lawless, curtly.

Hallett nodded and moved to the outer door. He fumbled at the latch before it swung open. When he turned about his right hand was thrust into his breast.

"I don't say," he said, slowly, "that this isn't a straight deal. I did pull my gun on

the boy before he'd a chance, though I swear I didn't mean killing. But he'd called me a cheat when I was playing square enough, and maybe I wasn't just sober. To-day it was—different. I'd have plugged you, sure, if you hadn't been so spry—I meant it! I'd have taken the risk of the sheriff afterwards, same as you would——" He swayed again and caught at the door-post. "I'll—go a little ways off. She—don't need to hear—or know before morning, anyhow. But—you—you—listen—and—and——"

Lawless sprang and caught the reeling figure; it dropped in his arms inert, unconscious. He lifted and carried it through the half-open door, laying it down upon the bed, thrusting back into the breast as he did so what the hand had gripped. Mrs. Hallett started up, the child held, a sleeping bundle, in the hollow of her arm.

"Sandy!" she gasped. "Why—why——"

"He's sort of fainted, I guess, ma'am," said Lawless, quietly.

He stood back and watched her as she laid the baby down and bent over her husband—with her loosened fair hair falling round the pretty young face, which still bore traces of her fright and tears, she seemed scarcely more than a child. She was very deft and tender in loosening his collar and adjusting his head to lie more easily upon the pillow. She kissed him softly before she moved away.

"I'm not a mite surprised," she said, whispering. "He's been weak as a baby since he hurt himself, and he is all worn out—the doctor said to me before he went not to be surprised if he had a bad spell after to-night. He's awful fond of the children—seems to me sometimes he thinks more of them than I do. I'm real glad you were here—I wouldn't have been able to lift him by myself." She paused; her blue eyes filled. "I ought to thank you, Mr. Lawless, but I guess he's done it better than I could. We won't either of us ever forget what you did, anyway. . . . Seems to me it's rest he wants. I've got some sleeping stuff here. Maybe if I gave him a dose he would sleep till morning."

"Maybe he would," said Lawless, stolidly.

His eyes followed her again as she crossed to a cupboard; a tug made him look down. The sounds and talking had roused Victoria—she had slipped from her crib and pattered to the hearth—a tiny, plump pierrot in a pink flannel sleeping suit, with hair in a fluffy flaxen halo round her little, sleep-flushed face.

The tug had been at the watch-case; in his stooping it had slipped from his pocket, and so hung dangling by its length of cord, shining in the firelight.

She tugged again.

"Pitty!" she said, insinuatingly. "Pitty tick-tick!" She held it to her ear with as rapt an expression of delight as though the ticking had been there to hear. Lawless looked from her to the unconscious figure on the bed. He drew a long breath.

"Want it, sissy?" he asked, slowly.

"'Ess. Pitty tick-tick! 'Ic'oria want it!" she answered, eagerly.

Lawless detached the loop of cord, drawing the case away. His eyes were on Hallett again as he pressed the spring. Almira turned from the cupboard, a bottle in her hand.

"La," she exclaimed, "you don't want to give it to her, Mr. Lawless—she's a real naughty girl to ask!" She saw the piece of cardboard in his fingers. "I guess you'd better let me see that picture before you forget it, hadn't you? If I was to see the man I'd sure enough know him again, if it really looks like him. I hope you'll find him—he ought to pay."

Lawless let the disc of cardboard fall into the fire—it caught and flamed as he dropped the cord round the child's neck. He stooped and kissed the little head.

"I reckon I won't trouble you, ma'am. Maybe he has paid. And perhaps it wasn't what you could call a good likeness," he said, quietly.

The light of the rising sun was bright upon his eyes when Hallett opened them. He remained for a moment looking at what lay on the pillow beside him before he saw that it was Victoria, sound asleep. Something, clasped in her chubby fist, glittered in the rays—the watch-case. As he gasped and struggled up on his elbow his wife bent over him, the baby in her arms. She saw nothing strange in the look with which he pointed to it—she was rubbing her cheek upon the downy, golden head as the pink hand clawed at her neck.

"He gave it to her," she said. "She asked him for it, naughty girl. I guess he's real fond of children, Sandy. And he can't be so dreadful set upon getting that man that shot his brother because he burnt the picture—it's likely he won't find him at all now. But he said he reckoned the likeness wasn't a good one, anyway." She nodded towards the door. "He's out there. He said he'd try to get some sleep in the big chair—he

"LAWLESS LET THE DISC OF CARDBOARD FALL INTO THE FIRE—IT CAUGHT AND FLAMED AS HE DROPPED THE CORD ROUND THE CHILD'S NECK."

was feeling pretty well used up. Guess he's awake now, though. I heard him moving a while ago."

Hallett got upon his feet and staggered into the outer room. It was empty, but the door stood open—chill and sweet the radiance of the morning poured in. Reeling almost as weakly as he had done last night he stumbled out upon the porch, shading his dazzled eyes. The trail lay across the plain like a curving white ribbon, and far upon it, a mere dwindling speck in the sunny haze of the shining distance, with face set towards the south, rode Lawless of Presidio.

Reminiscences & Reflections.

By JOHN HARE.

III.

THE next production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre was not a success. It was a play written by Dion Boucicault and entitled "How She Loves Him." Brilliantly written, it might have been a great success had not Boucicault wilfully shunted his train of thought from high comedy on to roaring farce. Bancroft made a great personal success as a new type of "swell," and my part gave me an opportunity of displaying perhaps some signs of a dawning versatility, the character being that of a young man with a stammer—incidentally the hero of the play. To anyone interested in dramatic literature I should strongly recommend the reading of this play, as it was very well and wittily written.

I then appeared in "Box and Cox" with George Honey, but cannot say that I satisfied the public or myself in my performance of "the mad hatter."

In 1868 came "Play," a slight but charming comedy by Robertson, chiefly remarkable for a delightful love-scene admirably acted by Marie Wilton and H. J. Montague. I achieved some measure of success in the part of the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, an aristocratic old sportsman and gambler. In connection with this play, I recall the roar of laughter with which a line spoken by Bancroft was greeted by the audience. The scene was in the Kursaal at Homburg, and he was supposed to be soliloquizing on the cant of the English people, who at home were governed by the most Puritanical prejudices, but came in their thousands to gamble at the Continental "hells." "Ah," he said, "there they go. Pater and materfamilias from virtuous Clapham Rise, prim Peckham, and stuck-up Bayswater. Folks who in England pay pew-rents and go in for goodness! Angelic house-holders who, when they leave their native west and south-west postal districts, spend the Sunday morning at the racecourse, the evening at the theatre, and finish up by a pious stroll round the gambling-tables. Ah, well! *different longitude, different latitude!*" How the audience laughed and applauded this Robertsonian cynicism so admirably delivered by Bancroft!

Sandwiched between this and the next of Robertson's plays came another failure—"Tame Cats," by Edmund Yates, the run of which was brief and ignominious, and chiefly memorable perhaps for the *début* of Charles Collette. In fact, a sub-title was suggested for "Tame Cats," viz., "The Triumph of Collette," for his every word, however unimportant, was received with enthusiasm by his erstwhile comrades in the Dragoon Guards, who rallied to give him a good send-off on his theatrical career, as friends are wont to do. My part was that of Ezra Stead, and my principal recollection is of an elaborate make-up of a disreputable character, whose facial adornment mainly consisted of a wart with two hairs, which I heard was invisible to the naked eye of the unappreciative audience. This was a great blow to me.

It was in this character that Bancroft, in his and his wife's very interesting autobiography, commented upon my misplaced enthusiasm. I was, he says—and he ought to know—as usual, immensely excited about my get-up, which was mutually discussed over one of the many delightful dinners of those early days; he recalls an amusing incident of my hunting in all sorts of back streets for some characteristic clothes, and after walking round and round a strange man, who wore a very odd-looking hat, which I thought priceless, at last striking a bargain for its purchase with the bewildered owner and carrying the hat off in triumph with some horrible rags of garments,

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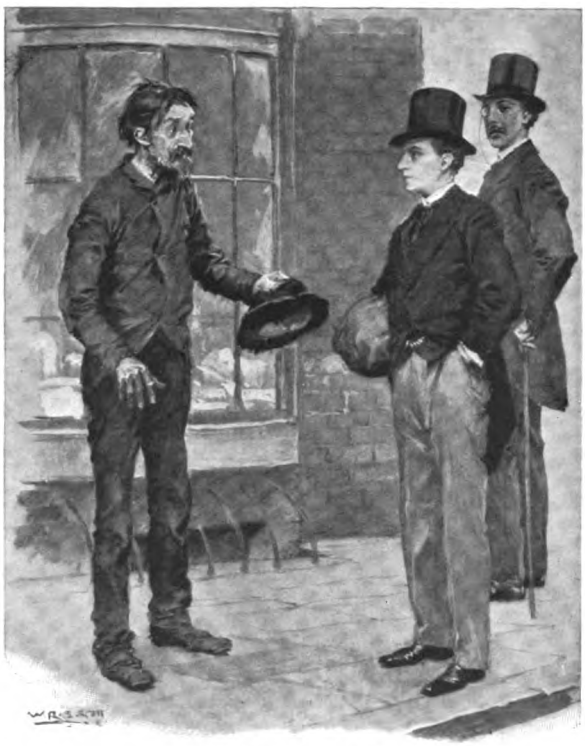
which had to be well baked in an oven before they could be worn.

In 1869 was produced another of Robertson's greatest successes, "School," which ran for over four hundred nights, at that time a record run for any play. This piece is still no doubt so fresh in the memories of playgoers from revivals that it is unnecessary for me to make further comment beyond recording the extraordinarily fine acting of Lady Bancroft, and, indeed, the general excellence of the performance. My own part of Beau Farintosh particularly appealed to me, as it gave me my first opportunity of depicting pathos. An unfortunate contretemps occurred on the first night. In the last act, when my moment of pathos came, and the development of a serious situation rested entirely on my shoulders, I, owing to intense nervousness, forgot the words of my part. None of the actors being able to supply me with the cue, I had deliberately to rise from my seat in the centre of the stage, go to the prompter, get my words, and resume the scene. This, it is hardly necessary to say, marred my performance on the first night, but the public and Press were kind enough to overlook my shortcoming, and in subsequent performances I was able to get into my stride. It was stated, in reference to this part, that I took the idea of my make-up from the late Lord Beaconsfield. This was not so. I have never in the whole course of my career wilfully copied the personality or characteristics of anybody. Ideas, no doubt, have evolved in my imagination, and I have followed the author's intentions in creating types suggested by the memory of characters unconsciously impressed upon my mind, but I do not believe in character-studies emanating from absolute imitation of any individual.



"STRIKING A BARGAIN."

It was on the last night of the season and the one hundred and ninety-second performance of "School" that Charles Dickens paid his first visit to the theatre, on a night I was again too ill to appear, to my intense disappointment.

The next and final play which Robertson wrote was entitled "M.P.," and it was produced in 1870. Clever as it was, it showed unmistakable signs of the diminishing power of a man in whom the seeds of death were planted, although his intellectual gifts were unimpaired and at their maturity.

It will be seen that, from 1865 to 1870 inclusive, Tom Robertson supplied the Prince of Wales's Theatre with a new play every year, even in his failing health, laying the foundation of the reputation and making the fortune of the occupants of that old home of comedy.

Apropos of the run of "M.P.," a letter from Millais may be of interest to my readers:—

7, Cromwell Place, South Kensington,
May 19th, 1870.

DEAR HARE,—We had to leave immediately afte "M.P." to go to a drum, so I had not time to shake your hand behind the scenes for the pleasure you gave us. I thought the piece good and the performance throughout admirable. I am not a little proud to notice that the situations and posing in your company have been partly suggested by illustrations and pictures. I don't dislike a little honest appreciation myself, so I will tell you that I thought your delineation of the old Squire as good as it could well be.

I know how difficult it is in any profession to follow up a great success like "School," but "M.P." will never be "*M T*" as long as you choose to play

SIR JOHN HARE AS BEAU FARINTOSH.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

it, and is in many respects a better play. For myself, I shall certainly come and see it again.—Very truly yours,

(Signed) JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

In 1870 I was allowed by my management to indulge in a luxury that obtained in those days—namely, a "benefit." The piece chosen was "London Assurance," and my *matinée* took place at the Princess's Theatre. Nearly all the leading actors and actresses of that time gave me their most kind and hearty co-operation, with the result that we had a remarkable cast. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan appeared in the farce of "The Bengal Tiger," Arthur Sullivan and Frederic Clay played the piano between the acts, while the cast of "London Assurance" was as follows:—

Sir Harcourt Courtly	Mr. HARE.
Charles Courtly	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE.
Max Harkaway	Mr. ADDISON.
Dazzle	Mr. BANCROFT.
Dolly Spanker	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
Mark Meddle	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
Cool	Mr. JOHN CLAYTON.
Solomon Isaacs	Mr. C. COLLETTE.
Lady Gay Spanker	Mrs. BANCROFT.
Grace Harkaway	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON.
Pert	Miss E. FARREN.

I asked that great actress, Mrs. Keeley, to play the part of Pert, but she declined in the following letter:—

10, Pelham Crescent,
May 14th.

DEAR MR. HARE,—Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to make one of the company on the occasion of your benefit, *but not in Pert*. I never played the part but once, and I then said I would not play it again. "I have an oath in heaven. Shall I lay perjury on my soul? No! Not for"—even Mr. Hare, the far-famed *Zulu chief and rat-eater*.

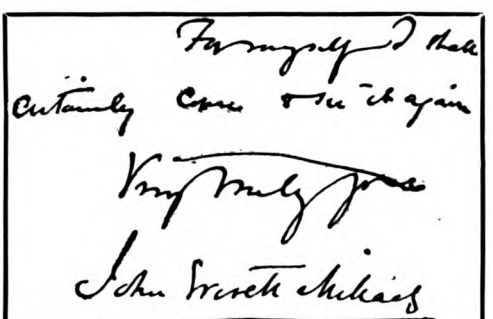
Trusting yourself and madame are well, believe me

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) M. A. KEELEY.

The reference to my achievements as the "Zulu chief and rat-eater" alluded to an imitation I used to give—much to the amusement of Mrs. Keeley and others—of a disgusting exhibition I had once witnessed when a boy at a country fair. The "attraction" consisted of a real Zulu eating an equally real live rat!

It was in the year 1870, just before the war between France and Germany broke out, that, accompanied by my friend, the late Sir Campbell Clarke, I made my first visit to the Continent, and then witnessed, to my delight, the *finesse* of French acting. It was in the pretty little theatre of Baden-Baden that I first saw Regnier—to my mind, one of the most subtle and artistic actors I have ever seen. He appeared then, amongst other parts, in the *rôle* of "La Joie fait Peur," and the impression made upon my mind by his performance was most vivid.

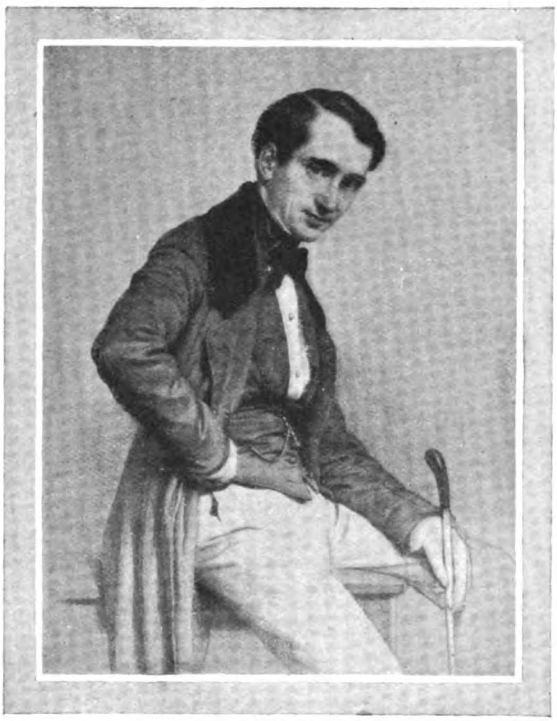
It was my delight to avail myself of every opportunity of witnessing his superb performances, and my ambition was to perfect



FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF LETTER FROM SIR JOHN MILLAIS TO SIR JOHN HARE.

myself in his methods. Later in life when inclined to exaggerate a part or step out of the picture I have often pulled myself up and said, "Regnier would not have done that." And he has assuredly had a great and refining influence on my career. The accompanying portrait of Regnier depicts that great actor at an earlier age than when I saw him, but is an excellent likeness.

Shortly after my return to England the company of the Comédie Française, driven out of Paris by the war, took refuge in London, where they gave magnificent performances of many plays in their repertoire, which will still be remembered by old playgoers.



M. REGNIER.
From the Drawing by Léon Noël.

It might be interesting here to note the stringent rules which governed the Comédie Française. No actor was permitted to live more than a mile away from his work, or allowed, even if not playing in the piece of the evening, to leave his house until the performance had commenced. The result of this admirable system we saw exemplified on one occasion, when, owing to the sudden illness of a leading actress—Sarah Bernhardt, I believe—shortly before the curtain was raised, not only was a substitute found for the actress, but the play itself was changed in the course of a few moments.

It was during this artistic invasion of England that a committee was formed, of which I was a member, to entertain our distinguished guests at a luncheon at the Crystal Palace. Lord Dufferin presided, and he and Lord Granville excelled themselves by their brilliant oratory, whilst Alfred Wigan also distinguished himself in welcoming his *confrères* in their native tongue.

It was indeed a memorable event, worthily anticipating the *entente cordiale*. A singular effect was produced by the Frenchmen wearing evening dress in the day-time, two of whom—Got and Bressant—having the seats of honour at the table raised on a dais in the centre of the large hall. There sat Bressant, with his lofty brow and fine head protected from the sun—which streamed down on us from the dome—by a serviette thrown lightly over his head. After lunch we adjourned to the terrace for coffee and liqueurs, and Delaunay (greatest of all *jeunes premiers*), in the wildest and merriest of spirits, imbibed freely of the cognac in toasting his many English admirers and friends, until I began to fear that his good-fellowship might interfere with the delicacy of his famous performance that night in "On ne badine pas avec l'amour." But no, it seemed to have only a stimulating effect, and his performance that evening was so magnificent that the audience paid him the greatest tribute an actor can know, and he alone can appreciate—that breathless silence for a minute or more after the curtain has fallen, before the audience has recovered itself and burst into a tornado of applause.

It may be gathered from the preceding, and perhaps confirmed by subsequent appreciation of other artistes, that I have a very great admiration of French acting and actors in the execution of their art, but I have a bone to pick with them as to their attitude to their *confrères* on the English stage. England has always shown a warm and generous desire to welcome French artistes. France has rarely, if ever (save in the person of Charles Mathews, who had the signal triumph of appearing in Paris, playing in their own pieces and language), returned the compliment. Nor have French managers and

actors, with but few exceptions, shown that courtesy and hospitality to their English brethren which are expected as a return for the kindness extended to our neighbours when on this side of the Channel.

When the Comédie Française company were driven from their home during the war of '70 to '71 they were received with open arms in England, made honorary members of clubs, all theatres were thrown open to them, and everybody was only too anxious to do honour to the distinguished guests. Yet I remember, from my own personal experience, that shortly after the war, on visiting Paris, I applied to a certain sociétaire to whom special hospitality and courtesy had been shown. He had begged that an opportunity might be afforded him of returning the compliment, and did so by taking no notice whatever of my request that I might have the pleasure of witnessing one of his performances at the Français. He never even answered my letter, which I have reason to know was received. Until very recently, when the *entente* seems to have established better relations, no English actor would think of asking for a free admission to a French theatre, and I have had to pay for a box to witness a play which I had previously bought for a very large sum. I am bound in justice, however, to exclude from these strictures such exceptions as that ever-courteous and accomplished gentleman, M. Jules Clarétie, director of the Comédie Française, our old friend Coquelin, and Mme. Bernhardt.

To return to the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Through the death of poor Tom Robertson (to whom I remember reading reports of the Franco-German War during his last sojourn at Ramsgate), the management had to initiate a new policy on being deprived of the support of their old friend. They decided on reviving "Money," by Lord Lytton. In this I played Sir John Vesey, and had the gratification of receiving a charming message sent me by the eminent author through my wife, who was introduced to him on the evening of our first performance. He delighted my youthful mind by saying that he preferred my performance to that of Strickland, the original impersonator of the part and one of the most famous "old men" actors of the Macready *régime*.

At that time I made the acquaintance of that distinguished novelist Wilkie Collins, and the acquaintanceship soon ripened into a friendship only terminated by his death. Soon after we had met, during one of the long and intimate chats I frequently had with him, he read me his play entitled "Man and

SIR JOHN HARE READING THE REPORTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR TO TOM ROBERTSON DURING HIS LAST SOJOURN AT RAMSGATE.

Wife." Reversing the usual order of authors, he had written the play prior to his novel of that name, which subsequently caused such a sensation. I asked his permission to submit the play to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and he willingly consented, with the result that it was ultimately produced with great success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on February 22nd, 1873. Here is a letter I received from him in connection with it:—

90, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.,
July 30th, 1871.

MY DEAR HARE,—(Let us, in celebration of your good news, drop "Mistering" each other!)

I am delighted to hear that my dramatic "Man and Wife" is accepted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The play will now have every advantage in the bringing-out that I could possibly desire. It will be perfectly produced, before the most intelligent audience in England. Once more, I am heartily glad and sincerely obliged to you for the interest which you have taken in bringing our negotiations to the best of all ends.

If you can manage to look in here on Wednesday next (August 2nd), at three in the afternoon, I shall be delighted to see you. Don't trouble to write again if you can come. If you cannot come, name your own day later in the week, at three.—Very truly yours,

(Signed) WILKIE COLLINS.

J. Hare, Esq.

"The Woman in White" drama safely received back. Very glad to hear you think it a good piece of work.

Wilkie Collins, to those who knew him intimately, was a most interesting and delightful companion, and many happy evenings have I spent in his society, sometimes meeting Charles Reade, Fechter, Berton, the distinguished French actor, and other eminent men of the time.

It may be interesting to publish *in extenso* the following letter written by Wilkie Collins when in America, giving his experiences and impressions of the theatres, etc., in that country at the time:—

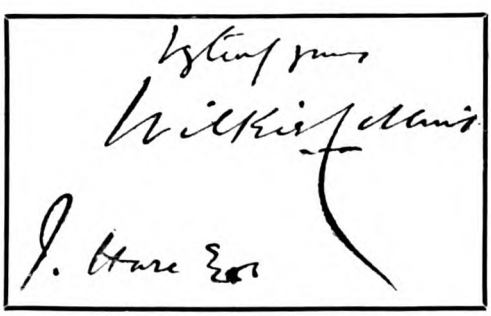
WILKIE COLLINS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Buffalo, New York State,
January 6th, 1874.

MY DEAR HARE,—I was thinking of you and talking of you to an American gentleman here who is a faithful lover of the Drama, when your friendly letter came in along with others which were brought to me by the English mail. The sight of your handwriting was the next best sight to the sight of yourself. It took me back to our pleasant gossipings and smokings in Gloucester Place. I saw you again in my old red chair discussing "Man and Wife"; and for a little while I lived over again in one of the passages of my past life which I like best to look back on.

I have had to choose here between losing money and losing health—and have decided without hesitation on losing money. If I could bear the double stress of travelling and reading for, say, five days in the week I should be making, at my present rates, about four hundred pounds a week. As it is, I read at intervals, and get a fee ranging from seventy pounds to eighty pounds a night. The curiosity to see me is so universal that I might have made double this sum (I am told) if I had only got here before the commercial panic. In certain towns there are people who have literally no ready money. In other places "things are looking better." A little while since I read at a town called New Bedford. The artisans and needlewomen paid their dollar each (four shillings) for places, and some of the audience travelled eighteen miles to hear the story. As to my social reception—the cordiality and the enthusiasm are beyond all description. Houses, horses, and carriages are all placed at my disposal in every town that I visit by "eminent citizens" of all conditions. Clubs open their doors, and theatres catch me sneaking in and trying to pay, and carry me off into private boxes with state chairs and gorgeous hangings, amid which I appear (in a frowsy old pilot jacket) as the only shabby object in the scene. The theatres here are decidedly in advance, both as to beauty and convenience, of the English theatres. But the comparison of the acting is all the other way. There is a sad want of spirit — a terrible tendency to speak their words as if they were saying a lesson—among the average actors of America. As to the audiences, they never hiss or show any signs of discontent under any provocation. They are not quick — they are courteous and good-natured. I doubt very much whether they are as yet capable of appreciating the fine art of the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

We had a great success with "The New Magdalen" at New York (Carlotta Leclercq). I was present and was "called" three times. The third time they would not let me go until I had made them a speech. "The Woman in White" has been tried since (in my absence from New York) by Wybert Reeve. Loss on two weeks' performances, four hundred pounds. I need hardly say that I had nothing to do with the speculation. Reeve is consoled by favourable Press notices of his acting, and is going to try some other town as soon as he can. I am afraid his prospect is a bad one,



FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE OF WILKIE COLLINS.

As to *my* plans, I go West from this place—perhaps as far as the Mormon city. It all depends on time (and health). I have decided—if all goes well—to sail for England during the last fortnight in March.

And now, my dear friend, I must say good-bye for the present. Give my best love to the Bancrofts, and read them some of my letter—or all of it, if their patience holds out. I have forgotten to add (for you and for them) that I am in wonderful health. The climate agrees with me, and so do the "cocktails" (a heavenly drink).

Your affectionate friend,

WILKIE COLLINS.

Shall I be back in time to see "School"? If you have time to write again, my address is, "Care of Naylor and Co., Boston, Mass., U.S. America."

I now arrive at the last production in which I appeared at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—namely, "The School for Scandal." I was delighted at being cast for Sir Peter Teazle, a part which I had been always most anxious to play, and seemed to be suited to my methods. A very beautiful setting was given to this piece by the management, and the revival itself proved a brilliant success. I did not, however, either satisfy myself or the critics by my performance of this character, which was a great disappointment to me. I attribute my comparative failure to the fact, strange as it may seem, of my having gone, during the early part of the rehearsals, to a *matinée* at which Samuel Phelps played the part of Sir Peter. It was a splendid performance, but charged fully with the mannerisms of that famous tragedian. I had always Phelps before me and couldn't get him out of my mind. My own original conception of the character was paralyzed by this obsession, and when I came to act the part it was neither imitative nor original. Coghlan, who stage-managed the production, said to me at rehearsal, "We don't want to see Mr. Phelps play the part; we want to see Mr. Hare!"

SIR JOHN HARE AS SIR PETER TEAZLE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

I have often thought that this character has been misunderstood by its representatives. Sir Peter is generally portrayed as a senile, uxorious, and farcical old gentleman, whereas, according to the text of Sheridan, he is a high-bred gentleman of fifty, who conducts himself always in the most dignified and often in a pathetic manner. He frequently shows himself to be a philosopher and a man of the world, which is how I tried to represent him, though, generally speaking, through tradition, farce has grafted itself upon the character and destroyed the spirit of high comedy obviously intended by Sheridan.

At that time a momentous crisis arrived in my career. After ten years' happy association with this most successful management, which had established a unique position for itself among London theatres, I was advised that the time had arrived for me to embark upon an undertaking of my own. Before proceeding to this, however, I should like to reflect briefly on the admirable system which prevailed at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre. It was a system and organization which had brought it to the front, and was instrumental in leading it to be considered the best-managed of London theatres. The management believed that if an actor was an actor in the real and best meaning of

the word he could be trusted to show his versatility, instead of being condemned, as at the present day, to portray for the rest of his artistic life a line of parts with which he had once identified himself by an initial success. Had that modern absurdity existed then I should have probably never been heard of, so that I owe more than I can say to the scope and variety afforded me by the policy pursued at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

It was on March 13th, 1875, that I opened the old Court Theatre in Sloane Square, of which I had obtained a lease. It is hardly necessary to point out that the salaries paid in those days were not sufficient for me to have saved enough for so serious an undertaking, but I had some private means to assist me in that venture. I was also fortunate in the friend who urged me to take this step guaranteeing me a certain sum of money, to be repaid in the event of my being successful. The few thousand pounds he placed at my disposal were not, however, called upon, and I never needed to trespass on his generosity, as the theatre paid from the start.

My first production was "Lady Flora," by Charles Coghlan, a moderate success which paid its way. The company which I had the good fortune to enlist under my banner would be difficult to rival at the present day. It included Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, John Clayton, Charles Kelly, H. Kemble, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Amy Fawsitt, and Mrs. Gaston Murray.

It was at this time that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Lord Lytton, afterwards Viceroy of India, and famous in the world of letters as "Owen Meredith." He wrote that he was desirous of consulting me as to the possibility of finishing and producing a posthumous play of his father's, four acts out of the five only having been written. This was called "The House of Darnley." My recollections of him must be ranked among the most delightful memories of my life. My first impressions were somewhat singular, as, when I called on him by appointment at his house in Brook Street, on receiving me in his study, to my astonishment he was fantastically dressed in an Elizabethan costume, irresistibly reminiscent of the pictures of Lord Leicester. Time and space forbid my dwelling on the delightful evenings passed at his house, where I frequently supped with him, and still recall his brilliant conversation and keen interest in art of all kinds. He had a most generous and affectionate, if excitable, disposition. Sometimes about three or four o'clock in the morning, after supper, he would accompany me the greater part of my way home to Hampstead, while he conversed in a most fascinating manner the whole time.

After Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy of India, we kept up a correspondence of a very interesting character, and I have several of his long and eloquent letters by me still, more or less in connection with the production of his father's play. The following is the extract of a letter I received from him then, passages of which feelings of modesty make me extremely loath to publish, but the distinction of the writer and my own desire to do justice to the art of a celebrated actress, who was not then so generally admired and esteemed as she has subsequently become (I refer to Mrs. Kendal), must be my excuse for reproducing it. Lord Lytton says in the course of his letter to me: "I have greatly at heart the desire to record my unqualified admiration of, my hearty, intense delight in, your acting last night. It was (forgive me the word) a surprise to me, but a surprise that was also a revelation. Out and out, and *facile princeps* the finest, most refined, most finished and high-bred piece of dry comedy that *I*, at least, have ever seen on the English stage. My friend and I, who had hitherto been sorry sceptics about English acting, agreed last night that your French duke was fully equal to the best, and far superior to the average, acting of similar parts at the Français and Palais Royal, which I take to be at the present moment the two best schools of French acting.

"A more intellectual and artistic impersonation of character I have never seen on any stage. From first to last, by-play and play of physiognomy—every movement, gesture, look were perfectly what they should be—and in each smallest particular a masterpiece of art. And all in such excellent good taste. Indeed, I owe you two very uncommon pleasures—the pleasure of heartily admiring and the pleasure of sincerely praising.

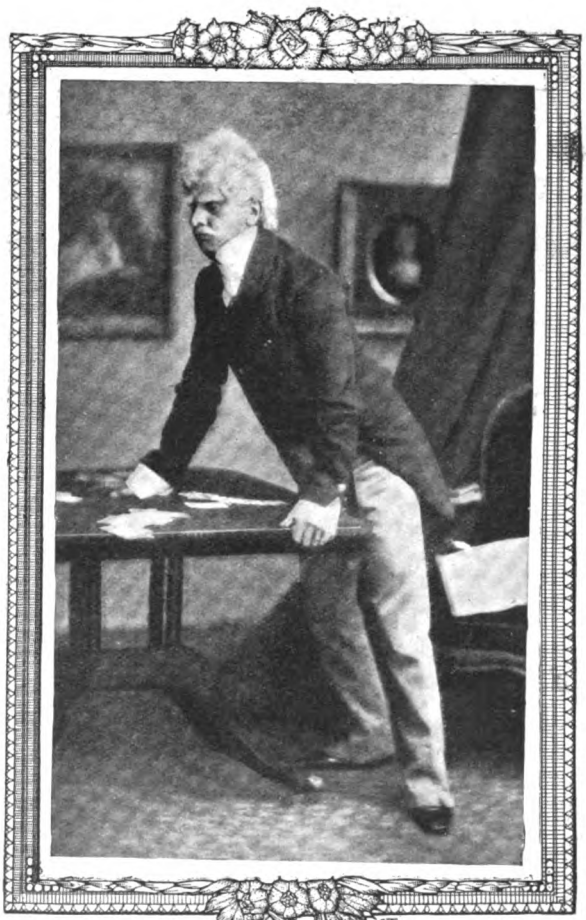
"You have also succeeded in getting together a very good cast for dry comedy. It is probably in passion and sentiment that it will prove weakest. But I wonder that no one has been yet tempted to write a strong, passionate part for your Lady Flora. She has it in her, and is an actress with talent which, were I a dramatist, I should be glad to engage in the *creation* of some dramatic type of a higher order." Mrs. Kendal has since played—how successfully the public well know—many "a strong, passionate part,"

and the foresight of the writer is clearly shown by his discernment of the latent powers of one who was destined to take rank as our greatest leading actress.

"The House of Darnley" was subsequently produced by me in 1877, but succeeded in achieving only a *succès d'estime*, though distinguished by some excellent acting on the part of Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Amy Roselle, Charles Kelly and Alfred Bishop.

I did not appear in every play I produced, holding even then a theory which experience has only tended to confirm — viz., that the ideal theatrical manager (though I have no pretensions to the title) should possess the finest artistic judgment without exercising his prerogative of appearing at the head of his company on the stage.

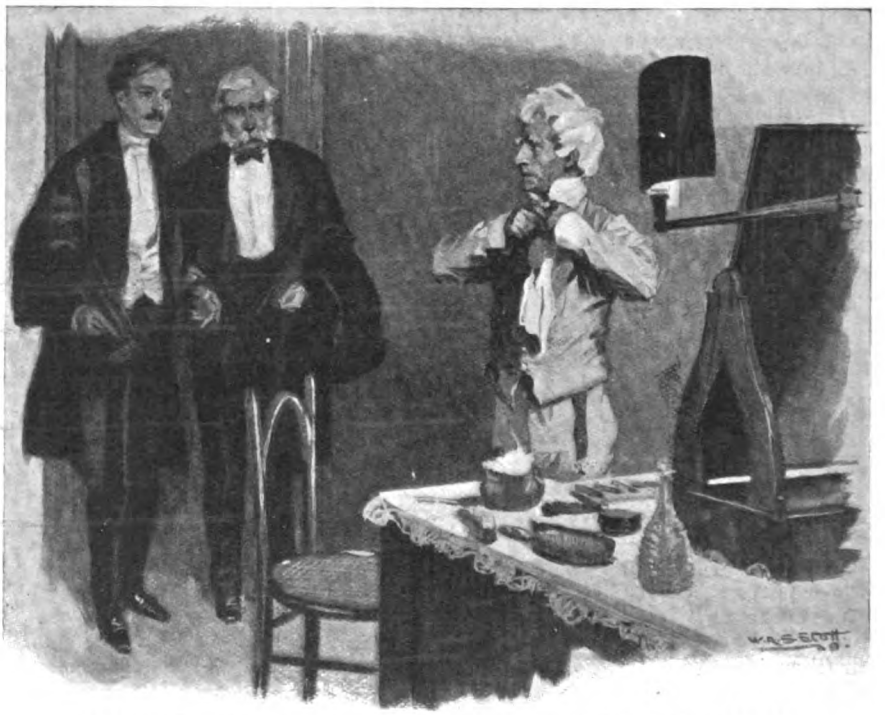
However, towards the end of 1875, I became possessed of a little adaptation from the French by Coghlan, entitled "A Quiet Rubber," and produced it on January 8th, 1876. It has remained a very good friend to me ever since, owing to the kind appreciation of the public, though I consider it to be one of the most difficult and trying parts in my repertoire. On the first night I was not at all satisfied with my own performance, and, in fact, have an idea that I was completely outplayed by Charles Kelly as Mr. Sullivan. His was a superb performance, in which he brought out the latent tenderness and warm-heartedness of the irascible Irishman to an amazing extent.



SIR JOHN HARE AS LORD KILCLARE IN "A QUIET RUBBER."
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

"A Quiet Rubber" was a great favourite of the late Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who invariably came to see it whenever an opportunity occurred. On one occasion, when she received me after the performance, she said: "Are you aware, Mr. Hare, of rather a curious circumstance? The character you have been playing is the favourite part of one of our most famous German actors, whose name by a curious coincidence is the same as your own —Hase (Hare)."

It was during the run and performance of "A Quiet Rubber," too, that a rather unhappy incident occurred. I had been much disturbed by the incessant chatter of an old gentleman in a private box. We were approaching the chloroform episode, when absolute quiet is essential, and the talking in the box continued and increased to such an extent that nervous irritability overcame me and prevented my proceeding. This and an impetuosity, to which I must plead sometimes guilty, made me feel compelled to rise from my seat and inform the audience that it was impossible to go on with the scene if these interruptions from the private box continued. Loud cries of "Turn him out!" "Turn him out!" greeted my appeal; at last quietness was restored, and the play proceeded without further interruption. While changing my clothes after the performance my dresser told me that a visitor wished to see me, and I at once recognised the occupant of the box, accompanied by a younger man—evidently his



"I AT ONCE RECOGNISED THE OCCUPANT OF THE BOX, ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNGER MAN."

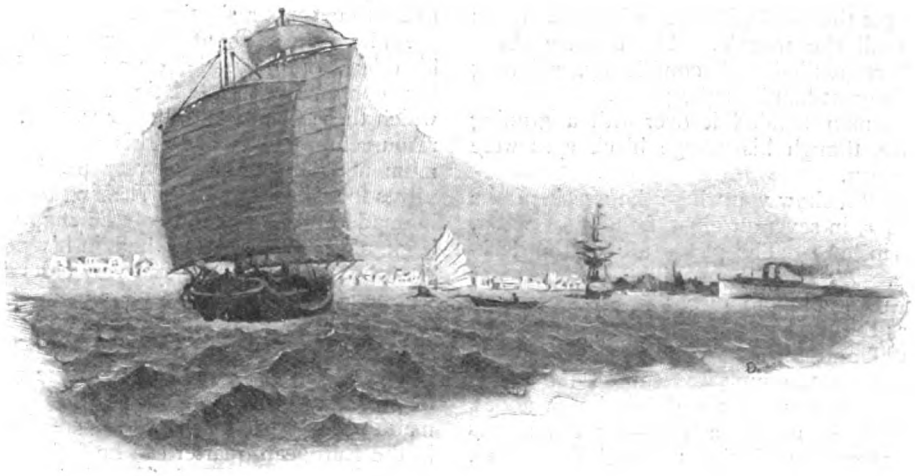
"second," I thought to myself. An apology was to be insisted upon or an "appointment" fixed for the next morning. Visions of a duel flashed across my mind, and the advantage of pistols to swords appealed to me instantaneously. But I soon found that the apparent "second" was in reality the old gentleman's son, who had come to apologize for his father's regrettable disturbance. The genial old gentleman was one of my greatest admirers, but unfortunately stone-deaf, and, like many suffering from that ailment, seemed to think that others were equally hard of hearing. His irritating outbreaks had been extremely complimentary references to my performance.

I felt nearly as confused as Charles Mathews in somewhat similar circumstances after addressing a member of the audience in a private box. The latter had been paying apparently little attention to the piece, and was making audible remarks throughout. At last, towards the end of the third act, he rose to go. He closed the case of his opera-glasses with a click, opened his hat with a bang, cleared his throat with a loud, grating cough, and looked contemptuously at the stage. Poor Mathews could stand this no longer. "Excuse me, sir," he said, in his most charming manner, "there is another act yet!" "Yes," replied the disturber, tersely, "that's why I am going!" And he went!

One more reminiscence of "A Quiet Rubber," and I have finished. It is of comparatively recent date, and happened during my Royal command to Sandringham on the evening of the King's last birthday, when I had the honour of appearing before him in this little play.

A lady in the audience was talking somewhat loudly to her neighbour during the performance. This happened at a point in the play when I, as Lord Kilclare, had just "revoked" at whist. On being reproached by my partner, Mr. Sullivan, for my carelessness, I had to reply, according to the text of the play: "I am extremely sorry, Mr. Sullivan, extremely sorry; but really, with this continuous buzz of conversation going on, it is perfectly impossible to play." This apparently pointed remark was received with a roar of laughter, in which I was afterwards told the King joined heartily.

(To be continued.)



The Terror of the Sea Caves.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

I.

IT was in a Singapore drinking-den that big Jan Laurvik, the diver, heard about the lost pearls.

There had been a fight, evidently, but the silence was now startling. As he entered, there was no sound but the painful breathing of a Lascar, whom he found sitting with his back against the wall, close beside the dead body of an Englishman. He was desperately slashed. His eyes were half closed; and Jan saw that there was little chance of his recovery. The proprietor of the den, a brutal-looking Chinaman, lay dead beside his jugs and bottles. Jan reached for a jug of familiar appearance, poured out a cup of arrack, and held it to the lips of the dying Lascar. At the first gulp of the potent spirit his eyes opened again. He swallowed it all, eagerly, then straightened himself up, held out his hand in European fashion to Jan, and thanked him in Malayan.

"Who's that?" inquired Jan in the same tongue, pointing to the dead white man.

Grief and rage convulsed the fierce face of the wounded Lascar.

"He was my friend," he answered. "The sons of filthy mothers, they killed him!"

"Too bad!" said Jan, sympathetically. "But you gave a pretty good account of yourselves, you two. What can I do for you?"

"I'm dead, pretty soon now!" said the fellow, indifferently. And from the blood that was soaking down his shirt and spreading on the floor about him, Jan saw that the words were true. Anxious, however, to do something to show his good-will, he pulled out his big red handkerchief, and knelt to bandage a gaping slash straight across the man's left forearm, from which the bright arterial blood was jumping hotly.

"You look a good fighting man. You're —like him," muttered the Lascar, feebly, nodding toward the dead Englishman. "Give me more arrack. I will tell you something. Hurry, for I go soon."

Jan brought him the liquor, and he gulped it. Then from a pouch within his knotted silk waistband he hurriedly produced a bit of paper, which he unfolded with trembling fingers. Jan saw that it was a rough map, sketched with India ink and marked with Malayan characters. The Lascar peered about him with fierce eyes already growing dim.

"Are you sure they are all gone?" he demanded, looking anxiously towards the door.

"Certain!" answered Jan, highly interested

"They'll try their best to kill you," went on the dying man. "Don't let them. If you let them get the pearls, I'll come back and haunt you."

"I won't let them kill me, and I won't let them get the pearls, if that's what it is that's made all the trouble. Don't worry about that," responded Jan confidently, reaching out his great hand for the paper.

The man handed it over with a groping gesture, though his savage black eyes were wide open.

"That'll show you where the wreck of the junk lies, in seven or eight fathom of water, close inshore. The pearls are in the deck-house. *He* kept them. The steamer was on a reef, going to pieces, and we came up just as the boats were putting off. We sunk them all and got the pearls. And next night, in a storm, the junk was carried on to the rocks by a current we didn't know about. Only five of us got ashore—for the sharks were around, and the 'killers,' that night. *Him* and me, we were the only ones knew enough to make that map."

Here the dying pirate sank forward with his face upon his knees. But with a mighty effort he sat up again and fixed Jan Laurvik with terrible eyes.

"Don't let the sons of a dog—get them, or I will—come back—and choke you—in your —sleep," he gasped, suddenly pointing a lean finger straight at the Norseman's face. Then his black eyes opened wide; a strange red light blazed up in them for an instant and faded. With a sigh he toppled over, dead, his head resting on the dead Englishman's feet.

II.

JAN now examined the map, which proved to be rough but very intelligible. It indicated a stretch of the eastern coast of Java, which he recognised; but the spot where the junk had gone down was one to which passing ships always gave a wide berth. It was a place of treacherous anchorage, of abrupt, forbidding, uninhabited shore, and of violent currents that shifted erratically. So much the better, thought Jan, for his investigations, if only the pirate junk should prove to have sunk in water not too deep for a diver to work in. There would be so much the less danger of interruption.

Jan was on the point of hurrying away from the gruesome scene, which might at any moment become a scene of excitement and annoying investigation, when a new idea flashed into his mind. It was over this precious paper that all the trouble had been. The scoundrels who had fled would undoubtedly return as soon as they dared, and would search for it. Finding it gone, they would conclude that he had it; and they would be hot on his trail. He saw that all he was likely to get was a slit throat.

As he glanced about him for a way out of his dilemma his eyes fell on a bottle of India ink containing the fine-tipped brush with which these Orientals did their writing. His resourcefulness awoke to this chance. The moments were becoming very pearls themselves for preciousness, but seizing the brush he made a workable copy of the map on the back of a letter that he had in his pocket. Next he made a minute and very careful correction in the original, in such a manner as to indicate that the position of the wreck was in a deep fiord some fifty miles east of where it actually was. Then he returned the map to its hiding-place in the dead pirate's belt and made all haste away. Not till he was back in the European quarter did he feel secure.

Jan Laurvik had a little capital. But he needed a trusty partner with more. To his experienced wits his other needs were clear. There would have to be a very seaworthy little steamer, powerfully engined for service on that stormy coast, and armed to defend herself against prowling pirate junks. This small and fit craft would have to be manned by a crew equally fit, and at the same time as small as possible.

Up to a certain point he had no difficulty in verifying the dead pirate's story. He had heard of the wreck of the Dutch steamer *Viecht* on a reef off the Celebes, and of the massacre of all the crew and passengers, except one small boatload, by pirates. This had happened about eight months before. Discreet inquiry developed the fact that the *Viecht* had carried about sixty thousand pounds' worth of pearls. The evidence was sufficiently convincing and the prize was sufficiently alluring to make it worth his while to risk the adventure.

It was with a certain amount of Northern deliberation that Jan Laurvik thought these points all out, and made up his mind what to do. Then he acted promptly. First he cabled to Calcutta, to one Captain Jerry Parsons, to join him in Singapore without fail by the next steamer. Next he set himself unobtrusively to the task of finding the craft he wanted and looking up equipment for her.

Captain Jerry Parsons was a New Englander, from Portland, Maine. He had been whaler, gold-hunter, filibuster, copra-trader, General-in-Chief to a small Central American

republic, and sheep-farmer in the Australian bush. At present he was conducting a more or less regular trade in precious stones among the lesser Indian potentates. He loved gain much, but he loved adventure more.

When he received the cable from his good friend Jan Laurvik, he knew that both were beckoning to him. With light-hearted zest he betook himself to the steamship offices, found a P. and O. boat sailing on the morrow, and booked his passage.

When he reached Singapore Jan Laurvik told him the story of the dead pirate's map.

"Let's see the map," said he, chewing hard on the butt of his unlighted Manila.

Jan passed his copy over. The New Englander inspected it carefully, in silence, for several minutes.

"'Tain't much of a map!" said he at length, disparagingly. "You think the varmint was straight?"

"In his way, yes," answered Jan, with conviction. "He had it in him to be straight in his way to a friend, which wouldn't hinder him cutting the throats of a thousand chaps he didn't take an interest in."

"When shall we start?" asked Captain Jerry.

The big Norseman's face shone with pleasure, and he reached out his hand. The grip was all, in the way of a bargain, that was needed between them.

"Why, to-morrow night!" he answered.

"Well," said the New Englander, "I'll draw some cash in the morning."

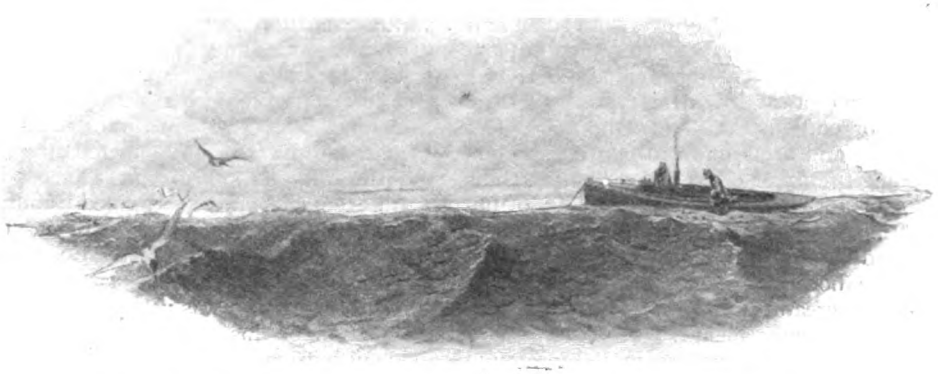
The boat that Jan had hired was a fast and sturdy sea-going tug, serviceable, but not designed for comfort. Jan had retained her engineer, a shrewd and close-mouthed Scotchman. Her sailing-master would be Captain Jerry. For crew, he had chosen a wiry little Welshman and two lank, leather-skinned Yankees. To these four, for whose honesty and loyalty he trusted to his own insight as a reader of men, he explained, partially, the nature of the undertaking, and agreed to give them, over and above their wages, a substantial percentage of whatever treasure he might succeed in recovering.

The tug was swift enough to elude any of the junks infesting those waters, but the danger was that she might be taken by surprise at her anchorage while Laurvik was under water. He fitted her, therefore, with a Maxim gun on the roof of the deck-house, and armed the crew with repeating Winchesters.

Thus equipped, he felt ready for any perils that might confront him above the surface of the water. As to what dangers might lurk below he felt somewhat less confident, as these he should have to face alone, and he remembered the ominous warning of his pirate friend about the sharks and the "killers." For sharks Jan Laurvik had comparatively small concern; but for the "killers," those swift and implacable little whales that fear no living thing, he entertained the highest respect.

On the evening of the day after Captain Jerry's arrival the tug *Sarawak* steamed quietly out of the harbour. The journey across the Straits and down the treacherous Javan Sea was so prosperous that Jan Laurvik, his blood steeped in Norse superstition, began to feel uneasy.

The unusual calm made it easy to hold close inshore when they reached that portion



"HE HAD THE LAUNCH OUTSIDE THE REEF WITH ALL HIS DIVING APPARATUS ABOARD."

of the coast where they must keep watch for the landmarks indicated on the pirate's map. When they came abreast of a low headland that they had been watching for some time, it suddenly opened out into the semblance of a two-humped camel crouching sidewise to the sea, exactly as it was represented in Jan's map. Just beyond was a narrow bay, and across the middle of its mouth, with a dangerous passage on either side, stretched the reef on which the pirate junk had gone down. At this hour of low water the reef was showing its teeth and snarling with surf. At high tide it would be hidden, and a perfect snare for ships. According to the map, the wreck lay in some eight fathoms of water, midway of the outer crescent of the reef. Behind the reef, where it might serve them as a partial shelter from the sweep of the seas if a north-easter should blow up, they found tolerable anchorage for the tug. For the preliminary soundings and for the diving operations, of course, Jan planned to use the launch. And, in order to take utmost advantage of the phenomenal calm, he got instantly to work. Within a half-hour of the *Sarawak's* anchoring he had the launch outside the reef with all his diving apparatus aboard, with Captain Jerry to manage the air-pump, and the Scotch engineer to run the motor.

III.

ALONG the outer face of the reef, at a depth varying from eight to twelve fathoms, ran an irregular rocky shelf, which dipped gradually seaward for several hundred yards, then dropped sheer to the ocean depths. In the warm water along this shelf swarmed a teeming life of gay-coloured gigantic weeds and of strange fish that outdid the brightest weeds in brilliancy and unexpectedness of hue.

In the great deeps, also, beyond the edge of the shelf, thronged life in swimming, crawling, or moveless forms, of every imagined and many unimagined shapes, from creatures so tiny that a whole colony could dwell at ease in the eye of a cambric needle, to the Titanic squid, or cuttlefish, with oval body fifty feet in length and arms like writhing constrictors reaching twenty or thirty feet farther. It was a life of noiseless but terrific activity, of unrelenting and incessant death, in a darkness streaked fitfully with phosphorescent gleams from the bodies of the darting, writhing, or pouncing creatures that slew and were slain in the stupendous silence.

Down to these dwellers in the profound had come some mysterious message or exciting influence, no man knows what, from the prolonged calm on the surface. It affected individuals among various species in such a way that they moved upward into a twilight where they were aliens and intruders.

One of these restless monsters—a gigantic, pallid cuttle—gorging himself as he went with everything that swam within reach of his darting tentacles, moved over the rocky floor until he came to the wreck of the junk.

To his huge, unwinking eyes of crystal black, which caught every tiniest ray of light in their smooth, appalling deeps, the wreck looked strange enough to attract his attention at once. It was quite unlike any rock form that he had ever seen. Rather cautiously he advanced a giant tentacle to investigate it. But at the touch of the unfamiliar and alien substance the tentacle recoiled in aversion. The cuttlefish backed away. But the wreck made no attempt to pounce upon him. It seemed to have no fight in it. Possibly, on closer investigation, it might prove to be good to eat; and he was hungry. So he tried once again, first carefully, then boldly, till the writhing tentacles, with their sensitive tips and suckers, had enveloped it from stem to stern and searched it inside and out. A few lurking fish and molluscs were snatched from the dark interior by those insinuating and inexorable feelers, and a toothsome harvest of anchored crustaceans was gathered from the hidden surfaces beside the keel. But of the bodies of the pirates that had gone down in the sudden foundering there was nothing left but bones, which the myriad scavengers of the sea had polished to the barren smoothness of ivory.

While the pallid monster was occupied in the investigation of the wreck, those two great bulging black mirrors of his eyes were sleeplessly alert to everything that passed above or about them. Once a swordfish, about seven feet long, sailed carelessly though swiftly some ten feet overhead. Up darted a livid tentacle, and fixed upon it with the deadly sucking-discs. In vain the splendid and ferocious fish lashed out in the effort to wrench itself free. In vain it strove to plunge downward and pierce the puffy monster with its sword. In a second two more tentacles were wrapped about it. Then, all force crushed out of it, it was dragged down and crammed into the conqueror's horrible mouth.

While its mouth was yet working with the satisfaction of this meal, the monster saw a graceful but massive black shape, nearly half as long as himself, swimming slowly between his eyes and the shining surface. At the

sight a shudder of fear passed over him. Every waving tentacle shrank back and lay moveless, as if suddenly paralyzed, and he flattened himself down as best he could beside the dark bulk of the wreck. Well he knew that dark shape was a "killer" whale—and a whale was the one being he knew of that he had cause to fear. Against those rending jaws his cable-like tentacles and tearing beak were of no avail, his unarmoured body utterly defenceless.

The whale, however—not a sperm, but one of a much smaller, though more savage, species: the "killer"—did not catch sight of the giant cuttlefish cringing below him. Intent on other game, he passed swiftly onward. His presence, however, had for the moment destroyed the monster's appetite. Instead of continuing his search for food, he wanted a hiding-place. He could no longer be at ease for a moment there in the open.

Just behind the wreck the rock-wall rose abruptly to the surface of the reef. Its base was hollowed into a series of low caves, where masses of softer rock had been eaten out from beneath a slanting stratum of more enduring material. The most spacious of these caves was immediately behind the wreck. It was exactly what the monster craved. He backed into it with alacrity, completely filling it with his spectral and swollen body. In the doorway the convex inky lenses of his eyes kept watch, moveless and all-seeing. And his ten pale-spotted tentacles, each thicker at the base than a man's thigh, lay outspread and hidden among the seaweeds, waiting for such victims as might come within reach of their lightning snap and coil.

The monster had no more than got himself fairly installed in his new quarters when into the range of his awful eyes came a singular figure, descending slowly through the glimmering green directly over the wreck. It was not so long as the swordfish he had lately swallowed, but it was thick and massive-looking; and it was blunt at the ends, unlike any fish he had ever seen. Its eyes were enormous, round and bulging. From its head, and from one of its curious round, thick fins, extended two slender antennæ straight up toward the surface, so long that their extremities were beyond the monster's vision. It was indeed a strange-looking creature, but he felt sure that it would be very good to eat. In their concealment among the many-coloured seaweeds his tentacles thrilled with expectancy, and he waited, like some stupendous nightmare of a spider, to spring the moment the prey came within reach.

It chanced, however, that just as the strange creature, descending without any movement of its fins, did come within reach, there also appeared again, in the distance, the black form of the "killer" whale, swimming far overhead. The monster changed his plans instantly. His interest in the new-comer died out. He became intent on nothing but keeping himself inconspicuous. The new-comer, unconscious of the terror lying in wait so near him and of the dark form patrolling the upper green, alighted upon the wreck and groped his way lumberingly into the cabin, dragging those two slim antennæ behind him.

IV.

WHEN Jan Laurvik, in his up-to-date and well-tested diving-suit, went down through the green twilight of the sea, he was doing what it was his profession to do, and he had few misgivings. He had confidence in his equipment, in his skill, and in his mate at the rope and the air-pump, Captain Jerry. For defence against any obtrusive shark or sawfish he carried a heavy, long-bladed, two-edged knife, by far the most effective weapon in deep water. This knife he wore in a sheath at his waist, with a cord attached to the handle so that it could not get away from him. He carried also a tiny electric battery supplying a strong lamp on the front of his head-piece just above his eyes.

From his long experience in sounding and in locating wrecks, Jan Laurvik had acquired an accuracy that seemed almost like divination. His soundings, in this instance, had been particularly thorough, because he did not wish to waste any time at the depth in which he would have to work. He was not surprised, therefore, when he found himself descending upon the wreck of a junk. Moreover, as it was not an old wreck, he concluded that it was the junk that he was looking for. The wreck had settled almost on an even keel; and as he was familiar with craft of her type, he had no difficulty in finding his way about.

It was in the narrow, closet-like structure that served as the junk's cabin that the pirate had said the pearls would be found. The door was open. Turning on his light, which struggled with the water and diffused a ghostly glow, he found himself confronted by a hideous little joss of red-and-gilt lacquer. He knew it was lacquer, and of the best, for nothing else, except gold itself, would have

"JAN LAURVIK, IN HIS UP-TO-DATE AND WELL-TESTED DIVING-SUIT, WENT DOWN THROUGH THE GREEN TWILIGHT OF THE SEA."

withstood the months of soaking in sea-water. Jan grinned to himself, there within his rubber and copper shell, at this evidence of pirate piety. Then it occurred to him that a man like the pirate captain would probably have turned his piety to practical use. What better guardian of the treasure than a god? Dragging the gaudy deity from his altar, he found the altar hollow. In that secure receptacle lay a series of packages done up with careful precision in wrappings of oiled silk. He knew the style of wrapping very well. For all his coolness, his heart fell to thumping painfully at the sight of this vast wealth beneath his hand. Then he realized that the pressure of the water, and of the compressed air in his helmet, was beginning to tell upon him. In fierce but orderly haste he corded the packages about his middle and turned to leave the cabin. He would make another trip for the lacquer god, and for such other articles of value or *vertu* as the junk might contain.

Jan turned to leave the cabin. But in the doorway he started back with a shudder of dread and loathing. A slender, twisting thing, whitish in colour and minutely speckled with livid spots, reached in, and fastened upon his arm with soft-looking suckers that held like death.

Jan knew instantly what the pale, writhing thing was. Out flashed his knife. With a

swift stroke he slashed off the detaining tip, where it had a thickness of perhaps two inches. The raw stump shrank back like a severed worm, and Jan, leaping clear of the doorway, signalled furiously to be hauled up. But at the same instant two more of the curling white things came reaching over the bulwarks and fastened upon him—one upon his right arm, hampering him so that he was almost helpless, and the other upon his left leg just above the knee. He felt his signal promptly answered by a powerful tug on the rope. But he was anchored to the wreck as if he had grown to it.

Never before had Jan Laurvik felt the clutch of fear at his heart as he did at this moment. But not for an instant, in the horror, did he lose his presence of mind. He knew that in a pulling match with the giant devil-fish of the deeps his comrades in the boat far overhead would be nowhere. He had made a mistake in leaving the cabin. Frantically he signalled with his left hand to "slack away" on the rope, and at the same time, though hampered by the grip on his right arm, he managed to slash off the end of the feeler that had fixed upon his leg. On the instant, whipping the knife over to his left, he cut his right arm clear and sprang back into the doorway.

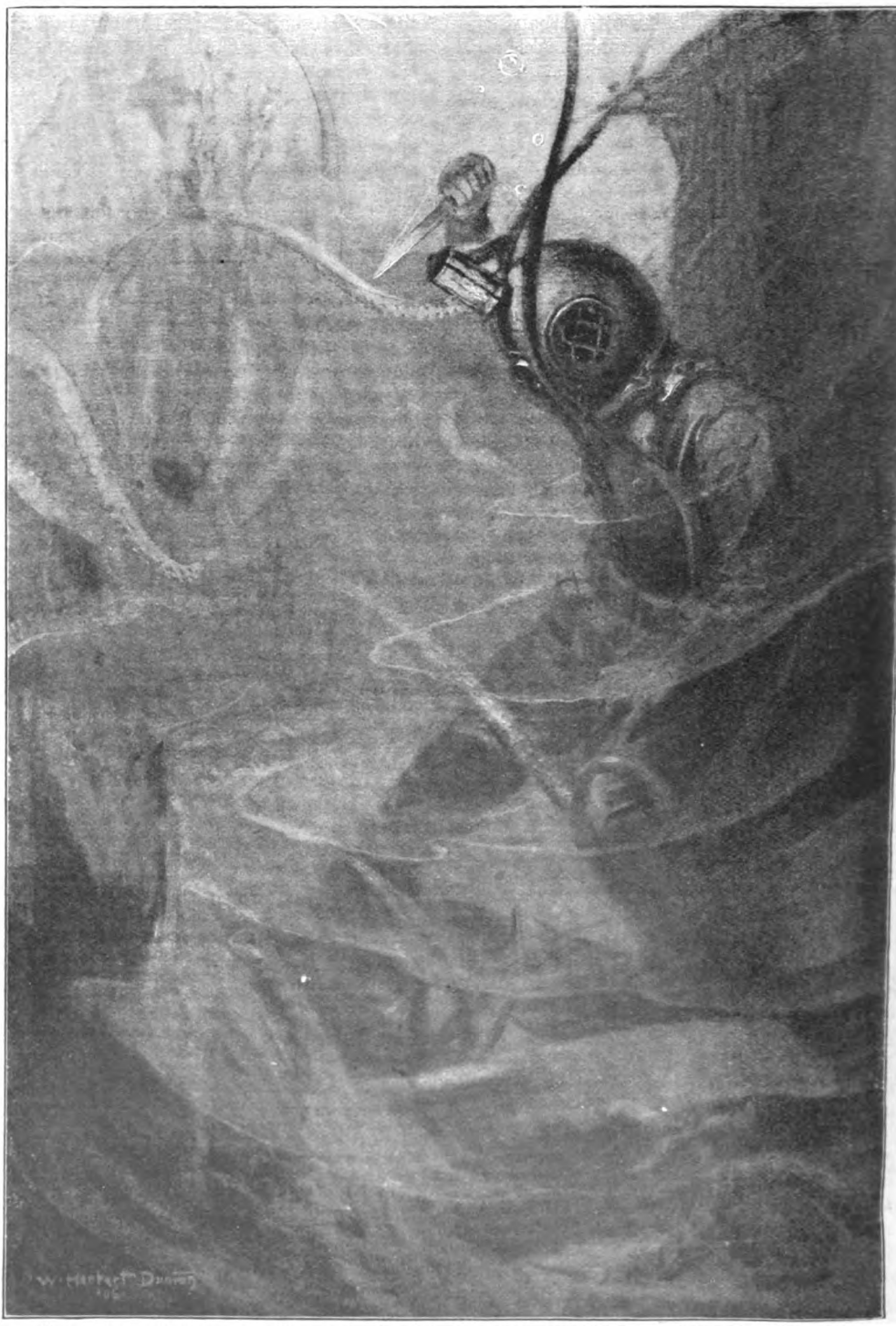
Jan's idea was that by keeping just inside the cabin door he could defend himself from being surrounded by the assault of the writhing things. He knew that in the open he would speedily be enfolded, and crushed, and engulfed in the jaws of the monstrous squid. But in the narrow doorway the swift play of his blade would have some chance. He gained the doorway. He got fairly inside it, indeed. But as he entered he was horrified to see the thick stump, whose tip he had shorn off, dart in with him and fix itself, by its bigger and more irresistible suckers, upon the middle of his breast. With a shiver he sliced off the fatal discs in one long sweep of his blade, then turned like a flash to sever a pallid tip that had fastened upon his helmet.

Jan was now thankful enough that he had got himself into the narrow doorway. Seemingly undisturbed by the slashings and slicings that some of them had received, the whole ten squirming horrors now darted at the doorway. Presently no fewer than three of the diabolical things laid their loathsome hold upon his right leg below the knee, and began to haul it out through the door. Jan slashed at them madly, but not altogether effectually; for at this moment another tentacle had laid grip upon his arm below the elbow. He had just time to shift the knife again to his left and catch the jamb of the door, when he felt his helmet almost jerked from his head. This grip he dared not interfere with, lest he should cut, at the same time, the air-tube that fed his lungs, and drown like a rat in a hole. At this moment, however, just as the pressure upon his neck was becoming intolerable, he felt his head suddenly released. One of the great sucking-discs had crushed in the glass of the electric lamp and fastened upon the live wire. The sensation it experienced was evidently not pleasant, for it let go promptly, and secured a new hold upon Jan's left arm.

This hold left him almost helpless, because he could no longer wield the knife freely with either hand. He felt himself slowly being pulled out of the doorway by his right leg. Throwing himself partly backward and partly behind the door, he gained a firmer brace and at the same time brought his knife again into better play. He would fight to the very last gasp, but he felt that the odds had now gone overwhelmingly against him. The fear of death itself was not heavy upon him. He had faced it too often and too coolly for that. But at the manner of this death that confronted him his very soul sickened with loathing. His horror was not lessened by the sight that now met his view. A colossal, swollen, leprous-looking bulk, pallid and spotted, was mounting over the bulwark. Two great oval lenses of clear blackness, set close together, were in the front of the bulk, just over the spot where the tentacles started. These gigantic, appalling, expressionless eyes were fixed upon him. The monster was coming aboard to see what kind of creature it was that was giving him so much trouble.

Jan saw that the end of the fight was very near. The thought, however, did not unnerve him. Rather, it put new fire into his nerves and muscles. By a tremendous wrench he succeeded in reaching with the knife the tentacle that bound his right arm. This freedom was like a new lease of life to him. He made swift play with his blade, so savagely that he was able to drag himself back almost completely into the cabin before the writhing horrors again closed upon him. But meanwhile the monster's gigantic body had gained the deck. Those two awful eyes were slowly drawing nearer; and below them he saw the viscid mouth opening and shutting in anticipation.

At this a kind of madness began to surge up in Jan Laurvik's overtaxed brain. His



"HE WAS ON THE VERY POINT OF STOPPING HIS RESISTANCE, PLUNGING STRAIGHT IN AMONG THE ARMS, AND BURYING HIS BIG BLADE IN THOSE UNSPEAKABLE EYES."

veins seemed to surge with fresh power, as if there were nothing too tremendous for him to accomplish. He was on the very point of stopping his resistance, plunging straight in among the arms, and burying his big blade in those unspeakable eyes. It would be a satisfaction, at least, to force them to change their expression. And then—well, something might happen!

But before he could put this desperate scheme into execution, something did happen. Jan was aware of a sudden darkness overhead. The monster was evidently aware of it too, for every one of the twisting tentacles suddenly shrank away, leaving Jan to lean up against the doorway, free. The next moment a huge black shape descended perpendicularly upon the fleshy mountain of the monster's back, and a rush of water drove Jan backward into the cabin.

As the electric lamp had gone out when the glass was broken, Jan could see but dimly the awful battle of giants now going on before him. So excited was he that he forgot his own new peril. The danger was now that in the struggle one or other of the battling bulks might crush the cabin flat, or entangle the air-tube and life-line. In either case Jan's finish would be swift; but, in comparison with the loathsome death from which he had just been so miraculously saved, such an end seemed not very dreadful.

Skilled in deep-sea lore as he was, he knew the dark fury that had swooped down upon the devil-fish. It was a "killer" whale, or grampus, the most redoubtable and implacable fighter of all the kindred of the sea. Jan saw its wide jaws shear off three mighty tentacles at once, close at the base. The others writhed up hideously and fastened upon him, but under the surging of his resistless muscles their tissues tore apart like snapped cables. Huge masses of the monster's ghastly flesh were bitten off and thrown aside. Then, gaining a grip that took in the monster's head and the roots of the tentacles, the "killer" shook his prey as a bulldog might shake a fat sheep. The tentacles straightened out slackly. Jan saw that the fight was over and that it was high time for him to remove from that too strenuous neighbourhood. He gave the signal vehemently, and was drawn up without attracting his dangerous rescuer's notice. When Captain Jerry hauled him in over the boat side he fell in an unconscious heap.

When Jan came to himself he was in his bunk on the *Sarawak*. It was an utter physical and nervous exhaustion that had overcome him. His swoon had passed into a heavy sleep, and when he awoke he sat up with a start. Captain Jerry was at his side, bursting with suppressed curiosity, and the Scotch engineer was standing by the bunk.

"Waal, partner, you've delivered the goods all right," drawled Captain Jerry. "They're the stuff, not a doubt of it. But kind o' seemed to us up here you were having high jinks of one kind or another down there. What was it?"

"It was awful!" responded Jan, with a shudder. Then he took hold of Captain Jerry's hand and felt it, as if to make sure it was real, or as if he needed the feel of honest human flesh again to bring him to his senses.

"Ugh!" he went on, swinging out of the bunk. "Let me get out into the sunlight again. Let me see the sky again. I'll tell you all about it by an' by, Jerry. But wait. Were all the packages on me all right?"

"There were six of 'em tied on to you. I reckon they're worth the sixty thousand all right," responded Captain Jerry.

"Well, let's get away from this place quick as we can get steam up again!" said Jan. "There's more swag down there, I guess—lots of it. But I wouldn't go down again, or send another man down, for all the millions we've all of us ever heard tell of. Mr. McWha, how soon can we be moving?"

"Ten meenutes, more or less," replied the Scotchman.

"All right. When we're outside of this accursed bay, an' round the 'Camel' yonder, I'll tell you what it's like down there under that shiny green."

CHROMATIC FANTASY—BACH.
"Often when hearing Bach I hear bells ringing in the sky, rung by whirling cords held in the hands of maidens dressed in brown."

PICTURES IN MUSIC.

DO you see pictures in music? When you hear a Beethoven symphony or a sonata by Schumann, do mystic human figures and landscapes float before your eyes?

It is by no means new or uncommon for a composer to have a distinct picture in his mind when he sets himself to create a work. Schumann saw children at play in an embowered wood, dancing merrily until, lo! the sudden advent of a satyr sent them shrieking to their homes.

Few, however, have been able to delineate their hallucinations born of music. Mendelssohn, who was no mean draughtsman, was often asked to do so, but always refused. "It is like asking a sculptor to paint a portrait of his statue," he once said. "All art is one, just as the human body is one, but each of the members has its functions. It is the function of music to hear, not to see." Nevertheless, it is highly interesting to see music translated in the terms of a sister art, and this is what a clever artist, Miss Pamela Colman Smith, has done, in pictures which are published now for the first time in THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Many of the compositions selected by the artist will instantly be recognised as

conveying, in quite a surprising way, a vivid idea of the music as a whole. Every reader can ascertain for himself whether he possesses this peculiar psychic gift—this power of conjuring up music pictures. When you next hear a famous sonata, close your eyes and see what, if any, "pictures" pass before the eye of your brain. Under the magical influence of music the soul has glimpses of wondrous shapes, lit by the light that never was on sea or land.

"You ask me how these pictures are evolved," said Miss Colman Smith. "They are not pictures of the music theme—pictures of the flying notes—not conscious illustrations of the name given to a piece of music, but just what I see when I hear music—thoughts loosened and set free by the spell of sound.

"When I take a brush in hand and the music begins, it is like unlocking the door into a beautiful country. There, stretched far away, are plains and mountains and the billowy sea, and as the music forms a net of sound the people who dwell there enter the scene; tall, slow-moving, stately queens, with jewelled crowns and garments gay or sad, who walk on mountain-tops or stand beside the shore, watching the water-people. These water-folk are passionless, and sway or fall with little heed of time; they toss the spray and, bending down, dive headlong through the deep.

"There are the dwellers, too, of the great plain, who sit and brood, made of stone and motionless; the trees, which slumber till some elf goes by with magic spear and wakes the green to life; towers, white and tall, standing against the darkening sky—

> Those tall white towers that one sees afar,
> Topping the mountain crests like crowns of snow.
> Their silence hangs so heavy in the air
> That thoughts are stifled.

"Then huddling crowds, who carry spears, hasten across the changing scene. Sunsets fade from rose to grey, and clouds scud across the sky.

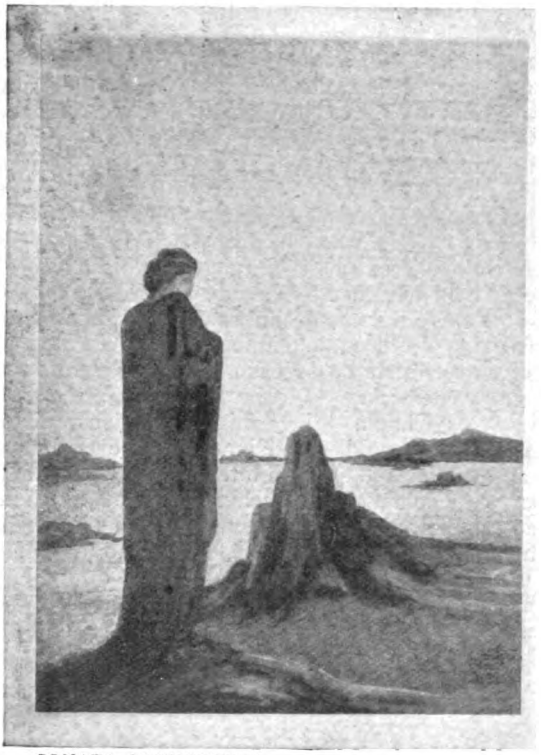
"For a long time the land I saw when hearing Beethoven was unpeopled; hills, plains, ruined towers, churches by the sea. After a time I saw far off a little company of spearmen ride away across the plain. But now the clanging sea is strong with the salt of the lashing spray and full of elemental life; the riders of the waves, the Queen of Tides, who carries in her hand the pearl-like moon, and bubbles gleaming on the inky wave.

"Often when hearing Bach I hear bells ringing in the sky, rung by whirling cords held in the hands of maidens dressed in brown. There is a rare freshness in the air, like morning on a mountain-top, with opal-coloured mists that chase each other fast across the scene.

"Chopin brings night; gardens where mystery and dread lurk under every bush, but joy and passion throb within the air, and the cold moon bewitches all the scene. There is a garden that I often see, with moonlight glistening on the vine-leaves, and drooping roses with pale petals fluttering down, tall, misty trees and purple sky, and lovers wandering there.

BALLADE No. 1, OP. 23, IN G MINOR—CHOPIN.

"Chopin brings night; gardens where mystery and dread lurk under every bush, but joy and passion throb within the air." The artist calls this picture "The Fugitive."



SONATA PATHETIQUE—BEETHOVEN.
"Tall, slow-moving, stately queens, with jewelled crowns and garments gay or sad, who walk on mountain-tops or stand beside the shore."

"A drawing of that garden I have shown to several people and asked them if they could play the music that I heard when I drew it. They have all, without any hesitation, played the same. I do not know the name, but—well, I know the music of that place."

It is interesting to compare with these experiences the words of great artists and writers who have been endowed with the same gift.

"When I listen to music," wrote the great Meissonier, "it takes shape in my inner soul, it conjures up form and landscapes. For instance, Beethoven's Symphony in A—my favourite, the one I adore—always shows me a Greek landscape smiling in the sunlight, with clear water over which dragon-flies hover, where nymphs bathe hand in hand."

One of the most sensitive of music-lovers was Heine, who tells us that as he listened the world around would disappear, and in its place strange phantom forms, mystic scenes, and figures born of melody would glide before his rapturous vision. Few things in literature are more impressive than his description of Paganini playing:—

"As for me, you already know my musical second-sight, my gift of seeing at each tone a figure equivalent to the sound, and so Paganini, with each stroke of the bow, brought visible forms and situations before my eyes; he told me in melodious hieroglyphics all kinds of brilliant tales; he, as it were, made a magic-lantern play its coloured antics before me, he himself being chief actor. At the first stroke of his bow the stage scenery around

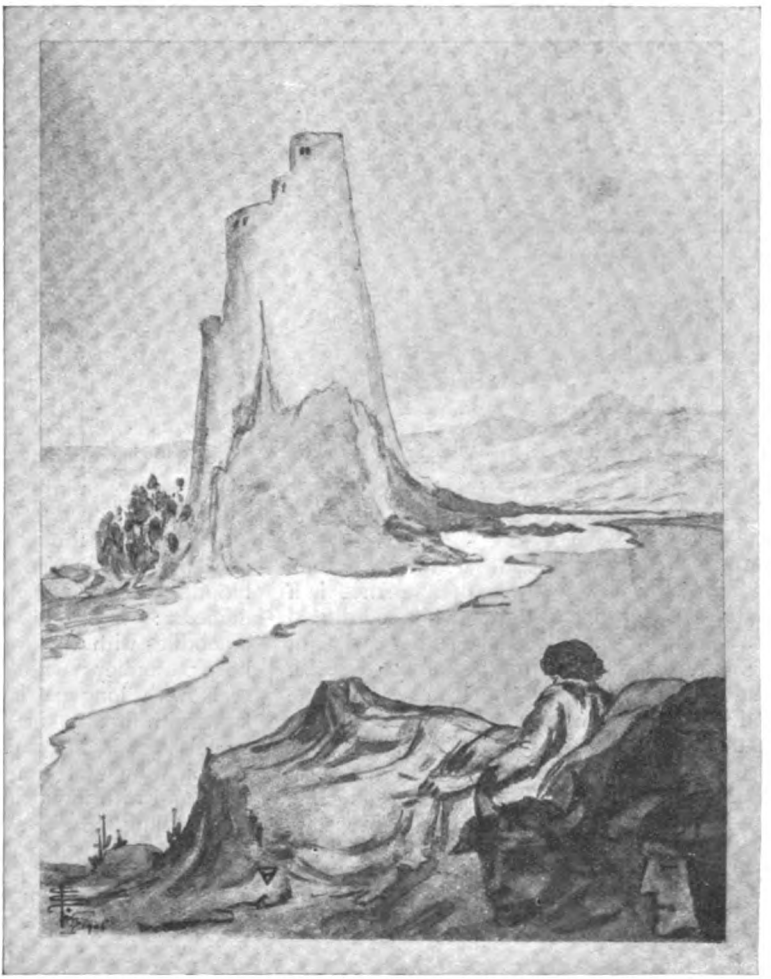
SYMPHONY No. 5 IN C MINOR—BEETHOVEN.
"But now the clanging sea is strong with the salt of the lashing spray and full of elemental life; the riders of the waves, the Queen of Tides, who carries in her hand the pearl-like moon."

him had changed; he suddenly stood with his music-desk in a cheerful room, decorated in a gay irregular way after the Pompadour style; everywhere little mirrors, gilded Cupids, Chinese porcelain, a delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands of flowers, white gloves, torn lace, false pearls, diadems of gold leaf and spangles—such tinsel as one finds in the room of a *prima donna*. Paganini's outward appearance had also changed, and certainly most advantageously; he wore short breeches of lily-coloured satin, a white waistcoat embroidered with silver, and a coat of bright blue velvet with gold buttons; the hair in little carefully-curled locks bordered his face, which was young and rosy, and gleamed with sweet tenderness as he ogled the pretty young lady who stood near him at the music-desk while he played the violin."

At other times when Paganini began to play a gloom came before the listener's eyes. The sounds were not transformed into bright forms and colours; the master's form was clothed in gloomy shades, out of the darkness of which his music moaned in the most piercing tones of lamentation. Only at times, when a little lamp that hung above cast its sorrowful light over him, could Heine catch a glimpse of his pale countenance, on which the youth was not yet extinguished. His costume was singular, in two colours, yellow and red. Heavy chains weighed upon his feet. Behind him moved a face whose physiognomy indicated a lusty goat-nature. And he saw at times long, hairy hands seize assistingly the strings of the violin on which Paganini was playing.

"Then a rush of agonizing sounds came from the violin, and a fearful groan, and a sob such as was never heard upon the earth before, nor will perhaps be heard on earth again; unless in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, when the colossal trumpets of doom shall ring out and the naked corpses shall crawl forth from the grave to abide their fate. But the agonized violinist suddenly made one stroke of the bow, such a mad, despairing stroke that his chains fell rattling from him, and his mysterious assistant and the other foul mocking forms vanished."

Again the master musician and his surroundings seemed suddenly changed. He could scarcely be recognised in the monk's



CONCERTO IN A MINOR, "CASTLE OF PAIN"—SCHUMANN.

When hearing Schumann's Concerto in A minor the artist sees a castle, grim and solitary, and peopled with despairing human souls. She calls it the "Castle of Pain."

OVERTURE "1812"—TSCHAIKOVSKY.

Tschaikovsky's famous overture, "1812," was written in a fervour of Russian patriotism to commemorate his country's achievements during that fateful year. In the above picture we see Napoleon's army in the midst of their disastrous retreat from Moscow. A widow and her child gaze sadly from an eminence across the snow-clad plains which were destined to become the grave of so many thousands.

brown dress, which concealed rather than clothed him. With savage countenance half hid by the cowl, waist girt with a cord, and bare feet, Paganini stood, a solitary, defiant figure, on a rocky prominence by the sea, and played his violin. But the sea became red and redder, and the sky grew paler, till at last the surging water looked like bright scarlet blood, and the sky above became of a ghastly corpse-like colour, and the stars came out large and threatening; and those stars were black, black as glooming coal. But the tones of the violin grew ever more stormy and defiant, and the eyes of the terrible player sparkled with such a scornful lust of destruction, and his thin lips moved with such a horrible haste, that it seemed as if he murmured some old accursed charms to conjure the storm and loose the evil spirits that lie imprisoned in the abysses of the sea. Often when he stretched his long, thin arms from the broad monk's sleeve, and swept the air with his bow, he seemed like some sorcerer who commands the elements with his magic wand: and then there was a wild wailing from the depth of the sea, and the horrible waves of blood sprang up so fiercely that they almost besprinkled the pale sky and the black stars with their red foam. There was a wailing and a shrieking and a crashing as if the world was falling into fragments, and ever more stubbornly the monk played his violin. He seemed as if, by the power of violent will, he wished to break the seven seals wherewith Solomon sealed the iron vessels in which he had shut up those vanquished demons. The wise king sank those vessels in the sea, and Heine seemed to hear the voices of the imprisoned spirits while Paganini's violin growled in its most wrathful bass. But at last he thought he heard the jubilee of deliverance, and out of the red billows of blood emerged the heads of the fettered demons: monsters of legendary horror, crocodiles with bats' wings, snakes with stags' horns, monkeys with shells on their heads, seals with long patriarchal beards, women's faces with breasts in place of cheeks, green camels' heads, hermaphrodites of impossible combination—all staring with cold, crafty eyes, and with long, fin-like claws grasping at the fiddling monk. From the latter, however, in the furious zeal of his conjuration the cowl fell back, and the curly hair, fluttering in the wind, fell round his head in ringlets like black snakes.

SALTHAVEN

BY

W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ROBERT VYNER received the news of Miss Hartley's sudden departure with an air of polite interest. The secrecy of the affair, and the fact that she had gone with Captain Trimblett, convinced him that it was no casual visit, and he mused bitterly on the strange tendency of seafaring people to meddle with the affairs of others. An attempt to ascertain from Hartley the probable duration of her visit, and other interesting particulars, as they sat together in the young man's office, yielded no satisfaction.

"She made up her mind to go rather suddenly, didn't she?" he inquired.

Hartley said "Yes," and murmured something about taking advantage of the opportunity of going up with Captain Trimblett. "She is very fond of the captain," he added.

"Is she staying near him?" asked Vyner, without looking up from his work.

The chief clerk, who was anxious to get away, said "No," and eyed him uneasily.

"I hope that London will agree with her," continued Robert, politely. "Is she staying in a healthy part?"

"Very," said the other.

Mr. Vyner bent over his work again, and scowled diabolically at an innocent letter which said that his instructions should have immediate attention.

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"Which do you consider a healthy part?" he said, presently.

Mr. Hartley, after some reflection, said there were many districts which merited that description. He mentioned eleven, and was discoursing somewhat learnedly on drainage and soils when he noticed that the young man's attention was wandering. With a muttered reference to his work, he rose and quitted the room.

Day succeeded day in tiresome waiting, and Mr. Robert Vyner, leaning back in his chair, regarded with a hostile eye the pile of work that accumulated on his table as he sat dreaming of Joan Hartley. In a species of waking nightmare he would see her beset by hordes of respectful but persistent admirers. He manifested a craving for Mr. Hartley's society, and, discovering by actual experience that, melancholy as the house was without its mistress, all other places were more melancholy still, contrived, to its owner's great discomfort, to spend a considerable number of his evenings there.

"He's a pattern to all of you," said Rosa to Mr. Walters, who sat in the kitchen one evening, cautiously watching Mr. Vyner through a small hole in the muslin blind.

Mr. Walters grunted.

"I believe he worships the ground she treads on," said Rosa, in exalted tones.

Mr. Walters grunted again, and her colour rose. For nearly a fortnight she had not spoken to any other man—at least, to the boatswain's knowledge—and she fully realized the cloying effect of security upon a man of his temperament.

"Last night I saw him standing for half an hour looking into a shop," she said, softly. "What shop do you think it was?"

Mr. Walters's face took on an obstinate expression. "Butcher's?" he hazarded, at last.

"Butcher's!" repeated Rosa, with scorn. "What should he want to look in a butcher's for? It was Hickman's, the jeweller's."

The boatswain said "Oh!" and devoted himself with renewed interest to his task of watching Mr. Vyner. Miss Jelks's conversation for some time past had circled round engagement-rings, a subject which brought him face to face with the disagreeable side of flirtation.

"More fool him," he said, without looking round.

Rosa gazed fixedly at the back of his head. She was far too sensible not to have noticed the gradual waning of his passion, and she chided herself severely for having dropped her usual tactics. At the same time she realized that she was not alone to blame in the matter, the gilded youth of Salthaven, after one or two encounters with Mr. Walters, having come to the conclusion that a flirtation with her was a temptation to be avoided.

"Most men *are* fools," she said, calmly. "A young fellow I met the other evening—the night you couldn't come out—went on like a madman just because I wouldn't promise to meet him again."

"Pity I didn't see 'im," said Mr. Walters, grimly.

"Oh!" said Rosa, losing her head. "Why?"

"I'd ha' give 'im something to make a fuss about," said the boatswain, "that's all."

"It's not his fault," said Rosa, softly. "He couldn't help himself. He told me so. Quite the gentleman—quite. You ought to see the way he raises his hat. And his head is covered all over with little short curls."

"Like a nigger," said Mr. Walters, with disappointing calmness.

He removed his eye from the window and, taking out his pipe, began to fill it from a small metal box. Rosa, compressing her lips, watched him with a sardonic smile.

"Got anything to do this evening?" she inquired.

"No," said the other.

"Well, I have," said Rosa, with a bright smile, "so I'll say good evening."

Mr. Walters rose and, replacing a box of matches in his pocket, stood watching her with his mouth open.

"Don't hurry," she said, at last.

The boatswain sat down again.

"I mean when you get outside," explained the girl.

Mr. Walters gazed at her in slow perplexity, and then, breathing heavily, walked out of the kitchen like a man in a dream. His suspicions were aroused, and with an idea that a little blood-letting would give him relief, he wasted the entire evening lying in wait for a good-looking, gentlemanly young man with curly hair.

Miss Jelks waited for his appearance the following evening in vain. Several evenings passed, but no boatswain, and it became apparent at last that he had realized the perils of his position. Anger at his defection was mingled with admiration for his strength of mind every time she looked in the glass.

She forged her weapons slowly. A new hat was ready, but a skirt and coat still languished at the dressmaker's. She waited until they came home, and then, dressing her hair in a style which owed something to a

fashion-paper and something to her lack of skill, sallied out to put matters on a more satisfactory footing.

It was early evening, and the street fairly full, but for some time she wandered about aimlessly. Twice she smiled at young men of her acquaintance, and they smiled back and went on their way. The third she met with a smile so inviting that against his better sense he stopped, and after a nervous glance round made a remark about the weather.

"Beautiful," said Rosa. "Have you been ill, Mr. Filer?"

"Ill?" said the young man, staring. "No. Why?"

"Haven't seen you for such a long time," said Miss Jelks, swinging her parasol. "I've been wondering what had become of you. I was afraid you were ill."

Mr. Filer caressed his moustache. "I haven't seen you about," he retorted.

"I haven't been out lately," said the girl; "it's so lonely walking about by yourself that I'd sooner sit indoors and mope."

Mr. Filer stood blinking thoughtfully. "I s'pose you're going to meet a friend?" he said, at last.

"No," said Rosa. "I s'pose you are?"

Mr. Filer said "No" in his turn.

Two minutes later, in a state of mind pretty evenly divided between trepidation and joy, he found himself walking by her side.

They chose at first the quietest streets, but under Miss Jelks's guidance drifted slowly back to the town. To her annoyance the boatswain was nowhere to be seen, and the idea of wasting the evening in the society of Mr. Filer annoyed her beyond measure. She became moody, and vague in her replies to his sallies, and finally, with the forlorn hope that Mr. Walters might be spending the evening aboard ship, strolled on to the quay.

Work was over and they had the place to themselves. She seated herself on a pile of timber and, motioning the young man to join her, experienced a sudden thrill as she saw the head of Mr. Walters protruding tortoise-like over the side of the *Indian Chief*, which lay a little way below them. Fearful that Mr. Filer should see it, she directed his attention to two small boys who were disporting themselves in a ship's boat, and, with her head almost on his shoulder, blotted out the steamer with three feathers and a bunch of roses.

It was a beautiful evening, but Mr. Filer failed to understand why she should slap his hand when he said so. He could hardly open his mouth without being requested to behave himself and getting another tiny slap. Greatly encouraged by this treatment he ventured to pass his left arm round her waist, and, in full view of the choking boatswain, imprison both her hands in his.

Miss Jelks endured it for two minutes, and then, breaking away, gave him a playful little prod with her parasol and fled behind a warehouse uttering faint shrieks. Mr. Filer gave chase at once, in happy ignorance that his rival had nearly fallen overboard in a hopeless attempt to see round the corner. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and when the couple emerged and began to walk in a more sober fashion towards the town an infuriated boatswain followed a little in the rear.

Mr. Filer saw him first and, with a sudden sinking at his heart, dropped his light banter and began to discourse on more serious subjects. He attempted to widen the distance between them, but in vain. A second glance showed him Mr. Walters close behind, with a face like that of two destroying angels rolled into one. Trembling with fright he quickened his pace and looked round eagerly for means of escape. His glance fell on a confectioner's window, and muttering the word "Ice" he dashed in, followed in a more leisurely fashion by Miss Jelks.

"I was just feeling like an ice," she said, as she took a seat at a little marble-topped table. She put her hat straight in a mirror opposite, and removing her gloves prepared for action.

Mr. Filer ate his ice mechanically, quite unaware of its flavour; then as nothing happened he plucked up courage and began to talk. His voice shook a little at first, but was gradually getting stronger, when he broke off suddenly with his spoon in mid-air and gazed in fascinated horror at a disc of greenish-yellow nose that pressed against the shop-window. The eyes behind it looked as though they might melt the glass.

He put his spoon down on the table and tried to think. Miss Jelks finished her ice and sat smiling at him.

"Could you—could you eat another?" he faltered.

Miss Jelks said that she could try, and remarked, casually, that she had once eaten thirteen, and had been superstitious about that number ever since.

"Aren't you going to have one, too?" she inquired, when the fresh ice arrived.

Mr. Filer shook his head, and, trying hard to ignore the face at the window, said that

he was not hungry. He sat trembling with agitation, and, desirous of postponing the encounter with the boatswain as long as possible, kept ordering ices for Miss Jelks until that lady, in justice to herself, declined to eat any more.

"I can't finish this," she said. "You'll have to help me."

She took up a generous spoonful, and in full view of the face at the window leaned across the table and put it into Mr. Filer's

across his forehead. "It's the ice, I think—I'm not used to 'em."

"Perhaps the air will do you good," said Rosa.

Mr. Filer shook his head. Whatever good the air might do him would, he felt certain, be counteracted by the treatment of the boatswain.

"Don't wait for me," he said, with a faint smile. "I might be here for hours; I've been like it before."

"'I DON'T LIKE LEAVING HIM HERE,' SAID ROSA."

unwilling mouth. With a violent shudder he saw the boatswain leave the window and take up a position in front of the door. Miss Jelks drew on her gloves and, with another glance in the mirror as she rose, turned to leave. Mr. Filer made no attempt to follow.

"Ain't you ready?" said Miss Jelks, pausing.

"I'm not feeling very well," said the young man, desperately, as he passed his hand

"I can't leave you like this," said Rosa. "Why"—she turned suddenly, and her face lit up with a smile—"here's Mr. Walters! How fortunate! He'll be able to help you home."

"No—don't trouble," gasped Mr. Filer, as the boatswain came into the shop and prepared to render first aid by moistening his palms and rubbing them together. "It's very kind of you, but I shall be all right if I'm left alone. I'd rather be left alone—I would indeed."

"You'd better let the gentleman help you home," urged the shopkeeper. "He looks strong."

Mr. Filer shuddered.

"And you can lean on me," said Rosa, softly.

Mr. Filer shuddered again, and with surprising energy, considering his invalid condition, gripped the iron frame of the table with his legs and clutched the top with his hands.

"I don't like leaving him here," said Rosa, hesitating.

"Neither don't I," growled the boatswain. "'Owever, I s'pose I'll run against 'im sooner or later."

He escorted Rosa to the door and, after a yearning glance at Mr. Filer, followed her out and walked by her side in silence.

"Poor fellow," said Rosa, at last. "How generous he is! I believe he'd give me anything I asked for."

Mr. Walters started and, bending his brows, muttered something about giving Mr. Filer more than he asked for.

"Oh, yes; I dare say," retorted Rosa, turning on him with sudden heat. "I'm not to speak to anybody to please you. You leave my friends alone. What's it got to do with you?"

"I see you," said Mr. Walters, darkly; "I see you from the ship. You little thought as 'ow I was a watching your little games."

Miss Jelks stopped and, drawing herself up, regarded him haughtily.

"I didn't ask you for your company, Mr. Walters," she said, sharply, "so you can take yourself off as soon as you like."

She turned and walked off in the opposite direction, and Mr. Walters, after a moment's hesitation, turned and followed. They walked in this fashion for some distance; then the boatswain, quickening his pace, caught her roughly by the arm.

"I want to show you something," he growled.

Miss Jelks eyed him disdainfully.

"In 'ere," said the other, pointing to the same jeweller's window that had been the cause of so much discomfort to Captain Trimblett.

"Well?" said the girl, her eyes sparkling.

For answer the gentle swain took her by the elbows and propelled her into the shop, and approaching the counter gazed disagreeably at the shopman.

"I want a ring for this young lady," he said, reddening despite himself. "A good 'un —one o' the best."

The man turned to the window and, after a little careful groping, unhooked a velvet card studded with rings. Rosa's eyes shone, but she drew off her glove with a fine show of unwillingness at the boatswain's command.

"Try that on," he said, pointing to a ring.

Miss Jelks placed it on the third finger of her left hand, and holding it up to the light gazed at it entranced.

"'Ow much?" said the boatswain, jerking his head.

"That's a very nice ring," said the assistant. "Twenty——" he referred to a tiny label on the card, "twenty-five pounds."

The boatswain's jaw dropped, and both listeners made noble efforts to appear unconscious that his breathing was anything out of the ordinary.

"Take it off," he said, as soon as he could speak; "take it off at once."

"It's too large," said Rosa, with a sigh.

She drew it off, and, turning to a case the jeweller placed before her, tried on several more. Suited at last, she held up her hand with the ring on it for Mr. Walters's inspection.

"It fits beautifully," she said, softly, as the boatswain scratched the back of his neck.

"A very nice ring, that," said the assistant. "A queen might wear it."

"Take it off," cried Mr. Walters, hastily.

"Seventeen shillings and sixpence," said the jeweller, almost as quickly.

"I like it better than the other," said Rosa.

"It is better," said the boatswain, positively.

He counted out the money and, turning a deaf but blushing ear to the jeweller's glowing description of his wedding-rings, led the way outside. Rosa took his arm and leaned on it heavily.

"Fancy! We are engaged now," she said, squeezing his arm and looking up at him.

Mr. Walters, who seemed to be in a state of considerable perturbation, made no reply.

"Fancy you being in such a hurry!" continued Rosa, with another squeeze.

"It's a failing of mine," said the boatswain, still staring straight before him. "Always was."

CHAPTER XVI.

JOAN HARTLEY'S ideas of London, gathered from books and illustrated papers, were those of a town to which her uncle and aunt were utter strangers. Mr. William Carr knew Cornhill and the adjacent district thoroughly, and thirty or forty years before had made periodical descents upon the West-end. He

left home at half-past eight every morning and returned every evening at five minutes to six, except on Saturdays, when he returned at ten minutes past three, and spent his half-holiday in the dining-room reading an early edition of the evening paper. Any paragraphs relating to Royalty were read aloud to his wife, who knew not only all the members of the English Royal Family by name, but also her husband's. The morning was devoted to assisting and superintending the general servant for the time being; after dinner, at one o'clock, she retired upstairs to dress and went down to the shops to make a few purchases, returning in good time to give her husband tea. The early part of the evening was devoted to waiting for supper; the latter part to waiting for bed.

"MRS. CARR AND JOAN GOT WET WALKING TO THE OMNIBUS, AND WETTER STILL WAITING AT ONE CORNER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

those dignitaries abroad who had the happiness to be connected with it in marriage. She could in all probability have given the King himself much useful information as to the ages and fourth and fifth Christian names of some of the later and more remote members of his family.

Her day was as regular and methodical as

During the first week of Joan's visit an agreeable thrill was communicated to the household by preparations for an evening, or perhaps an afternoon and evening, in town. The event came off—in the third week of her stay—on a wet Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Carr and Joan got wet walking to the omnibus, and wetter still waiting at one

corner of the Bank of England for Mr. Carr, who was getting wet at another. Mr Carr, who was in holiday attire, was smoking a large cigar in honour of the occasion, which he extinguished upon entering an omnibus and re-lighted at the Zoological Gardens. By the aid of careful manipulation and the rain it lasted him until evening. They wound up an eventful day at a theatre, and Mr. Carr, being anxious to do the thing well, took them all the way home in a four-wheeler. A little sum in mental arithmetic, which he worked on the way and submitted to the cabman at the end of the journey, was found to be wrong.

The outing was not repeated. Mrs. Carr went about for a day or two with the air of one who had returned from a long and fatiguing expedition; and her husband, when he returned from business the day following and changed into his slippers, paid such a warm tribute to the joys and comforts of home that his niece abandoned all ideas of any further jaunts.

Wearied by the dullness and the monotony of the streets, she began to count the days till her return. Her father's letters made no mention of it; but the Salthaven news in them only increased her eagerness.

She returned one day from a solitary ramble on Hampstead Heath to find that Salthaven, or a whiff of it, had come to her. A deep voice, too well known to be mistaken, fell on her ears as she entered the front door, and hastening to the dining-room she found her aunt entertaining Captain Trimblett to afternoon tea. One large hand balanced a cup and saucer; the other held a plate. His method of putting both articles in one hand while he ate or drank might have excited the envy of a practised juggler. When Joan entered the room she found her aunt, with her eyes riveted on a piece of the captain's buttered toast that was lying face downwards on the carpet, carrying on a disjointed conversation.

"I just looked in," said the captain, as Joan almost embraced him. "Mind the tea!"

"Looked in?" echoed Joan.

"One tram, three buses—one of 'em a mistake—and my own legs," said the captain. "I had no idea it was so far."

"People have no idea how far out we really are," said Mrs. Carr, looking round with a satisfied smile. "I've noticed it before. Did you find the air different, Captain Trimblett?"

"Very," said the captain with a sudden gasp, as he caught sight of the piece of toast. "Very fine air. Very fine. Very—quite strong."

He shifted his feet restlessly and the toast disappeared. For a moment Mrs. Carr thought that the floor had opened and swallowed it up. Realizing that the day of useful miracles had passed, she gazed fixedly at his left foot.

"Well," said the captain, turning a relieved face to Joan, "how is the round of gaiety? Are you tired of being a butterfly yet? I suppose after this Salthaven won't be good enough for you?"

"There's nothing like life for young people," said Mrs. Carr. "Give them plenty of life and that's all they want."

Miss Hartley, whose back was towards her aunt, made a grimace.

"It's very natural," said the captain.

Miss Hartley made a further effort—one that she had relinquished at the age of ten—but the captain, intent upon a bite, missed it.

"In my young days all I thought of was gadding about," said Mrs. Carr, smiling. "I wasn't very strong either; it was just my spirits kept me up. But I used to suffer for it afterwards."

"We all do," said the captain, politely.

By a feat of absolute legerdemain he took out his handkerchief and brushed some crumbs from his beard. His cup slid to the edge of the saucer and peeped over, but, throwing the spoon overboard, righted itself just in time. Somewhat pleased with himself he replaced the handkerchief, and drinking the remainder of his tea thankfully handed the crockery to Joan. After which, with a mind relieved, he sat and spun his marvelling hostess a few tales of the sea.

He left under plea of business, before Mr. Carr's return, and with a reference to the family likeness obtaining between omnibuses, asked Joan to see him safe aboard. He accompanied the request with such a distortion of visage that she rightly concluded that he wished for an opportunity to speak to her alone.

"You're looking better," he said, when they got outside. "A year or two in London will be the making of you."

"A year or two!" echoed the startled Joan. "I've had quite enough of it already, thank you. I've never been so dull."

"You haven't got used to the change yet," said the captain, indulgently. "That's natural; but in another month I expect you'll have quite a different tale to tell."

"I am going home next week," said Miss Hartley, in a decided voice.

Captain Trimblett coughed.

"Why shouldn't I?" inquired the girl, in reply.

The captain coughed again.

"I should think the Carrs would be glad to have you," he replied, becoming suddenly busy with his handkerchief, "especially as they have got no children. And a year or two with them in town would give you a—a sort of finish."

"You have heard something from my father?" exclaimed Joan, turning on him.

"He—he wrote," said the captain.

"Did he suggest my staying here?"

"No," said the captain, putting his handkerchief away with great care. "No, I can't say he did. But he has had another interview with Mr. John Vyner, and it seems that the old gentleman is quite taking it for granted that you have left Salthaven for good. He was quite genial to your father."

"Did father undeceive him?" inquired the girl.

"He didn't say," rejoined the other. "My idea is he didn't; but it's only my idea, mind."

For some time Miss Hartley walked on in disdainful silence. She broke it at last in favour of Mr. Vyner, senior.

"Talking won't alter facts, though," said the admiring captain, shaking his head.

The girl paid no heed.

"Now, if you only stayed here for a little while," said the captain, persuasively, "say a couple of years, no doubt things would right themselves. Anything might happen in two years. Mind, it's not your father's idea, it's mine. I'd do anything for him; he has done me many a good turn in his time, and I want to pay him back."

Miss Hartley, softening somewhat, thanked him.

"And what is two years at your time of life?" continued the captain, brightly. "Nothing. Why, I'm going away for that time as a matter of course."

"I want to go home," said Joan. "I feel that I can't breathe in this dreary place. You wouldn't like me to die, would you?"

"Certainly not," said the captain, promptly.

"You would sooner die yourself, wouldn't you?" said Joan, with a sly glance at him.

The captain said "Yes," with all the comfortable assurance of a healthy man living in a civilized country. Then he started as Miss Hartley turned suddenly and pinched his arm.

"Eh?" cried the captain, rubbing it.

"I don't want you to die for me," said Joan, with a little laugh, "but I was thinking over things the other day and I got an idea of how you could help me if you would. I gave it up, however. I felt sure you wouldn't do it, but if you say you would die for me——"

"When I said 'die'——" began the captain, uneasily.

"I'm not going to ask you to do anything as dreadful as that," continued Joan; "at least, *I* don't think it is; but the beauty of it is it is something you *can* do. I am going back to Salthaven, but to make everybody comfortable and happy I thought of going back under a new name. That's the idea."

"New name?" repeated the puzzled captain.

Joan nodded and turned a somewhat flushed face in his direction.

"A new name," she repeated. "My father will be left undisturbed, Mr. John Vyner will be satisfied, and Mr. Robert——"

"Yes?" said the captain, after a pause.

"Nothing," said the girl.

"But I don't understand," said the captain. "What good will changing your name do?"

"Wait till you hear it," retorted the girl, with an amused glance at him.

"I am waiting," said the other, somewhat shortly.

"You'll see at once when I tell you," said Joan; "and I'm sure you won't mind. I am going back to Salthaven under the name of Mrs. Trimblett."

The captain stopped suddenly in his stride, and with a bewildered air strove to rally his disordered faculties. Alarm and consternation choked his utterance.

"Poor dear!" said Joan, with another giggle. "Don't be alarmed. It's the best thing that could happen to you; it will prevent all other attempts on your freedom."

"I can take a joke," said the captain, finding his speech at last; "I can take a joke as well as most men, but this is going a trifle too far."

"But I'm not joking," said the girl. "I'm going back as Mrs. Trimblett; I am, indeed. Don't look so frightened; I'm not going to marry you, really. Only pretend, as the children say."

"You don't know what you're talking about!" exclaimed the astonished captain.

"Putting aside your feelings—and mine," said Joan, "it's a good thing for everybody else, isn't it? We mustn't consider ourselves—that would be selfish."

The captain shook his head in angry amazement.

"I suppose, when you said just now that you would do anything for father, you didn't mean it, then?" said Joan. "And when you said you'd die for me, you——"

"I tell you," interrupted the captain, violently, "it's impossible. I never heard of such a thing."

"It's quite possible," declared the girl. "I shall go back home, and you must get back to Salthaven just in time to sail. Mr. Vyner will be so pleased at the news, he will let you stay away as long as you like, I am sure."

"And what about when I come back?" demanded the captain.

"When you come back," said Joan, slowly—"just before, in fact—I shall tell the truth and give people to understand that I did it to oblige you—to prevent somebody else marrying you against your will."

"Oh!" said the captain, struggling nobly with his feelings. "Oh, you will!"

"To-morrow," continued Joan, "I will buy the wedding-ring. I know that that ought to be your business, but I'll get it, because I know where I can get one cheap. I saw some the other day. Rolled gold they are called. Eighteenpence each."

The captain choked.

"Have you considered," he said, loftily, as soon as he was capable of speech, "that it would be a lie?"

Joan nodded, carelessly.

"A lie!" repeated Captain Trimblett, in a thrilling voice.

"Yes," said Joan. "I remember I heard you tell father once that if you had a sovereign for every lie you had told you would be able to give up the sea. So you had better do it. You can do it better than I can."

Captain Trimblett threw his hands apart with a sudden supreme gesture.

"I won't listen to another word!" he said, hotly. "I should never hear the end of it. Where are those omnibuses?"

"We are not near them yet," was the reply. "We have been walking away from them. When you have listened to reason I will take you to them."

The captain closed his lips obstinately. He would have closed his ears too if he could, but, unable to do that, quickened his pace in a forlorn attempt to outdistance her. She plied him with arguments and entreaties, but in vain. He was immovable. Finally, in a trembling voice, she said that it didn't matter, and apologized for troubling him with her concerns.

"I would do anything in reason, my dear," said the mollified captain.

"It doesn't matter," repeated the girl.

"It's quite impossible," said the captain, gently. "It's really an outrageous idea. You'll see it yourself by and by.'

Miss Hartley thanked him, and taking out a handkerchief dabbed her eyes gently and made a pathetic attempt to smile.

"Don't say any more about it," she pleaded. "I have no doubt you are right. Only when you said you would do anything for us I—I thought you meant it. I see how uncomfortable it might be for you. I ought to have thought of that before."

The unfortunate captain turned crimson, but, glancing at the spectacle of resignation by his side, managed to keep his temper under restraint.

"I'm not thinking of myself at all," he growled.

"Perhaps you are without knowing it," suggested Miss Hartley, in a voice free from all trace of personal feeling. "I thought that you would have done a little thing like that for me—and father. I'm sorry I was mistaken. However, I shall go back to Salthaven in any case."

She dabbed a perfectly dry eye again, and watched the captain closely with the other.

"I suppose there will be trouble," she continued, meditatively; "still, that will be your fault. I have done all I could do."

She walked on in pained silence and paid no heed to the explanations and arguments by which the captain sought to justify his refusal. He began to get confused and rambling in his defence, and finally, to terminate an embarrassing interview, grunted out something about thinking it over. A moment later a radiant and admiring young woman was flattering him up to the skies.

"Mind, I only said I would think it over," said the captain, regarding her indignantly.

"Of course," said Joan, "I quite understand that; and you will write and break the news to father, won't you?"

"No, I'm hanged if I do," answered the captain.

"Never mind, then; I'll do it," said the girl, hastily. "I shall just write and tell him that I have changed my name to Trimblett. People have a right to change their name if they like. Lots of them do it. Make haste, you'll lose your omnibus. I shall never forget your kindness—never."

"Mind!" panted the captain, as she hurried him along, "it—isn't—settled. I am only going to think it over."

"I don't know what we should have done without you," continued Joan. "There isn't another man in the world would be so kind, I am sure. If you were only thirty or forty years younger I would marry you in reality."

"Mind!" said the captain, grasping the rail of the omnibus and pausing with his foot on the step, "I haven't—promised."

"I'll write and tell you when I've done it," said Joan. "I'll take all the responsibility. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

The conductor hoisted him aboard and he slowly mounted the stairs. He paused at the top to wave a feeble hand, and then, subsiding heavily into a seat, sat thinking out a long and polite letter of refusal.

"'MIND!' SAID THE CAPTAIN, GRASPING THE RAIL OF THE OMNIBUS AND PAUSING WITH HIS FOOT ON THE STEP, 'I HAVEN'T—PROMISED.'"

(To be continued.)

PLAIN WOMEN.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. CATHARINE OF RUSSIA. MME. DE MAINTENON.

By the HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART.

PLAIN women exist, and form a definite factor in our social economy. Not all of us are blessed with good features, soft eyes, a fine figure, and a clear complexion. Some of us are born with dull skins, wide mouths, and snub noses, and not all the arts of dress and toilet can make us pretty, or even presentable. But all the same, plain women live and thrive, and now and then make brilliant marriages. In fact, one has only to use one's eyes to see that some ugly women have for men quite a weird power of attraction. History teaches us this; for we are told, in several instances, of uncomely women who have ruled the destinies of men and nations. Catharine of Russia and Mme. de Maintenon had no looks; and Mary Queen of Scots, who has gone down to fame as a beauty, appears in her pictures as thin, small-eyed, and hard-featured. Indeed, only one portrait is said to exist in which she is shown as fair-haired and lovely, and this hangs in Dalkeith Palace, and belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch.

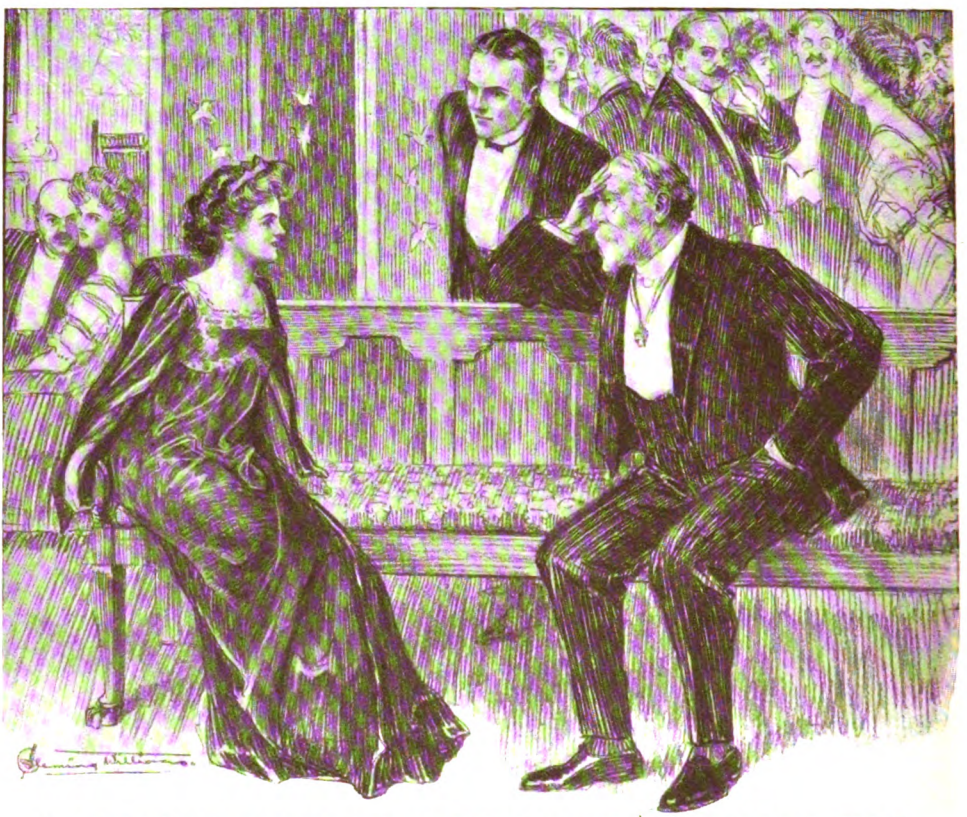
And if we turn to the heroines of well-known novels we find the same tale repeated. The immortal Becky Sharp was small, pale, and light-haired; and Jane Eyre is described as a puny creature, with features that were marked and irregular. Yet the latter, after many ups and downs, became the happy wife of Mr. Rochester; and Becky, while still in her teens, made useful friends, married well, charmed Lord Steyne, and schemed herself into the smart world of her period. Then the triumph of the plain woman was well portrayed in Disraeli's "Coningsby." The Princess Lucretia Colonna is pictured as follows: "She was a striking person, not beautiful—her face, indeed, at the first glance was almost repulsive, yet it ever attracted a second gaze; a remarkable pallor distinguished her; her features had neither regularity nor expression; neither were her eyes fine; but her brow impressed you with an idea of power of no ordinary character or capacity." Lord Eskdale said: "She is plain"; but Sidonia replied: "No; not plain with that brow." And the Princess Lucretia had a strong will and a subtle spirit; she played her cards cleverly, and made herself Marchioness of Monmouth.

However, this remark of Lord Eskdale's serves to remind one that a plain face may often be redeemed by some other charm of appearance. We will picture to ourselves a few of these possibilities. In Lady Monmouth's case a fine brow saved the situation. And without doubt a well-formed forehead lends a frank, open look, and affords a sure sign of mental capacity. But its lucky owner should give it a chance, as to hide the brow beneath a mass of hair is a sin alike against brains and beauty. Beautiful eyes can do much to compensate for rough-hewn or irregular features. An old couplet runs thus:—

> Blue eyes beat black fifty to seven,
> For black is of hell, but blue is of heaven.

This is as may be, but who has not seen a

splendid pair of eyes light up and glorify a face that has grievous drawbacks in the shape of a big nose, a plain mouth, or a bad complexion? Large, dark eyes, with their deep fires, make one forget many defects—even a sallow skin or a short, stumpy figure. Then dark grey or deep blue eyes have much charm, and the beauty of Irish eyes has passed into a proverb. Green eyes can also cast a spell, and have worked mischief from the far-off days of Becky Sharp down to those of Sally Snape, Lady Kidderminster, in one forget a dull skin, a stern mouth, or a big-boned, lanky figure. Red hair is now much admired; and its ruddy tints bring pardon for many flaws, such as no eyebrows, a sharp chin, a flat nose—even freckles. And a woman's looks can be saved from ruin by a lovely complexion. Roses and lilies appeal to most of us, and a clear skin is apt to denote sound health and keen vitality. Also a fine figure works wonders; broad shoulders, a slim waist, and well-turned arms will redeem much that is ill-favoured; and



"A CLEVER WOMAN IS THE GREATEST FORCE IN NATURE, BECAUSE ADDED TO HER STRENGTH OF INTELLECT IS THE POWER OF SEX."

this year of grace, 1908. Byron wrote: "I'm very fond of handsome eyes," and "Lovely as is the light of a dark eye in woman." Men seem to have a special fancy for fine eyes, and certainly they are a feature that covers a multitude of sins in a woman's appearance.

Good hair will often atone for a want of grace or classical outline. In one's mind's eye one can see the cloud of soft gold hair which frames a thin, white face or features that are too misshapen for orthodox beauty; or the masses of rich black hair that make this may be called a triumph of mien over mere beauty of countenance.

But without either of these saving graces some plain women seem to have for men a quite uncanny power of attraction. The force of beauty is an accepted fact, and we must also admit the might of ugliness. Now, what is the secret of this omnipotence? Brains, of course, count for much, so does charm of manner, and—perhaps most of all—the art of dress and of personal decoration. A clever woman is the greatest force in

Nature, because added to her strength of intellect is the power of sex—the most subtle, the most complex, and the most potent power known to humanity. And this good mother-wit of hers keeps every weapon at its best and brightest.

one whole octave lower than that usually employed. This, with slowness of speech, will give to a woman's voice the needed distinction. Then a pretty smile may make one's fortune. Few women realize the value of a smile. Most smiles are useless. The

"THE SMILE THAT COUNTS IS ONE THAT CHARMS MEN, AND THAT WILL SECURE FAVOURS HERE AND SERVICE THERE, AND GO TWICE AS FAR AS A TIP OR A COMMAND."

Voices are a matter of caste, but to a certain extent they can be cultivated. A deep, rich voice and a slow, lazy utterance are most attractive, and culture is shown by the measured tones of a diplomatist. By the way, a loud, harsh voice can be made smooth and sweet by the simple device of speaking

smile that counts is one that charms men, and that will secure favours here and service there, and go twice as far as a tip or a command. This smile has radiance, is produced by the eyes as well as by the lips, and, above all, is never mechanical. Then a plain woman may win on grace of movement.

One expert has declared that to walk gracefully three things are required: dignity, balance, and rhythm; and yet another, who is more poetical, maintains that a woman should be supple as a snake, straight as a dart, and proud as a tiger-lily.

"No well-dressed woman ever looks ugly," wrote Bulwer Lytton; and we do not need the philosophy of Bob Acres to decide that dress does make a difference. A plain woman can often reverse her saddest of fates by style, manner, and perfect dressing. A smart American or Parisian will never allow herself to be daunted by the fact that she has neither a pretty face nor a well-turned figure. She at once faces the fact, and holds herself as grandly as her more fortunate sisters; indeed, she often assumes more of an air than they. We Englishwomen are apt to be too modest. "*L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*," is one of the soundest maxims ever laid down—even the audacity of ugliness can score a splendid success.

A PLAIN WOMAN—

The French, as a nation, may be lovers of the ideal and the graceful, but they are also adepts at the art of presenting what is ugly in a guise that allures, although in a sense it may yet be repellent. The *mondaine*, however, draws the line, and seldom allows the original to develop into the eccentric.

Those of us who know their Paris can testify that there are several Frenchwomen in the smartest set who are small and sallow, with faulty figures and plain, irregular features; but so artfully do they arrange their hair, make up their faces, and put on their costumes that what is by Nature almost repulsive assumes instead a weird attractiveness. By the way, this last sentence recalls to mind one of "Ouida's" Grand Duchesses, who describes herself as "the best-dressed baboon in Paris." The way in which dress can alter a woman has, perhaps, never been more startlingly portrayed than by Miss Marie Tempest in a little play called "The Marriage of Kitty." In less than two minutes, by a mere change of get-up, a piquante, attractive woman transformed herself into the most grotesque of human travesties; and one has only to cast an eye round a roomful of everyday people to realize how little it takes to make a pretty creature plain, or a plain one beautiful.

Experience teaches that charm in a woman

——TRANSFORMED.

is of even greater worth than beauty. Queen Draga of Servia was an example of a plain woman with a wondrous power of fascination. Like the poet, she must be born, not made, who owns this subtle and perilous quality. But to a certain degree it can be cultivated, and Queen Draga made a cult of charm and its twin sister, tact, from her cradle to her tragic ending. She was not beautiful, she had no ancestry, and was much the senior of the young King who risked his throne and finally gave his life for her sake; but she possessed to a marvellous degree the power to sway and to fascinate all those with whom she came into contact. And she knew the art of dress as well as or better than any other woman in Europe.

Eternal vigilance is the price of being born plain. But some of us can work out our own salvation. We live in an age when the cult of beauty has become a science; figures are trained, faces are "treated," and diet and rest cures are practised with much exactitude. The modern health craze works wonders in this direction; women go in for the "simple life," for temperance, and for so-called vegetarianism. Then the Bushido doctrine, which hails from Japan, has now many disciples. This instils the creed of calmness, and teaches that important things are too big for anger and worry, and that anger and worry are too big and suicidal for small affairs. The "don't worry" dogma has sense on its side, and the practice of it no doubt keeps off wrinkles, creates smiles and bright eyes, and improves one's general appearance. In a word, the plain woman of to-day must not only study her dress and the arts of the toilet, but also her voice, manner, movements—even the way she talks, smiles, and comports herself generally.

"Verify your quotations" was a wise remark of the late Lord Salisbury, and I wish I could verify mine with regard to the following sentence: "Every woman ought to be able to talk well or look well; if she does neither she has no place in the scheme of creation, but is only fit for domestic uses." Certainly a plain woman should be a good talker, as in her case a ready wit or a knack of gay gossip is apt to prove a social passport. And it means much to be a good listener. Those of us who can listen are safe to acquire a shrewd intelligence—a fact well known to diplomatists. "Lips that can

wait, eyes that do not wander," is a useful recipe, and Hazlitt said: "Silence is one great art in conversation."

Lord Palmerston declared: "Good manners are a greater factor in success than mental abilities," and certainly they count for much in the case of a woman who is handicapped by her appearance. A good manner makes a simple remark pass for wit, and gives to a merely civil speech an exquisite graciousness; in fact, a charming manner is in itself a potent attraction. And force of character and strength of will help a plain woman apart from what is commonly called cleverness. These will teach her the value of such qualities as tact, sympathy, self-control, and self-effacement. And a firm will brings calmness; also the slow grace, usually attributed to high breeding, which is, in real truth, more often due to an habitual avoidance of heat and hurry. Then the first art a plain woman should master is the art of appearing self-satisfied. Men are apt to take her at her own valuation.

In one of Fielding Hall's earlier books there is a passage which describes a plain woman and her possibilities to perfection. In writing of Burma he describes the wife of King Theebaw, and the sentence runs as follows: "She was not beautiful, but she always cared for herself to make herself admired; her manners were as the charm of a magician; her voice clear as a silver bell; . . . she was without doubt a very clever woman . . . making herself pleasant and gracious, careful to be always dressed in good taste, always neat, face properly powdered, hair beautifully arranged. She knew where the power of woman lies, and did all she could to make herself attractive."

"IT MEANS MUCH TO BE A GOOD LISTENER."

Plain women are, of course, at a disadvantage, but they should take heart of grace, and remember that there are charms more lasting than that of beauty — the charm of culture, the charm of manner, and the charm of a gracious and gifted personality.

THE ROSES OF LOVE.

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

I.

OLD Mr. Ganz had lived for years in the dusty book-shop, where he sold works of the mind-mighty dead, in faded volumes, to the men and women of Westminster. Sometimes he would be able to procure really valuable copies, and people of high estate groped their way into the dimly-lighted shop in the side street, and carried off a crumbling treasure which Time had marked with golden fingers.

Those were the days when Mr. Ganz hastened to a toy store near at hand in order to procure some coveted possession for his little lady-love upstairs. She lived with her mother in the quaintly-fashioned rooms which formed the upper part of the old man's shop. Never before had the withered, grey-haired bookseller and his rows of brown volumes attracted the fancy of a child. For Ruby Carew the shadowy shop and the stooping figure held mystery and romance. She thought of Mr. Ganz as some well meaning gnome of fairy lore, while her wondering eyes drew from him certain stories of a far-away childhood, which were full of fascination for the small girl.

He discovered, too, through this child, the history of the pretty young widow upstairs, who had made the old-fashioned panelled rooms, with their broad window-seats and low ceilings, so dignified and restful. She was the descendant of an exiled King—had foreign blood in her veins, of a Royal blue. Her husband, who died a year after their marriage, was the younger son of a noble English family, impoverished by the extravagance of ancestors. Lack of money, therefore, made it necessary for the widow and her child to live a retired life, far from the stately homes which should have been their own. The story, gradually unfolded through the prattle of innocent baby lips, struck Mr. Ganz as strangely pathetic, and lonely man that he was, working hard in old age for his own bread, he longed to do something for those two hidden lives in the upper part over his shop. His small advances to the child warned him that Mrs. Carew was proud as she was poor, and Ruby's growing affection for the old bookseller alone thawed her towards him. Whenever the child could escape from the vigilant eye of her watchful young mother, she would seek the society of Mr. Ganz and regale him with her eight-year-old philosophy.

It was a foggy afternoon, and the land of Westminster lay in a sheet of yellow vapour, which streamed into the shop whenever the door opened, and a stray customer, with smarting eyes, appeared beside the book-laden counter. Down the staircase at the back crept Ruby, in her little striped pinafore with dainty blue bows, and a ribbon of forget-me-not blue nestling among the curls above her left eyebrow.

"Mother's busy writing letters," she whispered through the door, which she only dared open sufficiently wide to admit a portion of her lips and nose. "Are you busy, too, Mr. Ganz?"

The old man was seated by a small fire at the far end of the shop, upon which a kettle made a pleasant humming, singing of cosy fire talks and afternoon tea. It seemed enticing Ruby to enter.

"Come in, missy, come in," he pleaded, revealing an eagerness that warmed her with

the joy of welcome. "Little chance of business to-day, with King Fog in power."

"I like him if he keeps away the people that buy, so that we can talk all to ourselves," she declared, bounding forward and leaning against the old man's knee.

Mr. Ganz smiled.

"And what shall we talk of to-day, my sweetheart?" he crooned, for she was only "my sweetheart" in private, and before Mrs. Carew he carefully framed a respectful "Miss Ruby." "Shall I tell you of the little elf-men who come down the chimney, or of the books which fly about at night with fairy wings and have pitched battles on the counter?"

Ruby shook her head.

"No," she said; "I want to tell you something I've discovered." She rolled out the last word with emphasis and pride; it was rather a long one for her. "Something," she added, "I never knew before, and I wonder if you know. Our servant told me about it last night, when she was putting me to bed."

Mr. Ganz prepared himself for the coming revelation by re-adjusting his glasses and gazing at the tiny speaker. He noticed the glow of enthusiasm in her peculiarly expressive eyes, the delicacy of her features, the subtle refinement, which reminded him of some rare piece of china.

"She said," continued Ruby, "that often, when husbands die, little girls' mammas get somebody else to marry them. It's quite right to have another husband if you are lucky enough to find one, only Annie thinks they are not always easy to find."

"I WAS WONDERING, MR. GANZ, IF YOU AND I COULD FIND HER SOMEBODY."

Mr. Ganz coughed nervously. He was aware Mrs. Carew might disapprove of this conversation.

"It's a matter," he remarked, "which need not trouble you, unless—unless it should come to pass."

"But how can it come to pass," cried the child, "if mother doesn't know anyone nice enough to marry? She will be left alone all her life, with only me to look after her, and I shall have to go to school. Annie says it is a pity mother doesn't go out more and meet people, for she hasn't a chance shut up here, taking care of me all day. I was wondering, Mr. Ganz, if you and I could find her somebody."

This sudden idea took the bookseller's breath away, accustomed as he was to the quaint mind of his child friend. The well-meant suggestion held so much absurdity that he could hardly refrain a little chuckle, which he feared might hurt Ruby's feelings. He indulged her fancy by an encouraging remark, curious to hear what she would say.

"Whom could we find? You see, fairy princes are not often wandering about in this part of the world. They go to Mayfair to look for brides."

"I suppose you would be too old?"

Mr. Ganz positively trembled.

"My dear," he murmured, reproachfully, "you really mustn't talk like this."

But Ruby would not be silenced.

"It's better to think of everybody, then we can sort them out, and decide later. It may be a stranger in the end, somebody we have never seen or thought of."

A far-away look came to her eyes, as she gazed wistfully into the fire. The sound of the street door opening brought Mr. Ganz promptly to his feet. Ruby, conscious that she might be in the way, and aware that her mother would not like her to be seen, popped quickly down behind the counter, with a delightful hide-and-seek thrill. The customer, a man with a pleasant, well-modulated voice, had apparently, from his cheerful manner, forgotten to notice the fog. Evidently he possessed a happy nature, which could rise above external discomfort. He was a good-looking, well-groomed specimen of England's aristocracy, and Mr. Ganz, who addressed him as "My lord," seemed to know him well. From what Ruby could gather, he was trying to trace some very important volume, which had been sold to the trade for a quarter its value, and for which he was prepared to give a large sum of money. Mr. Ganz seemed very near tears as he confessed he knew nothing of the book's whereabouts. He discussed his lordship's collection, showed him an old edition bought at a sale the previous day, and momentarily forgot the presence of Ruby behind the counter. But the little girl was thinking busily of the mother who had no husband now in this world, and of Annie's remark that husbands were not so easy to find.

Surely it must strike Mr. Ganz that this was, perhaps, the stranger they were talking of, just before King Fog gave him up from the domain of mist! Mr. Ganz might tell the visitor, if he were kind, of the pretty woman widowed upstairs, whose little girl had asked him to try and find another husband.

The stranger moved towards the door, accompanied by Mr. Ganz. A moment later he would have passed out into the mysterious shadows, and Ruby's chance have gone for ever. A sense of shyness stole over the child as she realized what she must do. What did a rebuff—or anything—matter, on the chance of giving her dear one happiness?

Bracing herself to the effort, she ran quickly forward with flaming cheeks and hands outstretched.

"Oh, please, don't go!" she cried, almost flinging herself into the stranger's arms. "I want you to come upstairs and see mother."

Mr. Ganz felt his blood run cold. The child's meaning flashed across his mind, and hastily he sought for some explanation to excuse her words.

The stranger, struck with the beauty of this unexpected intruder, looked smilingly down and asked her mother's name.

"Carew," she replied; "Danielle Carew."

He knit his brows, while Mr. Ganz murmured:—

"I trust your lordship will forgive the error. Miss Ruby has mistaken you for an old friend."

"I think Miss Ruby is right," turning to the child. "Your mother's name is Mrs. Philip Carew?"

Ruby nodded. His sudden knowledge of her mother changed the situation, and her lips quivered with disappointment.

"I'm sorry you know her," she said. "I wanted to find you all by myself."

Mr. Ganz, openly relieved, explained that Mrs. Carew had taken the upper part above his shop, and that her little girl was kind enough to occasionally come and talk to him.

Lord Glen-Gordon hardly listened; he was all anxiety to see the woman who, from the day of her widowhood, had withdrawn from the world, keeping her movements secret, that her old friends might not be troubled by her poverty. He guessed pride was at the bottom of her retirement, the pride which came from a long line of foreign Kings.

"Take me up to your mother," he said, and his voice held a strange note of excitement.

Would her beauty have waned in this back street? Would she have lost the queenly bearing, or the lustre in those large, fawn-like eyes?

"The staircase is rather dark," said Ruby.

"Then ride upon my shoulder," replied Lord Glen-Gordon.

"The ceiling is too low, I should knock my head; but give me your hand, and I'll lead you," declared the childish voice, cheerily.

Hand in hand the two figures passed up the winding stair, while Mr. Ganz stood watching them out of sight, trembling with unexplained emotion. He looked at his shelves of books, and thought how dry and dull were the tales they held compared with the life-story which had just opened before him, to give his tired old eyes one peep at its golden page of possibilities.

II.

AFTER that strange meeting, Lord Glen-Gordon came often to the upper part in Westminster. Ruby had much to tell of Mrs. Carew's changed manner. She was beginning to go about among people she had

known in the past. Later she decided to give up the little home, and visit for a time among Lord Glen-Gordon's relations.

Mr. Ganz watched the emancipation of the young widow with eyes which understood. He was trying to think what life would be without the knowledge that Ruby might run down at any moment, with some childish word of affection or confidence. It brought a lump to his throat when he realized he would no longer hear the pattering of the little feet overhead, and a great heart-hunger seized him. He would not bring a pang of pain into Ruby's excitement when she spoke of going, but occasionally his voice sounded unsteady as he explained the tears in his eyes came from cold. His health began to fail, and on the actual morning of their departure he was not at the shop-door to see Mrs. and Miss Carew drive away.

The London season was commencing, and Ruby and her mother were to spend it in Park Lane with Lord Glen-Gordon's sister. Later there was to be a wedding, for it transpired that after all the widow had not found it difficult to procure a husband, a fact which greatly eased Ruby's mind. She thought the stranger who became a friend would make a very acceptable papa, though she had once owned, to her mother's horror, she was just a little sorry it hadn't been Mr. Ganz, because he was never too busy to tell her stories.

A bevy of smartly-dressed people were grouped round Mrs. Carew on the stretch of grass which offers the rest of a penny chair to church paraders in Hyde Park. Ruby, prettier than ever, came in for a full share of attention from Lord Glen-Gordon's friends, when suddenly she started away, pointing with an excited finger to a strange little man seated by the trunk of a tree, looking more gnome-like than she ever remembered him.

"It's dear Mr. Ganz," she cried.

Mrs. Carew looked up, annoyed.

"The old man who sold books," continued Ruby, "when we lived over a shop."

Before her mother could restrain her she bounded off, and almost flung herself into his arms. He was wearing a shabby brown velvet coat, flowing silk tie, and soft felt hat. His thin face broke into smiles at the warmth of Ruby's recognition.

"I thought," he gasped—"I thought I might catch sight of you here.'"

Mrs. Carew rose, a flush of vexation dyeing her pale, proud face as she moved away, whispering to her *fiancé*:—

"Go and fetch Ruby; she's making herself ridiculous."

To Ruby's delight, Lord Glen-Gordon

"GO AND FETCH RUBY; SHE'S MAKING HERSELF RIDICULOUS."

stayed some time talking to Mr. Ganz, telling him that but for his book-shop he would never have found Mrs. Carew. As they walked away the future step-father spoke quickly to the child, as if she were old and understood.

"Look here," he said, "I think your mother is annoyed with you, but remember I am not. Always be nice to Mr. Ganz. We mustn't forget he was very kind to you; and for Heaven's sake don't let anybody mould you into becoming a snob."

He thought there was little fear as he looked into the frank eyes, realizing that Ruby had not the smallest idea what a snob meant.

"Poor old Ganz is cracking up," he afterwards told Mrs. Carew. "The book-trade has been very bad lately, and he can't afford to get away. I have promised to send him down to my father's convalescent home near Castle Courtleigh. I did not like the sound of his cough at all."

Ruby's mother turned plaintive eyes to the speaker.

"Do anything you can for him in a charitable way," she said; "but I dislike to see my child fawning on the common old creature. Anything that reminds me of our life in Westminster is distasteful. I want to wipe out that chapter of submerged existence."

"My father will meet us," said Lord Glen-Gordon. "He is very impatient to see you."

He was travelling down to his childhood's home with his future wife and Ruby, who had been specially invited to accompany her mother to Castle Courtleigh. The little girl wondered if a duke would look different from any other man, and how it would feel to stay in his big castle. She was rather surprised at the mild old gentleman in the shabby overcoat who greeted them affectionately as they alighted at the country station. His grey moustache had a pleasant fragrance as he kissed Ruby, and she sat on his knee in the big barouche, which bore them along green lanes to the palatial building on the hill. The Duke had always been a believer in marriages of affection, and he saw at a glance that his son was very deeply in love with the beautiful young widow.

As they drove through the massive iron gates the old man pointed to a big white building opposite the entrance to the castle.

"There stands my convalescent home," he said, "but I fear your poor old friend Ganz is anything but convalescent. I inquired as I drove down, and find he has taken to his bed, and the doctor fears he is in a serious condition, owing to his heart."

"Oh, poor man!"

True sympathy rang in Mrs. Carew's voice as the words escaped her lips. She was suddenly convicted by conscience, remembering how she had once spoken of Mr. Ganz, and her annoyance in the park. She seemed to see all the smallness of that narrow outlook, which her lover could not understand, and to blossom into a wider, more expansive nature, in the atmosphere created by the Duke's sweetly simple manner.

"He was very good to us when we lived in Westminster," she said. "He gave Ruby toys, and if she had not been playing in his shop Adrian would never have discovered me. We will go and see Mr. Ganz to-morrow morning."

Ruby listened with quick-beating pulses. She wanted to say she was sorry, wanted to ask a hundred questions about her old friend, but her trembling lips could not frame the words.

She was too busy thinking of Mr. Ganz to notice the beauties of the castle, and her head was still full of the sufferer when the maid came to dress her in a new white frock to go down to dessert. Ruby asked if she knew how he was, and Perkins replied she had heard a very bad report.

"He must have been wandering a bit in his mind this evening, for the matron said he kept asking for roses. She wanted us to send some down, but the gardeners had gone home for the night, so it must be left over till the morning. They will send him a fine bunch then—if he is still alive."

Ruby pressed her hands together and forced back her rising tears. It seemed hard he should have to wait till the morning, which might never come for him. She thought somebody else could easily have picked the roses. She had heard her mother say the night was often very long for sick people who could not sleep.

The maid took her down to a large blue and gold drawing-room, and told her that Browning, the butler, would fetch her directly dessert was served. As the door closed on Perkins, Ruby's eyes wandered round the dazzlingly bright room, its many globes of electricity sparkling through crystal caskets like the twinkling eyes of a fairy palace. Just for a moment a strange wild longing seized her to be back in the little shop at Westminster, listening to the weird stories Mr. Ganz could tell so thrillingly. Suddenly her glance alighted on a large silver bowl,

overflowing with the most exquisite roses she had ever seen.

In a flash she looked from the bowl to the French windows which opened on the terrace. She feared the dark with the dread of a child whose imagination never slumbers. She knew that down the long avenue of trees the wild spirits of night must now be abroad, sporting with the evening breezes and pale, ghostly moonbeams. Yet she never hesitated, for at any moment Browning might appear to escort her to the dining-room, where dainty sweets and tempting fruits awaited her. She put the thought of such delicacies aside with an effort of will, and, springing on a chair, dragged from their massive casket the glorious world-famed roses of Castle Courtleigh. Quickly she ran to the open window and, holding her breath, vanished into the shadows of the vast grounds. She tried not to see the white stone figures glimmering in the moonlight as she ran towards the broad drive, which even in the barouche had seemed such a very long one. Just for a moment her heart failed her. She stood shivering with the rose-stems pressing thorns into her baby fingers. The lights of the castle were calling her back, but the grim visage of a wasted old man, and a thin, well-remembered hand, beckoned her forward with irresistible force. Once or twice she cried aloud, and the echo of the cry seemed to be caught by many voices in the wonderland of bracken where the deer lay sleeping. Would she ever reach the gates? The avenue grew winding now, and the moon sailed behind a cloud; she could no longer see the blushing faces of those fair flowers which she guarded so carefully in her trembling fingers.

"Mr. Ganz," she murmured; "oh, Mr. Ganz, there are worse things here than the books which used to fly about with fairy wings when the shop was closed. But you must, and you shall, have the roses, because you might die to-night."

She repeated the words "You might die to-night!" over and over again as she hastened forward. They gave her courage, they spoke of her mission to the man who had so often thought of her pleasure in the lonely Westminster days. She began to think the stately gates would never greet her longing eyes, and when at last they loomed upon her suddenly she stifled a sob of relief that broke in her throat. To cross the country road and reach the great White Home was but the work of a few moments, and as her small hands pulled the massive bell she felt as if all the strength of her body and the love-fire in her soul entered the peal and resounded through the building.

"SHE STOOD SHIVERING WITH THE ROSE-STEMS PRESSING THORNS INTO HER BABY FINGERS."

In gasping words she explained her mission to the attendant who answered the summons, holding up for inspection the magnificent prize roses, which could only have come from Castle Courtleigh. Ruby looked a quaint messenger in her dress of chiffon, with soiled white shoes, which an hour ago were snowy in their unworn freshness. She insisted that she must take the roses to Mr. Ganz herself, and in consequence the matron was called. She dropped a curtsy at seeing the little lady from the castle, who had driven up that very afternoon with the Duke from Valegrove Station. Without demur she conducted the small but impatient guest down the long corridor to a door at the far end.

"He's very ill," she whispered, "and wandering a bit in his head. You must only stay a few minutes."

Ruby ran in without replying. She climbed up on the bed, and held the roses before the sick man's eyes.

"Smell them," she whispered, "dear Mr. Ganz!"

"'SMELL THEM,' SHE WHISPERED, 'DEAR MR. GANZ!'"

He gazed rapturously at the blossoms.

"My sweetheart," he murmured. "How did she know? The roses of youth—oh, Heaven!—I only wanted the roses to remind me of her face."

"They are your very own," she whispered. "I brought them for you to keep. The night won't seem so long now, will it?"

She bent forward and kissed him.

"Hush!" he whispered. "There's a customer at the door. Perhaps it's a husband for Ruby's mamma—we cannot tell."

He laughed softly.

Ruby understood. She drew back, watching him fingering the roses on the coverlet. His eyes were fixed upon them, with an expression of great joy.

"We will leave him with the roses," whispered the matron.

"But I must say good night first," replied Ruby.

She touched his arm.

"I'm so sleepy, Mr. Ganz," she cooed; "I can't stay awake any longer."

"Nor I, my love," he murmured, closing his eyes, with his hand still on the roses.

"I shall ask someone to take me home. I am rather late for dessert."

He smiled.

"Sweethearts and roses," he sighed, "sweethearts and roses are one."

The matron put her arm round Ruby and led her away.

"I did not know he could look so peaceful," she said. "You must be a fairy, I think."

"Oh, no," answered Ruby; "I'm an old friend, that's all."

The "old friend" was carried back to the castle asleep in the arms of a big porter, accompanied by the matron.

The child had been missed, but not the roses, and the story of her mission filled the Duke with quite juvenile enthusiasm.

He vowed the following day that Mr. Ganz should find his room a perfect bower of blossoms, and telephoned himself to the matron early in the morning to ask if the roses were still alive.

"Yes, your Grace," she replied, demurely, "but the man is dead. He woke three times and smiled at the flowers, then he passed away peacefully in his sleep."

"Thank Heaven for the lessons the children teach us," murmured the Duke, with a sigh, as he thought of the little girl with the great tender heart, and the blossoms which, but for her, would have bloomed in vain.

"The flowers of love," he added, reverently, "would make even a dying man smile."

Why I Am Not a Criminal.

Pictured by W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CRIME is no longer what it was. How great a degree of ingenuity is now required in the departments of burglary, smuggling, kidnapping, and larceny, the accompanying pictures will reveal. Take the case of larceny. Childhood is naturally confiding, and what little maid of six summers would ever suspect, as she was accosted by a benignant philanthropist who chucked her playfully under the chin, that she was gazing into the eyes of one of the most daring and inveterate purloiners of the smaller order of crustacea in all Paddington?

If childhood thus suffers, infancy becomes

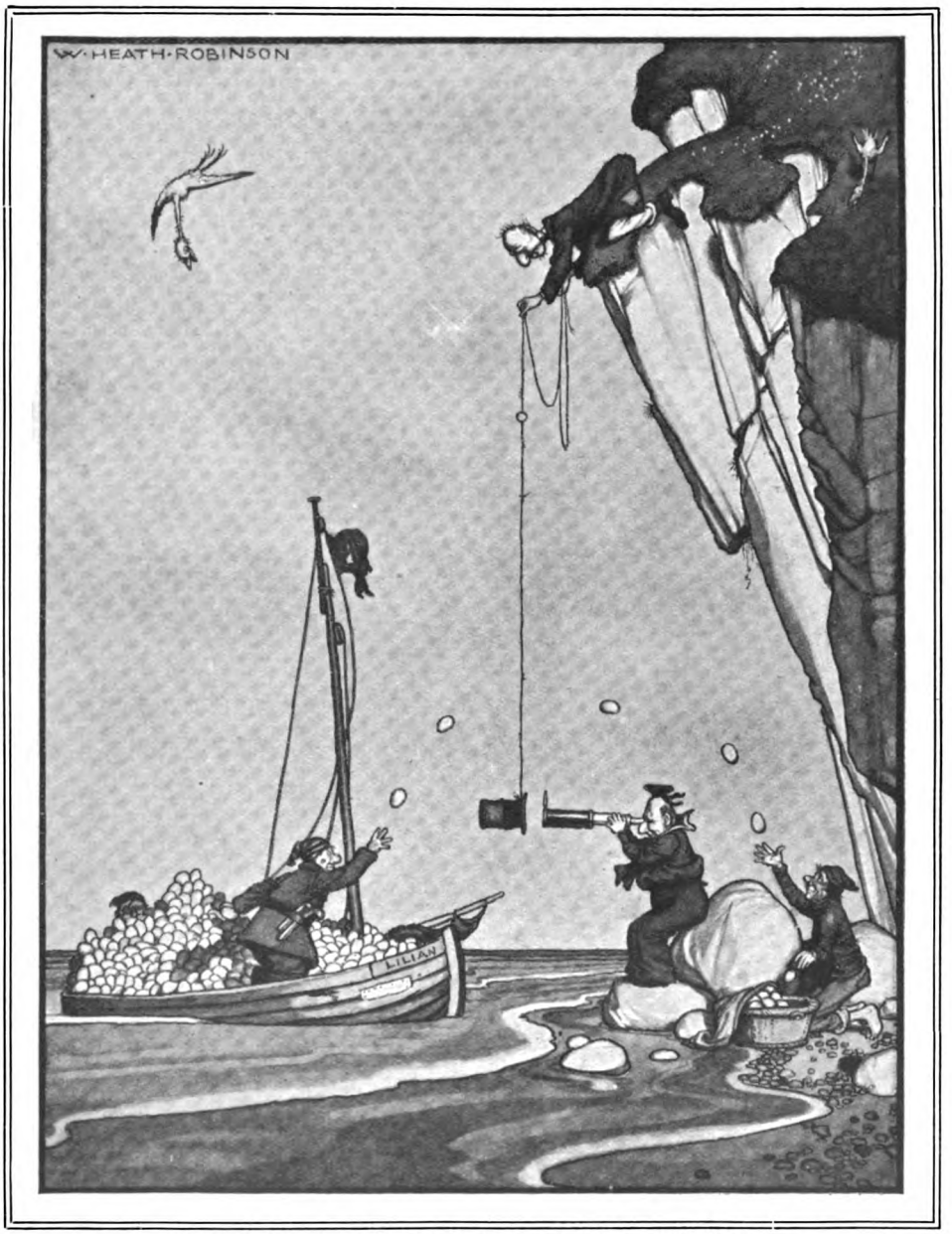
THE KIND-EYED WINKLE-PILFERER OF PADDINGTON GREEN.

CHILD-STEALING IN HIGHGATE WOODS.

a terrible victim of criminal guile. No self-respecting kidnapper nowadays would think of resorting to the clumsy methods of a past generation. Does the modern kidnapper lie in ambush, snatch the sleeping babe, and dart guiltily into the recesses of the forest? No—several times no. He is sedate and well dressed, and if his glossy top-hat is often somewhat inadequate to the cubic area of his spoils, his respectable appearance throttles suspicion. Observe how guilelessly the master-craftsman directs his footsteps towards the local representative of law and order. What if Robert should detect something bizarre in the appearance of the benignant stranger approaching him? There is no by-law forbidding the carrying of infants upon the cranium if such be desired.

BURGLING A WEST-END FLAT.

We come to burglary. Once it was merely necessary for a burglar to step through a French window or pick the lock of a front door. Those were the halcyon days of burglary, gone, alas! never to return again, and the enterprising gang of housebreakers, in order to earn a dishonest livelihood, are forced to practise for years those acrobatic 's which one associates with the circus. How wide and comprehensive is the collection of souvenirs shown in the accompanying picture. Men with the blue blood of burglary in their veins will not let themselves be hampered by any undue regard for the fastidious. Their motto is "Thorough"—and all that comes within their reach is deposited with unerring aim in the skilfully-contrived pantechnicon below.



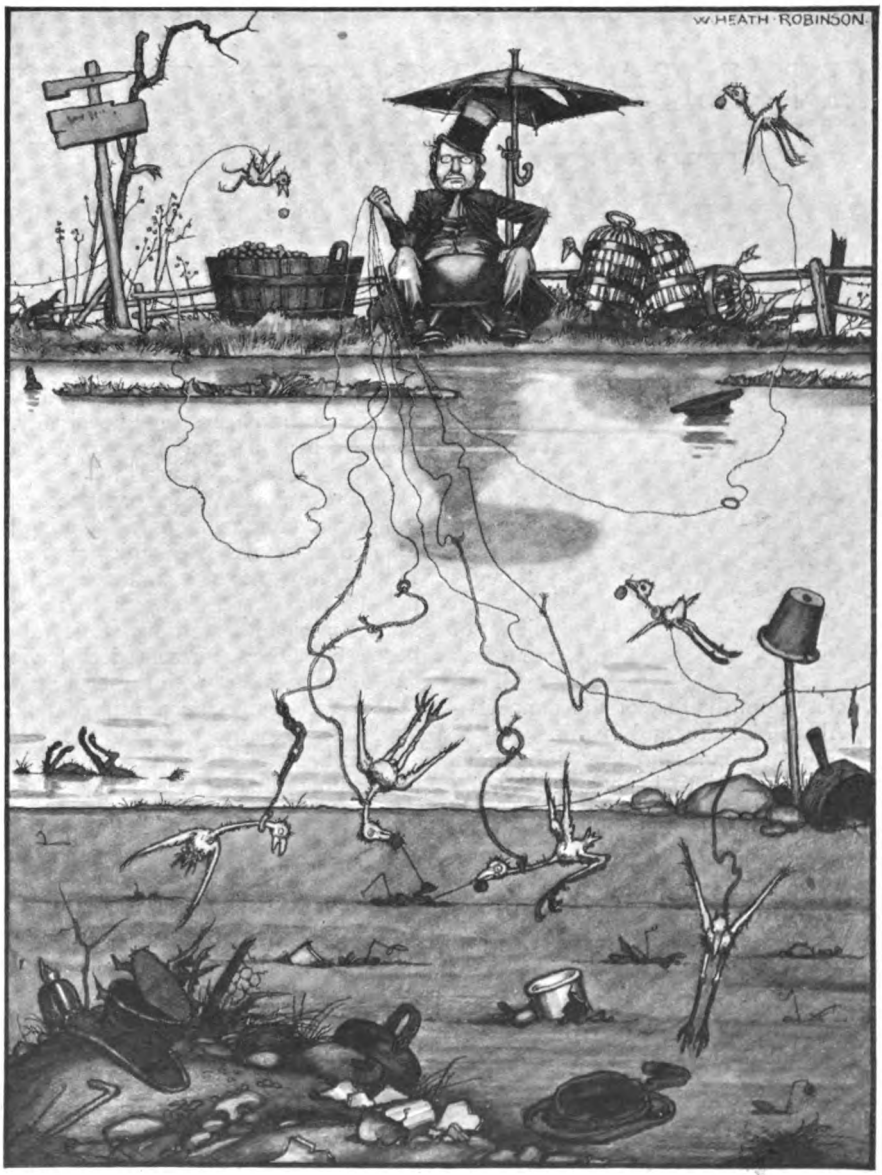
SMUGGLING NEW-LAID EGGS AT SEAFORD HEAD.

Smuggling, too, brings out all his powers, especially when the objects of the illicit commerce are really valuable. The growing rarity of the new-laid egg has redoubled the smuggler's ingenuity. The lynx-eyed vigilance of the coastguard must be diverted. For the purpose of obfuscating the horizon there is nothing so useful as a Lincoln and Bennett of antique pattern, manipulated with extreme caution and adroitness. Great care has to be exercised in the landing of the eggs, and for this a course under Cinquevalli is to be recommended. Seaford Head is a notorious haunt of such daring desperadoes as are here depicted ; and many a gallant egg has shed its life-blood in the affrays which are continually recurring between the Excise authorities and the smugglers.

PICKPOCKETING IN HAMPSTEAD LANE.

We pass on to the useful but reprehensible occupation of pickpocketing. Here a previous experience in ornithology, with its accompanying tree-climbing, and entomology is indispensable. Knowledge of salmon-fishing is also an advantage. So that we see these three great departments of outdoor sport contribute in no small degree to the proficiency of the up-to-date criminal. Knowledge, however vain and useless it may appear at the time, is never wasted. Even though the spoils consist of nothing more valuable than a passing tramp's well-smoked clay, the satisfaction of the appropriator is no less keen than if a fifty-guinea hunter were the prize. It is the joy of the chase which tells.

At last, in these spirited delineations of



VERY PETTY LARCENY ON THE TWICKENHAM STRAWBERRY-BEDS.

crime, we are shown an ingenious adaptation of heronry to modern needs. The strawberry season is upon us—does the strawberry thief foolishly waylay the Covent Garden porters as they bear to and fro weighty baskets of this luscious fruit? Not so. He has his flock of highly-trained birds and betakes him to the Twickenham strawberry-beds, where his morning's crime is often amply rewarded by a tubful of the ruddy berry. Thus, in conclusion, we see that all crime involves labour and thought, and, so far from being the attractive, care-free pursuit that many suppose, is full of risk to life and limb, not to mention the temper, whether it be winkle-pilfering, the smuggling of new-laid eggs at Seaford Head, or any other of the forms in which it is here depicted.

IN LETTERS OF FIRE.

From the French of GASTON LEROUX.

WE had been out hunting wild boars all day, when we were overtaken by a violent storm, which compelled us to seek refuge in a deep cavern. It was Makoko, our guide, who took upon himself to give utterance to the thought which haunted the minds of the four of us who had sought safety from the fury of the tempest—Mathis, Allan, Makoko, and myself.

"If the gentleman who lives in yonder house, which is said to be haunted by the devil, does not grant us the shelter of his roof to-night, we shall be compelled to sleep here."

Hardly had he uttered the words when a strange figure appeared at the entrance to the cavern.

"It is *he!*" exclaimed Makoko, grasping my arm.

I stared at the stranger.

He was tall, lanky, of bony frame, and melancholy aspect. Unconscious of our presence, he stood leaning on his fowling-piece at the entrance of the cavern, showing a strong aquiline nose, a thin moustache, a stern mouth, and lack-lustre eyes. He was bareheaded; his hair was thin, while a few grey locks fell behind his ears. His age might have been anywhere between forty and sixty. He must have been strikingly handsome in the days when the light still shone in those time-dimmed eyes and those bitter lips could still break into a smile—but handsome in a haughty and forbidding style. A kind of terrible energy still lurked beneath his features, spectral as those of an apparition.

By his side stood a hairless dog, low on its legs, which was evidently barking at us. Yet we could hear nothing! The dog, it was plain, was dumb, and *barked at us in silence!*

Suddenly the man turned towards us, and said in a voice of the most exquisite politeness:—

"Gentlemen, it is out of the question for you to return to La Chaux-de-Fonds to-night. Permit me to offer you my hospitality."

Then, bending over his dog, he said:—

"Stop barking, Mystère."

The dog closed his jaws at once.

Makoko emitted a grunt. During the five hours that we had been enjoying the chase, Mathis and Makoko had told Allan and myself, who were strangers to the district, some strange and startling stories about our host, whom they represented as having had, like Faust, dealings with the Evil Spirit.

It was not without some trepidation, therefore, that we all moved out of the cavern.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, with a melancholy smile, "it is many a long year since my door was thrown open to visitors. I am not fond of society, but I must tell you that one night, six months ago, a youth who had lost his way came and knocked at that door and begged for shelter till the morning. I refused him his request. Next day a body was found at the bottom of the big marl-pit—a body partly devoured by wolves."

"Why, that must have been Petit-Leduc!" cried Makoko. "So you were heartless enough to turn the poor lad away, at night and in the midst of winter! You are his murderer!"

"Truly spoken," replied the man, simply. "It was I who killed him. And now you see, gentlemen, that the incident has rendered me hospitable."

"Would you tell us why you drove him from your door?" growled Makoko.

"Because," he replied, quietly, "my house brings misfortune."

"I would rather risk meeting the powers of darkness than catching a cold in the head," I retorted, laughing, and without further parley we set off, and in a short while had reached the door of the ancient mansion, which stood among the most desolate

surroundings, on a shelf of barren rock, swept by all the winds of heaven.

The huge door, antique, iron-barred, and studded with enormous nails, revolved slowly on its hinges, and opened noiselessly. A shrunken little old dame was there to welcome us.

From the threshold we could see a large, high room, somewhat similar to the room formerly styled the retainers' hall. It certainly constituted a part of what remained of the castle, on the ruins of which the mansion had been erected some centuries before. It was fully lighted by the fire on the enormous hearth, where a huge log was burning, and by two petrol lamps hanging by chains from the stone roof. There was no furniture except a heavy table of white wood, a large arm-chair upholstered in leather, a few stools, and a rude sideboard.

We walked the length of the room. The old woman opened a door. We found ourselves at the foot of a worm-eaten staircase with sunken steps. This staircase, a spiral one, led to the second storey of the building, where the old woman showed us to our rooms.

To this day I can recall our host—were I to live a hundred years I could not forget that figure such as it appeared to me, as if framed by the fireplace—when I went into the hall where Mother Appenzel had spread our supper.

He was standing in front of my friends, on the stone hearth of that enormous fireplace. He was in evening dress—but such evening dress! It was in the pink of fashion, but a fashion long since vanished. The high collar of the coat, the broad lapels, the velvet waistcoat, the silken knee-breeches and stockings, the cravat, all seemed to possess the elegance of days gone by.

By his side lay his dog Mystère, his massive jaws parted in a yawn—yawning, just as he had barked, *in silence*.

"Has your dog been dumb for long?" I ventured to ask. "What strange accident has happened to him?"

"He has been dumb from his birth," replied my host, after a slight pause, as if this topic of conversation did not please him.

Still, I persisted in my questions.

"Was his father dumb—or perhaps his mother?"

"His mother, and his mother's mother," he replied, still coldly, "and *her* mother also."

"So you were the master of Mystère's great-grandmother?"

"I was, sir. She was indeed a faithful creature, and one who loved me well. A marvellous watch-dog," added my host, displaying sudden signs of emotion which surprised me.

"And she also was dumb from her birth?"

"No, sir. No, she was not born dumb—*but she became so one night when she had barked too much!*"

There was a world of meaning in the tone with which he spoke these words that at the moment I did not understand.

Supper was served. During the meal the conversation did not languish. Our host inquired whether we liked our rooms.

"I have a favour to beg of you," I ventured to say. "I should like to sleep in the haunted room!"

No sooner had I uttered the sentence than our host's pale face became still paler.

"Who has told you that there was a haunted room in this house?" he asked, striving with difficulty to restrain an evident irritation.

Mother Appenzel, who had just entered, trembled violently.

"It was you, Mother Appenzel?"

"Pray do not scold the good woman," I said; "my indiscreet behaviour alone must bear the blame. I was attempting to enter a room the door of which was closed, when your servant forbade me to do so. 'Do not go into the haunted chamber,' she said."

"And you naturally did not do so?"

"Well, yes; I did go in."

"Heaven protect us!" wailed Mother Appenzel, letting fall a tumbler, which broke into pieces.

"Begone!" cried her master. Then, turning to us, he added, "You are indeed full of curiosity, gentlemen!"

"Pray pardon us if we are so," I said. "Moreover, permit me to remind you that it was you yourself who alluded to the rumours current on the mountain-side. Well, it would afford me much pleasure if your generous hospitality should be the occasion of dispersing them. When I have slept in the room which enjoys so evil a reputation, and have rested there peacefully, it will no longer be said that, to use your own expression, 'your house brings misfortune.'"

Our host interrupted me: "You shall not sleep in that room; it is no longer used as a bedroom. No one has slept there for fifty years past."

"Who, then, was the last one to sleep in it?"

"I myself—and I should not advise anyone to sleep in it after me!"

"Fifty years ago, you say! You could only be a child at the time, at an age when one is still afraid at nights——"

"Fifty years ago I was twenty-eight!"

"Am I committing an indiscretion when asking you what happened to you in that room? I have just come from visiting it, and nothing whatever happened to me. The room seems to me the most natural of rooms. I even attempted to prop up a wardrobe which seemed as if it were about to fall forward on its face."

"You laid hands on the wardrobe!" cried the man, throwing down his table-napkin, and coming towards me with the gleam of madness in his eyes. "You actually laid hands on the wardrobe?"

"Yes," was my quiet answer; "as I say, it seemed about to fall."

"But it cannot fall! It will never fall! Never again will it stand upright! It is its nature to be in that position for all time to come, trembling with fear for all eternity!"

We had all risen. The man's voice was harsh as he spoke these most mysterious words. Heavy drops of perspiration trickled down his face. Those eyes of his, which we had thought dimmed for ever, flashed with fury. He was indeed awful to contemplate. He grasped my wrist and wrung it with a strength of which I would have deemed him incapable.

"You did not open it?"

"No."

"Then you do not know what is in it? No? Well, all the better! By Heaven, I tell you, sir, it is all the better for *you!*"

Turning towards his dog, he shouted:—

"To your kennel! When will you find your voice again, Mystère? Or are you going to die like the others—*in silence?*"

He had opened the door leading to a tower, and went out, driving the dog before him.

We were deeply moved at this unexpected scene. The man had disappeared in the darkness of the tower, still pursuing his dog.

"What did I tell you?" remarked Makoko, in a scarcely audible tone. "You may all please yourselves, but, as for me, I do not intend to sleep here to-night. I shall sit up here in this hall until daybreak."

"And so shall I," added Mathis.

Makoko, bending over us, his eyes staring out of their sockets, continued: "Do you not see that he is a madman?"

"You two fellows with your death-mask faces," exclaimed Allan, "are not going to prevent us from enjoying ourselves. Supposing we start a game of écarté. We will ask our host to take a hand; it will divert his thoughts."

An extraordinary fellow was Allan. His fondness for card-playing amounted to a mania. He pulled out a pack of cards, and had hardly done so when our host re-entered the hall. He was now comparatively calm, but no sooner had he perceived the pack of cards on the table than his features became transformed, and assumed such an expression of fear and fury that I myself was terrified.

"Cards!" he cried. "You have cards!"

Allan rose and said, pleasantly:—

"We have decided not to retire for the night. We are about to have a friendly little game of écarté. Do you know the game?"

Allan stopped. He also had been struck with the fearful expression on our host's face. His eyes were bloodshot, the sparse hairs of his moustache stood out bristling, his teeth gleamed, while his lips hissed out the words:—

"Cards! Cards!"

The words escaped with difficulty from his throat, as if some invisible hand were clutching it.

"Who sent you here with cards? What do you want with me? The cards must be burnt—they must be burnt!"

Of a sudden he grasped the pack and was about to cast it into the flames, but he stopped just on the point of doing so, his trembling fingers let drop the cards, and he sank into the arm-chair, exclaiming hoarsely:—

"I am suffocating; I am suffocating!"

We rushed to his succour, but with a single effort of his bony fingers he had already torn off his collar and his cravat; and now, motionless, holding his head erect, and settling down in the huge arm-chair, he burst into tears.

"You are good fellows," he said at last, in milder tones. "You shall know everything. You shall not leave this house in ignorance, taking me for a madman—for a poor, miserable, melancholy madman.

"Yes, indeed," he continued; "yes, you shall know everything. It may be of use to you."

He rose, paced up and down, then halted in front of us, staring at us with the dimmed look that had given way to the momentary flash.

"Sixty years ago I was entering upon my eighteenth year. With all the overweening presumption of youth, I was sceptical of everything. Nature had fashioned me strong and

handsome. Fate had endowed me with enormous wealth. I became the most fashionable youth of my day. Paris, gentlemen, with all its pleasures, was for ten years at my feet. When I had reached the age of twenty-eight I was on the brink of ruin. There remained to me between two and three hundred thousand francs and this manor, with the land surrounding it.

"Just at that time, gentlemen, I fell madly in love with an angelic creature. I could never have dreamt of the existence of such beauty and purity. The girl whom I adored was ignorant of the passionate love which was consuming me, and she remained so. Her family was one of the wealthiest in all Europe. For nothing in this world would I have had her suspect that I aspired to the honour of her hand in order to replenish my empty coffers with her dowry. So I went the way of the gambling-dens, in the vain hope of recovering my vanished millions. I lost all, and one fine evening I left Paris to come and bury myself in this old mansion, my sole refuge.

"I found here an old man, Father Appenzel; his granddaughter, of whom later on I made a servant; and his grandson, a child of tender years, who grew up to manhood on the estate, and who is now my steward. I fell a prey, on the very evening of my arrival, to despair and ennui. The astounding events that followed took place that very evening.

"When I went up to my room—the room which one of you has asked to be allowed to occupy to-night—I had made up my mind to take my own life. A brace of pistols lay on the chest of drawers. Suddenly, as I was putting my hand on one of the pistols, my dog began to howl in the courtyard—to howl as I have never heard the wind howl, unless it be to-night.

"So, thought I, here is Mystère raising a death-howl. She must know that I am going to kill myself to-night.

"I toyed with the pistol, recalling of a sudden what my past life had been, and wondering for the first time what my death would be like. Suddenly my eye lighted on the titles of a few old books which stood on a shelf hanging above the chest of drawers. I was surprised to see that all of them dealt with sorcerers and matters appertaining to the powers of evil. I took up a book, 'The Sorcerers of the Jura,' and, with the sceptical smile of the man who has defied Fate, I

"THE FIRST TWO LINES, PRINTED IN RED, CAUGHT MY EYE—'HE WHO SERIOUSLY WISHES TO SEE THE DEVIL HAS BUT TO SUMMON HIM WITH HIS WHOLE HEART, AND HE WILL COME.'"

opened it. The first two lines, printed in red, at once caught my eye :—

"'*He who seriously wishes to see the devil has but to summon him with his whole heart, and he will come.*'

"Then followed the story of an individual who, like myself, a lover in despair—like myself, a ruined man—had in all sincerity summoned to his help the Prince of Darkness, and who had been assisted by him; for, a few months later, he had once more become incredibly rich and had married his beloved. I read the story to the end.

"'Well, here was a lucky fellow!' I exclaimed, tossing the book on to the chest of drawers. Mystère was still howling in the grounds. I parted the window-curtains, and could not help shuddering when I saw the dog's shadow dancing in the moonlight. It really seemed as if the slut was possessed of some evil spirit, for her movements were inexplicably eccentric. She seemed to be snapping at some invisible form!

"I tried to laugh over the matter, but the state of my mind, the story I had just read, the howling of the dog, her strange leaps, the sinister locality, the old room, the pistols which I myself had loaded, all had contributed to take a greater hold of my imagination than I dared confess.

"Leaving the window I strolled about the room for awhile. Of a sudden I saw myself in the mirror of the wardrobe. My pallor was such that I thought that I was dead. Alas, no! The man standing before the wardrobe was not dead. It was, on the contrary, a living man who, with all his heart, was summoning the King of Lost Souls.

"Yes, with all my heart. I was too young to die; I wished to enjoy life for a while yet; to be rich once more; for her, for her sake, for the one who was an angel. Yes, yes, I, I myself summoned the devil!

"And then, in the mirror, side by side with my form, something appeared—something superhuman—a pale object—a mist, a terrible little cloud which was soon transformed into eyes—eyes of fearful loveliness. Another form was standing resplendent beside my haggard face; a mouth—a mouth which said to me, 'Open!' At this I recoiled. But the mouth was still saying to me, 'Open, open, if you dare!'

"Then something knocked three times upon the door inside the wardrobe—and the door flew open of its own accord!"

Just at that instant the old man's narrative was interrupted by three knocks on the door, which suddenly opened, and a man entered.

"Was it you who knocked like that, Guillaume?" asked our host, striving in vain to regain his composure.

"Yes, master."

"I had given you up for to-night. You saw the notary?"

"Yes; and I did not care to keep so great a sum of money about my person."

We gathered that Guillaume was the gentleman's steward. He advanced to the table, took a little bag from the folds of his cloak, extracted some documents from it, and laid them on the table. Then he drew an envelope from his bag, emptied its contents on the table, and counted out twelve one-thousand-franc notes.

"There's the purchase-money for Misery Wood."

"Good, Guillaume," said our host, picking up the bank-notes and replacing them in the envelope. "You must be hungry. Are you going to sleep here to-night?"

"No; it is impossible. I have to call on the farmer. We have some business to transact together early in the morning. However, I do not mind having a bit of supper."

"Go to Mother Appenzel, my good fellow; she will take good care of you," adding, as the steward strode towards the kitchen, "Take away all those rubbishy papers."

The man picked up the documents, while the gentleman, taking a pocket-book out of his pocket, placed the envelope containing the twelve notes into it and returned the book to his pocket.

Then, resuming his narrative, in reply to a request from Makoko, he continued :—

"You wish to know what the wardrobe contained? Well, I am going to tell you. There was something which I saw—something which scorched my eyes. There shone within the recess of the wardrobe, written in letters of fire, three words :—

"'THOU SHALT WIN!'

"Yes," he continued, in a gloomy tone, "the devil had, in three words, expressed in characters of fire, in the depths of the wardrobe, the fate that awaited me. He had left behind him his sign-manual, the irrefutable proof of the hideous pact into which I had entered with him on that tragic night. 'Thou shalt win!' A ruined gamester, I sought to become rich, and he told me: 'Thou shalt win!' In three short words he granted me the world's wealth. 'Thou shalt win!'

"Next morning old Appenzel found me

"THERE SHONE WITHIN THE RECESS OF THE WARDROBE, WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF FIRE, THREE WORDS: 'THOU SHALT WIN!'"

lying unconscious at the foot of the wardrobe. Alas! when I had recovered my senses I had forgotten nothing. I was fated never to forget what I had seen. Wherever I go, wherever I wend my steps, be it night, be it day, I read the fiery phrase, 'Thou shalt win!'—on the walls of darkness, on the resplendent orb of the sun, on the earth and in the skies, within myself when I close my eyes, on your faces when I look at you!"

The old man, exhausted, ceased speaking, and fell back, moaning, into the arm-chair.

"I must tell you," he resumed, after a few moments, "that my experience had had so terrifying an effect on me that I had been compelled to keep my bed, where Father Appenzel brought me a soothing potion of herbs. Addressing me, he said: 'Something incredible has happened, sir. Your dog has become dumb. *She barks in silence!*'

"'Oh, I know, I understand!' I exclaimed. 'She will not recover her voice until *he* shall have returned!'

"Father Appenzel looked at me in amazement and fright, for my hair was standing on end. In spite of myself, my gaze was straying towards the wardrobe. Father Appenzel, as alarmed and agitated as myself, went on to say:—

"'When I found you, sir, on the floor this morning the wardrobe was inclined as it is now, while its door was open. I closed it, but I was unable to get it to stand upright. It seems always on the point of falling forward.'

"I begged old Appenzel to leave me to myself. I got out of bed, went to the ward-

robe, and opened its door. Conceive, I pray you, my feelings when I had done so. The sentence, that sentence written in characters of fire, was still there! It was graven in the boards at the back; it had burnt the boards with its imprint; and by day I read what I had read by night—the words: 'Thou shalt win.'

"I flew out of the room. I called for help. Father Appenzel returned. I said to him: 'Look into the depths of that wardrobe, and tell me what you see there!'

"My servant did as I bid him, and said to me: 'Thou shalt win!'

"I dressed myself. I fled like a madman from the accursed house, and wandered in the mountains. The mountain air did me good. When I came home in the evening I was perfectly calm; I had thought matters over; my dog might have become dumb through some perfectly natural physiological phenomenon. With regard to the sentence in the wardrobe, it had not come there of itself, and, as I had not had any previous acquaintance with that piece of furniture, it was probable that the three fatal words had been there for countless years, inscribed by someone addicted to the black art, following upon some gambling affair which was no concern of mine.

"I ate my supper, and went to bed in the same room. The night passed without incident.

"Next day I went to La Chaux-de-Fonds, to call on a notary. All that this adventure with the wardrobe had succeeded

"I FLED LIKE A MADMAN FROM THE ACCURSED HOUSE, AND WANDERED IN THE MOUNTAINS."

in doing was to imbue me with the idea of tempting fate, in the shape of cards, one last time, ere putting into execution my idea about suicide. I borrowed a few one-thousand-franc notes on the security of the estate, and I took train for Paris. As I ascended the staircase of the club I recalled my nightmare, and remarked to myself ironically, for I placed no faith in the success of this supreme attempt: 'We shall now see whether, if the devil helps me——' I did not finish the sentence.

"The bank was being put up to auction when I entered the salon. I secured it for two hundred louis. I had not reached the middle of my deal when I had already won two hundred and fifty thousand francs! But no longer would any of the players stake against me. *I was winning every game!*

"I was jubilant; I had never dreamt that such luck would be mine. I threw up the bank—*i.e.*, what remained of it for me to hold. I next amused myself at throwing away chances, just to see what would happen. In spite of this I continued winning. Exclamations were heard on all sides. The players vowed I had the devil's own luck. I collected my winnings and left.

"No sooner had I reached the street when I began to think and to become alarmed. The coincidence between the scene of the wardrobe and of my extraordinary success as a banker troubled me. Of a sudden, and to my surprise, I found myself wending my way back to the club. I was resolved to probe the matter to the bottom. My short-lived joy was disturbed by the fact that I had not lost once. So it was that I was anxious to lose just once.

"When I left the club for the second time, at six o'clock in the morning, I had won, in money and on parole, no less than a couple of millions. But I had not once lost—not a single, solitary time. I felt myself becoming a raving madman. When I say that I had not lost once, I speak with regard to money, for when I had played for nothing, without stakes, to see, just for the fun of the matter, I lost inexorably. But no sooner had a punter staked even as low as half a franc against me, I won his money. It mattered little, a sou or a million francs. I could no longer lose. 'Thou shalt win!' Oh, that terrible curse! That curse! For a whole week did I try. I went into the worst gambling-hells. I sat down to card-tables presided over by card-sharpers; I won even from them; I won from one and all against whom I played. I did nothing but win!

"So, you no longer laugh, gentlemen! You scoff no more! You see now, good sirs, that one should never be in a hurry to laugh! I told you I had seen the devil! Do you believe me now? I possessed then the certainty, the palpable proof, visible to one and all, the natural and terrestrial proof of my revolting compact with the devil. The law of probabilities no longer existed as far as I was concerned. There were not even any probabilities. There remained only the supernatural certainty of winning eternally—until the day of death. Death! I could no longer dream of it as a desire. For the first time in my life I dreaded it. The terrors of death haunted me, because of what awaited me at the end!

"My uppermost thought was to redeem my soul—my wretched, my lost soul. I frequented the churches. I saw priests. I prostrated myself at the foot of church steps. I beat my delirious head on the sacred flagstones! I prayed to God that I might lose, just as I had prayed to the devil that I might win. On leaving the holy place I was wont to hurry to some low gambling-den and stake a few louis on a card. But I continued winning for ever and ever! 'Thou shalt win!'

"Not for a single second did I entertain the idea of owing my happiness to those accursed millions. I offered up my heart to God as a burnt-offering, I distributed the millions I had won to the poor, and I came here, gentlemen, to await the death which spurns me—the death I dread!"

"You have never played since those days?" I asked.

"I have never played from that time until now."

Allan had read my thoughts. He too was dreaming that it might be possible to rescue from his monomania the man whom we both persisted in considering insane.

"I feel sure," he said, "that so great a sacrifice has won you pardon. Your despair has been undoubtedly sincere, and your punishment a terrible one. What more could Heaven require of you? In your place, *I should try*——"

"You would try—what?" exclaimed the man, springing from his seat.

"I should try whether I were still doomed to win!"

The man struck the table a violent blow with his clenched fist.

"And so this is all the remedy you can

suggest! So this is all the narrative of a curse transcending all things earthly has inspired you with? You seek to induce an old lunatic to play, with the object of demonstrating to him that he is not insane! For I read full well in your eyes what you think of me: 'He is mad, mad, mad!' You do not believe a single word of all I have told you. You think I am insane, young man! And you, too," he added, addressing Allan, "you think I am insane—mad, mad, mad! I tell you that I have seen the devil! Yes, your old madman has seen the devil! And he is going to prove it to you. The cards! Where are the cards?"

Espying them on the edge of the table, he sprang on them.

"It is you who have so willed it. I had harboured a supreme hope that I should die without having again made the infernal attempt, so that when my hour had come I might imagine that Heaven had forgiven me. Here are your cards! I will not touch them. They are yours. Shuffle them—deal me which you please—'stack' them as you will. I tell you that I shall win. Do you believe me now?"

Allan had quietly picked up the cards.

The man, placing his hand on his shoulder, asked, "You do not believe me?"

"We shall see," replied Allan.

"What shall the stakes be?" I inquired.

"I do not know, gentlemen, whether you are well off or not, but I feel bound to inform you—you who have come to destroy my last hope—that you are ruined men."

Thereupon he took out his pocket-book and laid it on the table, saying:—

"I will play you five straight points at écarté for the contents of this pocket-book. This just by way of a beginning. After that, I am willing to play you as many games as you see fit, until I cast you out of doors picked clean, your friends and yourself, ruined for the rest of your lives—yes, picked bare."

"Picked bare?" repeated Allan, who was far less moved than myself. "Do you want even our shirts?"

"Even your souls," cried the man, "which I intend to present to the devil in exchange for my own."

Allan winked at me, and asked:—

"Shall we say 'Done,' and go halves in this?"

I agreed, shuffled the pack, and handed it to my opponent.

He cut. I dealt. I turned up the knave of hearts. Our host looked at his hand and led. Clearly he ought not to have played the hand he held—three small clubs, the queen of diamonds, and the seven of spades. He took a trick with his queen, I took the four others, and, as he had led, I marked two points. I entertained not the slightest doubt that he was doing his utmost to lose.

It was his turn to deal. He turned up the king of spades. He could not restrain a shudder when he beheld that black-faced card, which, in spite of himself, gave him a trick.

He scanned his hand anxiously. It was my turn to call for cards. He refused them, evidently believing that he held a very poor hand; but my own was as bad as his, and he had a ten of hearts, which took my nine—I held the nine, eight, and seven of hearts.

He then played diamonds, to which I could not respond, and two clubs higher than mine. Neither of us held a single trump. He scored a point, which, with the one secured to him by his king, gave him two. We were "evens," either of us being in a position to end matters at once if we made three points.

The deal was mine. I turned up the eight of diamonds. This time both of us called for cards. He asked for one, and showed me the one he had discarded—the seven of diamonds. He was anxious not to hold any trumps. His wish was gratified, and he succeeded in making me score another two points, which gave me four.

In spite of ourselves, Allan and I glanced towards the pocket-book. Our thoughts ran: "There lies a small fortune which is shortly to be ours, one which, in all conscience, we shall not have had much trouble in winning."

Our host dealt in his turn, and when I saw the cards he had given me I considered the matter as good as settled. This time he had not turned up a king, but the seven of clubs. I held two hearts and three trumps—the ace and king of hearts, the ace, ten, and nine of clubs. I led the king, my opponent followed with the queen; I flung the ace on the table, my opponent being compelled to take it with the knave of hearts, and he then played a diamond, which I trumped. I played the ace of trumps; he took it with the queen, but I was ready for him with my last card, the ten of clubs. He had the knave of trumps! As I had led he scored two, making "four all." Our host smothered a curse which was hovering on his lips.

"No need for you to worry," I remarked; "no one has won yet."

"'WE ARE ABOUT TO PROVE TO YOU,' SAID ALLAN, 'THAT YOU CAN LOSE JUST LIKE ANY ORDINARY MORTAL.' OUR HOST GROANED, 'I CANNOT LOSE.'"

"We are about to prove to you," said Allan, in the midst of a deathly silence, "that you can lose just like any ordinary mortal."

Our host groaned, "I cannot lose."

The interest in the game was now at its height. A point on either side, and either of us would be the winner. If I turned up the king the game was ended, and I won twelve thousand francs from a man who claimed that he could not lose. I had dealt. I turned up the king—the king of hearts. I had won!

My opponent uttered a cry of joy. He bent over the card, picked it up, considered it attentively, fingered it, raised it to his eyes, and we thought he was about to press it to his lips. He murmured:—

"Great heavens, can it be? Then—then I have lost!"

"So it would seem," I remarked.

Allan added, "You now see full well that one should not place any faith in what the devil says."

The gentleman took his pocket-book and opened it.

"Gentlemen," he sighed, "bless you for having won all that is in this book. Would that it contained a million! I should gladly have handed it over to you."

With trembling hands he searched the pocket-book, emptying it of all its contents, with a look of surprise at not finding at once the twelve thousand francs he had deposited in its folds. They were not there!

The pocket-book, searched with feverish hands, lay empty on the table. *There was nothing in the pocket-book! Nothing!*

We sat dumbfounded at this inexplicable phenomenon—the empty pocket-book! We picked it up and fingered it. We searched it carefully, only to find it empty. Our host, livid and as one possessed, was searching himself, and begging us to search him. We searched him — we searched him, because it was beyond our power to resist his delirious will; but we found nothing—nothing!

"Hark!" exclaimed our host. "Hark, hark! Does it not seem to you to-night that the wind sounds like the voice of a dog?"

We listened, and Makoko answered, "It is true! The wind really seems to be barking—there, behind the door!"

The door was shaking strangely, and we heard a voice calling, "Open!"

I drew the bolts and opened the door. A human form rushed into the room.

"It is the steward," I said.

"Sir, sir!" he ejaculated.

"What is it?" we all exclaimed, breathlessly, and wondering what was about to follow.

"Sir, I thought I had handed you your twelve thousand francs. Indeed, I am positive I did so. Those gentlemen doubtless saw me."

"Yes, indeed," from all of us.

"Well, I have just discovered them in my bag. I cannot understand how it has happened. I have returned to bring them back to you—*once more*. Here they are."

The steward again pulled out the identical envelope, and a second time counted the twelve one-thousand-franc notes, adding:—

"I know not what ails the mountain-side to-night, but it terrifies me. I shall sleep here."

The twelve thousand francs were now lying on the table. Our host cried:—

"This time we see them there, there before us! Where are the cards? Deal them. The twelve thousand in five straight points, to see, to know for certain. I tell you that I wish to know—*to know*."

I dealt. My opponent called for cards; I refused them. He had five trumps. He scored two points. He dealt the cards. He turned up the king. I led. He again had five trumps. Three and two are five! He had won!

Then he howled; yes, howled like the wind which had the voice of a dog. He snatched the cards from the table and cast them into the flames. "Into the fire with the cards! Let the fire consume them!" he shrieked.

Suddenly he strode towards the door. Outside a dog barked—a dog raising a death-howl.

The man reached the door, and speaking through it asked:—

"Is that you, Mystère?"

To what phenomenon was it due that both wind and dog were silent simultaneously?

The man softly drew the bolts and half opened the door. No sooner was the door ajar than the infernal yelping broke out so prolonged and so lugubrious that it made us shiver to our very marrow. Our host had now flung himself upon the door with such force that we could almost think he had smashed it. Not content with having pushed back the bolts, he pressed with his knees and arms against the door, without uttering a sound. All we heard was his panting respiration.

Then, when the death-like yelping had ceased, and both within and without silence reigned supreme, the man, turning towards us and tottering forward, said:—

"*He has returned! Beware!*"

Midnight. We have gone our respective ways. Makoko and Mathis have remained below beside the dying embers. Allan has sought his bedroom, while, driven by some unknown inner force controlling me absolutely, I find myself in the haunted room. I am repeating the doings of the man whose story we had heard that night; I select the same book, open it at the same page; I go to the same window; I pull the curtain aside; I gaze upon the same moonlit landscape, for the wind has long since driven off the tempest-clouds and the fog. I only see bare rocks, shining like steel under the rays of the bright moon, and—on the desolate plateau — a weirdly dancing shadow — the shadow of Mystère, with her formidable jaws wide apart—jaws that I can see barking. Do I

hear the barking? Yes; it seems to me that I hear it. I let the curtain drop. I take my candlestick from the chest of drawers. I step towards the wardrobe. I look at myself in its mirrored panel. I dream of *him* who wrote the words which lie concealed within. Whose face is it that I see in the mirror? It is my own! But is it possible that the face of our host on the fatal night could have been more pallid than mine is now? In all truth, my face is that of a dead man. On one side—there—there—that little cloud—that misty cloudlet in the mirror—cheek by jowl with my face—those fearful eyes—those lips! Oh,

"ON ONE SIDE—THAT MISTY CLOUDLET IN THE MIRROR—THOSE FEARFUL EYES!"

if I could but scream! I cannot. I am powerless to cry out, *when suddenly I hear three knocks.* And—and my hand strays of its own accord towards the door of the wardrobe—my inquisitive hand—my accursed hand.

Of a sudden my hand is gripped in the vice I know so well. I look round. I am face to face with our host, who says to me in a voice which seems to come from another world:—

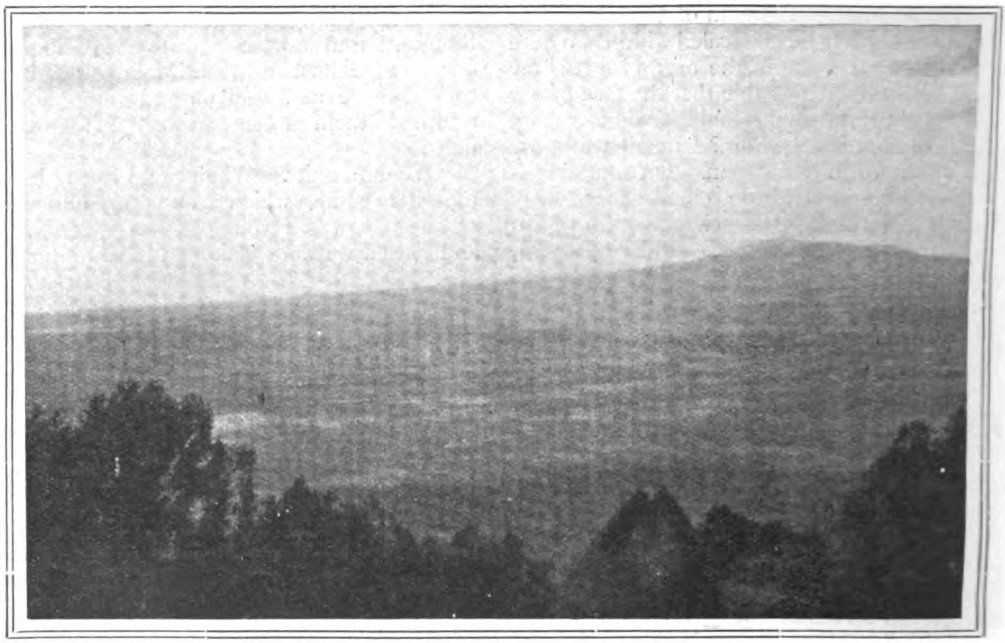
"*Do not open it!*"

EPILOGUE.

Next morning we did not ask our host to give us the opportunity of winning back our money. We fled from his roof without even taking leave of him. Twelve thousand francs were sent that evening to our strange host through Makoko's father, to whom we had told our adventure. He returned them to us, with the following note:—

"We are quits. When we played, both the first game, which you won, and the second one, which you lost, we *believed*, you and I, that we were staking twelve thousand francs. That must be sufficient for us. The devil has my soul, but he shall not possess my honour."

We were not at all anxious to keep the twelve thousand francs, so we presented them to a hospital in La Chaux-de-Fonds which was in sore need of money. Following upon urgent repairs, to which our donation was applied, the hospital, one winter's night, was so thoroughly burned to the ground that at noon of the following day nothing but ashes remained of it.



From a] THE RIFT VALLEY FROM THE KIKUYU ESCARPMENT. *[Photograph.*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

IV.—THE GREAT LAKE.

WE are off again on the Uganda Railway. Interesting and beautiful as is the country through which the line passes from Mombasa to Nairobi, it is surpassed by the magnificent scenery of the journey to the Lake. First in order and in rank is the Great Rift. This curious fault in the earth's surface, which geologists trace across the four thousand miles of land and sea which separate us from Palestine, and onward still to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, is traversed by the Uganda Railway at one of its most remarkable stages. For sixty miles the Highland plateau has been rising steadily by a succession of wooded undulations to a level of over six thousand feet. Now it falls abruptly, almost precipitously, more than two thousand feet. This frowning wall of rock and forest, which extends straight as a ruler farther than eye can see, is the Kikuyu Escarpment. As the train claws its way downwards by slant and zigzag along its face, a majestic panorama breaks upon the view. Far below, bathed in sunshine, stretching away to misty purple horizons, lie the broad expanses of the Rift Valley. Its level surface is broken by strangely-moulded volcanic hills and shattered craters. The opposite mountain wall looms up in the far distance, brown and blue. We gaze down upon the plain as from a balloon, mistaking forests for patches of green grass, and mighty trees for thorn scrub.

Another hour or so and Lake Naivasha comes into view. This sheet of water is about ten miles square, and the rim of a submerged crater makes an odd, crescent-shaped island in its midst. Its brackish waters repel the inhabitants, but afford shelter to numberless wild-fowl and many hippopotami. At Naivasha there is the Government stock farm. One may see in their various

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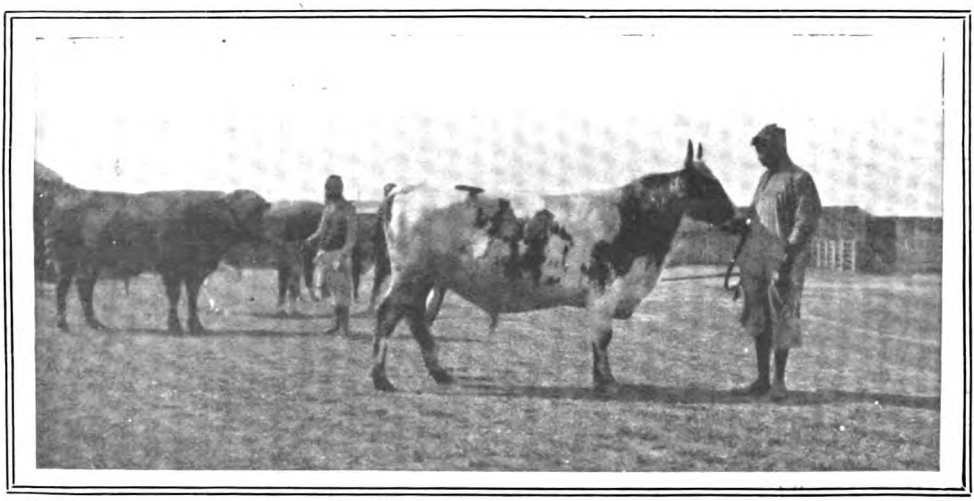
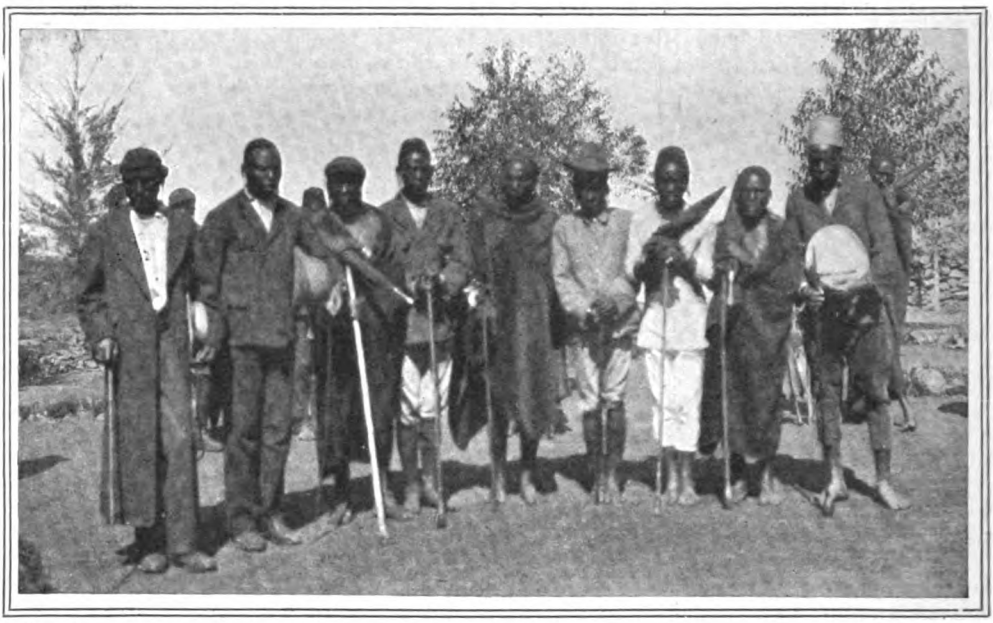
flocks the native sheep, the half-bred English, the three-quarter-bred, etc. The improvement is amazing. The native sheep is a hairy animal, looking to the unpractised eye more like a goat than a sheep. Crossed with Sussex or Australian blood, his descendant is transformed into a woolled beast of familiar aspect. At the next cross the progeny is almost indistinguishable from the pure-bred English in appearance, but better adapted to the African sun and climate. It is the same with cattle. In the first generation the hump of the African ox vanishes. In the second he emerges a respectable British Shorthorn. The object of this farm is twofold: first, to find the best type adapted to local conditions; secondly, to supply the settlers and the natives with a steady broadening fountain of good blood by which their flocks and herds may be trebled and quadrupled in value. The enthusiasm and zeal of those in charge of this work were refreshing. At present, however, their operations are restricted by insufficient funds and by the precautions which must be taken against East Coast fever. The first of these impediments may be removed; the second is less tractable.

East Coast fever came across the German border a year and a half ago, and since then, in spite of such preventive measures as our scanty means allow, it has been gradually and slowly spreading through the Protectorate. A diseased cow may take thirty days to die. In the meantime wherever it goes the swarming ticks are infected. They hold their poison for a year. If, during that time, other cattle pass over the ground the ticks fasten upon them and inoculate them with the sickness. And each new victim wanders off to spread the curse to new ticks, who cast it back to new cattle, and so on till the end of the story. At each point fresh areas of ground become distempered, and fresh cows begin to drop off one by one, leaving their evil inheritance to the ravening insects.

So here we see the two principles of Nature at work simultaneously—the blood-stock rams and bulls spreading their healthy, fruitful life in ever-widening circles through the land; the infected cattle carrying their message of death in all directions. Every point that either attains becomes at once a new centre of vitality or dissolution. Both processes march deliberately forward to limitless multiplications. The native is helpless in the face of advancing ruin. Left to itself the evil would assuredly devour the good, till the cattle were exterminated and the sickness starved to death for lack of prey. But at this moment the white biped with faculties of ratiocination intervenes from the tin-roofed Department of Agriculture; discovers, for instance, that ground may be purified by putting upon it sheep, into whom the ticks discharge their poison harmlessly and are thereafter purged; erects hundreds of miles of wire fencing to cut the country up into compartments, as a warship is divided into bulkheads; wires in infected areas; destroys suspected animals; searches methodically and ever more hopefully for prophylactics and remedies; with one hand arrests the curse, with the other



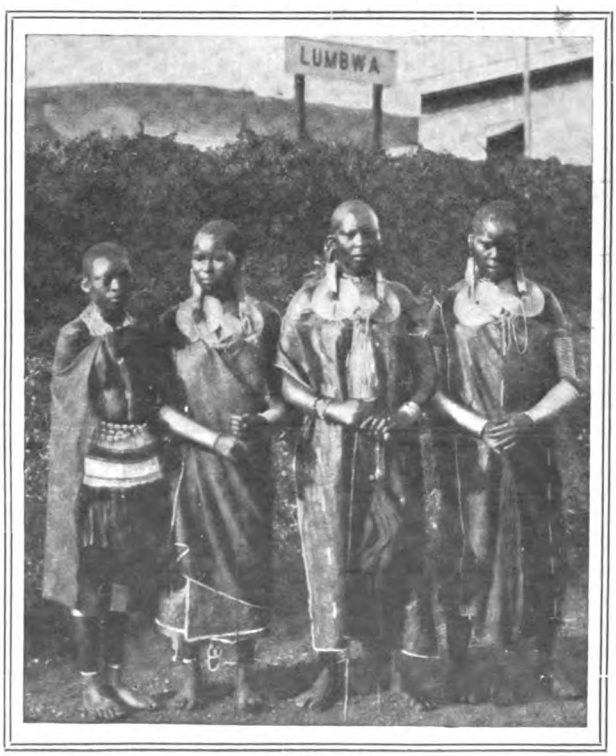
From a] GOVERNMENT STOCK FARM AT NAIVASHA. *[Photograph.*



From a] NANDI CHIEFS. *[Photograph.*

speeds the blessing, and in so doing is surely discharging rather an important function from a good many points of view.

My friends and I took four days in travelling to the Victoria Nyanza, although the distance can be covered in twenty-four hours; for we turned aside every day for sport or business, while our train waited obligingly in a siding. Of the latter, indeed, there was no lack, for the Governor and the heads of several departments were in the train, and we laboured faithfully together at many prickly things. Then at the stations came farmers, surveyors, and others, with words of welcome or complaint, and a deputation of Boer settlers with many expressions of loyalty to the Crown, and the chiefs of the Lumbwa and Nandi tribes, with a crowd of warriors, and their Laibon with his four wives, all in a row, till I was as tired of making "brief and appropriate" speeches as my companions must have been of hearing them.



From a] THE LAIBON'S WIVES. *[Photograph.*

But Elmenteita was all holiday. Lord Delamere met us at the station with Cape

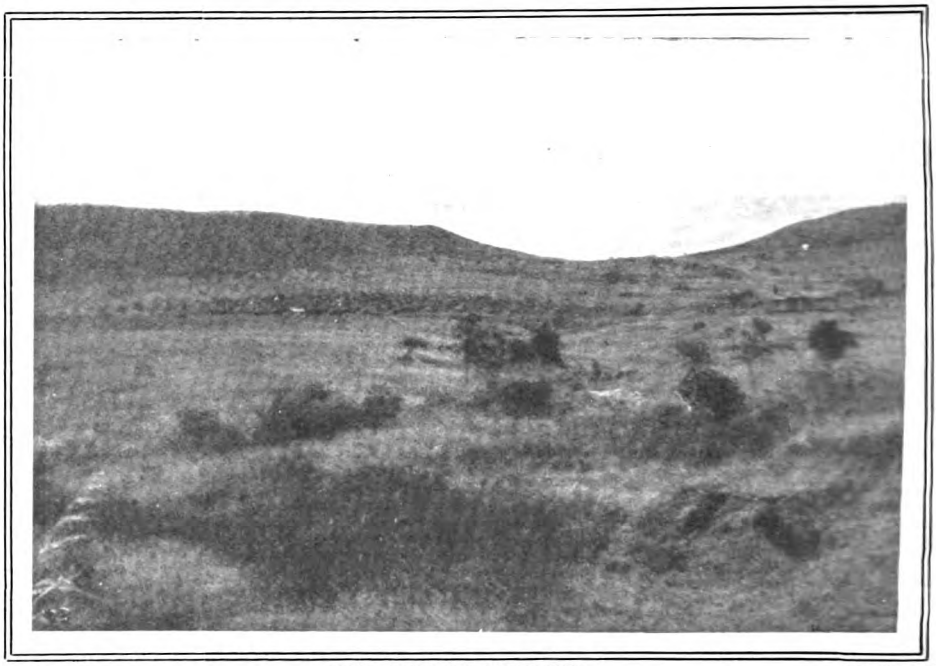
carts, ponies, and hog-spears, and we drove off in search of pig over an enormous plain thickly peopled with antelope and gazelle. I cannot pretend to the experience of both countries necessary to compare the merits of pig-sticking in India and in East Africa in respect of the fighting qualities of the animal, nor the ground over which he is pursued. But I should think the most accomplished member of the Meerut Tent Club would admit that the courage and ferocity of the African wart-hog, and the extreme roughness of the country, heaped as it is with boulders and pitted with deep ant-bear holes concealed by high grass, make pig-sticking in East Africa a sport which would well deserve his serious and appreciative attention. At present it is in its infancy, and very few even of the officers of the King's African Rifles can boast the proficiency of the Indian expert. But everything in East Africa is at its first page; and besides, the wart-hog is, at present at any rate, regarded as dangerous vermin who does incredible damage to native plantations, and whose destruction—by any method, even the most difficult—is useful as well as exciting.

From a] A WART-HOG. *[Photograph.*

Our first pig was a fine fellow, who galloped off with his tail straight up in the air and his tusks gleaming mischievously, and afforded a run of nearly three miles before he was killed. The risk of the sport consists in this—that the pig cannot be overtaken and effectively speared except by a horse absolutely at full gallop. The ground is so trappy that one hardly cares to take one's eyes off it for a moment. Yet during at least a hundred yards at a time the whole attention of the rider must be riveted on the pig, within a few yards of whom he is riding, and who may be expected to charge at any second. A fall at such a climax is necessarily very dangerous, as the wart-hog would certainly attack the unhorsed cavalier; yet no one can avoid the chance. I do not know whether Anglo-India will shudder, but I should certainly recommend the intending hunter in East Africa to strap a revolver on his thigh in case of accidents. "You do not want it often," as the American observed; "but when you do, you want it badly."

We passed a jolly morning riding after these brutes and shooting a few *Gazella granti* and *Gazella thomsoni*, or "Grants" and "Tommies" as they are familiarly called, and in looking for eland in the intervals. At the end of Lake Elmenteita, a beautiful sheet of water, unhappily brackish, a feast had been prepared to which a number of gentlemen from Lord Delamere's estates and the surrounding farms had been bidden. A long array of flocks and herds was marshalled on both sides of the track in due order, native-bred, half-bred, three-quarter-bred, pure. Through these insignia of patriarchal wealth, which would have excited the keenest interest in any traveller less hungry and more instructed in such matters than I, we made our way to an excellent luncheon, which, be sure, was not unaccompanied by the usual discussion on East African politics.

It was late in the afternoon when we started back to the train, which lay eight miles off in a siding. On the way we fell in with a most fierce and monstrous pig, who led us a nice dance through bush and grass and boulder. As he emerged into a patch of comparatively smooth, open ground I made up my mind to spear him, urged my pony to her top speed, and was just considering how best to do the deed when, without the slightest provocation, or, at any rate, before he had been even pricked, the pig turned sharp round and sprang at me as if he were a leopard. Luckily, my spear got in the way, and with a solid jar which made my arm stiff for a week, drove deep into his head and neck before it broke, so that he was glad to sheer off with



From a] VIEW ON THE MAU ESCARPMENT. *[Photograph.*

eighteen inches of it sticking in him, and after a dash at my companion he took refuge in a deep hole, from which no inducements or insults could draw him.

Later we rode and killed another pig and chased a fourth unsuccessfully, and it was nearly dark before the railway was reached. As I was getting into my carriage they calmly told me that *six lions* had walked across the line a quarter of a mile away and a quarter of an hour before. A settler who had been to lunch at Elmenteita was loading a hastily-borrowed revolver before starting on his homeward ride to Nakuru, and as I gave him some cartridges I reflected that, whatever may be the shortcomings of East Africa, the absence of an interesting and varied fauna is certainly not among them.

Next day our train is climbing through dense and beautiful forests to the summit of the Mau Escarpment. Admiration of the wealth and splendour of the leafy kingdom is mingled with something very like awe at its aggressive fertility. The great trees overhang the line. The creepers trail down the cuttings, robing the red soil with cloaks of flowers and foliage. The embankments are already covered. Every clearing is densely overgrown with sinuous plants. But for the ceaseless care with which the whole line is scraped and weeded it would soon become impassable. As it is the long fingers of the encroaching forest are everywhere stretching out enviously towards the bright metals. Neglect the Uganda Railway for a year, and it would take an expedition to discover where it had run.

At Nyoro station nearly nine hundred natives were at work cutting timber for the railway, which is entirely dependent on wood fuel. The contractor in charge, a young English gentleman, who was described to me as being a model employer of native labour in Government contracts, had taken the trouble to cut a path through the forest across a loop of the line in order that I might see what it was like inside. Through this leafy tunnel, about a mile and a half long, we all accordingly dived. There was nothing sinister in the aspect of the forest, for all its density and confusion. The great giants towered up magnificently to a hundred and fifty feet. Then came the ordinary forest trees, much more thickly clustered. Below this again was a layer of scrub and bushes; and under, around, and among the whole flowed a vast sea of convolvulus-looking creeper. Through all this fourfold veil the sunlight struggled down every twenty yards or so in gleaming chequers of green and gold.

On the way the method of fuel-cutting is explained. So far as the labourer is concerned, it is an elaborate system of piece-work, very accurately and fairly adjusted,

and, as is so often the case where the white employer takes personal care of his men, there appeared to be no difficulty in finding any number of natives. But they are a terribly unstable company. Few will stay for more than a month or two, however satisfied they may be with their work and its rewards; and just as they begin to get skilful off they go to their villages to cultivate their gardens and their families, promising to come back another year, or after the harvest, or at some other remote and indefinite date. And meanwhile the railway must have its fuel every day and day after day, with the remorseless monotony of the industrial machine.

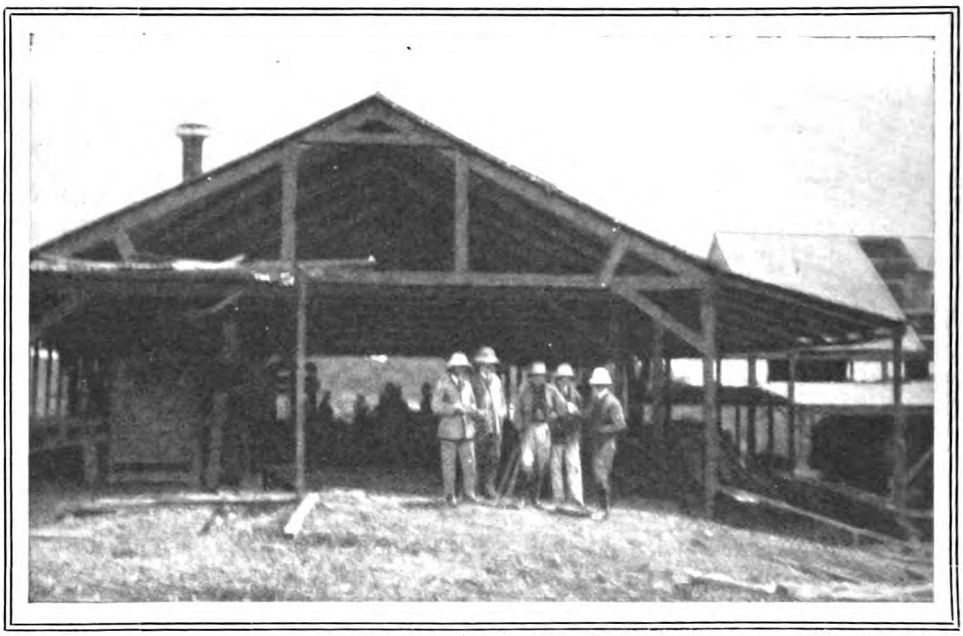
But what a way to cut fuel! A floating population of clumsy barbarians pecking at the trees with native choppers more like a toy hoe than an axe, and carrying their loads when completed a quarter of a mile on their heads to the wood-stack, while the forest laughs at the feebleness of man. I made a calculation. Each of the nine hundred natives employed costs on the whole six pounds a year. The price of a steam tree-felling plant, with a mile of mono-rail tram complete, is about five hundred pounds. The interest and sinking fund on this capital outlay represent the wages of four natives, to which must be added the salary of a competent white engineer, equal to the wage of forty natives, and the working expenses and depreciation roughly estimated at the wages of twenty natives more; in all the wage of sixty-five natives. Such a plant, able to cut trees six feet in diameter through in four or five minutes, to cut timber as well as fuel, to saw it into the proper lengths for every purpose with the utmost rapidity, and to transport it by whole truck-loads when sawn to the railway siding, would accomplish a week's work of the sixty-five natives it replaced in a single day, and effect a sevenfold multiplication of power. It is no good trying to lay hold of Tropical Africa with naked fingers. Civilization must be armed with machinery if she is to subdue these wild regions to her authority. Iron roads, not jogging porters; tireless engines, not weary men; cheap power, not cheap labour; steam and skill, not sweat and fumbling: there lies the only way to tame the jungle—more jungles than one.

On this we talked—or at least I talked—while we scrambled across the stumps of fallen trees or waded in an emerald twilight from one sunbeam to another across the creeper flood. It is of vital importance that these forests should not be laid waste by reckless and improvident hands. It is not less important that the Uganda Railway should have cheap fuel. For a long time fuel alone was the object, but now that an elaborate Forestry Department has been established on the most scientific lines, there is a danger that forestry will be the only object, and the cost of fuel so raised by regulations, admirable in themselves, that the economy of the Uganda Railway may be impaired. And let us never forget that the Uganda Railway is the driving-wheel of the whole concern. What is needed here, as elsewhere, is a harmonious compromise between opposite and conflicting interests. That is all.

Presently our guide began to tell us of the strange creatures who live in the forest, and are sometimes seen quite close by the fuel-cutters—very rare antelope, enormous buffaloes, and astonishing birds and butterflies beyond imagination. He had managed to make friends with the Wandorobo—a tribe of forest-dwelling natives who live plunged in these impenetrable shades, who are so shy that, if once a stranger does but set eye upon their village, forthwith they abandon it; but who are at the same time so teased by curiosity that they cannot resist peeping, peeping ever nearer and nearer to the fuel-cutters, until one day commercial relations are established on the basis of sugar for skins. I was just becoming interested in these wood-squirrels when we broke into the hot blaze of the noonday sun beating down on the polished railway track, and had to climb up on to our cow-catcher in order to hurry on to a real steam saw-mill ten miles farther up the line.

As the journey advances the train mounts steadily higher and the aspect of the country changes. The forest, which has hitherto lapped the line closely on every side, now makes fair division with rolling hills of grass. And there is this extraordinary feature about it: where the forest areas end, they end abruptly. There is no ragged belt of trees less thickly grown; no transition. Smooth slopes of grass run up to the very edge of virgin forest, just as in England the meadow runs to the edge of the covert. The effect is to make the landscape surprisingly homelike. It is like travelling through a series of gigantic parks, where the hand of man has for hundreds of years decided exactly where trees shall grow and where they shall not.

Towards the west great plains are visible, in misty apparition, through rifts in the



From a] MR. ATKINSON'S STEAM SAW-MILL. *[Photograph.*

plateau. At length we arrive at the summit of the escarpment, and stop for luncheon by an indicator, which registers eight thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the sea-level. Southward rises a hill perhaps five hundred feet above us, from the top of which the waters of the Great Lake can be seen, like the waters of a distant ocean.

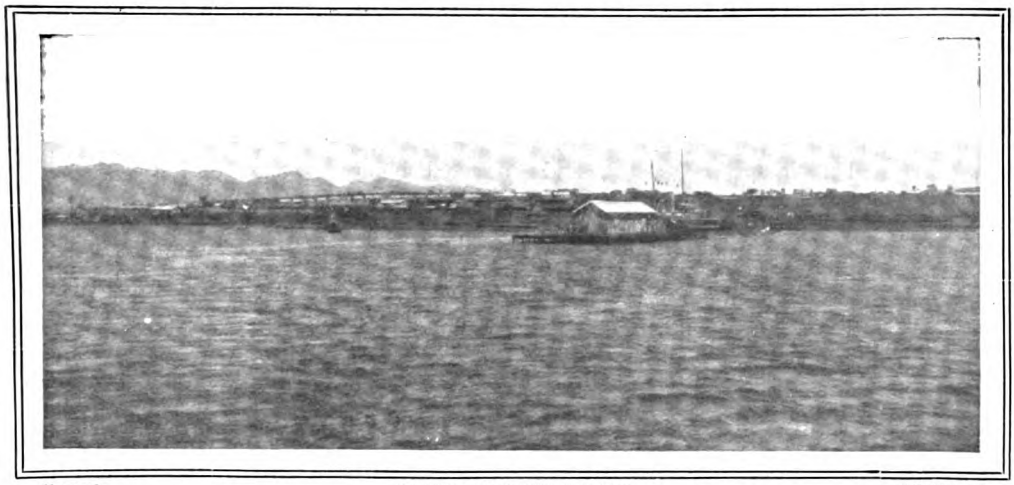
Geographically we have now reached the culminating point in this long journey. Henceforward, to find our way home, we have only to descend guided by the force of gravity, first swiftly along the railroad to the Victoria Lake, then sedately with the stream of the Nile to the Mediterranean. The lofty table-lands of East Africa, with their crisp, chill air and English aspect, must now be left behind—not without many regrets—and the traveller will alight upon a middle world spread at a level of about four thousand feet, in which an entirely different order of conditions prevails. Downward then at thirty miles an hour, along the side of spacious valleys, around the shoulders of the hills, across thin-spun iron bridges, through whose girders one glances down at torrents flashing far below—onward to the Lake. Within an hour the temperature has sensibly altered. An overcoat is no longer necessary, even if you ride in front of the engine. In two hours the climate is warm and damp with the steamy heat of the Tropics. The freshness has gone out of the air, and in its place that sense of sultry oppression which precedes the thunderstorms so common at this season of the year.

In order to avoid a hot night on the Lake shore we stopped at Fort Ternan, a placeless name, some forty miles from Kisumu, and rather more than a thousand feet above it. And here the storm which had been brooding all the afternoon over the western face of the Mau Escarpment burst upon us. Even after ten months on the South African veldt I was astonished by its fury. For nearly two hours the thunder crashed and roared in tremendous peals.

> Like water flung from some high crag,
> The lightning fell with never a jag,
> A river steep and wide,

while the rain dashed down in sheets of water, one single gust of which would drench you to the skin. But our train is an effective shelter. We dine comfortably in the midst of the tempest, and afterwards in a cooler atmosphere look up towards repentant stars and a tear-stained sky.

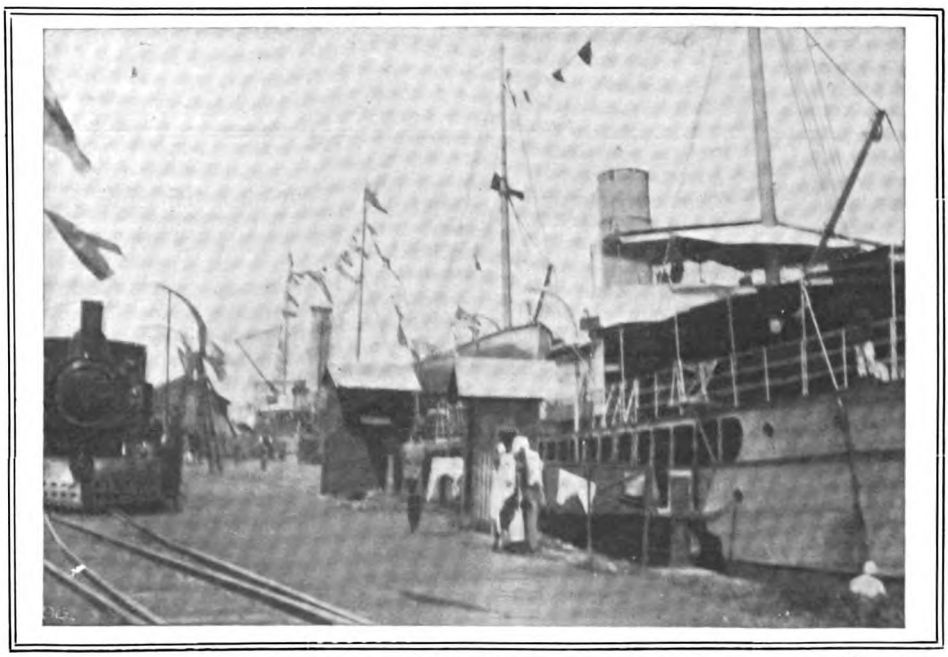
At dawn we are at Kisumu. There is a stir of men, a crowded platform, soldiers in order, groups of Indian traders, hundreds of Kavirondo natives in their fullest undress, bunting, and introductions. Large white steamers lie alongside the jetty, and beyond these the waters of the Lake gleam their broad welcome to the sunrise. Kisumu, or Port Florence as it is sometimes called, is



From a] KISUMU AND KAVIRONDO BAY. *[Photograph.*

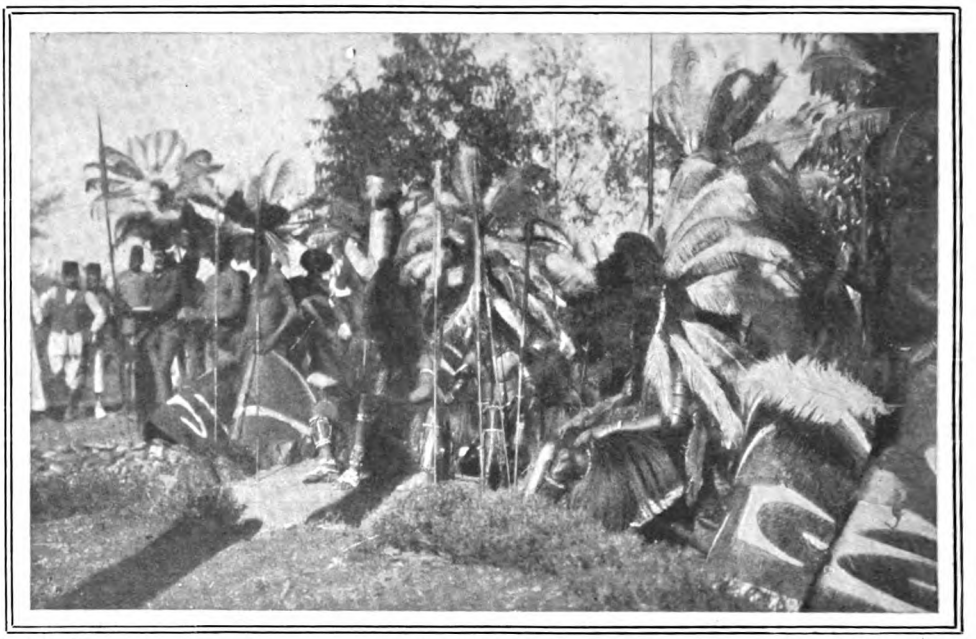
the western terminus of the Uganda Railway and the chief port on Lake Victoria. It possesses what I am told is the highest dock-yard in the world, and is the place at which all the steamers now plying on the Lake have been put together. One eight-hundred-ton cargo boat is actually in process of construction, and will be launched in a few months' time to meet the growing traffic of the Nyanza. The station itself is pretty; its trim houses and shady trees, backed against the hills, overlook the wide expanse of Kavirondo Bay and its encircling promontories. Unluckily, it is unhealthy, for the climate is depressing and the sewage accumulates in the tideless and shallow inlet. Some day one of two things will happen: either the waters of the Victoria Nyanza will be raised by a dam across the Ripon Falls and Kavirondo Bay will be proportionately deepened and cleansed, or the railway will be deflected and prolonged to its natural terminus on the deep waters of the lake at Port Victoria.

The Kavirondo tribe, the greatest in this



From a] KISUMU STATION. *[Photograph.*

part of the country, had organized an imposing demonstration. In dense array they lined the road from the station to the Commissioner's house, and our party walked through their midst in a perfect hubbub of horns and drums and shrill salutations. All the warriors carried their spears, shields, and war-paint, and most of them wore splendid plumes of ostrich feathers. The Kavirondo are naked and unashamed. Both sexes are accustomed to walk about in the primitive simplicity of Nature. Their nudity is based not upon mere ignorance but reasoned policy. They have a very strong prejudice against the wearing of clothes, which they declare lead to immorality; and no Kavirondo woman can attire herself even in the most exiguous raiment without sullying her reputation. They are said to be the most moral of all the tribes dwelling on the Lake shore. It is a pity that Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, of the University of Weissnichtwo, did not meet them in his rugged wanderings, for they would surely have enabled him to add another page to his monumental work on the functions of the tailor.



From a] KAVIRONDO WARRIORS. *[Photograph.*

I wake up the next morning to find myself afloat on a magnificent ship. Its long and spacious decks are as snowy as those of a pleasure yacht. It is equipped with baths, electric light, and all modern necessities. There is an excellent table, also a well-selected library. Smart bluejackets—with ebon faces—are polishing the brasswork; dapper, white-clad British naval officers pace the bridge. We are steaming ten miles an hour across an immense sea of fresh water as big as Scotland, and uplifted higher than the summit of Ben Nevis. At times we are in a complete circle of lake and sky, without a sign of land. At others we skirt lofty coasts covered with forest and crowned with distant blue-brown mountains, or thread our course between a multitude of beautiful islands. The air is cool and fresh, the scenery splendid. We might be yachting off the coast of Cornwall in July. We are upon the Equator, in the heart of Africa, and crossing the Victoria Nyanza, four thousand feet above the sea!

Winston S. Churchill.

(*To be continued.*)

The Rodd Street Revolution.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

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I.

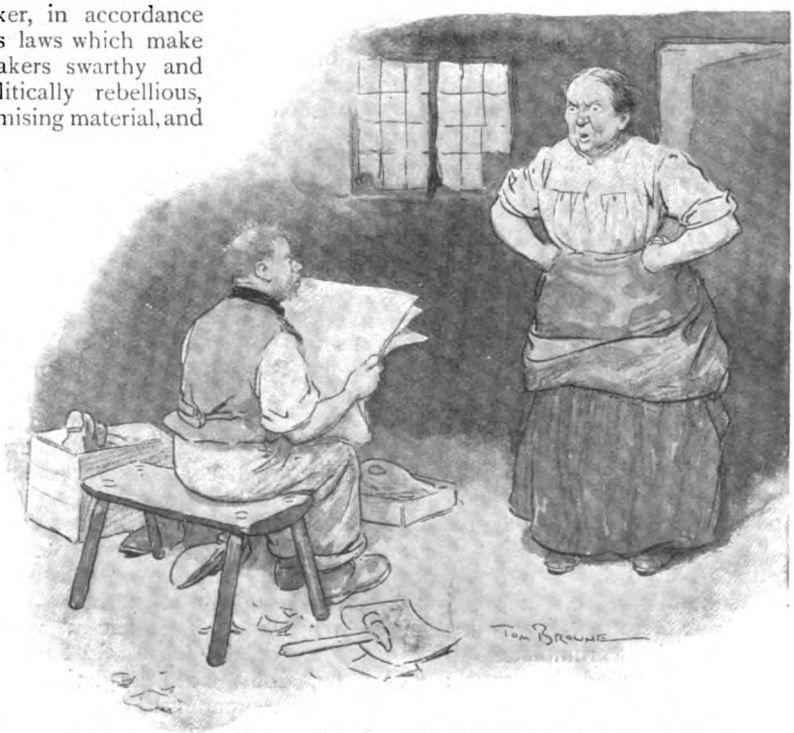
I HAVE told the tale of the Red Cow Anarchist Group in another place and at another time; indeed, I am startled to remember that it was fourteen years ago. As a fact, the credit of that tale, if it have any, is due to my disreputable friend, Snorkey Timms, who told it me, as he has told me others. He it was who first discovered Sotcher, the founder and victim of the Red Cow Group, and he it was who told me also this other tale of an earlier group of Sotcher's founding.

Teddy Mills, it would seem, was a shoemaker, who lived and worked in a very small house in Rodd Street, Bethnal Green—a very small street, which could only be reached by making several turns and twists through and out of other streets nearly as small.

Teddy Mills, small, bristly, and wild of eye, was Sotcher's newest convert. As a jobbing shoemaker, in accordance with the mysterious laws which make all jobbing shoemakers swarthy and ill-shaved and politically rebellious, Teddy Mills was promising material, and Sotcher, lank, greasy, and unwashed, fresh from the Anarchist Club in Berners Street, Shadwell, fastened on him at once. For, indeed, Teddy Mills made good material in other respects than that of his native readiness to join in the abuse and overthrow of whomsoever he might suspect of superiority, in fortune or qualities, over himself; for one thing, he had good work, and, consequently, money which might be cadged.

On the other hand, Teddy Mills had a wife, who was very intractable material indeed. Sotcher's impassioned teachings, received with enthusiasm by Teddy Mills, brought from Mrs. Mills no better tribute than a sniff of contempt; and the lady's opinion of Sotcher himself, wholly unfavourable, she expressed with much freedom and no politeness. And so it came about that, from the day of Sotcher's appearance, things went less smoothly in the Mills household. Teddy Mills's time soon seemed to be divided between listening to Sotcher and quarrelling with Mrs. Mills, so that very little was left for mere business, and the making and mending of shoes became more and more a theory of yesterday and to-morrow, and less and less a practice of to-day.

"Well," Mrs. Mills would say, appearing



"I'VE DONE MY DAY'S WORK, 'CEPT CLEARIN' UP. 'OW MUCH 'A' YOU DONE?'

suddenly with a red face and tucked-up skirts after a day's washing, "I've done my day's work, 'cept clearin' up. Ow much 'a' you done?"

"I've done more'n you think," her husband would reply, with evasive dignity.

"Yes, that you 'ave, if you've done anythink but sit an' jaw along o' that dirty, greasy, spongin' thief Sotcher. I 'eard 'im. I 'eard 'im tellin' you to do away with the p'lice. You'd look fine doin' away with the p'lice, you would! You'll do away with me if there's much more of it! 'Ow long am I to keep the place goin' like this?"

"When the social revolution comes," Teddy Mills explained, "we sha'n't neither of us 'ave to work more'n an hour or two a day, 'cos everybody'll 'ave to work."

"An hour or two! Ho! An' 'ow's this place to be kep' clean an' food cooked an' all in an hour or two? But p'r'aps a woman's work don't count. An hour or two, says you! An' 'ow'll your dear friend Sotcher like it, I wonder? A whole hour! Did 'e ever do an hour's work in 'is life?"

"Mr. Sotcher's a speaker, I tell you, a pioneer—one as teaches the propaganda——"

"Proper what? Gander? It's a proper goose 'e teaches when 'e comes 'ere a-preachin' to you, with 'is free this an' free that, an' free drinks between whiles! *I* ain't agoin' to stand it much longer, so I tell you! I ain't agoin' to work 'ere for you an' 'im too on nothink. I can earn my livin' alone, I can, an' I will, if there ain't a change!"

Mrs. Mills tried Sotcher with direct personal insult, but with no better effect than to turn his unceasing discourse to the denunciation of marriage as an oppressive and inconvenient institution, which should shortly be abolished with the police, the magistracy, and every other relic of privileged authority, temporal and spiritual.

And so it came to pass that one fine morning Sotcher arrived at the gate of Mills's front garden to find Teddy standing by the post clutching his tousled hair perplexedly, and staring gloomily up the street.

"She's gone," he reported, briefly.

"Gone where?" asked the visitor, gazing up the street also, and seeing nothing.

"I dunno," replied Teddy. "She's hooked it, that's all. I did a bit o' work last night an' took it 'ome this mornin', an' when I came back there was this on the table."

He extended a crumpled scrap of paper, on which Sotcher read the scrawl: "*Good-bye, i'm agoing to work for myself now.*"

"Selfishness," commented Sotcher. "The selfishness prevalent at the present time is due to the rotten state of s'ciety an' the oppression o' the privileged classes. When we 'ave the social revolution, an' free an' absolute liberty o' the individual, then selfishness'll be swep' out o' the world."

"Yes," answered Teddy, blankly, "but what—what am I agoin' to do till it is?"

"Wave aloft the banner o' free an' unrestricted brotherhood an' liberty in face o' the bloated circles o' class an' capitalistic privilege," replied Sotcher, with the fluency of a fresh-oiled machine.

"Yes—jesso," responded Teddy Mills, turning his uneasy glance toward the little front door; "but what about the washin'?"

Sotcher's eloquence was not to be turned aside. "Comrades with a glorious mission like us," he pursued, "can't waste time over washin'. I don't." The truth of this remark was visible to the naked eye. "We fix our eyes forward an' up'ard, tramplin' under the feet of Free Initiative the relics of barbareous authority, an' overthrowin' the bloodstained temples of capitalistic monopoly!"

"Yes, I know," responded Teddy; "but when I said washin' I wasn't thinkin' so much of *our* washin'. She's bin takin' in washin' lately, an' earnin' a bit, an' I shall miss it."

This was a more serious matter, and Sotcher paused thoughtfully. He considered the situation for a moment, and then produced a brilliant project.

"Comrade Mills," he said, lifting and exhibiting to Teddy's gaze the palm of a very grubby hand, "this is an 'istoric moment!"

"Is it?" asked Teddy, innocently.

"It is. It's lucky your wife's gone, an' so put the scheme into my 'ead. We don't want 'er. We'll found the first real anarchist colony!"

"Yes?" said Teddy, interrogatively.

"That 'umble 'ome o' yours," proceeded Sotcher, "will be 'anded down the ages on golden trumpets, an' inscribed on the 'earts of generations to come. We'll begin the social revolution there!"

"All right," assented Teddy. So complete was his belief in Sotcher, that if the proposal had been to redistribute the solar system there he would have said "All right," just the same.

"We'll bring in one or two comrades an' live together in the full brother'ood of anarchy, an' give a' example to the toilin' millions about us. We'll 'ave perfect individual freedom an' voluntary co-operation, an' the 'ole world'll take a lesson by us, an' bust out in the glorious daybreak of Universal Autonomy!"

"All right," said Teddy again.

II.

SOTCHER invited the co-operation of two more comrades, and he did not bring them from the Anarchist Club. Four he judged a convenient total number, since the house had four rooms, and he did not bring the two new comrades from the club because he knew the club of old. There they were all talkers as fluent as himself, and not listeners. Sotcher wanted listeners. It was for that reason—partly—that he sallied forth "spreading the light"; for that, and because the Anarchist Club was the worst place he knew for borrowing in.

So he brought fresh material. He brought one Billy Snider, a furtive person with an elusive squint and a curious property of looking smaller than he really was, though he was not large at best. Billy Snider, it seemed, was an "individual expropriator." For years, in the matter of private property, he had been putting anarchistic principles into practice without knowing it, and the bloated bourgeois called him a thief.

Sotcher also brought a certain Joe Budd, a very large man of much muscular development, with a face like knotted timber and a black eye that was sometimes the right and sometimes the left, and occasionally double, but always there. Mr. Budd was not understood to be partial to any particular profession, and the beer required for his sustenance had hitherto been chiefly contributed by friends, who preferred to see him in a good temper. Sotcher had laid his account with care, for if Teddy Mills would work at his trade and Billy Snider "expropriate" out of doors for the benefit of the community, while Joe Budd kept off inconvenient interference, and terrorized such persons as brokers' men, then Sotcher, for his part, was ready to supply all the talk the enterprise might require.

It was a great occasion for Sotcher when the four assembled that evening and he, for the first time, addressed a group that was all his own.

"Comrades!" he cried, with a sweep of the arm that might have included a thousand, "we are 'ere to open, to inaugurate, or as I may say to begin, the Social Revolution! In this 'ere 'umble 'ome we are to set rollin' the ball that shall pave the way for the up'eaval of 'umanity, and, spreadin' its wings to the uttermost ends of the earth, write its name in letters of fire across the 'eavens! The only law an' order for free men is anarchy! We shall live 'ere, comrades, in perfeck freedom under a brotherly compact that won't bind nobody. We shall set a' example o' free life with no law an' no authority as'll open the eyes o' the toilin' proletariat an' stir them to copy our noble proceedin's an' go on to overthrow the p'lice an' the Gover'ment an' the water rates an' all the disgustin' machinery of organized oppression!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" cried Teddy Mills.

"Our watchword shall be liberty, an' down with privilege an' monopoly. What is liberty, my comrades? Is it magistrates an' prisons, an' p'lice at the corner of every street?"

"No!" interjected Billy Snider, fervently.

"It is not, comrades. The p'lice is the protector of the real criminals, the plunderin' so-called upper classes! Stands to reason no honest man would want pertectin' by p'lice. P'lice is brute force—the brute force as the privileged classes is 'edged theirselves in with; paid myrmidons makin' slaves o the people. *We* don't want no myrmidons, do we?" ("No!" again from Billy.) "O' course not. We'd disdain to be seen speakin' to 'em. Very well, then, what does anybody else want with 'em? What but privilege an' monopoly? We will break down all privilege an' monopoly! Our comrade 'ere, our comrade Billy Snider, has been breakin' down monopolies for years. Not on a grand scale, p'r'aps, but wherever 'e could in a small way, an' 'e's suffered for it. In fact, 'e's not long out from six months for breakin' down some bloated capitalist's monopoly of a gold watch an' chain. It's property as is the real robbery, an' all expropriators are our brothers. We now begin the social revolution, comrades. Liberty for all, voluntary co-operation, free initiative, free contrack, subject to perpetual change an' revision; do what you like an' take what you want—them's our principles, an' our only law is that there is no laws. I 'ave 'ere a box which will 'old the money of the community, an' I begin by offerin' it to Comrade Mills, who will 'ave the honour o' bein' the first to give up 'is private ownership, an' placin' whatever money 'e 'as in the funds of the group."

Teddy Mills, amid encouraging murmurs, dropped into the box the sum of sixteen shillings and sevenpence; a large part of it would be due next Monday for rent, but a week's rent is not a thing to bother about when you are starting a revolution.

Billy Snider's contribution was rather less, and Joe Budd was discovered to have suddenly fallen asleep. Sotcher produced a sixpence and three pennies with much solemnity.

"I ain't so fortunate as you, comrades," he explained, "in bein' able to contribute quite so liberal, but sich as it is it is my all,

"I 'AVE 'ERE A BOX WHICH WILL 'OLD THE MONEY OF THE COMMUNITY."

an' give freely. Doubts 'ave been cast on the tanner, though only by slaves of the capitalist, sich as barmen. This is our capital, comrades, in this 'ere box, an' all money as comes in goes to it; an' what anybody wants 'e takes. We won't vote, for majority tyranny is the worst of all tyrannies, but I suggest we begin by gettin' in a little beer."

The suggestion was agreed to, and, with the advent of the beer, Joe Budd's nap terminated with as much suddenness as it had begun.

"I like your speech-makin'," observed Billy Snider over the beer to Sotcher. "You put it first-rate. That about monopolies, you know. That's my principles, but I couldn't ha' put it so 'andsome. An' that about free contrack, too, an' changin' your mind when you like."

"One o' the first principles of anarchy," remarked Sotcher. "Free contrack between man an' man, perpetual subjeck to revision and cancellation. It is forbidden now by the rule of the brutal majority."

"Yes—I know that," observed Snider; "an' I've suffered for it. I went a-book-makin' once to Alexander's Park Races. I did very well, an' made a 'ole lot o' contracks, layin' the odds. But when I'd got my satchel pretty full o' the backers' money an' they was lookin' at the 'orses, an' I 'ad time to think things over, why, I changed my mind about the contracks, same as anybody might do, an' started to go 'ome. Why not? But the brutal majority treated me shameful. Chucked me into a pond, they did, an' I 'adn't got more'n about a quarter of a suit o' clothes to go 'ome in."

"All owin' to the rotten system o' s'ciety," commented Sotcher. "The rule o' the majority's just as bad as any other rule; but there's to be no rule an' no majority now, no commerce an' profit-huntin'; free exchange, free everythink!"

It is impossible to set going an entirely new system of life without a little friction, and the friction began at bed-time. There was only one bed in the place, and Billy Snider, having with much foresight discovered this fact in time, went to bed first, unostentatiously. When this treachery became apparent, Joe Budd's righteous indignation was worthy of the occasion. He took the slumbering betrayer of the rights of man by a leg and an arm and hauled him out on the floor.

"D'ye call this equal rights?" he demanded. "You sleepin' comf'table in a bed an' us on the floor? Ought to be ashamed o' yerself. You ain't got no more rights in that bed than we 'ave; an' as I pulled you out, I'm goin' to sleep in it." Which he did.

In the morning it was perceived that Billy Snider had risen early and gone out.

"Gone on a job," commented Sotcher. "Hope he'll bring back something good."

At this moment Joe Budd, whose hand had strayed carelessly over the edge of the money-box as it lay on its shelf, uttered a gasp, and pulled down the box bodily. It was empty!

Joe Budd's opinion of Billy Snider when he pulled him out of bed was mere flattery to the opinion he expressed now. He kept at it so long that at length Teddy Mills took up a pair of boots that were partly mended and set to work to finish them. The sight of Teddy's industry somewhat calmed Joe, and presently he asked, "How long'll you be getting them done?"

"Not more'n a quarter of an hour," Teddy estimated.

"Right," returned Joe, sitting down and feeling for his pipe. "I'll take 'em 'ome for you."

But here Sotcher interposed. "Don't you bother, comrade," he said; "they mightn't know you. *I'll* take 'em 'ome."

"No," replied Joe, taking his pipe from his mouth and looking very squarely into Sotcher's eyes. "I bet you won't."

Sotcher let it stand at that and resigned himself to watch Teddy's work. When it was done and the largest sum that could possibly be charged was decided on, Joe Budd was given precise directions to find the chandler's shop where the boots were due, and departed with them under his arm.

"Comrade Joe Budd," observed Sotcher, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, "is a noble soul, as every friend o' the social revolution must be. But from the point o' view o' the group, p'r'aps it's a pity 'e took them boots 'ome."

"Why," asked Teddy, "'e won't stick to the money, will 'e?"

"Stick to it? No—not stick to it; not stick to it long, anyway. But 'e's a noble, impulsive soul, an' liable to get thirsty very sudden. An' 'e deals very free an' large, as regards thirst."

But Mr. Budd's thirst was destined to be unrelieved as yet. In five minutes he burst into the room in a state of exacerbated ill-temper, and exhibited strong signs of a desire to catch Teddy Mills by the throat. Teddy took up a position behind a table, with dodging-room on either hand.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Joe Budd. "What d'ye mean by sendin' me out for nothin'? The chap at the chandler's shop's been an' took it off your bill, an' 'e says you owe 'im one an' ninepence ha'penny beside!"

"Does 'e?" Teddy answered, blankly. "It's very likely. My wife used to run a bill with 'im, but I didn't know 'ow it stood."

Here Mr. Budd was aware of something very like a chuckle from Sotcher.

"What?" he exclaimed, diverting his wrath in the new direction. "Laughin', was ye? Laughin' at me? Call that liberty, I s'pose? All right—gimme that 'at."

Sotcher's hat was a sad thing, but he wore it indoors and out as an expression of contempt for social forms. Joe Budd snatched it from his head, and drove out the dent in the crown with a punch of his fist.

"You take a liberty with me," he said, "an' I'll take one with you — that's equal rights. I'll expropriate this 'ere 'at, an' swop it for the clock on the mantelpiece — that's free exchange; an' if I 'ave any o' your lip you'll get a free punch on the nose!"

And therewith, carrying the clock under his arm, Mr. Joe Budd walked out for the day.

It was a dull day's work for Teddy Mills, spite of Sotcher's eloquence. Sotcher explained that little difficulties were inevitable in the early stages of so glorious an undertaking as theirs, but that things would go more smoothly every hour. Late in the evening Joe Budd returned, very red in the face, a trifle thick in the voice, but noisy and argumentative withal.

He took the money-box from the shelf and shook it contemptuously. "Empty, o' course," he said. "You two ain't done much for this 'ere community to-day, but I will."

He dropped a pawn-ticket into the box, and put it down before them. "That's the ticket for the clock," he pursued. "All there is in the box. Seems to me you expect me to keep this 'ere show goin' all by myself. Well, any'ow, I done my share to-day—where's my supper?"

He glared from Teddy Mills to Sotcher, and back to Teddy again. But with that his attention was drawn in another direction by the stealthy entrance of Billy Snider.

Snider slid in quietly, though with an elaborate air of careless indifference. Joe sprang up and seized him by the arm. "Where's that money?" demanded the outraged Budd.

"CARRYING THE CLOCK UNDER HIS ARM, MR. JOE BUDD WALKED OUT FOR THE DAY."

"Money? What money?" asked Billy, with much innocent surprise.

"What money? You know what money; all the money; the money in the box!"

Billy Snider wriggled uncomfortably and looked from one to another. "In the box? Oh, that? Well, I wanted it, you know, so I just took it—like we arranged."

"Like we—like we—why, you took it all!"

"Yes, I know. I wanted it all."

Joe Budd wasted no more words, but swung Billy Snider across the room and pushed him backward over the table. "You turn out yer pockets," he commanded, "or I'll tear 'em out o' your trouseys an' bash you arterwards. Go on! Turn 'em out!"

Billy Snider glanced toward the other comrades, but saw no encouragement. Very grudgingly he extracted several shillings and a few coppers from one trouser-pocket and put them on the table

"Go on! Out with the rest!"

With another reluctant effort Billy added some more shillings, but Joe, with a preference for quicker business, thrust his fingers into his victim's waistcoat-pockets with no reluctance whatever, and there found three sovereigns!

"Three quid!" cried Joe. "Look at that! An' last night 'e 'adn't got fifteen bob to pay into the funds!"

He released Billy and turned from one comrade to another a look of grieved surprise. "Seems to me I've bin made a victim of in this 'ere business," he said. "You're all in it, I b'lieve. Well, well—I won't appoint myself treasurer, 'cos that 'ud be officialism an' authority, an' agin the sacred principles of anarchy. I won't be treasurer, but I will take care o' the money. Where's my supper?" he proceeded, with a sudden burst of wrath. "'Ere, you, Mr. Bloomin' Jawmedead, take that an' get my supper!"

It was Sotcher who was addressed, and "that" was a vigorous bang in the eye. Sotcher staggered and gasped, and, with a tender hand over the bruised feature, began a noisy protest based on the rights of sovereign humanity.

"Rights!" retorted Joe Budd. "It's equal rights for all, ain't it? Very well; I've punched you in the eye—you've got just as much right to punch me. Goin' to? Eh? Ain't you? 'Cos if you ain't, go an' get my supper. That's voluntary co-operation, that is. 'Anarchy is order' is what you told me yerself, an' I'm goin' to 'ave my orders carried out 'ere. I ain't agoin' to belong to a free community an' be done out o' my rights. This 'ere's a brother'ood of free initiative, whether you like it or no!"

Late that night, when Joe Budd had retired in state to the bed that had been Teddy's, Billy Snider suggested the propriety of a simultaneous attack on the common oppressor. But Sotcher, still tenderly fingering the black eye, was sure that his principles would never permit him to participate in an act involving the Tyranny of the Majority.

And in the morning it was found that Billy Snider had risen early again. He had not interfered with the box this time, for the pawn-ticket lay undisturbed. But Joe Budd, swathed in a blanket, came downstairs in a minutes in company with that foe of all his dearest principles—a policeman.

"I've bin robbed in this 'ouse," Sotcher complained, clamorously. "I've bin robbed o' two pound one an' four in this 'ouse, an' I'll 'ave the lor of somebody! That's the master o' the 'ouse, constable, an' 'is name's Mills. Ain't 'e responsible? I've bin robbed in this 'ouse, I tell you, an' I won't stand it! 'E's responsible in the eye o' the lor. 'Two pound one an' four was in my pockets, an' while there's lor an' magistrates an' p'lice in this country I mean to 'ave my rights. There's the man o' the 'ouse, constable!"

"SOTCHER STAGGERED AND GASPED."

typhoon of violent language, to announce that his clothes were all gone, with the money in the pockets.

Now it chanced that Joe Budd's was the best suit of clothes in the house, while Sotcher's would never have paid for carrying off. But although Sotcher's clothes were left, and not a rag the worse, instantly he paled, it was observed, at the announcement of Billy's second evasion, and clapped his hands to his pockets. There were several seconds of agonized and contorted investigation, and then the orator straightway vanished into the outer street, whence he returned in five

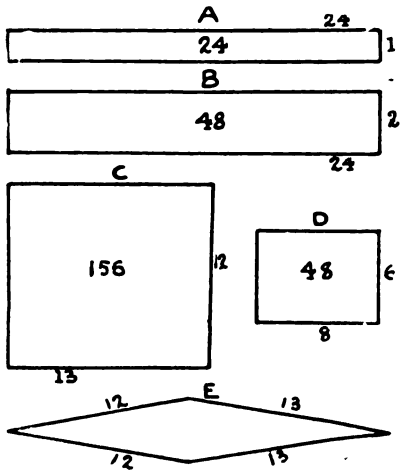
Boys came running, and women with aprons over their heads; and the Rodd Street Revolution wound up ignobly in a street row of the most ordinary Bethnal Green type, the centre whereof was marked by the towering helmet of the policeman, about which swirled the excited forms of Teddy Mills, Alfred Sotcher, and a large and violent man in a blanket. While in the distance was perceived the rapidly approaching form of Mrs. Mills, who had heard rumours of strange doings at the home she had left temporarily with a view to giving her husband a salutary shock, and was most vigorously resolved to investigate matters for herself.

Some Much-Discussed Puzzles—Solutions.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

THE following are the solutions of the two puzzles which were left to the reader last month :—

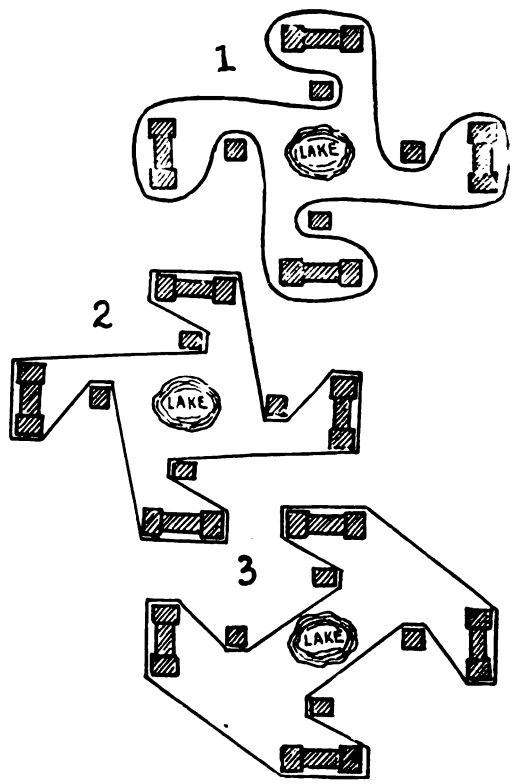
THE SHEEP-FOLD.—"A farmer had a pen made of fifty hurdles, capable of holding a hundred sheep only. Supposing he wanted to make it sufficiently large to hold double



THE SOLUTION TO THE SHEEP-FOLD PUZZLE.

that number, how many additional hurdles must he have?" That is the ancient puzzle, and this is the answer that is always given and accepted as correct: Two more hurdles would be necessary, for the original pen was twenty-four by one (as in Fig. A), and by moving one of the sides and placing an additional hurdle at each end (as in Fig. B) the area would be doubled. The diagrams are not to scale. Now, there is no condition in the puzzle that requires the sheep-fold to be of any particular form. But even if we accept the point that the pen was twenty-four by one, the answer utterly fails, for two extra hurdles are certainly not at all necessary. For example, I arrange the fifty hurdles as in Fig. C, and as the area is increased from twenty-four "square hurdles" to one hundred and fifty-six, there is now accommodation for six hundred and fifty sheep. If it be held that the area must be exactly double that of the original pen, then I construct it (as in Fig. D) with twenty-eight hurdles only, and have twenty-two in hand for other purposes on the farm. Even if it were insisted that all the original hurdles must be used, then I should construct it as in Fig. E, where I can get the area as exact as any farmer could possibly require, even if we have to allow for the fact that the sheep might not be able to graze at the extreme ends. Thus we see that, from any point of view, the accepted answer to this ancient little puzzle breaks down. And yet attention has never before been drawn to the absurdity.

THE PUZZLE WALL.—The answer given in all the old books is that shown in Fig. 1, where the curved wall shuts out the cottages from access to the lake. But in seeking the direction for the "shortest possible" wall most readers to-day, remembering that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, will adopt the method shown in Fig. 2. This is certainly an improvement, yet the correct answer is really that indicated in Fig. 3. A measurement of the lines will show that there is a considerable saving of length in this wall.



THE SOLUTION TO THE PUZZLE WALL.

OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

No. XI.—SMITH, BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

TO someone—perhaps a Talbot, a Montmorency, or a Brabazon—who had spoken about "common names," Froude, the historian, once retorted, "Those are the names of greatest honour. Take away the achievements of the Smiths and the Browns, and what a different thing English history would be."

As for the mighty clan of the Smiths, a gap indeed would there be in our annals if they had never lived—and a still more terrific gap would be created in society if all bearing that name suddenly vanished into the *Ewigkeit*. We may take their present numbers in Britain and America at well over a million. When Lord Strathcona, then Sir Donald Smith, was standing for Parliament in Canada, a partisan brought down the house by his reply to an opposition taunt, "Who is Smith? What is Smith? Why is Smith?" "Always," he said, "pin your faith to a Smith wherever you find him. There are no frills on a Smith. If you want boldness and pluck, vote for Captain John Smith; if you want a master of logic, vote for Adam Smith; if you want wit equalling the wit of archangels, vote for Sydney Smith; and if you want ability and patriotism, vote for Donald Smith."

Let us tear a leaf out of Anglo-Saxon history, or insert a new one there, reciting the deeds of the Smiths, the Browns, the Joneses, and the Robinsons. There are other common names, but let us take these four great English tribes. Suppose we begin by calling the roll of honour of the Smiths. They have an alternative name in the North, for, as Lord Strathcona writes to THE STRAND, "I am aware that those of the name of Smith, or Gow, are recognised in Scotland as a clan or sept, known indifferently as the Smith or Gow Clan."

The earliest Smith known to our national biography was Sir Thomas of that ilk, who became one of the principal Secretaries of State in the reign of the sixth Edward. A few decades passed and Bishop Miles Smith, son of a Hereford butcher, won renown as a learned Orientalist. He was one of the select coterie to whom the authorized translation of the Bible was entrusted. On the 19th December, 1606,

Sir THOMAS SMITH,
Statesman.

ADAM SMITH, LL.D.,
Political Economist.

BISHOP MILES SMITH,
Translator of the Bible.

Sir JOHN SMITH, Bart., F.R.S., LL.D.,
Scholar.

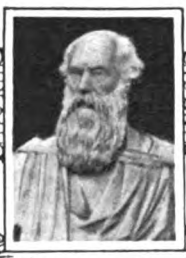
Captain JOHN SMITH,
Founder of Virginia.

Hon. Sir THOMAS SMITH,
Governor East India Company.

Col. HENRY SMITH,
Roundhead and Regicide.

Rev. JOHN SMITH
of Nantwich,
Theologian.

WILLIAM SMITH,
Actor



HENRY J. S. SMITH,
Mathematician

ALBERT SMITH,
Humorist

THOMAS S. SMITH,
Physician.

CHARLOTTE SMITH,
Poet and Novelist

the lion-hearted Captain John Smith set out from Blackwall to found Virginia. To Kent belongs the honour of producing the first Governor of the East India Company, Sir Thomas Smith, while Henry Smith, a scion of the great Nottinghamshire family, was one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. The Rev. John Smith, of Nantwich, is known as a distinguished divine, while his namesake, the baronet, won eminence as a scholar. The science of political economy owes its genesis to the celebrated Scotsman, Adam Smith. William Smith was in his time a famous Drury Lane actor, while Charlotte Smith and John Raphael Smith achieved distinction in the paths of literature and art respectively. That monumental work, "The English Flora," still survives to keep green the memory of Sir J. E. Smith, the great botanist.

In 1799 the doughty Admiral Sir Sidney Smith successfully defended St. Jean d'Acre against the great Little Corporal's most obdurate attacks. Three years later his clerical namesake—the famous wit—was founding the *Edinburgh Review*, while the publication of "Rejected Addresses" by those clever brothers James and Horace Smith in 1812 convulsed the literary world with laughter. Sport has produced no more illustrious son than Thomas Assheton Smith, the celebrated cricketer and M.F.H. Thomas Southwood Smith, M.D., was a well-known sanitary reformer. South

Sir HENRY G. W. SMITH,
General.

JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH,
Mezzotint Engraver

HORACE SMITH,
Novelist and Poet.

Rev. W. SMITH, M.A.,
Theologian

THOMAS A. SMITH,
Sportsman.

Sir J. E. SMITH,
M.D., F.R.S.,
Botanist.

Sir WM. SIDNEY SMITH,
Admiral

SYDNEY SMITH,
Critic and Wit.

JAMES SMITH,
Humorist.

Rev. GEORGE SMITH,
Divine.

Rt. Hon. D. A. SMITH
(Lord Strathcona),
High Commissioner for Canada.

F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.,
Barrister and Politician.

MORTON W. SMITH,
Recorder of Rochester.

GEORGE SMITH,
Founder "Dictionary of National Biography."

Very Rev. J. A. SMITH,
D.D.,
Dean of St. David's.

Rt. Hon. W. H. SMITH,
M.P.,
Leader of the House of Commons.

Rt. Hon. Sir J.
PARKER SMITH, M.P.,
Privy Councillor.

GOLDWIN SMITH,
Historian.

HENRY B. SMITH, C.B.,
Civil Servant.

Hon. W. F. D SMITH, M.P.,
Politician.

Major-General Sir C. H.
SMITH, K.C.M.G.,
Soldier.

The Hon. Sir E. T. SMITH,
Australian Minister.

Sir FRANCIS
VILLENEUVE-SMITH,
Ex-Premier of Tasmania.

Africa has dedicated several towns, including Ladysmith and Harrismith, to the memory of Sir Harry George Wakelyn Smith, the distinguished victor of Aliwal. Albert Smith, contributor to *Punch* and author of the diverting "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," bears a name familiar to many. Henry John Smith was as distinguished a mathematician as George Smith was a divine; while the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, leader of the House and First Lord of the Treasury, requires no further mention.

Dr. Goldwin Smith has won a foremost place for himself in the ranks of living historians. The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., ably represents the Strand Division in Parliament; while Major-General Sir C. H. Smith is a distinguished soldier who has seen service in South Africa and Egypt. Australia numbers the Hon. Sir E. T. Smith amongst her cleverest legislators, and Sir Francis Villeneuve-Smith is an ex-Premier of Tasmania. Mr. Henry Babington Smith, C.B., holds a high position in the Civil Service. The Right Hon. Sir J. Parker Smith is a Privy Councillor, while the Very Rev. J. A. Smith is the well-known Dean of St. David's. Mr. Morton Smith, Recorder of Rochester, and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., have both achieved eminence at the Bar; but in the great clan of Smith no name is more illustrious than that of Lord Strathcona, the veteran High Commissioner for Canada.

Sir THOMAS BROWNE.
Physician and Antiquary.

Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE.
Physician.

Rev. J. C. BROWN.
Missionary.

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward").
Humorist.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.,
Physician.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.
Baptist Preacher.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, LL.D.
Author.

FORD MADOX BROWN.
Painter.

JONATHAN BROWN.
Preacher.

HABLOT K. BROWNE
("Phiz").
Caricaturist.

General Sir GEORGE BROWN.
Soldier.

JOHN BROWN.
Slavery Abolitionist.

Mrs. BROWN.
Actress.

E. HAROLD BROWNE.
Bishop of Winchester.

Then we come to the Browns. With reference to the project to form the Brownes into a clan, Sir James Crichton-Browne writes to THE STRAND: "I suppose it is the Irish Brownes whom it is proposed to deal with in that way, and therefore I am not personally interested in the matter. I am pure Lowland Scotch, my family having been for generations settled in Berwickshire. The name was originally *Brown*, but my great-grandfather, having obtained a commission in the Royal Artificers, as they were then called (afterwards the Sappers and Miners, now the Royal Engineers), found on arriving at Chatham that the commanding officer's name was Browne—I suppose one of the Oranmore Brownes—and very sillily, out of compliment to him, changed the spelling into *Browne*. That was a hundred and thirty years ago, and *Browne* it has ever since remained.

The earliest famous Browne was, of course, the great metaphysician. Fifty-three years after the author of "Religio Medici" had been laid to rest the founder of the Brunonian system of medicine first saw daylight in a little Berwickshire village, and so learned was the young physician that the country people firmly believed he could "raise the devil." James Baldwin Brown, LL.D., was the author of several historical works, while Jonathan Brown made a great reputation as a preacher. Few soldiers have had a more brilliant military career than General Sir George Brown, who played an active part in the Crimean War.

America has produced no more stalwart son than John Brown, the great anti-slavery agitator, who perished on the gallows for his belief, or the Church a nobler mind than that of Harold Browne, Bishop of

General Sir SAMUEL BROWNE, V.C.
Soldier.

Lord ORANMORE AND BROWNE.
Representative Peer for Ireland.

TOM BROWNE.
Artist.

L. MORTON BROWNE.
Magistrate.

J. H. BALFOUR-BROWNE, K.C.,
Barrister.

Rt. Rev. GEORGE FORREST BROWNE, D.D.,
Bishop of Bristol.

Sir BENJAMIN C. BROWNE, D.C.L.,
Engineer.

Sir C. GAGE BROWN, K.C.M.G.,
Physician.

Winchester. Although both H. K. Browne and Ford Madox Brown were devotees of art, there is a world of difference between the side-splitting caricatures of "Phiz" and the dignified—almost gloomy—paintings of the great Pre-Raphaelite. "Artemus Ward," the American humorist, is a name familiar to many. The Rev. H. S. Brown was an eloquent Baptist preacher, while the Rev. J. C. Brown spent his life as a missionary at the Cape of Good Hope. Sir James Crichton-Browne bears a distinguished name in the world of medicine. General Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., was a distinguished soldier, while Mr. J. H. Balfour-Browne, K.C., author of many works on legal subjects, is noted for his forensic skill.

There are few better-known men in engineering circles than Sir Benjamin Chapman Browne, or in the world of medicine than Sir C. Gage Brown, medical adviser to the Colonial Office. The Bishop of Bristol has written a number of works on historical subjects. The work of that inimitable draughtsman, Mr. Tom Browne, is well known to readers of THE STRAND, while Lord Oranmore and Browne is a familiar figure at Westminster.

While it is true that no single Jones has yet attained universal fame, yet the Jones family roll of honour is studded with the names of men of whom any country might well be proud. There is, for example, Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, and many noble buildings scattered up and down the country survive to testify to the skill of this "English Vitruvius." Another famous bearer of this name was the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, founder of the *British Critic* and author of divers religious works.

INIGO JONES.
Architect.

Rev. Mr. JONES of Langan,
Divine.

Rev. W. JONES of Nayland,
Man of Letters.

Rev. DAVID JONES,
Welsh Revivalist.

Sir WILLIAM JONES,
Judge, Poet, and Orientalist.

JOHN PAUL JONES,
American Naval Adventurer.

RICHARD JONES
("Gentleman Jones"),
Actor.

Sir A. E. JONES,
Commercial Magnate.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES,
Dramatist.

Hon. G. JONES,
New Zealand Legislator.

LESLIE GROVE JONES,
Soldier and Political Writer.

The Rev. David Jones was a distinguished divine, while the vicar of Langan achieved great notoriety as a preacher of the "Revivalist" order. There has been a no more brilliant Orientalist than Sir William Jones, who became a judge in the Calcutta High Court in 1783. It is said that he knew thirteen languages thoroughly and twenty-eight fairly well.

The American War of Independence gave birth to many adventurers, but none more widely known than the famous Captain Paul Jones. "Gentleman Jones," the actor, was a prime favourite with theatre-goers in the early part of the last century, while Leslie Grove Jones won much notoriety by his violent letters in the *Times*, under the pseudonym "Radical."

The pictures of Sir E. Burne-Jones are familiar to all. Admiral Sir L. T. Jones was a gallant sea-dog of the old school. Sir D. B. Jones, M.P., has gained a reputation as a keen debater. Captain H. Mansel-Jones, V.C., is one of the heroes of the South African War and won the coveted Cross by a deed of exceptional bravery.

The Recorder of Newcastle, Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C., figured largely in the public eye during the recent Druce case. Colonel E. Pryce-Jones is an enthusiastic Volunteer. General Sir Howard Jones has seen much active service with the Royal Marines, while the Hon. George Jones is a member of the New Zealand Legislative Council and a zealous temperance reformer. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the brilliant author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," needs no further introduction. Sir Alfred Jones is well known in the commercial world and is president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

Sir HOWARD S. JONES,
General.

Rev. A. JONES,
Divine.

Col. E. PRYCE-JONES,
ex-M.P.,
Politician.

Rev. THOMAS JONES,
Theologian.

L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES,
K.C., M.P.,
Recorder of Newcastle.

Sir E BURNE-JONES,
Painter.

Sir LEWIS T. JONES,
Admiral.

Sir D. B. JONES, K.C., M.P.,
Politician.

Capt. H. MANSEL-JONES,
V.C.,
Soldier.

Rt. Hon. FREDK. JOHN ROBINSON (First Earl of Ripon), *Prime Minister.*

Rt. Rev. Monsignor CROKE ROBINSON, *Roman Catholic Divine.*

Sir CLIFTON ROBINSON, *Engineer.*

Rt. Hon. Sir H. A. ROBINSON, *Irish Privy Councillor.*

Mrs. ROBINSON, *Actress.*

Sir JOHN CHARLES ROBINSON, *Writer on Art.*

We are told by the author of "The Biglow Papers" that :—

John P
Robinson he
Says they didn't know everything down in Judee.

And one of the things they didn't know in ancient times was Robinson, although Jews, Greeks, and Romans were naturally well acquainted with equivalents for Smith, Brown, and Jones. There had to be a Teutonic Robert before there was a Robin and the son of Robin. As a matter of fact, the first of the name of any note was a Dean of Durham who flourished in the sixteenth century, and was known as Thomas Robertson or Thomas Robinson without distinction. Robinson seems almost the youngest of the familiar names, and the other clans had to take their turn "before you could say Jack Robinson."

In 1827 the Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson, first Earl of Ripon, succeeded Canning in the Premiership. He has been described as the weakest Prime Minister who ever held office in this country. The beautiful "Perdita" was not a Robinson by birth, and in view of her conjugal misfortunes it is to be doubted whether she regarded the name with much complacency.

Like the clan of Jones, the Robinsons have given many distinguished sons to the Church. The Rev. Robert Robinson was a Baptist minister and hymn writer, while the Rev. Thomas of that ilk became vicar of Leicester and published several works on religious subjects.

Sir Hercules Robinson, first Lord Rosmead, was one of the greatest of our Colonial Governors. There is no more erudite authority on art than Sir John Charles Robinson. Sir

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Baptist Minister.*

Sir HERCULES ROBINSON (First Lord Rosmead), *Colonial Governor.*

Rev. THOMAS ROBINSON of Leicester, *Litterateur.*

Rev. JOHN ROBINSON, *Divine.*

JASPAR ROBINSON, *Preacher.*

Rev. JOHN ROBINSON, D.D., *Famous Divine.*

T. H. ROBINSON, *Fashionable Preacher.*

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Theologian.*

H. A. Robinson is Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Ireland; while Sir Clifton Robinson is a distinguished engineer. Monsignor Croke Robinson is the Preacher and Lecturer of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster and holds the title of Domestic Prelate of his Holiness. Dean Robinson of Westminster has a great reputation as a scholar. The name of the late Sir J. R. Robinson is inseparably connected with the *Daily News*. Sir F. Lacy Robinson achieved distinction in the Inland Revenue branch of the Civil Service. Lord Rosmead is the able son of an illustrious father, while the aged Marquess of Ripon, head of the clan of Robinson, can look back upon a long and eventful career in the thorny paths of statesmanship.

The following reverend gentlemen, Jaspar Robinson, John Robinson, T. H. Robinson, Robert Robinson, and John Robinson, are all popular divines. Rear-Admiral C. G. Robinson is Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, while Sir John Robinson became famous as a Colonial legislator. Professor Henry Robinson is a distinguished surgeon and specialist in aural diseases.

Long may these four stout Anglo-Saxon clans flourish and multiply throughout Christendom, constantly adding new lustre to the names of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson!

W. H. Smith, Goldwin Smith, W. F. D. Smith, Major-General C. Smith, Sir E. T. Smith, Sir F. V. Smith, H. B. Smith, Sir J. P. Smith, Dean Smith M. W. Smith, F. E. Smith, D. A. Smith George Smith, General S. Browne, J. B. Browne, Sir B. C. Browne, Bishop G. F. Browne L. M. Browne, Sir E. B. Jones, Sir L. T. Jones, Sir D. B. Jones, H. M. Jones, E. P. Jones, Sir H. S. Jones, G. Jones H. A. Jones, Sir Hercules Robinson, Croke Robinson, G. G. Robinson, J. A. Robinson, J. R. Robinson, J. Robinson, F. L. Robinson, H. Robinson, H. A. T. Robinson; Photos. Elliott & Fry. Sir J. C. Browne, Sir C. G. Browne, Lord Ormonde and Browne, Sir C. Robinson; Photos. Maull & Fox. Bishop E. H. Browne; Photo. Bassano. F. M. Brown; Photo. E. Walker. Sir J. C. Robinson; Photo. Russells. Sir H. A. Robinson; Photo Chancellor & Son. G. F. Robinson; Photo. E. H. Mills.

The House of Arden

By E. Nesbit

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KEY OF THE PARLOUR.

ELFRIDA was behind the secret panel, and the panel had shut with a spring. She had come there hoping to find the jewels that had been hidden two hundred years ago by Sir Edward Talbot when he was pretending to be the Chevalier St. George. She had not had time even to look for the jewels before the panel closed, and now that she was alone in the dusty dark, with the door shut between her and the brightly-lit parlour where her brother was, the jewels hardly seemed to matter at all, but what did so dreadfully and very much matter was that closed panel. Edred had tried to open it, and he had fallen off the chair. Well, there had been plenty of time for him to get up again.

"Why don't you open the door?" she called, impatiently. And there was no answer. Behind that panel silence seemed a thousand times more silent than it ever had before. And it was so dark. And Edred had the matches in his pocket.

"Edred! Edred!" she called, suddenly, and very loud. "Why don't you open the door?"

And this time he answered.

"Because I can't reach," he said.

"Get on the chair." Elfrida was trying very hard not to be extremely cross. It *was* rather stupid of Edred, she couldn't help feeling.

"I can't get on the chair," said Edred's voice, growing more melancholy with each word.

"Why not?"

"It's smashed. The arms are off and the back's split. And I tell you my leg's all twisted and hurt in the knickerbocker part."

There was a rather long pause, which Elfrida occupied in reminding herself that one should always try to make the best of things.

"Never mind," she said; "you'll catch it about the chair, though. I shall go up into the little room and wait. I expect it's light there. And if the jewels are there," she added, not quite without malice, "it'll be jolly playing with them. Don't you wish you'd come in when I told you, instead of breaking chairs and getting bumped heads and twisted knickerbockers?"

"*No*," said Edred, most definitely, "I don't. I'd rather be out here."

"Why?"

"There's no knowing how long you'll be shut up there."

"Nonsense," said Elfrida, bravely. "Mrs. Honeysett'll let me out the minute she comes home."

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"She can't get in when she does come home," said Edred's mournful voice. "Don't you remember? We locked the doors."

"Well, go and unlock them, then," Elfrida said, impatiently.

"I can't," said Edred, in tones of increasing despair. "I can't go anywhere."

Elfrida concluded that his leg was seriously injured.

"I say—I am sorry if you're really hurt, old boy," she said. "Never mind, Emily'll come back some time. You can shout to her, and she can get through the parlour window, like Talbot did when he was pretending to be the King."

"No, she can't," was the reply of the wretched Edred; "nor yet I can't get out and go and fetch Emily from the station. There's bars to the window now—don't you remember?"

"Is your leg well enough for you to go and fetch her from the station?"

"Oh, my leg's all right." His tone could not have been more gloomy if both his legs had been all wrong.

"Then why on earth don't you go and unlock the doors and cut down to the station *and* fetch her? Don't be so stupid."

"Because I can't get out of this room. Stupid yourself," was his immediate retort.

"Oh, it is aggravating," cried Elfrida, stamping her foot in the dusty darkness behind the panel, "to be here and not to be able to see anything, or understand what you're talking about. Why can't you get out of the room——?" she pulled herself up on the edge of "Stupid!"

She might as well have said it, for Edred understood.

"It's not me that's the stupid this time," he remarked, with melancholy triumph.

"*Why* can't you get out?" Elfrida shouted.

And Edred, goaded to a louder shout still, replied in it:—

"I can't get out *because you've got the key in your pocket!*"

I feel that I ought to make that the end of the chapter and leave you to wonder till next month how Elfrida got out, and how she liked the not getting out, which certainly looked as though it were going to last longer than anyone could possibly be expected to find pleasant.

But that would make the chapter too short, and there are other reasons. So I will not disguise from you that when Elfrida put her hand to her pocket and felt something there — something hard and heavy — and remembered that she had put the key of the parlour there because it was such a nice safe place, where it couldn't possibly be lost, she uttered what is known as a hollow groan.

"Aha! You see now," said Edred, outside; "you see I'm not so stupid after all."

Elfrida was thinking.

"I say," she called through the panel, "it's no use my standing here. I shall try to feel my way up to the secret chamber. I wish I could remember whether there's a window there or not. If I were you I should just take a book and read till something happens. Mrs. Honeysett's sure to come back some time."

"I can't hear half you say," said Edred, "you do whiffle so."

"Take a book!" shouted his sister. "Read! Mrs. Honeysett — will — come — back—some—time."

So Edred got down a book called "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," which he thought looked interesting, but I don't advise you to try it. And Elfrida, her heart beating rather heavily, put out her hands and felt her way along the passage to the stairs.

"It's all very well," she told herself; "the secret panel is there all right, like it was when I went into the past; but suppose the stairs are gone—or weren't really ever there at all? Or suppose I walked straight into a wall or something? Or perhaps not a *wall*—a *well!*" she suggested to herself, with a sudden thrill of terror, and after that she felt very carefully with each foot in turn before she ventured to put it down in a fresh step.

The boards were soft to tread on, as though they had been carpeted with velvet, and so were the stairs—for there *were* stairs, sure enough. She went up them very slowly and carefully, reaching her hands before her, and at last her hands came against something that seemed like a door. She stroked it gently, feeling for the latch, which she presently found. The door had not been opened for such a very long time that it was not at all inclined to open now. Elfrida had to shove with shoulder and knee, and with all the strength she had. The door gave way—out of politeness I should think, for Elfrida's knee and shoulder strength were all quite small—and there was the room just as she had seen it when the Chevalier St. George stood in it bowing and smiling by the light of one candle in a silver candlestick. Only now Elfrida was alone, and the light was a sort of green twilight that came from a little window over the mantelpiece, that was hung outside with a thick curtain of ivy. If Elfrida had

come out of the sunlight she would have called this a green darkness. But she had been so long in the dark that this shadowy dusk seemed quite light to her. All the same she made haste, when she had shut the door, to drag a chair in front of the fireplace and to get the window open. It opened inwards, and it did not want to open at all. But it also was polite enough to yield to her wishes, and when it had suddenly given way she reached out and broke the ivy leaves off one by one, making more and more daylight in the secret room. She did not let the leaves fall outside, but on the hearth-stone, "for," said she, "we don't want outside people to get to know all about the Ardens' secret hiding-place. I'm glad I thought of that. I really *am* rather like a detective in a book."

"SHE SAW THAT THE NAME WAS 'E. TALBOT.'"

When all the leaves were plucked from the window's square and only the brown ivy boughs left, she turned back to the room. The furniture was all powdered heavily with dust, and what had made the floor so soft to walk upon was the thick carpet of dust that lay there.

There was the table on which the Chevalier St. George—no, Sir Edward Talbot—had set the tray. There were the chairs, and there, sure enough, was the corner cupboard in which he had put the jewels. Elfrida got its door open with I don't know what of mingled hopes and fears. It had three shelves, but the jewels were on none of them. In fact, there was nothing on any of them. But on the inside of the door her hand, as she held it open, felt something rough. And when she looked it was a name carved, and when she swung the door well back, so that the light fell full on it, she saw that the name was "E. Talbot." So then she knew that all she had seen in that room previously must have really happened two hundred years before, and was not just a piece of magic Mouldiwarpiness.

She climbed up on the chair again and looked out through the little window. She could see nothing of the castle walls, only the distant shoulder of the downs and the path that cut across it towards the station. She would have liked to see a red figure or a violet one coming along that path. But there was no figure on it.

What do you usually do when you are shut up in a secret room with no chance of getting out for hours? As for me, I always say poetry to myself. It is one of the uses of poetry—one says it to oneself in distressing circumstances of that kind, or when one has to wait at railway stations, or when one cannot get to sleep at night. You will find poetry most useful for this purpose. So learn plenty of it, and be sure it is the best kind, because this is most useful as well as most agreeable.

Elfrida began with "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King," but there were parts of that which she liked best when there were other people about, so she stopped it and began "Horatius and the Bridge." This lasted a long time. Then came "The Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Goldfish," and in the middle of that, quite suddenly and I don't know why, she thought of the Mouldiwarp.

"We didn't quite quarrel," she told herself; "at least, not really, truly quarrel. I might try, anyhow."

So she set to work to make a piece of poetry to call up the Mouldiwarp with. This was how, after a time, the first piece came out:—

The Mouldiwarp of Arden,
  By the nine gods it swore
That Elfrida of Arden
  Should be shut up no more.
By the nine gods it swore it,
And named a convenient time, no doubt,
  And bade its messengers ride forth,
  East and west, south and north,
To let Elfrida out.

But when she said it aloud nothing happened.

"I wonder," said Elfrida, "whether it's because we quarrelled, or because it just says he let me out and doesn't ask him to, or because I had to say 'Elfrida' to make it sound right, or because it's such dreadful nonsense? I'll try again."

She tried again. This time she got:—

Behind the secret panel's lines
The pensive Elfrida reclines,
And wishes she was at home;
At least, I am at home, of course,
But things are getting worse and worse;
Dear mole, come, come, come, come!

She said it aloud, and when she came to the last words there was the white Mouldiwarp sitting on the floor at her feet and looking up at her with eyes that blinked.

"You *are* good to come," Elfrida said.

"Well, what do you want now?" said the mole.

"I—I ought to tell you that I oughtn't to ask you to do anything, but I didn't think you'd come if it really counted as a quarrel. It was only a little one, and we were both sorry quite directly."

"You have a straightforward nature," said the Mouldiwarp. "Well, well, I must say you've got yourself into a nice hole!"

"It would be a *very* nice hole," said Elfrida, eagerly, "if only the panel were open. I wouldn't mind how long I stayed here then. That's funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the mole. "Well, if you hadn't quarrelled I could get you into another time—some time when the panel was open—and you could just walk out. You shouldn't quarrel. It makes everything different. It puts dust into the works. It stops the wheels of the clock."

"The clock," said Elfrida, slowly; "couldn't that work backwards?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the mole.

"I don't know that I quite know myself," Elfrida explained; "but the daisy clock. You sit on the second-hand and there isn't any time; and yet there's lots when you're not sitting. If I could sit on the daisy clock the time wouldn't be anything before someone comes to let me out. But I can't get to the daisy clock, even if you'd make it for me. So *that's* no good."

"You are a very clever little girl," said the Mouldiwarp, "and all the clocks in the world aren't made of daisies. Move the tables and chairs back against the wall. We'll see what we can do for you."

While Elfrida was carrying out this order the white mole stood on its hind feet and called out softly in a language she did not understand. Others understood it though, it seemed, for a white pigeon fluttered in through the window, and then another. All the room seemed full of circling wings and gentle cooings, and a shower of soft white feathers fell like snow.

Then the mole was silent, and one by one the white pigeons sailed back through the window into the blue-and-gold world of out of doors.

"Get up on a chair and keep out of the way," said the Mouldiwarp. And Elfrida did.

And then a soft wind blew through the little room—a wind like the wind that breathes softly in walled gardens and shakes down the rose leaves on sparkling summer mornings. And the white feathers on the floor were stirred by the sweet wind, and drifted into little heaps and lines and curves till they made on the dusty floor the circle of a clock face with all its figures, and its long hand and its short hand and its second-hand. And the white mole stood in the middle.

"All white things obey me," it said. "Come, sit down on the minute-hand, and you'll be there in no time."

"Where?" asked Elfrida, getting off the chair.

"Why, at the time when they open the panel. Let me get out of the clock first. And give me the key of the parlour door. It'll save time in the end."

So Elfrida sat down on the minute-hand and instantly it began to move round—faster than you can possibly imagine. And it was very soft to sit on—like a cloud would be if the laws of Nature ever permitted you to sit on clouds. And it spun round so that it seemed no time at all before she found herself sitting on the floor; and heard voices, and knew that the secret panel was open.

"I see," she said, wisely, "it does work backwards, doesn't it?"

But there was no one to answer her, for the Mouldiwarp was gone. And the white pigeons' feathers were in heaps on the floor. She saw them as she stood up. And there wasn't any clock face any more.

Edred soon got tired of "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," which really is not half such good fun as it sounds, even for grown-ups, and he tried several other books. But reading did not seem amusing, somehow. And the house was much too quiet, and the clock outside ticked so much too loud, and Elfrida was shut up. And there were bars to the

"THE ROOM SEEMED FULL OF CIRCLING WINGS."

windows. And the door was locked. He walked about, and sat in each of the chairs in turn, but none of them was comfortable. And his thoughts were not comfortable either. Suppose no one ever came to let them out. Supposing the years rolled on and found him still a prisoner, when he was a white-haired old man, like people in the Bastille or in iron masks? His eyes filled with tears at the thought. Fortunately it did not occur to him that unless someone came pretty soon he would be unlikely to live to a great age, since people cannot live long without eating. If he had thought of this, he would have been even more unhappy than he was—and he was quite unhappy enough. Then he began to wonder if anything had happened to Elfrida. She was dreadfully quiet inside there behind the panel. He wished he had not quarrelled with her. Everything was very miserable. He went to the window and looked out, as Elfrida had done, to see if he could see a red dress or a violet dress coming over the downs. But there was nothing. And the time got longer and longer: drawing itself out like a putty snake when you rub it between your warm hands. And at last—what with misery, and having cried a good deal, and its being long past tea-time—he fell asleep on the window-seat.

He was roused by a hand on his shoulder and a voice calling his name.

Next moment he was in the arms of Aunt Edith, or as much in her arms as he could be with the window-bars between them.

When he had told her where Elfrida was, and where the room key was, which took some time, he began to cry again, for he did not quite see, even now, how he was to be got out.

"Now, don't be a dear silly," said Aunt

Edith. "If we can't get you out any other way, I'll run and fetch a locksmith. But look what I found right in the middle of the path as I came up from the station!"

It was a key; and tied to it was an ivory label, and on the label were marked the words, "Parlour door—Arden."

"You might try it," she said.

He did try it. And it fitted. And he unlocked the parlour door and then the front door, so that Aunt Edith could come in.

And together they got the kitchen steps and found the secret opening and opened the panel, and got out the dusty Elfrida. And then Aunt Edith lighted the kitchen fire and boiled the kettle, and they had tea, which everyone wanted very badly indeed. And Aunt Edith had brought little cakes for tea, with pink icing on them, very soft inside with apricot jam. And she had come to stay over Sunday.

She was as much excited as the children over the secret panel, and after tea (when Edred had fetched Emily back from the wild-goose chase for a parcel at the station, on which she was still engaged) the aunt and the niece and the nephew explored the secret stairs and the secret chamber thoroughly.

"What a wonderful lot of pigeons' feathers!" said Aunt Edith; "they must have been piling up here for years and years."

"It was lucky your finding that key," said Edred. "I wonder who dropped it? Where's the other one, Elf?"

"I don't know," said Elfrida, truthfully. "It isn't in my pocket now."

And though Edred and Aunt Edith searched every corner of the secret hiding-place, they never found that key.

Elfrida alone knows that she gave it to the Mouldiwarp. And as Mrs. Honeysett declared that there had never been a parlour key with a label on it in *her* time, it certainly does seem as though the mole must have put the key he got from Elfrida in the path for Aunt Edith to find, after carefully labelling it to prevent mistakes. How the mole got the label is another question, but I really think that finding a label for a key is quite a simple thing to do—I have done it myself; whereas making a clock face of white pigeon feathers is very difficult indeed, and a thing that I have never been able to do. And as for making that clock face the means of persuading time to go fast or slow, just as one wishes—well, I don't suppose even *you* could do that.

Elfrida found it rather a relief to go back to the ordinary world, where magic moles did not upset the clock, a world made pleasant by nice aunts and the old delightful games that delight ordinary people, games such as "Hunt the Thimble," "What is My Thought Like?" and "Proverbs." The three had a delightful week-end, and Aunt Edith told them all about the lodgers and the seaside house which already seemed very long ago and far away.

On Sunday evening as they walked home from Arden Church, where they had tried to attend to the service and not to look *too* much at the tombs and monuments of dead-and-gone Ardens that lined the chancel, the three sat down on Arden Knoll and Aunt Edith explained things a little to them. She told them much more than they could understand about wills and trustees and incomes, but they were honoured by her confidence, and pleased by the fact that she seemed to think they *could* understand such grown-up happenings. But the thing that remained on their minds after the talk, like a ship cast up by a high tide, was this—that Arden Castle was theirs, and that there was very little money to "keep it up" with, so that everyone must be very careful and no one must be at all extravagant. And Aunt Edith was going back to the world of lawyers and wills and trustees early on Monday morning, and they must be very good children and not bother Mrs. Honeysett, and never, never lock themselves in and hide the key in safe places.

All this remained as the lasting result of that pleasant talk on the downs in that softening, lessening light. And another thing remained which Edred put into words as the two children walked back from the station, where they had seen Aunt Edith into the train and waved their good-byes to her.

"It is very important indeed," he said, "for us to find the treasure. Then we could 'keep up' the castle without any bother. We must have it built up again first, of course, and then we'll *keep* it up. And we won't have any old clocks and not keeping together, this time. We'll both of us go and find the attic the minute our quarrel's three days old, and we'll ask the Mouldiwarp to send us to a time when we can really *see* the treasure with our own eyes. I do think that's a good idea, don't you?" he asked, with modest pride.

"Very," Elfrida said; "and I say, Edred, I don't mean to quarrel any more, if I can help it. It is such a waste of time," she added, in her best grown-up manner, "and it does delay everything so. Delays are dangerous, it says in the 'Proverbs' game. Suppose there really was a chance of *getting*

the treasure, and we had to wait three days because of quarrelling? But I'll tell you one thing I found out. You can get the mole to come and help you if ever you have quarrelled a little. Because I did." And she told him how.

"But I expect," she added, "it would only come if you were in the most awful trouble and all human aid despaired of."

"Well, we're not that now," said Edred, knocking the head off a poppy with his stick. "And I'm jolly glad we're not."

"I wonder," said Elfrida, "who lives in that cottage where the witch was? I know exactly where it is. I expect it's been pulled down, though. Let's go round that way. It'll be something to do."

So they went round that way, and the way was quite easy to find. But when they got to the place where the tumble-down cottage had been in Boney's time, there was only a little slate-roofed house with a blue bill pasted up on its yellow-brick face, saying that somebody's A1 Ginger Beer and Up-to-Date Minerals were sold there. The house was dull to look at, and they did not happen to have any spare money for ginger beer. So they turned round to go home, and suddenly found themselves face to face with a woman. She wore a red and black plaid blouse and a bought-ready-made black skirt, and on her head was a man's peaked cap such as women in the country wear now, instead of the pretty sunbonnets that they used to wear when I was a little girl.

"So they've pulled the old cottage down," she said; "this new house'll be fine and dry inside, I lay. The rain comed in through the roof of the old one, so's ye might a'most as well be laying in the open medder."

The children listened politely, and both were wondering where they had seen this woman before, for her face was strangely familiar to them, and yet they didn't seem really to know her, either.

"Most of the cottages 'bout here is just as bad as they always was," she went on. "When Arden has the handling of the treasure he'll see to it that poor folks lie warm and dry, won't he now?"

And then, all in a minute, the children both knew, and she knew that they knew.

"Why," said Edred, "you're the——"

"Yes," she said, "I'm the witch, come from old, ancient times. If you can go back, I can go forth; because then and now's the same if you know how to make a clock."

"Can you make clocks?" said Elfrida. "I thought it was only——"

"So it be," said the witch. "I can't make 'em, but I know them as can. And I've come 'ere to find you, 'cause you brought me the tea and sugar. I've got the wise eye, I have. I can see back and forth. I looked forward and I saw ye—and I looked back and I saw what you're seeking, and I know where the treasure is, and——"

"But where did you get these clothes?" Edred asked; and it was a question he was afterwards to have reason to regret.

"Oh, clothes is easy come by," said the witch; "if it was only clothes I could be a crowned queen this very minute."

The children had a fleeting impression of seeing against the criss-cross fence of the potato-field a lady in crimson and ermine with a gold crown. They blinked, startled—and saw that there was no crimson and gold, only the dull clothes of the witch against the background of potato-patch.

"And how did you get here?" Edred asked.

"That speckled hen of mine's a-settin' on the clock face now," she said. "I quieted her with a chalk line drawn from her beak's end straight out into the world of wonders. If she rouses up, then I'm back there; and I can't never come back here, my dears, not more than once, I can't. So let's make haste down to the castle, and I'll show you where my great-granny see them put the treasure when she was a little gell."

The three hurried down the steep-banked lane.

"Many's the time," the witch went on, "my granny pointed it out to me. It's just alongside where——"

And then the witch was not there any more. Edred and Elfrida were alone in the lane. The speckled hen must have recovered from her "quieting" and got off the clock.

"She's gone right enough," said Edred, "and now we'll never know. And just when she was going to tell us where it was. I do think it's too jolly stupid for anything."

"It's *you* that's too jolly stupid for anything," said Elfrida, hotly. "What did you want to go asking her about her silly clothes for? It was *that* did it. She'd have told us where it was before now if you hadn't taken her time up with clothes. As if *clothes* mattered. I do wish to goodness you'd *sometimes* try to behave as if you'd got some sense."

"Go it!" said Edred, bitterly. "As if everything wasn't tiresome enough! Now there's another three days to wait, because of your nagging. Oh, it's just exactly like a girl, so it is."

"A LADY IN CRIMSON AND ERMINE WITH A GOLD CROWN."

"I'm — I'm sorry," said Elfrida, awe-stricken. "Let's do something good to make up. I'll give you that note-book of mine with the lead-pointed mother-of-pearl pencil, and we'll go round the cottages and find out which are leaky, so as to be ready to patch them up when we've got the treasure."

"I don't *want* to be good," said Edred, bitterly. "*I* haven't quarrelled and put everything back. But I'm going to now," he said, with determination. "I don't see why everything should be smashed up and me not said any of the things I want to say."

"Oh, *don't!*" cried Elfrida; "it's bad enough to quarrel when you don't want to, but to *set out* to quarrel—don't!"

Edred didn't. He kicked the dust up with his boots, and the two went back to the castle in gloomy silence.

At the gate Edred paused. "I'll make it up now if you like," he said. "I've only just thought of it—but perhaps it's three days from the *end* of the quarrel."

"I see," said Elfrida; "so the longer we keep it up——"

"Yes," said Edred; "so let's call it Pax, and not waste any *more* time."

(*To be continued.*)

The Mysterious Origin of Fires.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.

OUTBREAKS of fire are often most mysterious in their origin. We are frequently confronted with problems concerning the cause of fires in houses, factories, and fields that are utterly baffling and insoluble. Yet in what simple ways we may be victimized the examples given in this article afford most striking proof.

A man may leave his house untenanted for a few moments, and almost before he has passed beyond sight of it the flames will have broken out in the most bewildering manner. A haystack may catch fire and involve in suspicion the last person known to have been near it. Natural spontaneous combustion will often be responsible for such a crisis, and I have heard of one case in which a box of matches, unintentionally left by a haymaker in the middle of a stack, acted as the centre of a conflagration.

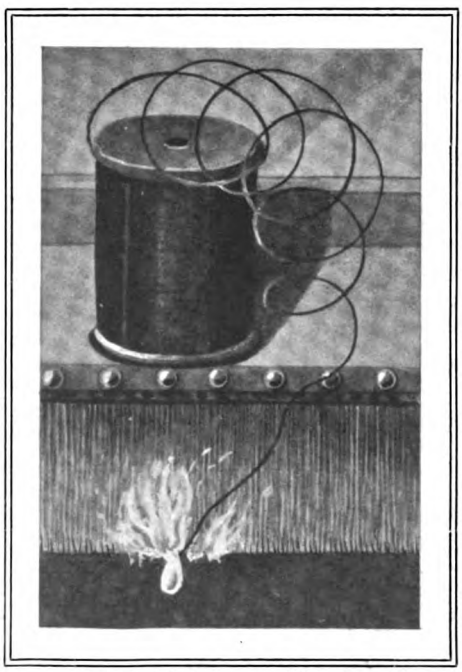

FIG. 1.—HOW A THREAD LIFTED THE FLAMES FROM A FIRE TO A MANTELSHELF.

In the cases now illustrated the enemy was caught in the act, but in every example, had it not been discovered just in time, there would have been another mystery added to the long list, for who could have conjectured the curious origins as they are here set forth?

It was my own experience to observe the suspicious movements of a reel of thread in this dangerous connection; and, indeed, the transaction suggested the preparation of this article. A newly-obtained reel of linen thread had been placed on a mantel-shelf—thousands of people must be doing such a thing continually—and I noticed that the springiness of the unfastened thread caused a mass of it to be raised above the reel, when it tumbled forward and gradually unwound its coils, lowering its waving extremity nearer and nearer to a coal fire, the draught of which sucked it towards the flame. A tiny spark was engendered (Fig. 1), and this rose rather prettily along the glossy line until it reached the sharp edge of the mantel-shelf, when it became extinguished. *This* danger was obliterated; but suppose that the shelf, as is often the case, had borne a fringe of some inflammable material. This would assuredly have ignited, and would probably have spread the flames over the entire room. It may be noted that the smoothness and springiness of a reel of *linen* thread is very different from the clinging surface of a reel of cotton thread.

It is the simplest natural operation, when lighting a candle, to place the box of matches close at hand in the vicinity of the candlestick. The doing of this trifling act nearly resulted, one summer-time, in a catastrophe. Everyone must have seen how limp and helpless a candle will become on a warm summer's evening; and it was on account of this weakness in the candle that the danger arose. Little by little it drooped towards

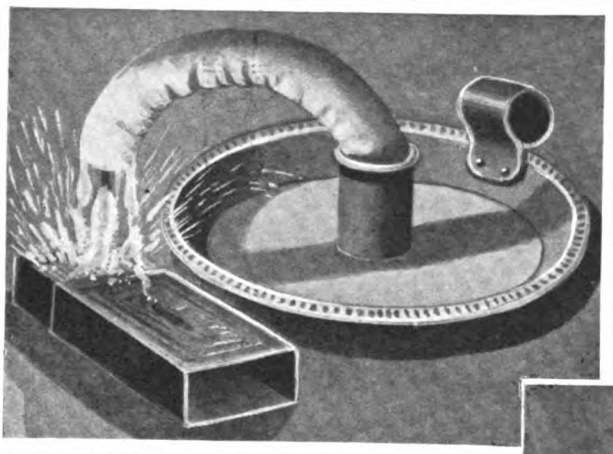

FIG. 2.—THE RESULT OF HOT WEATHER.

the slightly-open box of safety matches, into which it at length plunged its flame, causing a sudden burst of fire, accentuated by the presence of the warm wax which had fallen from the inverted extremity (Fig. 2). The table carried several odds and ends of the character generally to be found on a workman's kitchen-table; and had the outbreak not been immediately extinguished the whole place might soon have been alight, to the marvel of its inhabitants.

A specimen of frustrated danger arising from a gas-bracket may very appropriately come next. One could hardly foresee that in placing a child's woollen ball and bat on a shelf above a gas-jet a possibility was aroused of setting fire to the premises; although, when such a transaction as that is sketched in detail, extra careful people might be led to suspect that the idea of danger would have occurred to *them*. The gas-bracket, however, might have been at right-angles to the wall when the things were placed on the shelf, and then later on have been thoughtlessly pushed back by some-

FIG. 4.—HOW WATER CAUSED A FIRE.

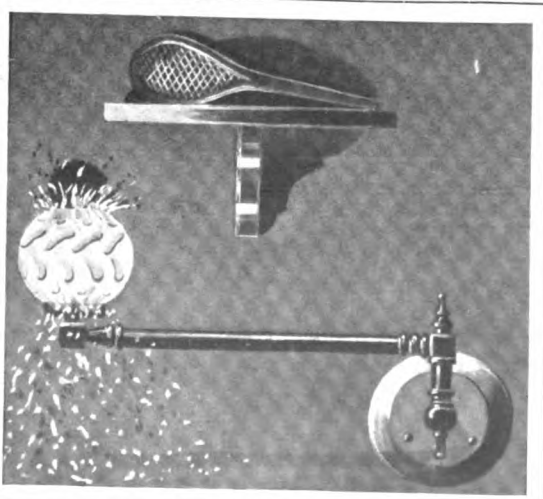

FIG. 3.—THE CHILD'S BALL AND THE GAS-GLOBE.

one else. At any rate, the ball, under the impulse of a gust from an open window, was seen to roll off, first cannoning slightly against the wall, so receiving sufficient impetus to jerk it over the gas-globe, into which it fell, with the result that falling pieces of fired wool were quickly being blown helter-skelter all over the apartment, where they might have inflicted extensive damage if they had remained unchecked in their flight (Fig. 3).

A scullery-maid—or anyone else for that matter—would not think twice about placing a box of matches on the ledge of a sink, even in the event of a lamp being situated at a

lower level on a stool near by. Now, in the following case the combination of circumstances was indeed remarkable. The waste-pipe was stopped up, so that the water dripping from the tap slowly filled up the sink. When the water had risen to the level of the ledge it gracefully tilted the matchbox, which fell straight on to the top of the lamp-chimney, shedding its fiery contents into the flare, and, of course, considerably endangering surrounding articles (Fig. 4). Fortunately, matters went no farther, but I am justified in supposing that, had they done so, all concerned would soon have been asking, "How *did* it start?" without having the remotest chance of the truth dawning upon their minds.

FIG. 5.—A MOTH WHICH SET FIRE TO A CURTAIN.

Moths and flames are universally connected, yet few people suspect that danger could arise therefrom. The insects are of such frail structure that generally they get destroyed before it is possible for them to inflict injury; and it is hardly credible that the wings would ignite and retain the flame long enough to enable the moth to fly to its surroundings. That, however, is what occurred on the following occasion. The moth was a large one, and its wings must have been very dry, so that when it floundered through the flame it set fire to one wing and darted on to a curtain near by, which at once flared up (Fig. 5). It is possible that many summer evening fires in the country could be attributed to a source of this kind. It is notorious that mysterious fires often arise at sunset in the hot months. In this case the adherent wax may have helped the wings to keep alight.

The last of our examples is certainly the most extraordinary of them all. A box of lucifers had been thrown upon the mantelshelf, and an American clock evidently put in front of them at a later period, so close as to be in actual contact. Eventually the key-drop on the back, during its slow revolutions, had managed effectually to pinch in and hold the matches tightly between itself and the shelf, and the continual pressure and friction on the heads resulted in their ignition, which soon extended to their companions (Fig. 6). One might vainly try to repeat a performance successfully accomplished by chance. Everyone has seen or heard of haphazard occurrences which could never be repeated, however carefully attempted. Something sticks in a comical position when thrown—something else undergoes peculiar manœuvres—but never again is it likely to occur, either by accident or design.

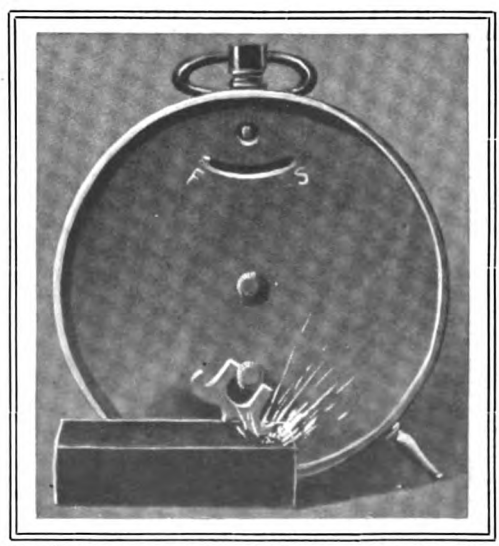

FIG. 6.—THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF THE CLOCK AND THE MATCHES.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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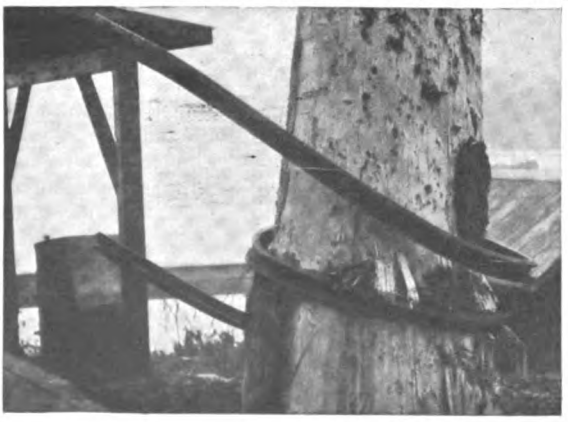
"KICK THE PRINTER."

AMERICAN advertisers are very fond of catch-phrase advertisements and "eye-catcher" signboards. A good instance of this is seen in the above sign on a printer's shop in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., but it is not on record that anyone has accepted the invitation. Other signs in the neighbourhood are "Peck the Baker" and "Knock the Hatter." These signs are certainly striking, and serve well in acting as aids to publicity, and so, no doubt, materially help business.—Mr. E. J. Williams, General Delivery, Post Office, New York, U.S.A.

STRANGE RESULT OF AN EXPLOSION.

I SEND you a photograph taken in Nanaimo, British Columbia, of an occurrence which is, I think, more than a little out of the ordinary. It shows a large cedar tree, fifty-seven inches in diameter, about which is coiled a length of railway track iron. An explosion in the powder works causing the E. and N. Railway track to be torn up, one bar of the metal was thrown with such force as to produce the extraordinary result seen in the picture.—Mrs. K. S. Hayes, 665, Niagara Street, Victoria, British Columbia.



"BLOW-HOLES.

THE following photograph is unique in itself, and at a glance one would believe it to be a geyser in full activity; but this is not so, for it is situated below high-water mark, and at low tide appears in full activity. When there is a heavy sea running on the coast the water is often ejected to a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. These "blow-holes," as they are called, are situated about fifty yards from the end of the coral reef and about one hundred yards from the shore. On a clear day the water can be seen at a great distance by passing vessels, and appears as though it were a whale spouting up water. There are a number of smaller holes forming, as will be seen from the photograph. As the tide gradually ebbs the stronger becomes the ejection of water. I was taken by a Fijian to see this strange formation, and at first I was rather disappointed with it, owing to the fact that the water was only rising about ten feet. I got fairly close to it and rigged up my camera, when all of a sudden I heard my boy shout "Look out!" but before I could clear my head of the focusing cloth there was a roaring and rushing noise, and down came a great volume of water. It was with great difficulty that I managed to save my camera. The cause of this ejection of water is, I think, owing to the reef being hollow, and the rushing in of the sea into this hollow forces the water to escape through these holes. There is a continual roar under foot, and the air coming up through these holes will force a small tin some considerable distance into the air.—Mr. N. Stuart Chalmers, Savu-Savu, Fiji Islands.

HOW MANY STAMPS HAVE YOU GOT?

NO doubt many of our readers follow that interesting and popular hobby of collecting stamps, and have often been at a loss as to a suitable method of keeping a record of the number they have, and the following method of registering the number, which is both very simple and neat, may therefore prove to be very useful. Procure a small piece of paper and cut it in an oblong shape and about the same size as Fig. 1. Then cut eight slits in the paper, or holder, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 1. Next cut four slips of paper and label them No. 0 to No. 9, as shown in Fig. 2, and slip them through the slits in the holder. These slips should, of course, be cut just a shade smaller in breadth than the slits in the holder to enable them to pass freely through. Now gum the holder at the ends and the spaces between the slips and stick in your album. It is best to stick the register in the centre of the inside of the cover. By pulling the slips up or down (as shown in Fig. 3) you can now register your stamps up to No. 9,999. Very pretty little registers can be made by cutting the holders from a piece of coloured paper. This ingenious register was sent by Mr. F. Stuart Maudling, 5, Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens.

FIG. 1.

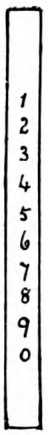


FIG. 2.

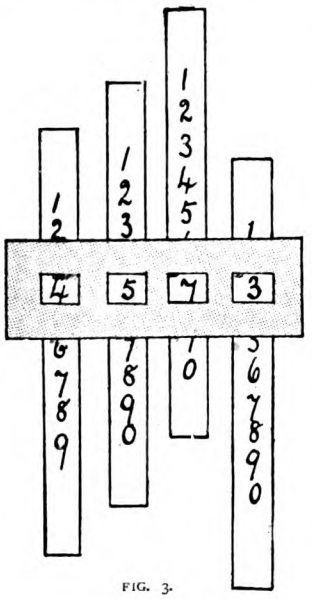
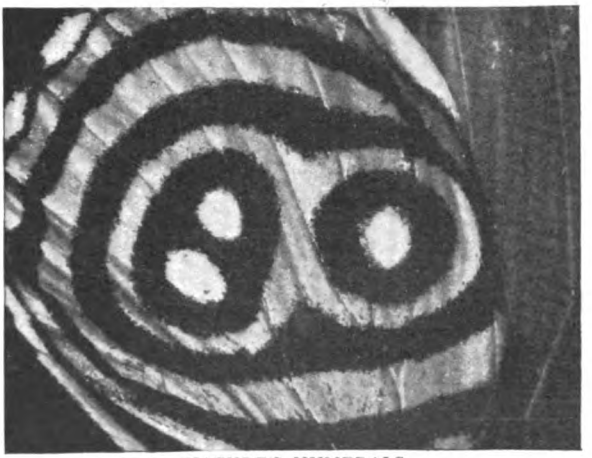


FIG. 3.

A LUCKY SNAPSHOT.

THIS remarkable photograph was taken off Catalina Island, the well-known summer resort near Los Angeles, California. After a fishing cruise a party of tourists discovered an enormous seal

swimming near their boat, and tried to get a snapshot of it for quite a time without success. Finally, just as they were about to abandon the attempt, the big fellow rose almost out of the water at their very side, and one of the party, by quick work and good luck, secured this picture with a Kodak.—Mr. Louis J. Stellmann, The Press Club, San Francisco, Cal.



NATURE'S NUMERALS.

I SEND you a photograph showing the curious "80" figure which is found on the under-side of the wings of certain South American butterflies. Sometimes the mark is "88," and the butterflies are known to the colonists by these numerals. —Mr. Alfred A. Bastin, 52, Basingstoke Road, Reading.

ANOTHER CURIOUS ILLUSION.

IF you ask what Fig. 1 represents, nine people out of ten will tell you that it is a triangular piece of wood fastened to a folding screen on the inside, or something to that effect. It represents in reality a solid rectangular block of wood, with a notch cut in one side. Fig. 2 shows the view looking in the direction of the arrow, the position of the notch being shown by the dotted lines.—Mrs. Elder, Newbold, Edenbridge, Kent.

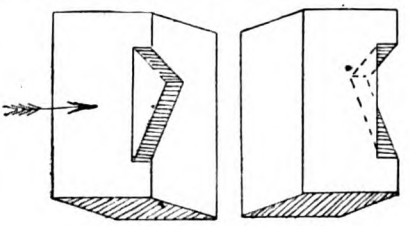
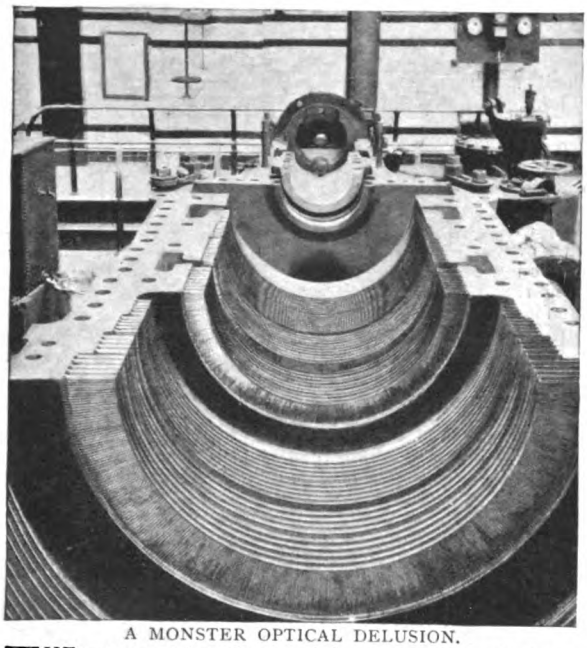


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.



A MONSTER OPTICAL DELUSION.

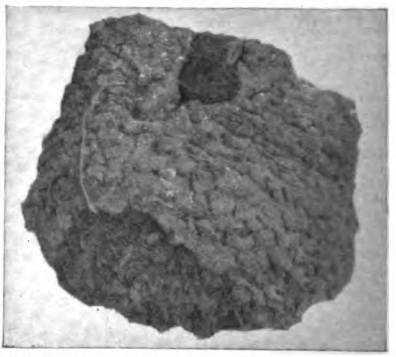
THE accompanying photograph is a view showing the lower half of the stator of a three thousand kilowatt turbine, recently erected at a large electric-lighting station in the North of England. The rotary portion which fits into this bed is a piece of machinery weighing sixteen tons, but upon turning the photograph upside down the rotar appears to have been already fixed into its bed, making a most curious optical delusion.—Mr. W. Pratten, 11, Sunbeam Street, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

A FLORAL RARITY.

AS it may interest some of the readers of your Magazine, I send you a photograph of what is locally known as the Black Lily of Burma. As far as I have been able to ascertain, only two specimens of the lily exist, one of which is said to be in Kew Gardens, the other being in the possession of a resident of Rangoon, Burma. The specimens were obtained from the jungles round about "Papun," on the borders of Siam, and are said to be very rare, search having failed in finding any more examples. The flower from which the photograph was taken was four inches across, the petals being very dark green veined with purple and the stamens a dark purple, and somewhat resembled a bunch of violets with leaf background.—Mr. A. Joyce, c/o Bank of Burma, Ltd., Rangoon.

THE SWALLOWS' REVENGE.

HERE is a photograph of a swallow's nest, found under the spout on the outside wall of one of our farm-buildings. If you look at the photograph you will see that one shows a sparrow's head on the outside of the nest near the top. The only reason for this is that the sparrow must have been an intruder whilst the swallows were building. Or perhaps it was a last year's nest of which the sparrow had taken possession, and was

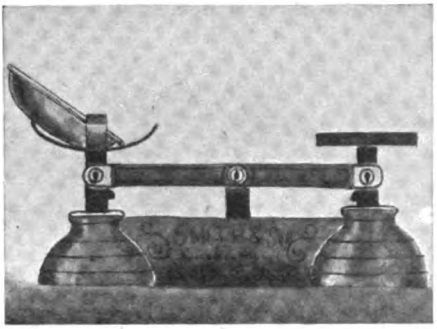


sitting on eggs very closely, when the swallows came back and fastened the intruder in by the neck with the mud. Seeing that swallows are such spiteful birds, it is quite possible for them to do this.—Mr. J. H. Revill, Blacklow Hall, Roby, near Liverpool.

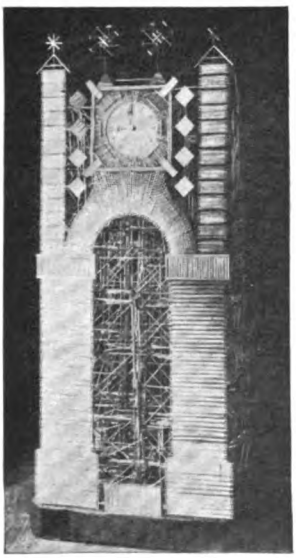
AN EGG AS A RAT-TRAP.

I SEND you a photograph showing the untimely fate which befell a too inquisitive rat. It had managed to force its way into an ostrich egg, but then found that getting out was quite another matter, and so perished in the miserable manner shown in the following picture, which was sent to me by Mr. William Fisher, Mahalapye, B. Bechuanaland.—Miss G. Gardiner, 78, Guilford Street, W.C.

A PROBLEM IN THE BALANCE.



THERE is a problem connected with an ordinary balance such as that here represented which some of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may like to investigate. If the pan or dish in which articles are placed to be weighed be tilted as shown in the drawing, one would fully expect to see this end of the balance sink as the weight of the pan is shifted farther from the pivot on which the beam is poised, but, curiously enough, it rises, as if made lighter by the change of position. Contrarily, if the dish is tilted in the opposite direction—towards the pivot—it sinks, as if with extra weight. If two equal weights are hung on a rod supported in the centre and adjusted so as to be exactly level, and if one of the weights be now shifted farther from the point on which the rod rests, the moved weight, of course, sinks, so that the explanation of the curious effect produced on the scales must lie in the mechanism of the latter.—Mr. H. T. Flather, 48, Hill Street, St. Albans, Herts.

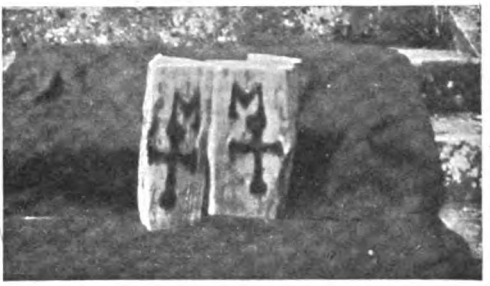


A CLOCK MADE OF STRAW.

THERE is probably no more unsuitable material with which to build a clock than straw. Yet this has been accomplished recently by a German shoemaker, who, during his leisure time, has made the ingenious piece of mechanism illustrated herewith. One would think that at least certain of the movable parts, or the springs, would be fashioned of some hard material such as bone, wood, or metal, yet nothing else was employed but straw. The figures, hands, dial, pendulums, chain, weight, gears, and the whole skeleton consist of this breakable stuff. By pressing a button, which comes out automatically on one side, the clockwork is wound up, and runs for five hours. There are eight pendulums, which allow regulation of speed. The chain is fourteen inches long and without end, like that of a bicycle. The diameter of the dial is eight inches. There were probably some thousands of stalks used in the work, each being three and four fold, to give more strength, one sliding within the other. No less than fifteen years was required to complete this wonderful clock.—Mr. Ferdinand Greiner, Rückers, Schlesien.

MYSTERIOUS MARKINGS.

THE workmen on my father's estate were cutting up some fallen timber in the park, when, on splitting open a certain beech tree, a peculiar marking in the form of a cross, with an "M" above, was discovered in the centre of it. The whole measures about twelve inches by six, and is very clearly marked, as the accompanying photograph shows.



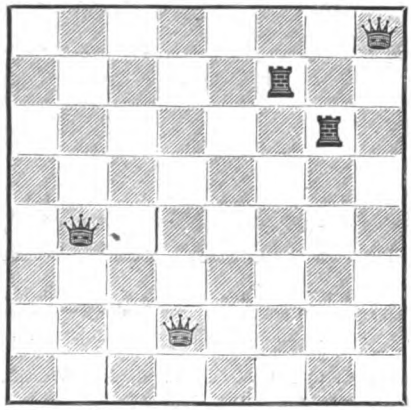
No one has any explanation to offer as to how these marks came. Perhaps some of your readers could do so. In the photograph the two moieties are displayed side by side.—Miss Rosemary E. Greville-Nugent, Clonyn Castle, Delvin, Co. Westmeath, Ireland.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

THE accompanying card was posted and delivered in Peterhead. The address is Peter Allan, Draper, Peterhead. Although P.N. is only shown on the card, you will observe that all the letters required to make the complete address are to be found. I consider this a shorter address than the one shown in the January number of THE STRAND, so send it to you for your "Curiosities" page.—Mrs. M. M. Allan, Balmoor Terrace, Peterhead.

SOLUTION TO THE CHESS PROBLEM IN THE LAST NUMBER.

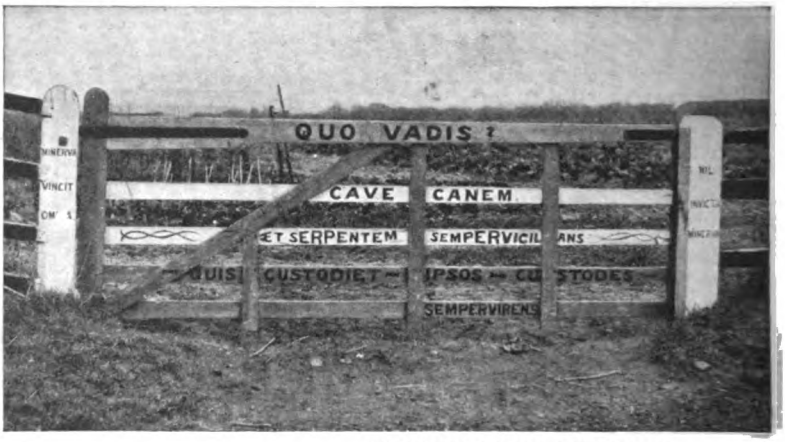
THE following diagram gives the solution to Mr. Gilbert's problem, which was to command every square on the chessboard by using three queens and two castles. This problem was a variation of Mr. Blackburne's, who used four queens and one castle, which again was an improvement on Mr. Sam Loyd's original problem, which required the use of five queens. Mr. J. Wallis,



51, Holsworthy Square, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., who, it may be mentioned, has been for many years in the employment of this firm, has solved the problem with the assistance of four queens and a pawn! It is assumed that a square is attacked if occupied by a piece. Next month we shall give the solution to this most ingenious problem, which we hardly expect to see excelled.

A BIRD OVER FIFTY YEARS OLD.

THE accompanying photograph is that of a bird which was on show at the Exhibition held in 1851, and is therefore over fifty years of age. This is not quite so extraordinary as it may at first appear, considering it is only a mechanical facsimile. When it sings the beak works in perfect concordance with the notes, while the tail seems almost a part of a living songster. Every now and then it pauses, turning its head as though to look at you. Its feathers are quite bright and fresh, although a little worn with age, and the works are of the most intricate nature.—Mr. W. C. T. Muir, Pentlands, Castlebar Road, Ealing, W.



SOMETHING LIKE A WARNING.

BEING on a main road in Ashwell, Hertfordshire, this gate, with its peculiar inscriptions, naturally causes much comment. It stands on a field belonging to Mr. C. H. P. Walkden, whose orchard has suffered severe depredations, and shows his philosophical endeavour to cope with the evil-doers. — Mr. H. W. Bowman, The Lychens, Ashwell, Baldock, R.S.O., Herts.

A WONDERFUL CARVING.

THE adjoining photograph is of an article I have in my possession. The curio is inside a bottle and is intended to represent the Crucifixion, with the two thieves hanging on the cross, and is carved out of real ivory. The cork is carved out in wood, and a peg runs through the cork inside the bottle. It is

very old — one hundred years or more. Of course, there is nothing very remarkable about the carving in itself, but, like the flies in amber, the wonder is how it got into the bottle. The curio stands eight inches high. — Mr. J. Wilson, 20, Alfred Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

120
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EDITED
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Geo: Newnes

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No. 210
VOL 35

JUNE
1908

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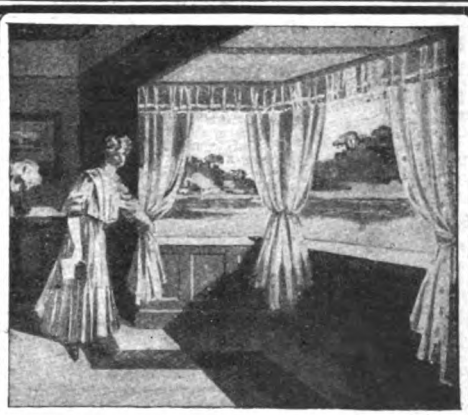

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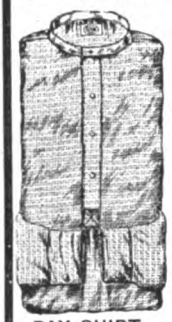

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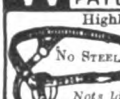

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Lipton

CYCLISTS

PUNCTURE PREVENTION IS NO MYTH.

We know there have been countless inventions — and failures, but then, there has never before been a

"SPHINX" BAND

This device does not slow the tyre. Adds only an ounce or two to weight. Is not a liquid to clog the valves or ruin the rubber, but

IT DOES PREVENT PUNCTURES.

Your cycle agent can and will demonstrate this to you in a manner that must convince you; if he cannot, write us, we will send you some convincing testimonials and tell you where to get the bands.

THE COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., Dept. 31, BIRMINGHAM.

THE
'Imperial' Sideboard

CASH, £10 10s.
or Easy Payments.

DESCRIPTION.—5ft. wide, 7ft. 6in. high. Depth, back to front, 23in. Three Cupboards with shelves and drawer cellarette, Two Drawers of ample capacity, Plate Drawer fitted and lined with green baize felt. British Silvered and Bevelled Plate Mirror, 48in. by 26in. Full-length cornice, shelf, and pediment. Beautifully Carved and Moulded. Rounded and shaped columns. A High-Grade Piece of Furniture. *Solid Throughout, absolutely no veneer or staining.* Interiors in Solid Oak. Made in Thoroughly Seasoned Oak (Brown or Fumed), Walnut, or Mahogany.

Orders by Post from Home or Abroad receive prompt attention. All Goods sent Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

Satisfaction guaranteed or return in full of all money paid.

FREE.—We will send you free by post our large illustrated Catalogue **'E,'** containing price lists, estimates, hints on furnishing, etc. **It costs you nothing and saves you pounds.**

LIVERPOOL—Pembroke Place.
GLASGOW—510, Sauchiehall Street.
BELFAST—38-40, High Street.
BLACKBURN—Ainsworth Street.

Globe Furnishing Co

"Truth" Investigates

SENSATIONAL REPORT.

AFTER INQUIRY INTO HUNDREDS OF CASES, EVERY CLAIM MR. SANDOW MAKES OF HIS EXERCISE METHOD AND PRO- THE GREATEST HEALING

Every Man or Woman, Young or Old, who may still cherish Illness and as a means towards Keeping in First-Rate

No fewer than eight pages, in the form of a supplement to the great weekly newspaper, "Truth," have recently been devoted to an exhaustive inquiry into the claims of Physical Culture as a curative treatment, and, in particular, an inquiry into the methods and results of this treatment as carried on by Mr. Sandow at his now well-known headquarters in St. James's Street, London.

Reference has often been made in the columns of the daily Press to Mr. Sandow's claims to be able to cure a variety of illnesses, some of them of a really serious description, entirely by exercise, and discarding altogether either drugs or dieting restrictions.

Indeed, a very great number of newspaper readers have actually been under Mr. Sandow's exercise treatment. To these the startling confirmation of Mr. Sandow's claims which "Truth" publishes will not come as a surprise, because they have learned from personal experience whether or no he was successful in doing for their health what he promised.

The "Truth" report which is offered freely to every inquirer.

But there must be many hundreds or even thousands who have read of what is claimed for the Physical Culture Treatment of illness, but have remained in doubt as to whether it really could accomplish the remarkable health wonders put forward so confidently.

A Point for Elderly Invalids.

Then there are a very large class of invalid ladies and elderly gentlemen who, whilst perhaps quite convinced of the genuineness of the Sandow treatment, have been under the erroneous impression that it was a method adapted for the young only.

It is for this reason that so considerable prominence is now given to making known that a copy of this supplement, reprinted from "Truth," together with Mr. Sandow's own book on Physical Culture as a cure, may be had for the asking of every sufferer from and of the illnesses to which it is applicable.

In the course of this report of its investigation into Mr. Sandow's methods, no point which could safeguard the interests of sufferers has been omitted.

The result is that "Truth" confirms every claim which has ever been put forward by Mr. Sandow for his exercise treatment.

For the benefit of those who, owing to illness or lack of physical conditions, have the most potent of all reasons for being interested in the subject, the following extract is quoted from the report of "Truth" investigator:

"Many people came to the Institute only to be 'toned up'—people, that is to say, who were not definitely ill, but who are seeking a reserve force of strength and health which may carry them through heavy business or social strain. A typical instance is that of Mr. S. F. Edge, who prepared himself for his famous twenty-four hours' motor ride at Brooklands by a course of the Sandow treatment. So far as actual illness is concerned, the Sandow system of curative physical culture is employed at the Institute in the treatment of four principal groups of illnesses. They are:

"1. Weaknesses and diseases of the chest and lungs.

"2. Digestive and kidney troubles.

"3. Illnesses arising from failure in some function of the nervous system.

"4. Skeletal deformities, as, for instance, curvature of the spine.

Striking Figures.

"Daily reports are kept of every case undertaken, and, furnished with an imposing batch of them, I was left to my own devices for a time while Mr. Sandow attended to some of the patients waiting to interview him.

"Taking those for one day, I find that the cases may be grouped under the following heads:—

	Per cent.
Cases of dyspepsia in its many forms	44
,, ,, nervous disorders, insomnia, etc. ...	16
,, ,, gout, rheumatism	4

the Sandow Treatment.

99 PER CENT. OF SUCCESSES.

THE GREAT NEWSPAPER "TRUTH" ENDORSES WONDERFUL CURES ACCOMPLISHED BY CLAIMS CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE FORCE IN THE WORLD.

some doubt as to the Efficacy of Physical Culture as a Cure for Health should Read the "Truth" Investigator's Report.

Cases of	paralysis...	3
,,	,, heart affections	5
,,	,, chest and lung complaints	10
,,	,, various other ailments	5
,,	,, no special illness, but treated for reduction of obesity or for general physical improvement	13

Ninety-nine per Cent. Benefited.

"I learned that ultimately, of all the cases treated over the latest period for which figures were available, the treatment had only failed entirely in less than one per cent. of cases. Satisfactory improvement, therefore, was produced in over 99 per cent. of cases, and the treatment had completely achieved the objects for which it was undertaken in no fewer than 94 per cent. of cases."

"Truth's" investigator concludes his report as follows:—

"Let me sum up my impressions by saying that, as an unprejudiced outsider, without, it is true, much medical knowledge, but with a lively scepticism as to the virtues of 'cure-alls' of all descriptions—a scepticism based upon some experience—I am convinced that Physical Culture—in the right hands—is a powerful—a very powerful—weapon ready to the hands of those who have set out to fight the good fight against disease. Especially I am of opinion, from the proofs which have been submitted to me, that it is a most potent remedy for those illnesses, of digestive or nervous origin, which are the least amenable to other methods of cure.

"To go in for 'exercise' without knowledge is, in a word, as risky an experiment as it were to take all the drugs in a chemist's shop seriatim when endeavouring to cure a cold in the head. On the other hand, I am decidedly of opinion that the man or woman who places him or herself in Mr. Sandow's hands, either for the cure of one of the various ills which I have enumerated above, or for the general 'toning up' of an overstrung system, is thereby taking a definite step towards cure or alleviation."

Medical men, from the greatest specialists to the busy local practitioners, have said the same of Mr. Sandow's work.

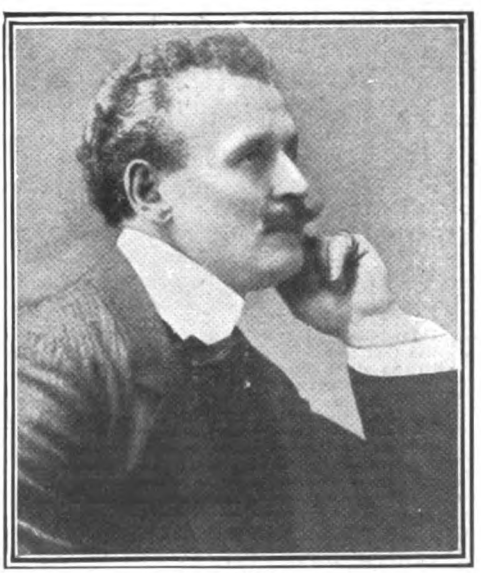
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Testimony.

The testimony of Dr. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will be of special interest to readers of this magazine. He has written as follows:—

"Probably no man has done more during the last decade for us as a nation than he"; and so one might proceed and read whole columns, but the purpose of this account will have been achieved if sufferers are led to consult Mr. Sandow in the first place by writing for a copy of his booklet and his "Truth" account, and then it is almost sure that they will be cured, and all by simple exercises!

The Sandow course is not expensive—indeed, is very cheap compared with the good to be obtained, and may be undertaken at the luxurious establishment which Mr. Sandow has equipped for patients to take the cure in complete privacy, or, when this is incompatible with the patient's occupation or means, then it may be carried out entirely by correspondence in the privacy of the patient's own home.

Readers are invited to write to or call upon Eugen Sandow, Health Education Bureau, 32a, St. James's Street, London, S.W., for Mr. Sandow's booklet and a reprint of "Truth's" report. In writing they should give full details of the trouble for which they are considering the advisability of the adoption of the Physical Culture Cure, for Mr. Sandow can then better judge of their requirements, and can also often send additional advice relative to their particular case.



EUGEN SANDOW,
whose work of curing illness has received such wonderful confirmation in the "Truth" investigation.

SUMMER CLOTHING BARGAINS.

FLANNEL SUITS. FANCY VESTS. THOR HEALTH SHIRTS

direct to you from the Factory at Leeds, the centre of the Clothing trade. High-grade garments at unheard-of prices. The Thor name stands the world over for quality, style, and fit. The Thor trade mark on every article is our guarantee.

A splendid . .

FLANNEL LOUNGE SUIT

for the SEASIDE. Roll or step collar. Coat, Vest, and Trousers to match. Bespoke made to your own measures. Absolutely correct style, perfect fit, beautiful finish, **27/6** Post Paid.

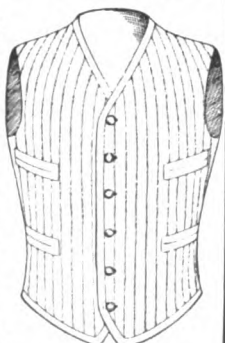
Why spoil your ordinary apparel when 27/6 will purchase such a fine serviceable suit?

Two Special Lines of White Flannel Trousers at **6/11** and **8/11.**

THOR CELLULAR HEALTH SHIRT.

Breathes air to the skin—Cool, Light, Durable and Economical. The finest shirt for hot weather wear. A special specimen shirt, Also in PureWool & Silk. **2/11** Any size post paid. Worth 4/6. 3 for **8/3**

THOR FANCY VESTS



Made in most beautiful combinations of colours. This sample vest at 4/11 is worth double the money. It is only the large quantity we sell that enables us to give you such a grand vest at this low price. . . . . **Only 4/11** Post Paid.

THOR TAN WILLOW CALF 10/6 BOOT.

Extremely fashionable boot, well made, light, flexible, and durable; equal to boots sold at 12/6. Also in Glacé Kid and Box Calf. Other qualities, **14/6, 16/6,** & **21/-.** Also Golf and Sporting Boots. **Thor Canvas Shoes and Boots** for seaside. **Pure Wool Cholera Belts,** sure protection against chill, **1/11** & **2/6.** Fine line of **Gent.'s Half Hose, 1/-.** 3 pairs **2/9;** 6 pairs **5/3.**

We want you to test Thor Goods. We believe you will never have had such splendid goods. Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogues, Style Books, Patterns, and our simple method of self-measurement.

COLONIAL ORDERS receive very careful and immediate consideration.

THOR MANUFACTURING CO.,

Incorporating Southall & Co.,

Dept. L, LEEDS.

New Model. New Price.

7/6

Reduced from 12/6

The "NUTSHELL" Automatic Stropper

Recognised as the most efficient and satisfactory of automatic aids to Shaving. Has been widely sold at **12/6** and unanimously approved by users. The Proprietors, being anxious to secure for their unique invention a more general acceptance, have sought means to reduce the price. To effect this without sacrificing soundness or efficiency was a problem of some difficulty, but it is now happily solved, by an entirely new method of manufacture which lowers cost whilst preserving all strong points. The "NUTSHELL" is "right all through"—simple, strong, accurate—so it has been—so it will remain. New model ready shortly, but price reduced **now.** Order at once, and secure **12/6 machine for 7/6**—money back if returned within 10 days. Of the Proprietors—

A. RHEINBERG & CO.,

32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

LADIES— SAVE YOUR HANDS

NIVOLA HOUSEMAIDS' CHAMOIS GLOVES.

Post free for 1/- Postal Order.

Nivola Packing Company, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Make your figure graceful

Many women lack the gracefulness of form which is the chief charm of womanhood. They must assist Nature by wearing

Meldrum's Hygienic Braces

They have a bracing effect on those inclined to stoop, improve the general health, and add elegance to the figure. Unequalled for ease and comfort.

Ladies' pattern acts as skirt suspender, Gent.'s as Braces. **3s. 9d.** post free; Children's, **2s. 9d.** Abroad, 1s. extra. State girth under arms.

MELDRUM & CO.,

Dept. No. 3,

13, Reform Street, DUNDEE.

SPECIAL OFFER FREE.

of Satin Lined, Leather Covered CASE OF MEAT CARVERS, as illustration,

8/6

Ordinary price, 12/6.

Money Returned if not Satisfactory.

Our comprehensive Catalogue, which contains Bargains of Silver and Electro-Plate. In dealing direct with us you save intermediate profits, and are sure of receiving satisfaction.

Fengl Bros., Charleston Works, Sheffield.

"HAIR DRILL.

What it is and what it does.
A Chat about Hair Hygiene.
A Generous Free Offer.

ALL agree that hardly any feature of the human body adds more grace or charm than a luxurious crop of beautiful, healthy hair—at once the delight of man and the envy of woman. What feature of a woman's toilet costs her so much worry as her "coiffure," or a man so much care to conceal as his incipient baldness?

Like everything else in animated Nature, the beauty and loveliness of one's hair in a healthy condition becomes, under other circumstances, not only a positive disfigurement, but a constant source of worry, trouble, and nerve-shattering irritation.

Which of us does not look with almost holy horror on the first sign of grey hair, a thin patch on the head, not to say baldness? And how many are constantly deploring the dry, brittle, lustreless, greasy, or scurfy condition of their scalp-covering? All these and others are Nature's protests against neglect or wrong treatment of the hair. Not wilful, perhaps, but rather because people do not fully appreciate the importance of "Harlene Hair Drill." It is so little understood and taught; it is even less practised. But, thanks to past efforts, it is becoming better understood.

Properly disciplined, there is no reason why the hair should not retain its colour, lustre, brilliance, and luxurious growth until the evening of life.

It is hardly necessary to point out the importance of eradicating the scurf extruded from the scalp by the continuous growth of new hair, or to point out the obvious truth that if it is not removed it becomes practically a disease with a thousand attendant evils. All disorders, whether organic or functional, are simply healthful ones subverted or intensified. Like scurf, every single hair-malady can be traced to its root cause, and can be remedied by the expert. And whether the hair be

Dry,	Thin,
Brittle,	Patchy,
Lustreless,	Falling out, or
Grey,	Losing colour,

there is a remedy; and on another occasion much more may be said of the rationale of the true method of preventing disease and ensuring good hair-health.

In the meantime the proprietors of "Edwards' Harlene," the greatest remedy ever discovered for all hair diseases, and one that has proved its merits by yearly-increasing sales, are prepared to supply to all interested a free sample of their invaluable remedy, for the purpose of demonstrating its efficacy. Accompanying each bottle is a booklet outlining a system of "Harlene Hair Drill" that cannot fail to cure the most obstinate case of hair-sickness. Millions have tried the system recommended, and it has never been known to fail.

"Harlene Hair Drill" as performed at the morning toilet. Full instructions are contained in the new booklet offered free to readers.

WHAT IS "HARLENE HAIR DRILL"?

A system to bring out all that is best, and eliminate all that is weak or undesirable.

If you are not conscious of any hair-sickness, you still require "Harlene Hair Drill." It is preventative as well as curative. It will ensure beauty and plentiful hair, and prevent disease.

"Harlene," therefore, is good for you. Any reader can test the remedy for himself or herself by filling up the form below, and forwarding it, with 3d. in stamps to cover postage, to Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, where applicants will at once receive the necessary supply of "Harlene" gratis.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be had from Chemists and Stores throughout the world at 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle, or sent post-paid on receipt of postal order.

WARNING!

Just a word of warning in conclusion. Avoid so-called remedies for inward application; they are not only useless for the purposes specified, but are positively harmful. Specifics to touch the roots of the hair from within would be strong enough to destroy life itself; or, to use a homely illustration, in cultivating a garden one does not work from below, but from the surface. And the structure of the scalp is a physiological demonstration that "Edwards' Harlene" method of "Hair Drill" with "Harlene" is the only scientific method to ensure beneficial and lasting results.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

TO WEEK'S TEST DEPT., EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-6, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Please forward me, as per offer mentioned in article above, the special free bottle of "Harlene" necessary for one week's practical trial of this application as a "Hair Drill." I enclose three penny stamps to cover postage (to any part of the world). If called for no charge will be made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STRAND MAGAZINE, June, 1908.

This **Umbrella** photographed **before** and **after** repair, is an example of what can be done in our workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" wrapped in paper on its way per parcel post to be "Stanworthed."

It is difficult to recognise the battered wreck of the first picture in **the smart, neatly-rolled, dainty-looking, Umbrella** at foot—repaired and recovered with our famous **'Defiance' Silk Union No. 17B,** and delivered Post Free, carefully packed in strong cardboard box, as shown, at an inclusive charge of

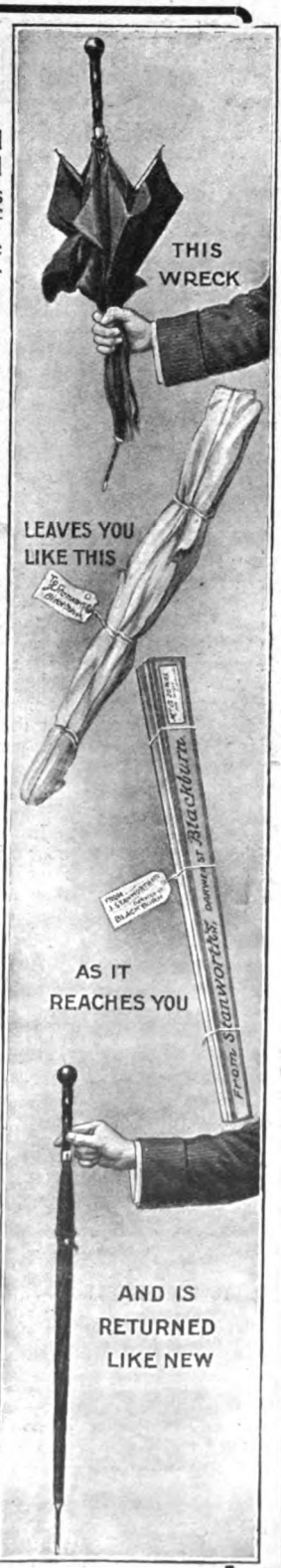
5/-

Send us your Old Umbrella

to-day, together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Try us with the one you have given up as hopeless.

A post-card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas and patterns of materials for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

J. STANWORTH & Co.,
Wholesale Umbrella Manufacturers,
Blackburn.



S. M.
TRADE MARK
BAILEY'S SURGICAL HOSE
ESTº 1833

Surgical Belts, Trusses, and Elastic Stockings.

EVERY ARTICLE FOR SICK NURSING.

"VARIX," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free two stamps.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,
38, Oxford St., London.
(City Branch, 52, Fore St., E.C.)
Catalogue Free.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

FOR **GREY HAIR** TRY

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, etc. Trial Bottle, 7d.; New Size, 1/2; Large Bottle, 3/9, post free (secretly packed). State colour required.
S. T. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 58, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

Your Infant will Thrive

NEAVE'S FOOD is a Perfectly Safe Food for the youngest and most delicate child if used according to instructions. It assists Teething, is a valuable Bone-former, relieves Constipation, and is
A COMPLETE DIET FOR INFANTS

NEAVE'S FOOD

Sold in 1/- & 2/6 tins, also 4d. pkts.

Write for *Hints about Baby*, by a Trained Nurse; postcard to Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge, *via* Salisbury.

Established Over 80 Years

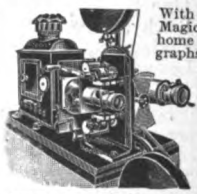
Before.

HAIRS on the FACE

You can safely, surely, and easily remove any superfluous hair from your face without fear of pain, harm, or marks of any description, by applying **HAIREMOVINE.** Many ladies have cured themselves of this unsightly blemish, as is proved by the **unsolicited testimonials,** which, with Dr. Griffiths' Analytical Confirmatory Report, accompanies each well-provided outfit. **2/9,** p.f. (plain wrapper). Recommended by the Press. Foreign orders 1/- extra.—MME. S. BOND, Toilet Specialist, Birmingham.

After.

LIVING PICTURES


Patentees and Inventors.

With our great combination Bioscope and Magic Lantern fortunes are easily made at home and abroad. The King of Cinematographs, right up to date, new movements, new patents. **Colours** and **Reverses** the subjects while in motion. **Parlour Bioscopes, £3-5s.** Immense stock of films at a third usual prices; all makes; list **3d.** Portable Electric Outfits for Tent or Hall. **Outdoor Peep-Show Bioscopes coin money, £12-12s.**

CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD for Magic Lanterns, Cinematographs, Films.

100,000 Slides in Stock. Cinematograph List, **8d.** Lanterns, **4d.** Slides, **6d.** As supplied to Madame Patti, Royal Polytechnic, Palace Theatres, Maharajah of Mysore, Dr. Grattan Guinness.

HUGHES & Co., Brewster House, 82, Mortimer Rd.,
KINGSLAND, LONDON, N.

KODAKS

For picture records of your holidays, portraits of friends, pictures of home life, pictures of your games and pastimes.

¶ The Kodak system makes everything simple and renders you independent of the old-time darkroom. A Kodak, with spools of film for dozens of pictures, goes easily into your pocket.

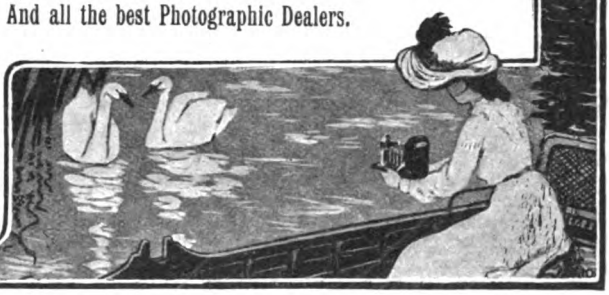
You load it in daylight and, to develop, you simply put the film in the Kodak Tank. ALL IN DAYLIGHT.

BROWNIE KODAKS - from 5/-
FOLDING POCKET KODAKS from 42/-
COMPLETE OUTFITS - from 13/-

Our new FOLDING POCKET KODAK BOOKLET illustrates six splendid Kodaks, shows what they will do and will interest you. Post free on request.

Kodak, Ltd., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.
Branches: 96, Bold St., Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow; 59, Brompton Rd., S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; 40, Strand, London, W.C.

And all the best Photographic Dealers.



STRONG AND HAPPY

This is the way they feel now—the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep.

They are now free from pain and awake refreshed and full of energy—are light-hearted and self-confident.

HERE IS THE SECRET:

Electricity—that's all. This grand force is the only natural restorative, the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of the Pulvermacher Electric Belt, which fills the body with nerve-life, warms the blood, and restores both physical and mental energy.

FREE BOOK. In order to prove our claims and that the general public may know more about Electricity as a curative agent, we have prepared a 90-page book (illustrated), dealing with the subject in an interesting manner, and this we will send free for the asking to those interested in the development of vigorous health in men and women.

DO NOT DELAY!

Cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day. It may mean the dawn of a new existence.

J. L. PULVERMACHER & CO., Ltd.,
36, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

If "Tatcho" hadn't made Mr. Geo. R. Sims' hair grow you wouldn't be asked to try it.

YOU remember the outburst of excitement not so long ago on Mr. Geo. R. Sims' pronouncement in the *Referee* that he had hit upon the remedy for baldness, the remedy with which he had cured himself, and the remedy he had gratuitously distributed to friends and correspondents in all parts of the world. You may also remember how he christened this remedy under the Romany word "Tatcho," because the word signifies

Genuine, Good, True,

all of which Mr. Geo. R. Sims and his friends found the remedy to be. You may also remember that, the work of answering letters (estimated by Mr. Geo. R. Sims in the *Referee* at a hundred thousand) having become so enormous, he consulted some of his Fleet Street friends as to the necessity of putting this remedy upon a commercial basis, and how ultimately a syndicate was formed embracing some of the best-known literary and commercial names in London. These facts are within the knowledge of every reader of a newspaper or magazine, for in what newspaper or magazine did not the famous discovery bring forth laudatory notices and congratulations to the discoverer? Undoubtedly you will remember all about it. Unlike the hundreds of thousands who made application to Mr. Sims for his remedy, you may then have been in the fortunate position not to require a hair grower. Perhaps you will not mind a pertinent question *now*.

Is Your Hair Still Right?

If not, that self-same remedy with which Mr. Geo. R. Sims remedied the loss of hair, the remedy he gratuitously distributed amongst his friends, the remedy which is curing thousands of bald persons, is at your call. Since this syndicate was formed a novel idea has been hit upon which, if it does not altogether continue the gratuitous distribution commenced by Mr. Sims, at least puts "Tatcho" in the hands of the public at nominal cost. The idea is the issue of

Mrs. Brown Potter lets the secret out: "I use only 'Tatcho.'"

One Hundred Thousand 4/6 Trial Bottles

at the nominal price of 1s. 10d. carriage paid to the door of the user. Under this unique scheme thousands are benefiting who otherwise would be debarred from its benefits. You cannot doubt the wisdom of the crowds of grateful men and women who have used "Tatcho" with such signal success, and you cannot doubt the logic of following their sensible example. A 4s. 6d. bottle of "Tatcho" on these terms is at your call if you want it. It is gratifying to know that by the application of a few drops of "Tatcho" daily you are ensuring a fine head of hair, or if actually bald seeing gradually accruing to you a healthy crop of new hair.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the discoverer of "Tatcho."

The use of "Tatcho" is training men and women to regard a good head of hair not as a possibility, but as a certainty.

It cannot be gainsaid that a good head of hair, free from greyness, is the most important factor in acquiring a youthful appearance. In no other way can you so completely hold Time and its ravages in leash. There are many who have counted the day they first used "Tatcho" as the

"Luckiest Day of My Life."

If you are suffering from loss of hair, let it be *your* luckiest day.

How often does the afflicted one say to himself or herself when the hair begins to fall, "Perhaps it is nothing at all. I will wait a bit; perhaps it will stop—lots of things get well of themselves." Or some foolish friend advises a trial being given to some quack remedy. And so the trouble spreads. If only every case of hair trouble were taken in hand at once baldness would soon become unknown.

Therefore, send 1s. 10d. to-day to the Chief Chemist at the "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London (mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE), and by the first out-going mail a full-size 4s. 6d. trial bottle of "Tatcho" will be forwarded to you carriage paid.

"Tatcho" is sold in sealed bottles, each of which bears the following guarantee: "I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

WHY DOES HE LOOK THE OTHER WAY?

Recently the following interesting Testimonial was received at Sunbeamland along with many others. For obvious reasons the name of the writer is omitted, but its genuineness is guaranteed:

"During the whole year the Sunbeam has run like Silk, and has never once got out of order, nor cost me a single penny for repairs.

"This is most refreshing after my last, which was a so-called 'Cheap' Bicycle—it began to cost me money before it had been in my possession a fortnight, and I soon came to the conclusion that it was a machine which I was too poor to keep, and too honest to sell.

"I gave it away to a Gardener — previously he used to touch his Hat to me — Now, he looks the other way."

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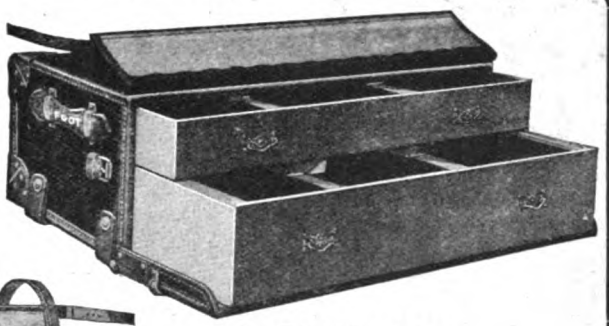

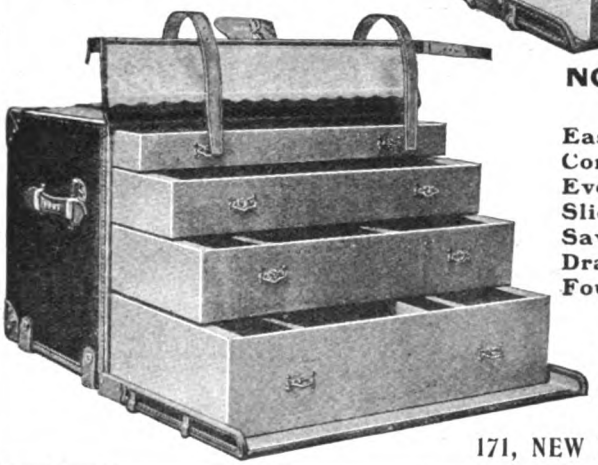

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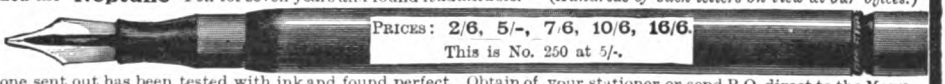

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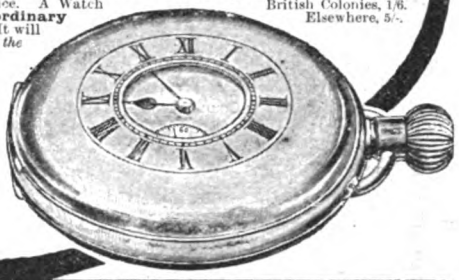

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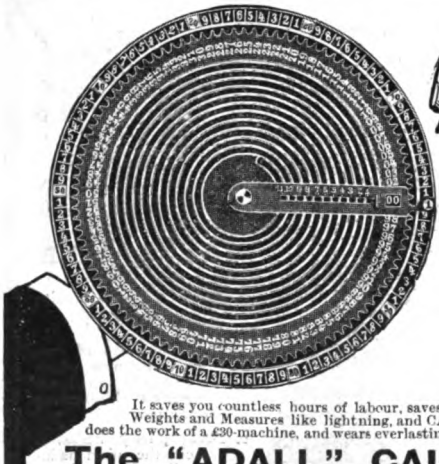

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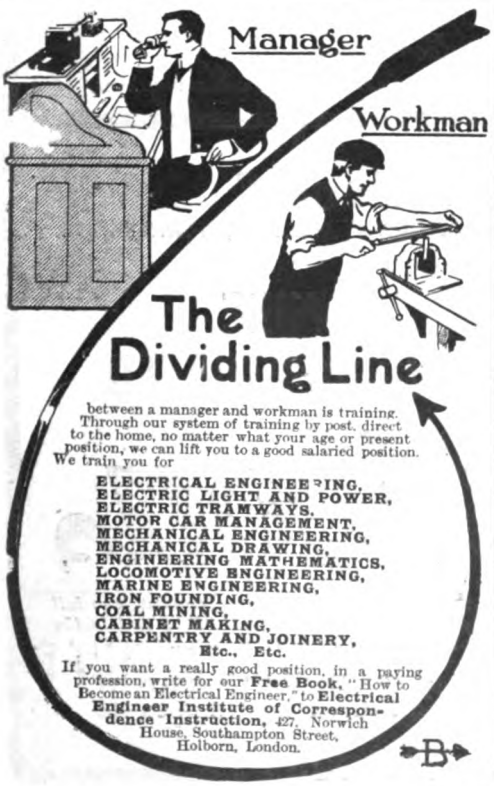

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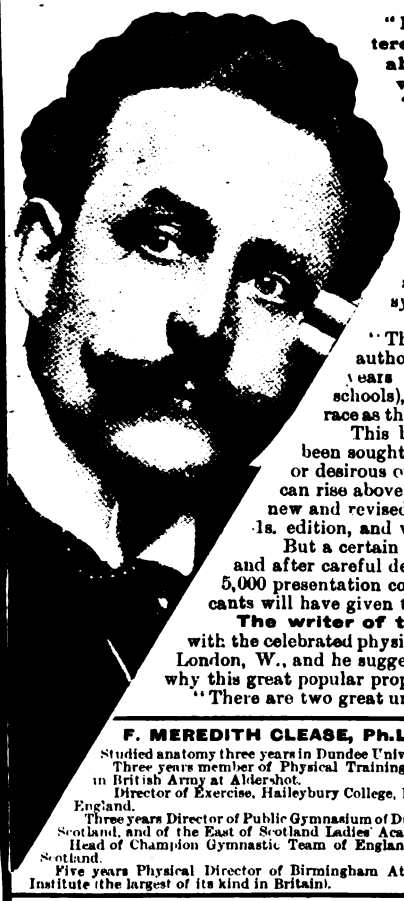

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The above is an extract from a recent letter written by that popular Royal personage his Royal Highness Prince George of Greece, Queen Alexandra's nephew, to that great authority on Figure Culture, Mr. Meredith Clease, and it expresses, on the part of one, himself an athlete of no mean distinction, a keen appreciation of Mr. Clease's famous work and his equally famous system.

The Book referred to is none other than that celebrated issue, "The Art of Physical Beauty," which, perhaps, even more than the author's other great work, "A System of Physical Culture" (which for years has been a standard text-book in our elementary and public schools), is acknowledged by all interested in the physical development of the race as the most authoritative utterance on this great and fascinating subject.

This book has already passed through many editions, and has eagerly been sought after by those anxious to improve their own physical condition, or desirous of obtaining the most scientific knowledge of how the human race can rise above the dead level of physical decadence. At the present moment a new and revised edition is in the press, which it is proposed to issue as a popular 1s. edition, and which, no doubt, will achieve an enormous sale.

But a certain amount of influence has been brought to bear upon the publishers, and after careful deliberation they have resolved to place on one side no fewer than 5,000 presentation copies, which those readers of the "STRAND" who are early applicants will have given them **FREE**, with the compliments of the author.

The writer of this article was recently accorded the pleasure of an interview with the celebrated physical expert at his well-known headquarters at 74, New Bond Street, London, W., and he suggested to Mr. Meredith Clease that it would be interesting to learn why this great popular propaganda had been decided on.

"There are two great underlying reasons," said Mr. Clease, "which have prompted me and my publishers in this significant action:—

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3¼A	3¼ × 5½	1 9	10½
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'Strand Magazine.'

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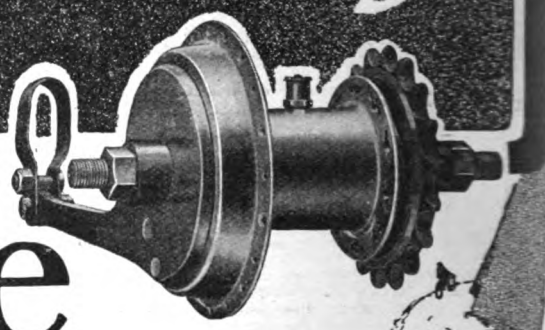

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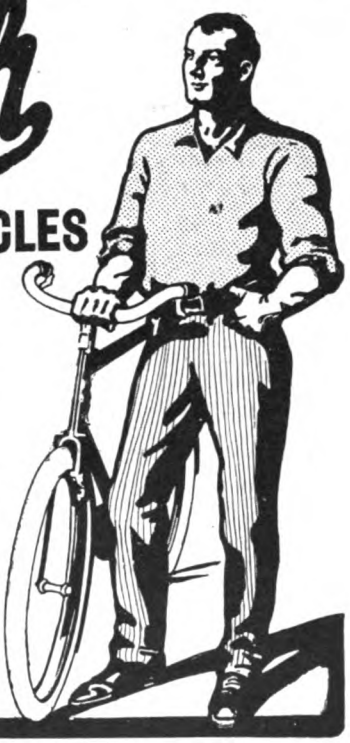

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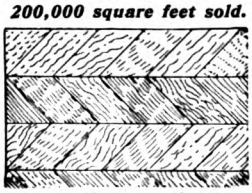

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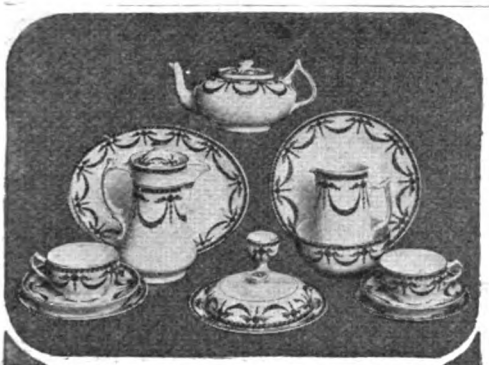

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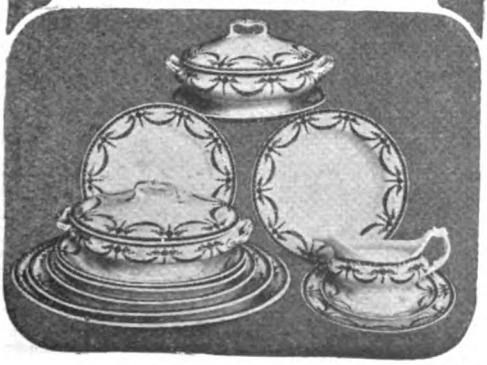

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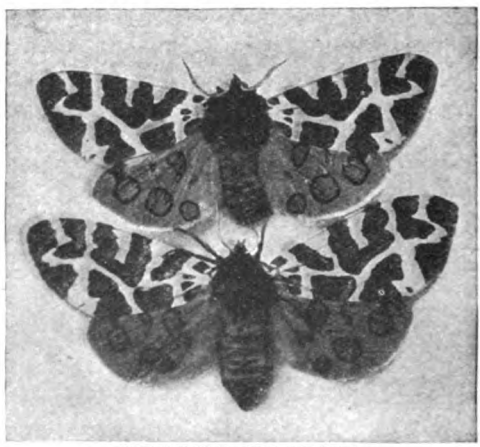

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STRAND MAG. June 1908

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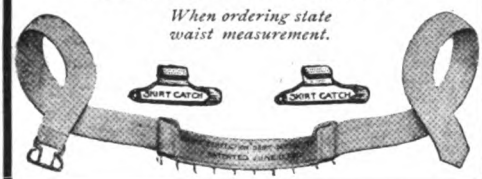

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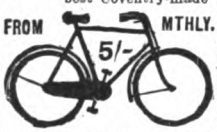

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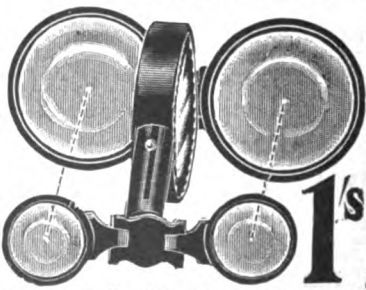

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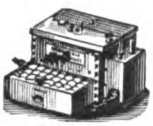

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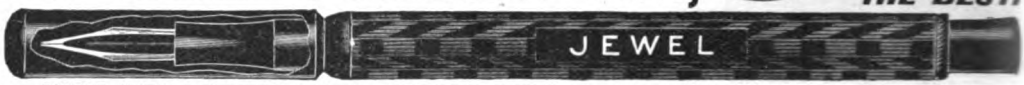

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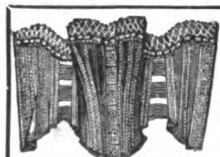

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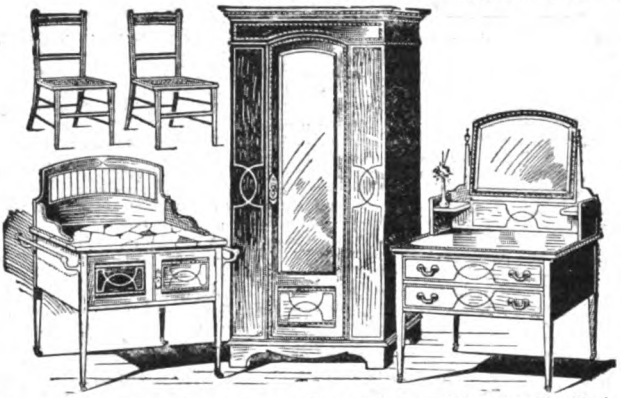

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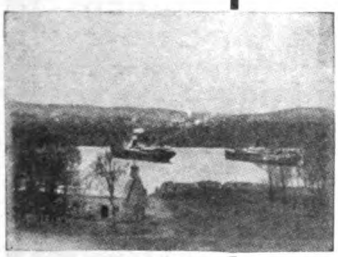

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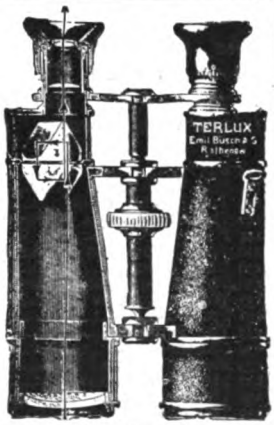

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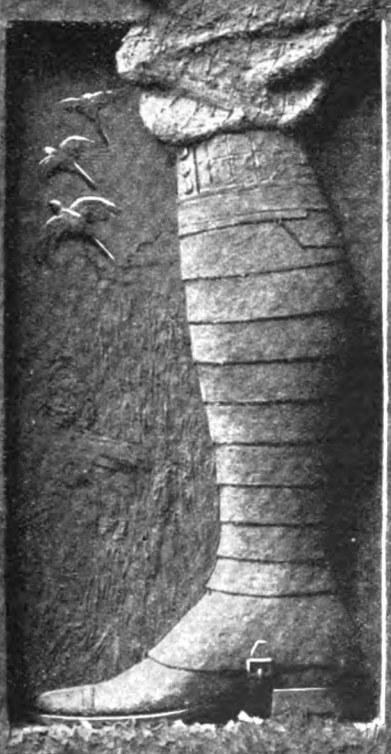

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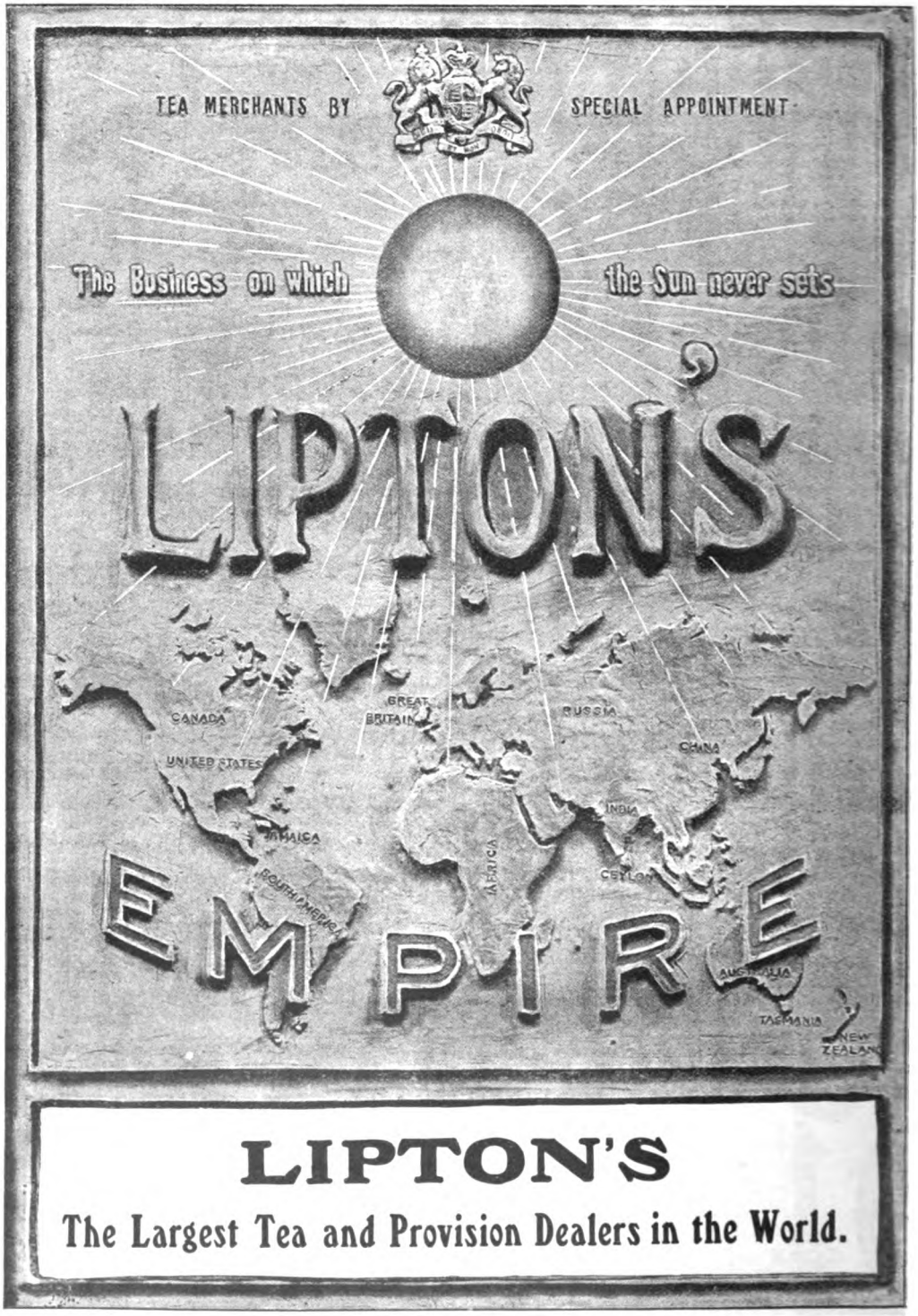

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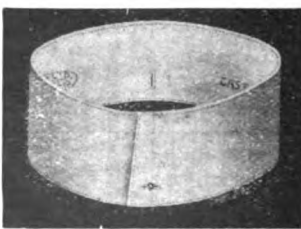

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The Keeley Treatment is always administered by regularly qualified physicians, who have made a special study of Inebriety. After carefully inquiring into the history of each patient, and making a thorough physical examination, they treat each case according to the condition of the patient. No matter how long-standing the addiction, or how much has been taken, the result is invariably the same, a cure.

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"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

We can show you hundreds of letters of gratitude from patients who have taken the treatment, and who are willing that their names should be given, or they will correspond direct with prospective patients.

This cure is an incontrovertible fact, approved by some of our most eminent men, among them the following: Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.; the Right Hon. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; H. W. Forster, Esq., M.P.; Vice-Admiral Woodward, C.B.; Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.; W. Hind-Smith, Esq.; and Eardley-Wilmot, Esq., R.N., Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society.

More than Half a Million

have taken the treatment, among them 17,000 physicians. Does not this fact alone speak volumes? And twenty per cent. of our patients come through the recommendation of their family physician.

About one-third of the patients are ladies, all of whom have apartments outside the Institute, of their own selection.

The treatment takes four weeks for alcohol (for drugs five to six weeks), and is carried out in the United Kingdom only at the Keeley Institute, 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W., **or by special arrangement we can send a physician to patient's own home or to travel with patient.**

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These Tablets are prepared from the formula of the original Mother Seigel's Syrup, and their medicinal properties are identical in every way. They are not intended to replace the world-famed Syrup (which is still sold everywhere) but are prepared to meet the needs of travellers and others who have to get their meals away from home, and so cannot conveniently take a liquid medicine.

All forms of indigestion, and consequently all the ills that come of indigestion, yield readily to this famous medicine. Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets so act upon the organs of digestion that they are speedily restored to a state of natural activity, and thus indigestion becomes impossible. But prevention is always better than cure, and it is wiser to overcome indigestion in its early stages than to wait until you are seriously ill. Therefore, on the first symptoms of digestive weakness—lost appetite, discomfort after meals, headache—take Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets and you will avoid much needless suffering.

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Sanatogen gives new life to the weary and to those who are run down and debilitated. It permanently restores the overwrought nerves and is a remarkable restorative and recuperative.

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ARCHITECTS OF FORTUNE.

Some simple rules that lead to wealth-increase, drawn from the lives of those who have made money most easily.

THERE are no more interesting passages in the whole chronicle of contemporary civilization than those vivid and glowing pages—almost reminiscent of the marvellous legends of Oriental romance, save that we know them to be true—which tell in detail the story, so that all who run may read, of the acquirement of great riches, sometimes with telegraphic rapidity, sometimes only after a life's arduous toiling by the men and sometimes the women—the former, of course, are in the great majority—whom we know, or at least read of, as the great and powerful million magnates of to-day.

The Aladdin's Lamp of To-day.

Everything is theirs. The wonders of modern science are employed to bring to them everything that mind can conceive or heart desire — pictures, music, books, the pleasures of the mind, splendour and luxury of living, carriages, horses, automobiles, country houses, parks and pleasaunces, jewels, rich stuffs, the produce of many an Eastern loom, the amusements of the field, the river, the road, the mountain, the sea, the country, and the town, the delights of travel, and the triumphs of society. For he or she who possesses wealth possesses the passport to every position, to every sphere.

Little wonder, then, that almost every one of us, wherever we may live or wherever we may be, desires almost above everything to acquire this splendid treasure, this gold which is the Aladdin's lamp of the twentieth century, the miracle-worker for the man or woman of to-day, who is in very deed among the heirs of all the ages.

Two Ways of Becoming Rich.

Therefore it is that the questions of increasing not only one's income—a large number of us can only boast of a very limited one—but also one's capital, are matters of prime importance to everyone in these days, when success is more or less measured by one's balance at the bank.

We draw, say, our salaries from the particular business or profession which is ours. That salary is necessarily a limited one. There is a point beyond which we can never expect it to rise. And often and often we can tell precisely what it will be for several years ahead. Not only is this the case, but with so many people competing with us for the prize of success, and with so comparatively few vacancies above us, the process of income-increase becomes a very slow and very tedious business, a matter often of waiting for "dead men's shoes," or—and this is a more fatal habit—of waiting for the chance approach of the wayward goddess, Fortune.

The Money-Making Machine.

We who live in a highly-civilized state of society have the advantage—if we will only make use of it—of being surrounded by the complicated but ordered machinery of wealth-production which we call the financial system of the world.

In other words, there are in existence various institutions or corporations—the help of which we can demand if we will—whose sole business it is to direct the machinery of money-making, and to assist those members of the public who have not themselves the experience (which can only be gained after years of close study, and perhaps not even then), and cannot afford the time from their ordinary business or social demands absolutely necessary before they can hope to reap vast profits in the money markets of the world.

The rise of the limited liability company is an instance of the ingenuity of the public in overcoming such difficulties as these by evolving a system whereby they can invest any sum they like from £1 upwards, be sure that their liability is limited to that particular sum, leave all the work of making money from money to the directors and salaried managers and financial experts employed, and simply secure the profits as the dividend-paying days come round.

Another example of much the same character is one which sometimes occurs, and one which, when it does occur, means a famous stroke of luck to those fortunate enough to share in it.

Sharing in the Profits of Successful Businesses.

This is when some great business such as Lipton's, Harrod's, Whiteley's, Bass and Co., which have been raised to a tremendous pitch of prosperity by individual effort, become, through the very success they have attained, too powerful and extensive to be managed in that way, and are therefore converted into a company, the public being given an opportunity to secure shares in the enterprise.

The public are thus given a magnificent opportunity. They have no risk to run, the business having been already brought to a high prosperity-pitch and initial risks over-

MISS HETTIE GREEN,
The wonderful American Lady Financier who has amassed a colossal fortune.

come. They simply have to share in the profits, which are often enormous. They come in at the tail-end — after the burden and heat of the day has been borne by others—and they "collar the profits." An example of this we have in our minds as we write. The past two years in financial circles has been marked by the rapid rise in power and business generally of what is now a great financial house, whose operations extend practically all over the world.

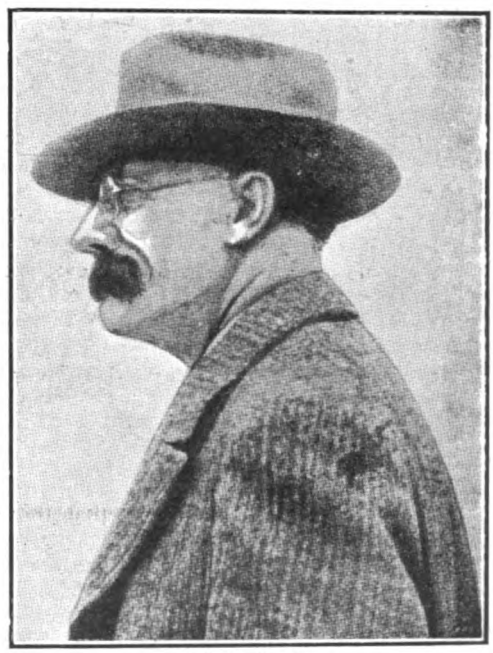
Twenty per Cent. Dividends.

Beginning with this country, the richest in the world, and securing here vast profits from its business, and having registered in Guernsey for the purpose of trading on the Continent as well, it has now opened new branches in Paris and Brussels, transacting business with the thrifty and well-to-do inhabitants of France and Belgium, Stockholm and Kagoshima (Japan), the latter city being in an excellent position for controlling the markets of the Far East.

The opening of these new branches means, of course, a still greater increase in the already immense profits earned by the business; how rich these profits are can be gauged by the fact that the directors have agreed not to take one single farthing in remuneration for their services until a full 10 per cent. dividend has been paid upon all shares, both Preference and Ordinary, an agreement which would hardly be made were there the slightest possibility of the profits not reaching such a figure as to allow of so high a dividend.

Capital Value Trebled.

And 10 per cent. is the anticipated *minimum*, not the maximum, which will probably be more like 15 per cent. or even 20 per cent. per annum — but by the increase in capital value. For instance, if, for the sake of argument, we will say that 3 per cent. is the normal interest at present on safe Government stock, and the dividend on these shares amounts to as much as 10 per cent., it is safe to say that the natural action of the money market will send these shares to quite treble their par value; so that, if you invest £20 in them now, you will draw 10 per cent. interest upon that sum and find



MR. HARRIMAN,
The American Millionaire Railroad King.

yourself the possessor of stock valued at £60.

Free Life Insurance of £100.

But this particular case is an especially attractive example for many other reasons.

In the first place, everyone can invest any sum of money — £1, £10, £100, £1,000 — either in cash or, if more convenient, in

instalments, to earn 10 per cent., 15 per cent., 20 per cent. profit every year, in addition to the large capital increase mentioned previously, and gain in addition the privilege of having his or her life insured, free of all charge and without any medical examination whatever, for the sum of £100.

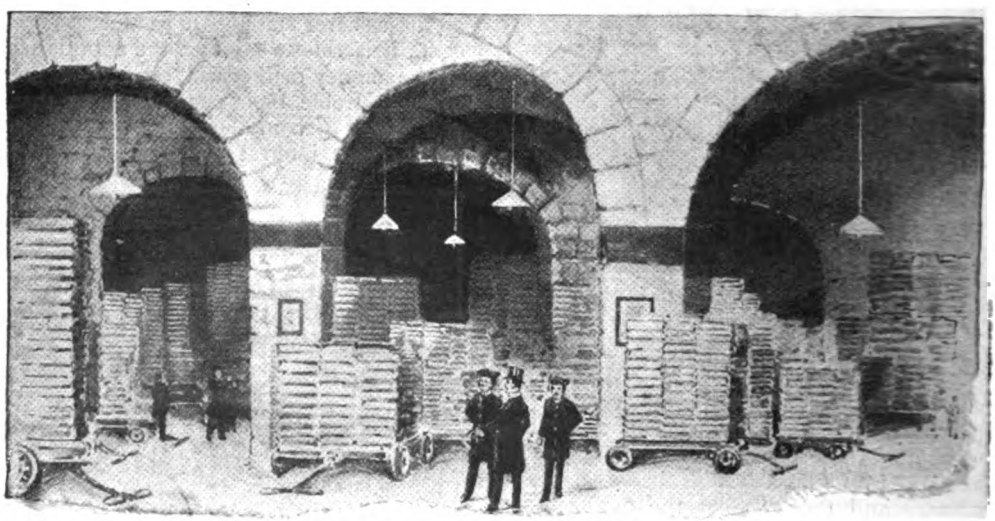
In other words, a Life Policy of £100 is presented free of all charge to everyone who secures any of these, in themselves, exceedingly remunerative shares, a policy which will cost you nothing, but which under ordinary circumstances would entail the payment of anything from 30s. to £5 per annum, according to the age of the individual insured. This policy is guaranteed by the well-known Empire Guarantee Corporation, which, as is well known, has behind it a substantial capital of £500,000 sterling.

We have often heard the objection raised against such companies as these that those members of the public who buy the shares—who place their money into the concern, that is—are given little or no control over the management of the concern, and even at general or other statutory meetings can gain but little information of any value from the members of the board of directors.

DIRECTORSHIP OF £1,000 A YEAR.

The directors of this corporation have made arrangements by which the body of shareholders shall always have one of their representatives—elected by ballot from amongst themselves—on the board of directors in a position to look after their interests. Every-one who holds shares in this business, whether to the amount of only £1 or to the amount of £100, obtains twelve opportunities every year (one every month) of being appointed by ballot to this position of shareholders' director with a salary of no less than £1,000 a year. This is an advantage which is not, so far as we know, given by any other such company or corporation in the world.

Facilities are given to holders of these shares, if at any time within the next ten years they find themselves dissatisfied with the return they are receiving—a very unlikely contingency, we should think, seeing that 10 to 20 per cent. annual profit is not to be made every day—of exchanging their shares for their equal value in first-class, gilt-edged Government and Municipal securities.



THE VAULTS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND WHERE THE BULLION IS STORED.
It is most interesting to see the trolleys laden with precious metal. Adjoining these vaults are the Bank Strong Rooms.

Fortunes can never be made by saving money at 2½ per cent. But fortunes can be made, have been made, and will be made times and again by people who will seize the opportunities given them by Fortune—will strike whilst the iron is still hot—will grasp the 10 per cent., the 20 per cent. profit whilst the chance is still open to them.

The whole matter is explained in an interesting illustrated book, a copy of which will be sent to any reader of this article who is interested in the subject, free of all charge and post paid, and who will write for it to the Secretary, International Securities Corporation, Ltd., 143, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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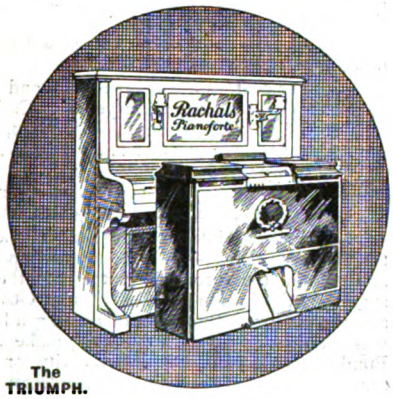
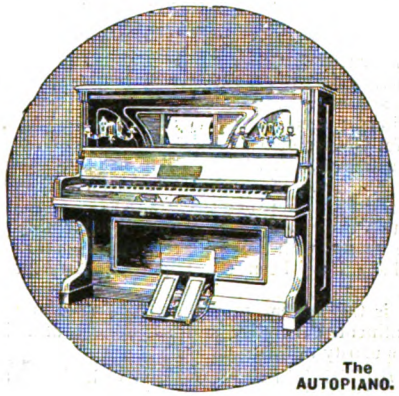
AND TRIUMPH

IDEAL PIANO PLAYER.



The TRIUMPH.



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THE GREAT RUSH FOR GOVERNMENT PREMIUM BONDS.

HOW AND WHY IT HAS COME ABOUT.

AN OFFER TO READERS OF OFFICIAL PARTICULARS OF THIS FORM OF GOVERNMENT SECURITY IN WHICH £4 CAN PRODUCE £5,000 IN A FEW MONTHS.

Wild speculation and unsound business methods have of late years been the curse of Finance.

Capitalists seem to have forgotten the maxim that Sound Investment is the key to Prosperity, and in the chase after wild and chimerical schemes, promising fortune to those who were willing to take risks, they met with shattering catastrophes.

The lesson has not been lost by investors in this country, and one of the results of the reaction against speculation is seen in the present rush among all classes for Government Premium Bonds, which carry no risk whatever, but which give to the investor just as good a chance of earning a large fortune as do those securities to which risk is attached.

For this abounding merit—the combination of absolute safety with prospective reward—Premium Bonds have long been the popular investment in France.

What is this system, so popular in France and on the Continent generally, and so rapidly attaining equal popularity in this country?

ABSOLUTE SAFETY COMBINED WITH PROSPECTIVE FORTUNE.

Briefly, it is this. The French Government, in common with other Governments, have authorised the issue of a large number of interest-paying and non-interest paying Bonds, which investors may frequently take up at a reduced price. A large number of these Bonds are redeemed by regular drawings every two months, some at the full price—in which case the investor gains the difference, often a considerable one, between the price he bought it at and the price for which it is redeemed—some with large cash prizes, £20,000, £10,000, £5,000, and so on, added on to them in the form of Premiums or Prizes.

Here is an exampie.

For £4—which may, if desired, be paid in the form of instalments—you may purchase a Premium Bond guaranteed by the Government of Belgium. A large number of these securities are redeemed by regular drawings every two months on the 20th of April, June, August, October, December, and February, for £8, so that if you invest now, and your Bond is one of those redeemed on the 20th of June, you will secure £4 clear profit on every £4 thus invested.

But in addition to the Bonds thus bought in, 150 are redeemed with the addition of a prize ranging in value from £6,000 downwards, the whole amounting to the total sum of £20,480 per annum.

It comes to this, then, that every £4 invested in this way is invested in a Safe Government Security, free from all risk, and gains at the same time 150 opportunities every year of a return in cash ranging from £6,000 downwards, whilst at the very least a profit of £4 is assured. Moreover, these Bonds, now valued at £8, increase in value by 5 per cent. every year, so that each twelve months the figure at which they are redeemed advances.

Another very popular security which is being called for particularly by British investors at the present time is issued and guaranteed by the Municipality of the City of Paris. In these securities it is possible to invest any amount, gaining in return

4 per cent. Interest per annum and
84 Opportunities every year of a Cash Premium of £6,000, £2,000, £400, £200, or £80, or in another issue of similar Stock, 4 per cent. per annum and
136 Opportunities every year of a bonus of £4,000, £2,000, £400, £200, and £40.

The excellent interest attached to these Bonds, their perfect security—they are secured upon the rates and taxes of the second largest city in the world, by special authorisation of the French Government—and the prospects they give of earning a large profit, without risk, in a very short time, make these Paris Bonds an extremely desirable security for those who are discontented with the small interest of 2½ per cent., which is all that is given by gilt-edged stock such as Consols.

Particulars of these really marvellous investments are to be found in the pages of the Premium Bond Blue Book, a copy of which may be obtained free of all charge by any reader of *The Strand Magazine* by writing to the Secretary of The Anglo-American Finance Corporation, 49, King William Street, London, E.C. When one looks around and sees on all sides the reports of failures or great losses caused by reckless and unsound speculation in risky stocks and shares, or when one considers how it is possible to invest a large sum in Two-and-a-Half Per Cent. Consols, and then have the misfortune to see them gradually depreciating in value—thus, not content with giving a meagre interest at the best of times, but actually causing a loss in the capital value of one's investment—one cannot be surprised at the avidity with which investors of all classes and ranks are transferring their investments to Premium Bond Securities, which combine Safety with Prospective Fortune.

Any sum, however large, however small, may be invested in this way. Investments may be made on the instalment system, with monthly payments as low as 10s. a month, full benefits of the Bonds being secured on payment of the first deposit. Write at once, then, to The Anglo-American Finance Corporation, 49, King William Street, London, E.C., agents for Government and Municipal Premium Bonds, for presentation copy of Blue Book of official details of these securities issued and guaranteed by the Governments of France, Belgium, the Municipalities of Paris, Brussels, etc. This book will be sent free of all charge to any address if you mention *The Strand Magazine*.

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30 ins. high. 1/6

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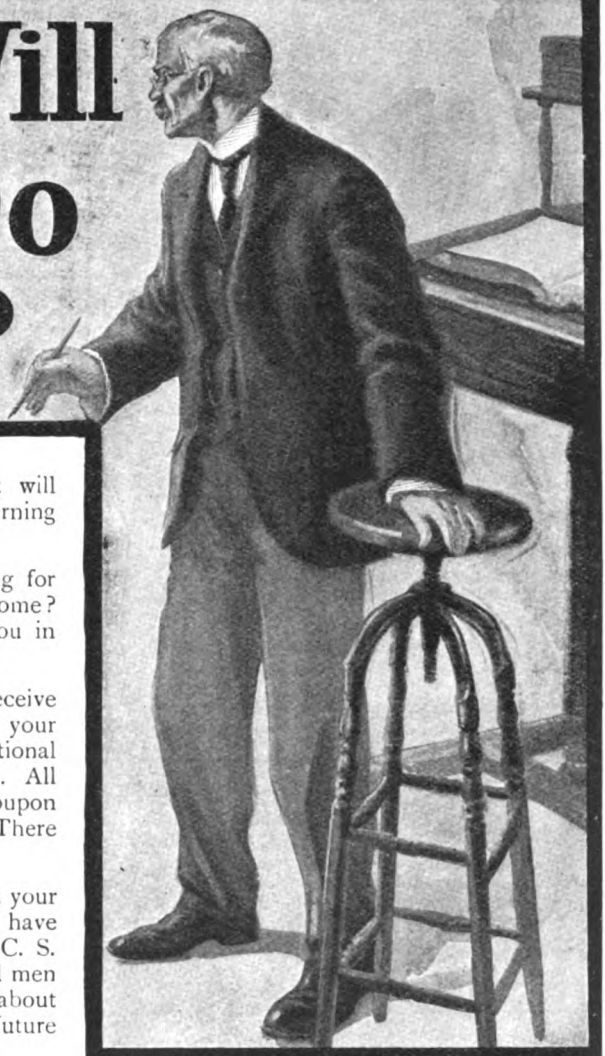

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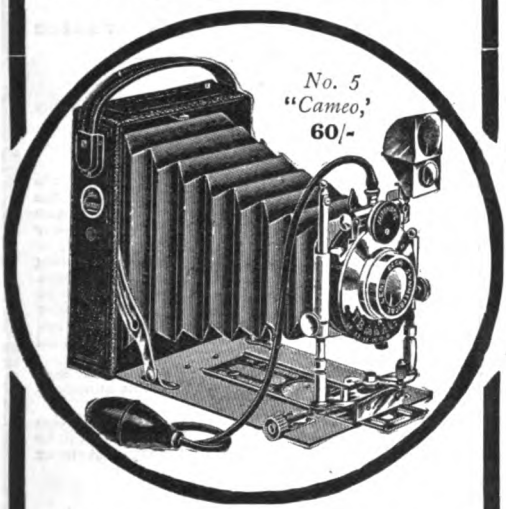

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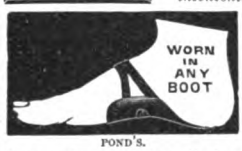

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THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

By E. T. COOK, Editor of "The Garden."

JUNE should be a pleasant month in the garden, but if the bitterly cold north-east wind which is blowing at the time of writing these notes continues, summer flowers will be late. The spring that has gone has tried the patience of the gardener, but I hope for gentle rains and life-giving winds to help the newly-sown lawn and tender opening leafage of the roses.

This, however, is not taking into consideration the work for June. One of the most important duties is to complete what is known as bedding out—that is, planting sub-tropical plants, of interest either for their flowers or foliage, Zonal Pelargoniums, which I prefer to call "Geraniums," and other matters demanding attention at this season of the year. Some of the earlier sown annuals will be coming into flower, and to preserve their beauty as long as possible gather the flowers before seed-pods have formed.

The Tulips are over for the most part, and in spite of the unpleasant spring have been very beautiful. The "Cottage," "Darwin," and "Gesner's" forms have added a fresh interest to the garden between the time of the daffodil and the true flowers of summer. My experience on a warm sandy soil is that tulips require lifting annually, or at least once in two years; they deteriorate sadly. Daffodils in made ground are not so unsatisfactory, but those in grass in many cases die out in a short time.

All tender plants, whether they are to be put out in a few days or at quite the end of the month, must be thoroughly "hardened off," an expression that denotes exposing the growth to the air to become quite strong and established. Growth that is at all sappy—that is, not well ripened—feels the change to the open air, and suffers accordingly.

This is the month to sow seed of biennial flowers: the Antirrhinum or Snapdragon—rabbits'-mouths the children call them—Canterbury Bells, Foxgloves, Honesty, Stocks, and Evening Primrose. The Canterbury Bell is one of my favourite flowers, and I well remember seeing some years ago an exquisite strain in Messrs. Kelway and Son's nursery at Langport, Somerset. I have a wholesome dread of the big cup-and-saucer-shaped flowers, which have neither beauty of form nor grace of growth to recommend them; the varieties of medium size, clear in colour, free, and acceptable in other ways are the Canterbury Bells to choose. The pink and the white are peculiarly beautiful in groups, and I wonder such homely flowers, that are as easily raised as a nasturtium, should not be more in evidence in our borders. I once saw a large mass of the white variety on the fringe of woodland, and never was a flower, which we associate only with the conventional border, better placed. Sow the seed outdoors in a well-prepared bed, give the seedlings when they appear the usual attention, and they will be ready to transplant in the autumn for flowering the following summer. Transplant the seedlings when sufficiently advanced to another bed to enable the growth to expand.

This is not necessary in the case of the Foxglove, which is one of our most charming woodland flowers, but in shady borders and odd corners, which are crying aloud for something to clothe them, the Digitalis, as it is known botanically, should be seen. As in the case of most garden flowers, there are what are called "strains," the most beautiful of the foxgloves being that known as "Gloxiniæflora," so called from the gloxinia-like character of the bloom. The white flowers are beautifully coloured, white with large blotches, reminiscent of some orchid, and to the writer quite as interesting. Sow the seed where it is to remain, and in future the plants will sow themselves—become, in fact, "wild."

It is needless to praise the Wallflower, but I wish this most fragrant flower of spring would behave more kindly. Unfortunately the plants are tender, a damp winter, with sharp frosts, killing them wholesale. When, however, the wallflowers are unharmed, nothing is more enjoyable, especially in such famous spring gardens as those of Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. Raise the seedlings in a prepared bed of soil and transplant them when not more than three inches high. In a month from then transfer them to the positions in which they are to flower. My favourites are the old Blood Red and the clear yellow Primrose Dame; Belvoir Yellow is another well-known variety.

Stocks it is advisable to sow in boxes, and then transplant. There are several forms, the Brompton, Ten-week, East Lothian, Intermediate, and others, and all require much the same treatment. Perhaps the most satisfactory for the outdoor garden is the Brompton. Sow the seed at once, and the plants should be ready for transplanting at the end of June; the spikes of this form are very fine, and the colours both varied and pleasing. The breath of the stock on a warm evening is as grateful as a frameful of auriculas.

Honesty is an old garden plant which we would fain see more of, and the white form is purer and more to be admired than the purple; this I do not care for, except, of course, the silvery seed-pods which they give after preparation. The seed should be sown now in ordinary soil. In preparing it for winter decorations, take the pods between the finger and thumb and gently rub them; the outer scales will then fall off, disclosing the pods.

The Rose garden will require constant attention. Caterpillars and other pests are busy and bring many troubles in their train. I have been reading the excellent little publication called "The Enemies of the Rose," just issued by the National Rose Society, and in the remarks of the Editor, the Hon. Secretary of the Society, Mr. Ed. Mawley, "Green-fly or Rose Aphis" is referred to. This is one of the most troublesome of the enemies of our fragrant flower.

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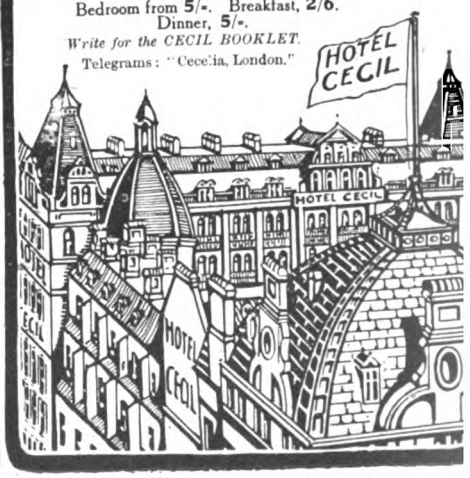

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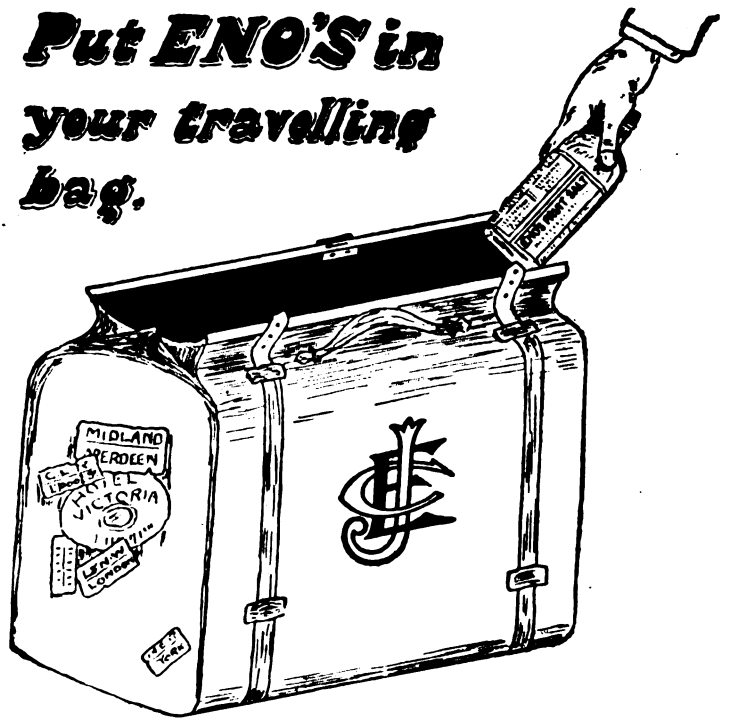

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